

THE
CONTEMPORARY
REVIEW

VOLUME LXII. JULY—DECEMBER 1892

LONDON

ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED

15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1892

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.,
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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THE PROTEST OF IRISH PROTESTANTISM.*

THE Protestants of Ireland denounce the policy of Home Rule. This is the meaning of the Convention at Belfast.

They protest against the repeal or modification of the Act of Union.

They protest against being placed under a Government at the head whereof will be men judicially found guilty of intimidation, of crime, and of conspiracy.

They protest against Roman Catholic ascendancy; they protest against the policy which tends towards the predominance in Ireland

* The resolutions passed by the Convention run as follows: "That this Convention, consisting of 11,879 delegates, representing the Unionists of every creed, class, and party throughout Ulster, appointed at public meetings held in every electoral division of the province, hereby solemnly resolves and declares: That we express the devoted loyalty of Ulster Unionists to the Crown and Constitution of the United Kingdom; that we avow our fixed resolve to retain unchanged our present position as an integral portion of the United Kingdom, and protest in the most unequivocal manner against the passage of any measure that would rob us of our inheritance in the Imperial Parliament, under the protection of which our capital has been invested and our homes and rights safeguarded; that we record our determination to have nothing to do with a Parliament certain to be controlled by men responsible for the crime and outrage of the Land League, the dishonesty of the Plan of Campaign, and the cruelties of boycotting, many of whom have shown themselves the ready instruments of clerical domination; that we declare to the people of Great Britain our conviction that the attempt to set up such a Parliament in Ireland will inevitably result in disorder, violence, and bloodshed such as have not been experienced in this century, and announce our resolve to take no part in the election or proceedings of such a Parliament, the authority of which, should it ever be constituted, we shall be forced to repudiate; that we protest against this great question, which involves our lives, property, and civil rights, being treated as a mere side issue in the impending electoral struggle; that we appeal to those of our fellow-countrymen who have hitherto been in favour of a separate Parliament to abandon a demand which hopelessly divides Irishmen, and to unite with us under the Imperial Legislature in developing the resources and furthering the best interests of our common country.

"That we, the Unionists of Ulster, desire to offer to our brother Unionists inhabiting the other provinces of Ireland the assurance of our profound sympathy, to place on record our conviction that their interests and their perils are identical with our own, and to declare our fixed resolve to make common cause with them in resisting the attempt to impose a Home Rule Parliament upon our country."

of ignorance and rapacity, under the guidance of bigotry and intolerance.

They protest against the transformation of Parliamentary sovereignty into Parliamentary despotism.

They protest against the rights and interests, not only of Irish Protestants, but of all Irishmen, being treated as a side issue at a general election, and being staked on the result of party manœuvres.

They warn their English and Scotch fellow-countrymen that the attempt to set up a Parliament in Ireland will lead to civil warfare and bloodshed, and they deny the moral competence of an Irish Government set up against the will of a loyal minority, and supported, not by its own strength, but solely by the power of the Imperial Parliament.

They claim for themselves the equal rights now possessed by all the citizens of the United Kingdom; they make no claim, as they entertain no desire, for privilege or for ascendancy.

The protest of the Convention is no common protest; it is delivered by no common assembly.

Look at the Convention as it meets at Belfast. Its members are gathered from all classes and from all parties. Rich and poor, landowners, tenant-farmers and labourers, members of the disestablished Church, Presbyterians and Wesleyans, Nonconformists of every denomination, Orangemen, and Protestants, to whom the name of Orangeman has been an abomination, sit side by side, united heart and soul by their common detestation of Home Rule. The members of the Convention are elected representatives, technically, of Northern Protestantism, but in reality of all Protestants throughout the country—*i.e.*, of at least one-fourth of the Irish people. The character, moreover, of the individuals who make up the assembly commands respect. They are not politicians; they are not adventurers; they are not boycotters; they are not moonlighters; they are not the friends of moonlighters; they are not criminals; they are not conspirators. They are men of position; they are men of substance; they are men of worth; they are men of loyalty; they are men, many of them, of undeniable piety. The Convention opens with religious solemnity. An Archbishop of the disestablished Church offers up a prayer to Heaven; the prayer is followed by the singing of the 46th Psalm: the Psalm is given out by the ex-moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Students are reminded of the religious movements which from time to time have determined the destiny of England. Ulstermen, whose grandfathers in 1782 crowded into the ranks of the Volunteers, remember the traditions of the noblest among Irish patriotic efforts, and see in the Convention at Belfast a repetition, in spirit, of the historic meeting at Dungannon. The Convention of 1892 is as patent and important a fact as was the Volunteer National Convention of

1783. For good or for evil, it may determine the fate of Ireland. On its action may depend the continued existence of the United Kingdom. It cannot be resultless.

What, then, are the consequences to be anticipated from the meeting of this assembly?

Unionists may answer the question with hopefulness. The protest of Irish Protestantism, which is, in reality, the protest of all the liberality, the enlightenment, and the loyalty, whether Catholic or Protestant, of Ireland, must arouse the attention, as it ought to determine the decision, of the British democracy. The mere existence of the Convention makes visible to all men the futility of the promise that the creation of an Irish Parliament will mean the union of hearts between Great Britain and Ireland. Grant that the concession of Home Rule may win us the momentary applause of desperadoes, or of boycotters, or of dynamiters, of the National League and the Clan-na-Gael. Grant, too, that such applause is worth the having. The Home Rule which pleases agitators or conspirators will certainly estrange from us the trust and affection of the most energetic, the most patriotic, the most loyal class of Irishmen.

It is vain, and worse than vain, to suggest as a reason* for neglecting the protest of Ulster loyalists that their grandfathers were many of them disloyal, and that on the eve of the rebellion of 1898 Ulster was the most disaffected of the provinces of Ireland. The fact is undoubted; it should never be forgotten; it affords the strongest of all arguments for the maintenance of the Union. Separation, injustice, and inequality drove Protestants into the ranks of the United Irishmen. Union, justice, and equal rights have made them the most loyal citizens of the United Kingdom; this is the happy fruit of the Act of Union. What can we expect to be the fruit of renewed disunion and renewed injustice? It is more than possible that, should the British people in an ill-starred moment substitute for the ascendancy of Anglicanism the equally hateful, and even more dangerous, ascendancy of Romanism, the Protestants of Ulster may, not under any fixed plan, but through the natural course of events, be transformed from Loyalists into Nationalists. For the concession of Home Rule may well raise a demand from Irish Protestants for absolute independence. In this there would be nothing either monstrous or unnatural. An Irish Parliament, kept in existence by the power of Great Britain, means to them the domination of adventurers, of papists, and of priests, supported by external power. Why should not the men who are now Loyalists fall into the following line of argument or of feeling: "We gloried," they may say, "in the equal rights secured to all citizens of the United Kingdom; these rights have been taken from us; we are prepared to hold our own as the citizens of an independent

* See speech of Sir William Harcourt, *Times*, May 11, 1892.

Ireland; but we are not prepared to submit to a Parliament at Dublin, controlled by opponents who are unrestrained even by that dread of rebellion which checks the tyranny of despots, since they are supported by the limitless strength of a State which to us has voluntarily become an alien Power. We will not risk futile rebellion—we will not offer even passive resistance; but we will join hands with Irishmen who like ourselves hate priestly domination, and we will by every legal means demand independence.” To this combination of Ulstermen and Fenians, the conscience and the interest of Englishmen might, under conceivable circumstances, find resistance difficult or impossible.

But the bare idea of separation is hateful to any one who values national unity at its true worth. It is terrible to contemplate, even in imagination, the possibility of a movement which, should it ever arise, would shake the very foundations of British power. Let us rest in the thought that the natural result of the Convention is to avert this and every other peril. If the Convention proves to the people of England the absurdity of the promises held forth by Gladstonian enthusiasm, then it will have done its proper work; it will have saved the unity of the nation.

If, however, Englishmen, turning a deaf ear to the righteous demands of their Irish fellow-citizens, overlook the weight due to the utterances of the Convention, its meeting may lead to great evil.

The instant and pressing peril is that the Loyalists of Ireland may, under the just fear of future injustice, forsake, in words at least, the strong ground of legality, and confuse the just claims of citizens with the always dubious rights of rebels.

Let us now turn to the question which requires immediate consideration: How ought we to meet the protest of Irish Protestantism?

It is easy enough to see various ways in which we ought *not* to meet the serious claims of loyal fellow-subjects.

We must not attempt to ignore the justice and gravity of the complaints made by Protestants, or the reasonableness of their fears.

What boots it that my friend Mr. John Morley cannot, he tells us, understand what it is of which these men of Ulster are afraid? * His ignorance is, for a man of his usually keen intelligence, passing strange. It can easily, however, be dispelled. Let him consult some French Republican, let him ask how it happened that Gambetta declared “clericalism is the enemy.” Let him remember that the alliance of the hierarchy and the Land League, of Archbishop Walsh and the butcher Condon, is the alliance between the fanaticism of the Jesuit and the fanaticism of the Jacobin. “The *sans-culotte* with the mitre on his head and the bandage over his eyes is to me the

* See speech of Mr. Morley on 4th May, reported *Times*, 5th May 1892.

worst *sans-culotte* of all" *sans-culottes*. These words are at least as true in 1892 as they were when written in 1841 by Dr. Arnold.

How, again, can it profit either England or Ireland that the leader of our so-called Liberals should refuse to learn anything about Irish affairs from the opinion of the whole body of Irish Nonconformist ministers? No man, be he old or young, grand or insignificant, dare, at his peril, on such a matter refuse to listen to the opinion of such informants. The slight comes with especial inappropriateness from Mr. Gladstone. The opinion, not of Irish but of English Nonconformists, directed his conduct towards Mr. Parnell. It is not my business now to consider whether a statesman pledged to assert the right of the Irish people to appoint their own Ministry could consistently deny the right of men whom he treats as the representatives of the Irish people to elect the leader of their choice. What ought to be insisted upon is that in Irish matters the Nonconformists of Ireland have at least as much claim to attention as the Nonconformists of England.

Again, the claims of a large and most respectable body of our fellow-citizens must not be met by bounce, bluster, or brutality.

We must regret that a statesman of position, character, and humanity should seem even indirectly to connect the terms "rogues or fools" with the Protestants of Ulster. It is even more gravely to be regretted that the designated future leader of the Opposition should think blustering jocosity appropriate to the solemn importance of the present crisis. With Sir William Harcourt's military metaphors, with his jibes or his insults, no sensible person need deeply concern himself. Still it would be a terrible misfortune should the men of Ulster imagine that a politician who, if his party return to power, must, by the natural course of events, be, in no very long time, Prime Minister, seriously intends us to understand that he will not attend to the demands of Ulster because he does not believe that Ulster men will fight British troops on the field of battle. They are men whose courage is absolutely undeniable. They may possibly, like most Irishmen, be suspected of an over-readiness to vindicate their rights by the use of force. Is it tolerable that at the crisis of their fate they should be made the objects of the witless witticism of a *Bombastes Furioso*?

But Sir William's bluster falls far short of the frank brutality displayed by a Gladstonian who is already an influence in the ranks of the Opposition. *Truth* is not often worth reading, but a passage I have culled from *Truth* well deserves attention:

"I wonder why the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Charles Dilke, and the other military authorities, don't turn their attention to Mr. Kipling's friend, 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy'—not, indeed, in his 'home in the Soudan,' but in South

* See *Baptist*, May 6, 1892.

Africa, where he swarms, and seems exceedingly ready to earn an honest penny. I have no doubt that 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy,' if properly approached, would take the Queen's shilling, and if treated liberally in the matter of clothes (*i.e.*, not required to wear them too tight, or too many of them), would make a very good soldier (quite as good as the Goorkha, for example), and help to defend the Empire against Russia or Ulster. I doubt very much whether, when it actually came to the point, Messrs. Russell and Saunderson and Johnston of Ballykilbeg, and their Orange friends, would really face the red-coated Zulu. Certainly there would be one great advantage in employing the Zulu against the Orangemen, that 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy' would clearly not have that prejudice against 'shooting down men of our own race and religion,' which we are told would paralyse the trigger-finger of Tommy Atkins." (*Truth*, May 12, 1892.)

These words are published by, or with the authority of, Mr. Labouchere; and Mr. Labouchere is likely enough to be Home Secretary in a Gladstonian Cabinet. Think what they mean! Take them seriously, and they deserve execration. Are they a joke? Then the heartless witling shows his contempt not only for Ulstermen but for Irishmen. This is the kind of joke which brutality itself never aims at any of our fellow-citizens unless they be Irishmen.

Meanwhile, one wonders that our Harcourts and Laboucheres do not tremble at their own pleasantries. There still lives, I believe, the Frenchman who guided France into war and into ruin with a light heart. His fate is surely sufficient warning against the attempt to meet a serious crisis with frivolous hilarity. But in truth our funny fellows, our wags, of the Opposition, when they seem to intimate that they will never pay attention to any claims of the Irish minority until the minority's demands be backed up by all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of actual war, do themselves gross injustice. We must judge them by their conduct, not by their words, and we all know that they are ready enough to be daunted, and driven from their course, by something far less impressive to the imagination than the pageantry of manly warfare. Let there be outrage, let there be intimidation, let there be boycotting, let there be cruelty, let there be conspiracy; let the men of Ulster, if they be base enough, degrade treason to the level of private criminality, and then, to judge by the recent past, Sir William Harcourt, and all the most respected leaders of the most respectable portion of the Gladstonian Opposition, will recognise in the voice of Ulster that voice of the people which waits upon Providence are apt to identify with the voice of God. Then the casuists of the new school will prove that crime is not crime if its object is political; then we shall be reminded that leaders who are termed rebels and assassins by one generation are revered as patriots and heroes by another; then some Lord Chancellor or ex-Lord Chancellor, well paid or pensioned for administering the law of the land, will be found to question the impartiality of judges who deem it their duty to say that men who conspire are

conspirators, and with a jocosity as unnatural as it is unbecoming, will prove in effect that because some trifles are conspiracies, all conspiracies are trifles. If the Ulstermen wish to know what is the kind of warfare which, if it does not enlist the sympathy, certainly secures the respect of Gladstonians, let them study the Report of the Special Commission, and read with care the whole series of Gladstonian apologies for crime recorded in the pages of Hansard. Thank Heaven, that neither the precedents of Parnellism, nor the casuistry of Mr. Parnell's English advocates and allies, will enlist the sympathies or corrupt the moral judgment of the grave, it may be stern, Protestants who met at Belfast to deliberate on the dangers which menace the Protestantism, the prosperity, and the freedom of Ireland.

It is idle again to try to meet a protest springing from the dread of real perils by the tender of illusory guarantees.

Thousands of Irishmen dread that the government of an Irish Parliament may be the rule of ignorance and unscrupulosity. The fear is genuine; it is not in itself unreasonable; Committee Room No. 15 cannot constitute either an Executive or a Parliament fit to govern any civilised country. Let no one think to dispel this fear by promising that the new Gladstonian Constitution shall contain ample guarantees for the protection of every man's rights to civil and religious liberty.

Trust in paper guarantees is folly. The difficulties in governing Ireland, which form the strongest plea for Home Rule, are not one-tenth as great as would be the difficulty, or in truth the impossibility, of enforcing against Ireland under the system of Home Rule the guarantees which should limit the authority of an Irish Parliament. No guarantee, moreover, against unjust legislation provides security against the far worse evil of unjust administration. In 1859 an abolitionist possessed throughout the length and breadth of the Union all the rights of an American citizen. No one is simple enough to suppose that in 1859 Mr. Garrison could, without risk of being murdered, have harangued against the peculiar institution at New Orleans or Charleston. The Fugitive Slave Law was in 1852 the law of the land. Does any man suppose that in 1852 it was easy to arrest a fugitive slave in Massachusetts? But of all worthless guarantees, the most worthless—if in such matters there be possibilities of comparison—is the guarantee which Gladstonian wisdom is likely to offer to the people of the United Kingdom—that is, the retention of Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament. This, it will be said, saves the sovereignty of Parliament, and secures the liberty, property, and lives of Irish Protestants. Verbally the assertion is plausible; practically it is false. For the retention of Irish members at Westminster is in reality the security, not that the rights of Irish Protestants shall be

protected, but that the Imperial Parliament shall never be able to use its nominal power for the protection of Irish Protestants. In truth, this precious piece of subtle policy is worse than worthless. If its aim be to secure that the Imperial Parliament shall in reality govern Ireland, then it condemns Home Rule; if its aim, as assuredly would be its result, is to ensure that the British Parliament shall not interfere with the government of Ireland, then it means the desertion of the Loyalists. It means desertion combined with treachery, for it conceals desertion under the delusive appearance of continued protection.

Lastly, no man of whatever party should by rash words drive or encourage the Protestants of Ulster to rash acts, or even to the use of rash language.

This is a matter on which every man must speak under the sense of the gravest responsibility. Whether it be necessary that some special licence should be allowed to Parliamentary orators I know not; but to a private man, trained to respect and obey the law, and convinced that the words of the law are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the voice of justice, it would seem that a terrible responsibility rests upon a speaker or writer if he, by spoken or written word, suggests to loyal citizens who, not without reason, stand in fear of gross injustice, but who have not yet suffered wrong, that they should even hypothetically contemplate something beyond constitutional resistance to wrong, and should desert the unassailable position held by those who support the law and claim to be protected by the law. It is at such a crisis as the present that we feel all the evil which flows from the fact that one of the great parties which divide the political world of England between them is estopped from objecting to lawlessness. The defenders of disloyalty and conspiracy have put themselves out of court. Shame should prevent the apologists or palliators of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign from expressing even the mildest disapproval of the passive resistance of Ulster to a Government which, should it ever come into existence, would be created by overstraining the moral, though not the legal, limits—for there are none—to Parliamentary sovereignty. There is no doubt as to the course recommended to English Unionists by that civil prudence which is only another form of justice. Let us follow the advice of Burke, and decline to raise cases upon the constitution. There is no need either to express, or to form, an opinion as to the circumstances under which resistance, either passive or active, to legally constituted authorities may be allowable. If we subscribe to the abstract doctrine of passive obedience we cease to be Whigs, and desert the noblest traditions of the Whig revolution. If we affirm the right of insurrection, we join the school of ruffians and assassins whose teachers were Robespierre and Marat. No one will deny that cases might arise

under which Ulstermen, or any other class of citizens, would be justified in resistance to the law, just as no one can deny that circumstances may conceivably arise under which a good man may find it a duty to tell lies or to do an act which technically makes him guilty of murder. But the casuistry of politics is as useless and misleading as the casuistry of morals. We will leave such matters for discussion in debating societies. We will, however, bear in mind how great are the perils which may arise should Parliament by renouncing, in part at least, the right and neglecting the duty to protect the Protestants of Ireland, renounce its moral claim to their allegiance. We will remember also that no actual injustice has as yet been done to the men of Ulster, and if the Unionists of England do their duty, no actual injustice ever can be done. Civil war may occasionally be right, but it is right only when it is an absolute and undeniable duty. The first Duke of Devonshire declined to join Monmouth at Sedgemoor; for James the Second, though he threatened to be a tyrant, had not then broken the law. The first Duke of Devonshire brought over William and his Dutch army to England; for before William landed at Torbay James had become a law-breaker, and had been transformed from a king into a tyrant. To legalised injustice, or the threat of legalised injustice, the true and, in the United Kingdom at least, the always triumphant reply is legal and constitutional resistance.

To know how the protest of Irish Protestantism ought not to be met goes far towards telling us how it ought to be met by patriotic Englishmen.

We must, in the first place, admit that the fears of the Protestants are reasonable, and that their claims are righteous.

They have the same right to protest against the repeal of the Act of Union as their forefathers had to protest against its enactment. There is no inconsistency. They protest against repeal because, as things stand, the Union is a security for the liberties of Irishmen and for the peace and prosperity of Ireland. Their grandfathers protested against the enactment of the Union, because it did then imperil the newly-won liberties, and did not secure the prosperity, of their country.

They are right in dreading Catholic ascendancy for the same reason for which many of their forefathers detested Protestant ascendancy; and they are emphatically right in fearing the predominance in Irish politics of an ignorant and domineering priesthood.

They are right in protesting against the sovereignty of Parliament being turned into Parliamentary despotism. Parliamentary sovereignty was the technical plea which afforded a good technical vindication for refusal to give ear to the complaints of our loyal American colonies. A war, ending in disaster, was needed to teach

George III. and his people that you cannot argue men into slavery. If anything is to be learnt from the errors of our forefathers, then we ought to gain the most valuable instruction from a comparison between the contest with the colonists, and the conflict which we are invited to undertake with the Irish Loyalists. Note how similar are the cases. The American colonists were loyal; so are the Irish Protestants. The colonists clung to the connection with England; so do the inhabitants of Ulster. The colonists complained that the spirit was sacrificed to the letter of the Constitution. Their position lacked logical consistency, but in substance they were right. The absolute power of Parliament exists for the sake of protecting the equal rights of all citizens; but Parliamentary supremacy was used by George III., and by the English people, for the purpose of placing the American colonists in a position of subordination to the inhabitants of England. Ulster complains that the legal sovereignty of Parliament is about to be misused; that it is about to be employed for the purpose of placing Protestants and enlightened Catholics under the heel of Archbishop Walsh and of Mr. Healy. Lawyers or pedants may prove that Parliament has not exceeded the limits of its power. But no astuteness of legal argument will ever conceal from men of good sense that under a system of Home Rule Irishmen would stand in a different relation to the Imperial Government from that which is occupied by Englishmen and Scotchmen; not a word of the Act of Union might, it is possible, have been repealed; but every one would know that the Protestants of Ireland had lost the benefits which have accrued to them from the union between the two islands.

The Irish Loyalists, in short, are right in contending that the dissolution of the Union against the will of a loyal minority would overstrain the moral authority of Parliament; every doctrine of Parliamentary sovereignty justified the passing of the Act of Union, yet every Englishman now admits that the statute, which ought at once to have united Great Britain and Ireland into one State, lacked much of that moral sanction which gives weight to legal obligation, just because the Act was passed in the face of the protest made by the independence and the intelligence of Protestant Ireland.

Nor can any one say that the evils which Irish Protestants anticipate from the creation of an Irish Executive and an Irish Parliament are imaginary.

The creation of an Irish Executive and of an Irish Parliament would undoubtedly deprive Irishmen of the protection of the Imperial Parliament. This is a matter to be decided, not by niceties or quibbles about the nature of sovereignty, but by the use of the most ordinary common-sense. Home Rule is to be granted in order that an Irish Executive and an Irish Parliament may rule Ireland, but if

Ireland is to possess a real Irish Ministry and a real Irish Legislature, then the Irish Cabinet and the Irish Parliament will, in all questions which affect the daily life of citizens, as truly govern Ireland as the Victorian Ministry and the Victorian Parliament, for all practical purposes, govern Victoria. Nor can any sane man deny that the heroes of the Land League would, under a system of Home Rule, become the rulers of Ireland. To deny it is to undermine the very foundation of the policy of Home Rule, since the immediate ground on which the concession of Home Rule is advocated is that the Land League and their allies are the chosen representatives of the Irish people. It is further demonstrable, on grounds both of theory and of experience, that in an Irish Parliament the control of Ireland would fall into the hands of the priesthood. Why should the ecclesiastics who vanquished Parnell fail to subdue Parnell's nominees and dependants?

What absurdity, again, is there in supposing that the rule of the priests and the priests' nominees would be oppressive? Assume that the guarantees provided by the new Constitution against unjust legislation are operative. The grossest oppression may be worked without the passing of a single law which would hurt the susceptibilities of English electors. Unjust administration is a far more potent instrument of injustice than unjust legislation; you can despoil a landlord by refusing him the means of enforcing the payment of rent; you can exclude an opponent from power by tampering with the ballot-box; you can cut short the public career of every Protestant by, in fact, reserving every prize and every lucrative office for Roman Catholics. Nor let any one plead that the power of the Protestants will be their protection. If Ireland were independent, Ulster would rule Ireland; but if Ireland be still dependent upon England, then the Home Rule Government at Dublin will be protected in its deeds of oppression by the power of Great Britain. The plain truth is that the opposition of Ulster is fatal to the policy of Home Rule. For Dublin to rule Belfast with the aid of England would be infamy; for Dublin to try to rule Belfast without the aid of England would be madness.

The Protestants, again, are right when they demand that their fate shall not be decided as a mere side issue in the controversy between the conservatives and the revolutionists of England. It is revolting to common sense and to common justice that English statesmen should call upon English electors to sacrifice the rights of Irish Protestants, because English electors are anxious to put down intemperance or to tax the ground-rents of the London landlords. If the English electors are really convinced that the time has come when the policy of Union, for which statesmen of all schools have laboured, is to be given up, and that justice requires the support of Catholic

ascendancy in Ireland by the Protestant democracy of England and Scotland, then let the momentous decision be announced with calmness and deliberation. Let the Union be dissolved with at least as much reflection as was given to its creation.

Turn the matter which way you will, and the result comes out as clear as day, that in the substance of their protest the Protestants of Ulster are right; to admit this is a matter both of duty and of wisdom.

But the making of this admission does not exhaust the duty of Unionists. It is for them to free the Protestants of Ireland from all fear of suffering wrong. They can thus take away even the semblance of an excuse for lawless resistance of injustice. This duty is one which the Unionist leaders can, as it happens, perform with ease. All that is needed is a pledge. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, should give in distinct words—what I fully believe they have all and each intended to give by implication—as solemn a pledge as can be given to our Protestant fellow-subjects that the Union, which is the safeguard of their rights, their property, and their lives, shall never be touched or tampered with except at the express command and by the deliberate will of the nation.

It is of importance that my meaning should be made perfectly clear. The pledge for which I ask is no empty form of words; it is an act; it contains a policy, and a policy which, if adopted, may be the safety of the nation.

The reason why such a pledge may be of supreme importance, and moreover can be easily made good, is to be found in the state of public opinion and the peculiarities of our existing Constitution.

No one of any party seriously believes that the people of England would, if consulted on the subject of Home Rule alone, consent to dissolve the Union with Ireland. The truth of this assertion will be disputed, but it is demonstrated by the conduct of the Gladstonians. When a definite measure of Home Rule was placed before the electors, the electorate rejected it. The Gladstonians have taken care that no definite scheme should again be submitted to the electors for consideration. Mr. Gladstone has up to the present moment refused all information, not only upon the details, but also upon the principles of his Home Rule policy. Nor would the effect of this reticence be removed if, before this article appear in print, he should, amidst the turmoil and excitement of a general election, vouchsafe to the country some revelation as to the lines on which his next Home Rule Bill is to be drawn; it is too late now for any measure modifying or repealing the Act of Union to receive adequate discussion before the day when the people of England will be called upon to elect their representatives. The one object, moreover, of the Opposition has been to mix up the simple issue whether Ireland shall or shall not be

governed by a separate Irish Executive depending for its existence upon a separate Irish Parliament, with all the issues which divide the Conservatism and the Radicalism of the country. It is therefore possible that the people of England might put a Government of Home Rulers in office, not because the people wished to repeal the Act of Union, but because they desired an Eight Hours Bill, the payment of members, the taxation of ground rents, and a score of other real or supposed benefits promised to artisans and labourers with more or less definiteness by the Opposition. What Ulstermen dread is that a Ministry of Home Rulers may be allowed to pass a measure of Home Rule, not because the English people have ceased to value the Union, but because the most important issue which can by any possibility call for the verdict of the nation may be decided as a side issue of less real moment than the question whether the London County Council shall be allowed to purchase the London tramways. That this should be the result of our present party system is at once monstrous and possible. The Unionist leaders can, however, avert this calamitous result of party tactics by the simple pledge that under no circumstances shall it be allowed to take place. They can and should give public notice that every resource of the Constitution shall be employed—I will even say strained—in order to secure a distinct, indubitable appeal to the nation on the subject of Home Rule. That such an appeal would be fatal to any scheme of Home Rule is to no Unionist, and, it may be suspected, to few Gladstonians, a matter of doubt.

The pledge is one which can be kept. The means for obtaining an appeal to the people lie near at hand. All that is needed is courage to use them.

The most obvious method is for the House of Lords to announce and carry out its intention of rejecting every Home Rule Bill which may be passed by the House of Commons, until a General Election has taken place at which the question is raised whether a definite Home Rule Bill shall pass into law, and such a Bill, having been as distinctly approved as the Bill of 1886 was rejected by the electorate, shall have again been presented to their Lordships for acceptance. Ultimately, let the Opposition say what they will, the House of Lords has the power to compel a dissolution of Parliament, and hence to compel a general election, at which the question whether a particular Home Rule Bill shall pass may be distinctly submitted to the electors.

Owing, however, to the machinations of party leaders, and to the possibly indecisive result of a general election, the issue on which a verdict is required may be either indistinctly raised or indistinctly answered. Then will come into play the last resource of the Unionists. Acting through the House of Lords, they must insist that no Bill giving Ireland a separate Parliament shall be passed unless it be made one of its provisions that the Bill shall not become law unless and

until it has within a fixed time been submitted to the vote of the whole electorate of the United Kingdom, and has been approved of by the majority of the electors. This is the principle of the Referendum. With the details necessary for carrying it into effect we need not here concern ourselves. It is in essence an appeal on a matter of national importance from the majority of the House of Commons to the electors, from a party to a nation.

No doubt various objections may be made to the policy here advocated. "It is," men will say, "a novelty." Are the enthusiasts, the Radicals and the Socialists, who form the backbone of the Opposition, the persons who can object to novelties? "It is essentially democratic." Are our Democrats turned traitors to the sovereignty of the people? The plain truth is, that they dislike the system of an appeal to the nation, even in cases where it is of urgent importance that the voice of the nation should be heard, because the appeal, though in accordance with democratic principles, will almost certainly turn out to be of a conservative tendency. "The appeal," we shall of course be told, "is unconstitutional." This objection does not come with a good grace from innovators who are undermining or battering down the Constitution. But it has legitimate weight with men of judgment and of moderation. My reply is that we must not be frightened by words. The essence of our Constitution is the constant modification of its customs for the sake of saving its principles. The fundamental principle which underlies every conventional rule is that the fate of the nation shall be decided by the nation. There is a danger that at the present crisis the national fortunes may be determined by party intrigues. It is, therefore, emphatically a case where old machinery may be rightly put to a more or less new use, and the privileges of the House of Lords may, like the prerogatives of the Crown, be employed to ensure the supremacy of the nation. There are, indeed, prudent men who fear that the full exertion of the legal powers possessed by the Peers may lead to the destruction of the Upper House. The fear is groundless. In a democratic age and country it is impossible for any authority, whether it be the Crown, the Peers, or the House of Commons, to oppose itself deliberately to the will of the nation; that is, in plain terms, to the deliberate decision of the majority among the electors. But the people of the United Kingdom are neither fanatics nor fools. To oppose the people is one thing; to insist that on a matter of national moment the people shall be consulted is another. No Democracy was ever offended because the leaders of a great party refused to assent to a measure until the Democracy had declared its will. Grant, however, though the concession is needless, that the existence of the House of Lords would be imperilled: the case is one where the risk must be incurred. No law ought to be broken, but no innovation should be

rejected which prevents the unity of the nation from being sacrificed to the exigencies or the fanaticism of a faction.

As to the manner, however, in which the pledge to secure the Protestants of Ireland against being made the victims of some party intrigue or compromise is to be redeemed we may be indifferent; the essential thing is that the pledge be given, and that the pledge be kept. That its effect would be great and salutary admits not of doubt. The Loyalists of Ireland would feel at once that their worst fears were dispelled. They know already that if the next election maintains the Unionists in power, the success of the agitation for Home Rule will have been rendered impossible; they would then also know that even should the next General Election give the Gladstonians a majority, there would be no reason why the Loyalists of Ireland should expect the repeal of the Union; for such a repeal could never take place without the deliberate assent of the people of the United Kingdom. Once, in short, let the Unionists of Great Britain assure the Irish Loyalists of their effective and strenuous aid in opposing constitutional resistance to disastrous and unjust change in the Constitution, and the air of the political world will be cleared. The energy of the men of Ulster will add strength to the action of their English friends, and reliance on the part of Irish Protestants on the promised appeal to the nation will make Loyalists feel that threats even of passive resistance to the law are useless and out of place, since the resources of the Constitution will be sufficient to save every loyal man in Ireland, no less than in England, from even the dread of legalised injustice.

A. V. DICEY.

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ULSTERIA AND HOME RULE.

THIS article is published on the distinct condition that the name of the writer shall never be divulged. As I am about to tear the veil from the face of hypocrisy, and expose the cherished bogeys that are used to scare the timid, my facts will be impugned, and my inferences derided, and the displeasure of my friends will wax hot, in proportion to the fulness of knowledge with which I bring light to bear on their arguments and proceedings.

There will be a dangerous outburst of Ulsterical wrath on the publication of this article; but the editor, and not the author, must brave the storm. Should duels have to be fought, the editor must fight them. He will have to be prepared for shillelaghs, and actions at law, and even the "last damp ditch," if needs be; but the authority of this impeachment, like the authorship of "Junius' Letters," must remain a profound and insoluble mystery.

On my part, I engage to keep strictly to facts easily tested, and to arguments that shall bear the stamp of self-evidencing simplicity, so that should the editor be called on to suffer for anything that I may advance, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is a martyr for the truth.

Why should I withhold my name as the author of this article? I admit at once that my motive is not modesty. I should be very proud to see an article in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW over my name; but with many of our ministers who see through the rant and cant of party politics, I know that Home Rule is coming inevitably, impelled by the force of circumstances, and I do not feel called upon to become a public martyr to hasten a cause that is approaching, swift as time, and certain as destiny.

The following story, told in the simple words of the victim himself,

will, I trust, enable the reader to see that there may be good reasons for silence on the part of Home Rule Presbyterian ministers, and that I need no farther apology for sending this article forth on its merits, without the advantage or disadvantage of my signature. Should therefore any ingenious critic insinuate that I doubtless have sufficient reasons, known to myself, for withholding my name, I herewith forestal the amiable remark by declaring emphatically "I have."

STATEMENT BY THE REV. MATTHEW MACAULAY.

" . . . First. I was forty years minister of the Presbyterian congregation of McKelvey's Grove, in County Monaghan. I was the first minister of the congregation, and I succeeded in erecting meeting-house, school-house, and manse, and I left them all free of debt on my retirement.

"Second. I made a speech at Castleblayney in April 1880 in favour of the two Gladstonian candidates, Mr. J. Givan and Mr. W. Findlater. This gave offence to Lord Templetown, and his agent, who a few months afterwards refused to pay me the annual donation which I had been receiving for over thirty years.

"Third. Lord Templetown and his agent, the celebrated Gustavus Brooke, attempted in the year 1885 to deprive me of the turbarry I had held for a long series of years; but I successfully resisted this attempt.

"Fourth. On the afternoon of July 1, 1886, as my wife and I were returning to our manse, along the Queen's highway, an Orange drumming party of half-intoxicated men, about two hundred in number, waylaid us, yelled at us, cursed Macaulay, the Pope, and Gladstone. Our lives were in danger, for had the excited animal I was driving dashed over the precipice which was on one side of the road, we could hardly have escaped.

"Fifth. On the night of July 10, 1886, my meeting-house was desecrated by a party that broke into it, and plastered the walls in several places with such Orange mottoes as 'No surrender,' 'No Pope,' 'No Macaulay.'

"Sixth. In the month of August 1886 four Orangemen canvassed my congregation from end to end (one of these four was and is the master of one of the Orange lodges in the locality), and got a memorial or document signed by the heads of fifty families, declaring that they would never pay a farthing of stipend, or enter the meeting-house, while I was its minister. That document is in the hands of the Clerk of the Ballibay Presbytery. (This letter was written in 1888.)

"Seventh. By the advice of experienced ministers I had to give up my church, my manse and farm, and a large amount of my income, and retire to my native County Down.

"Eighth. In the spring of 1887, when Mr. Balfour was called on to account for this case of outrage on my meeting-house, he said it was only a few Orange lilies that had been attached to the walls, and that no injury was done to me. . . .

"MATTHEW MACAULAY."

Mr. Macaulay was an able minister, in good standing in the Presbyterian Church. He had raised the congregation, and built the church, school-house, and manse. He had married and baptised most of his congregation. He had been their teacher, guide, comforter. He had wept with them in their sorrow, and rejoiced with them in their joy. Besides, he belonged to a good old Presbyterian stock—a Levitical family—that had given a large number of loyal and learned

ministers to the Presbyterian Church. As a Presbyterian he was "perfect in his generation," and his private life among the people for forty years was unstained by a single spot. But these considerations were of no avail as weighed against the unspeakable crime of giving a helping hand to a Presbyterian candidate, of whom Lord Templetown, and his agent, and the Orange roughs disapproved.

Mr. Macaulay had been a farmer's son, and he had known during his whole life the meaning of landlordism in Ireland. "I had seen," he said to me the other day, "my beautiful and loving mother slaving from early dawn to midnight, winter and summer, year in and year out, to meet the exactions of the landlord. Every good thing produced was for the landlord. The fat pig, the meskins of butter, the hens' and ducks' eggs went to satisfy his rapacity. And my mother, who toiled incessantly, had for her reward the barest existence, and was seldom able to enjoy even the husks that remained from the fruits of her industry."

A Presbyterian candidate, one of the Findlaters who has laid the Presbyterian Church under lasting obligations, came to Mr. Macaulay's neighbourhood, with a message of mercy and hope to the oppressed. Mr. Macaulay dared to support him, and he was driven from home and church by landlord and Orange fury. I think this will explain the facts to which Mr. Gladstone referred so sympathetically at the meeting at Mr. Rogers'—namely, that Irish Presbyterian ministers convey to him their sympathy, but prudently decline to have their names made public.

Ulsteria is not the mere blind fury that the coiner of the word supposed it to be in his interesting diagnosis of the symptoms. On the contrary, it is a well-calculated though desperate attempt of the Tory party to maintain their class ascendancy in Ireland. Its motive is sordid greed—the lust for power to live on the labour of others. The men at the head of the movement are the descendants of the hucksters who sold the Parliament of Ireland ninety-two years ago for the round sum £1,260,000, and who have since usurped the offices and captured the emoluments of State, and desire to hold them for themselves, their heirs, administrators, and assigns. These men, who have misruled Ireland in the sole interest of themselves and their class, fear the legislation of fairplay and equal justice at the hands of Mr. Gladstone, and with a view to resisting it they have called into action religious bigotry and Orange passion.

The men who now suggest civil war to maintain their selfish interests, know well what they are about. They are the relatives and confederates of the Prime Minister, and several of them are now, or were formerly, Ministers of the Crown. Lord Salisbury's anticipations and suggestions of blood-shedding were not mere rhetorical expressions which took form in the heat of a bitter party speech, but words

weighed and deliberately uttered in furtherance of his friends' cause. Lord Salisbury and Lord Londonderry do not really wish to engage in civil war, which would sound the knell of their privileges and ascendancy. They simply egg others on to shout and bluster and make a show of opposition, so that they may be able to obtain as good terms as possible on the adoption of Home Rule, which they recognise to be inevitable. And to a certain extent they have succeeded. They found the Presbyterian Church without a leader, and by flattery and cajolery they have got on their side a number of her windy rhetoricians; but, as we shall see further on, they have not captured the Presbyterian Church as they boast to have done.

But I have promised facts, and I now submit a few in support of the foregoing statement. And here I give a table, taken from President Hamilton's "History of the Irish Presbyterian Church," published in 1887, to show the distribution of offices which is so satisfactory to the dominant party, and which they wish to maintain.

	Roman Catholics.	Episcopallians.	Presbyterians.
Irish Peerage	13	174	—
Irish Privy Council	9	36	—
Lieutenants of Counties	2	29	1
Judges	5	11	1
County Court Judges	6	14	2
Resident Magistrates	25	53	2
Inspectors-General of Constabulary	1	4	—
County Inspectors of Constabulary	9	30	—
District Inspectors of Constabulary	37	188	5
Royal University Senators	17	9	8
Intermediate Education Commissioners	4	3	2
National Education Commissioners	10	6	3
National Secretaries and Heads of Departments	5	7	1
Board of Works, Commissioners, &c.	3	18	—
Local Government Board, Members, Secretaries	5	16	1
Superintendents of Lunatic Asylums	5	19	—
Land Commissioners, Chief	3	2	—
Land Commissioners, Assistant	7	3	—

In vindication of the policy which results in a table such as the above, one can understand why the Episcopalian Primate should have demonstrated at the Belfast Convention with a prayer, but it is not so easy to understand why a Presbyterian minister should have demonstrated with a Psalm. The noblemen at the head of the movement pull the strings, and the puppets perform.

The government of the country in every department of the Administration is in the hands of the Episcopalian minority, and to maintain this state of things they appeal to the English electorate.

Take a few additional examples. Of the 57 Land Commissioners appointed or reappointed last August, 32 were Episcopallians, 16

Catholics, and 9 Presbyterians; but of the 16 Catholics, 2 were Conservatives, 2 land agents, 6 landlords, and 1 a brother to a landlord who is a count. One of the Episcopalian commissioners is a small grocer, a brother-in-law to Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., and one of the Presbyterian appointments is a half-brother of Mr. Macartney, M.P.; but as he is a naval sub-lieutenant on the retired list, he will understand his duties about as well as the small grocer. Such is the fitness of things taken into account when religious ascendancy has to be maintained.

In the appointment of magistrates to administer justice the same spirit is manifested. In County Tyrone the Catholics number 93,569, and the Protestants 77,707, and for these 159 magistrates are Protestants, and only 9 Catholics. In County Fermanagh the Catholics are 41,149 out of a population of 74,039, but there is only 1 Catholic magistrate, and 75 Protestants.

In the Grand Jury system the same inequality prevails, and the county government is despotically controlled by the Protestant minority. This is the condition of subjection and degradation in which the Orange faction wish to keep their fellow-countrymen. In this spirit, honest William Johnston, M.P., addressed his Orange brethren in February last :

"The 1st of April is fixed for the visit of Sir Henry James to Belfast. He has spoken and voted in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Bill to open the British Chancellorship and the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland to Roman Catholics. Let no Protestant or Orangeman attend his meetings. Leave him to be received by those who share his views."

All these people—Orange fanatics, subservient magistrates, accommodating judges and commissioners, rapacious landlords, *et hoc genus omne*—know that the advent of Home Rule means the end of their ascendancy. It is natural that these people should make a hard struggle to maintain the ascendancy of their creed and caste. No slave-owners ever allowed their slaves to be freed without a struggle; but the time has come for the Christian people of this Empire to sweep from the path of progress the system of government and administration that has for so long outraged the conscience of every man who has a heart to feel and a mind to judge, and who desires the establishment of righteousness and fair dealing in the land.

Lord Palmerston wrote from Derry as follows in 1826 :

"The day is fast approaching, as it seems to me, when this matter will be settled as it must be; in spite of the orgies . . . and the bumpers pledged to . . . 'No surrender,' the days of Protestant ascendancy are numbered. It is strange, in this enlightened age and enlightened country, people should be still debating whether it is wise to convert four or five millions of men from enemies to friends, and whether it is safe to give power to Ireland."

Burke's words on the same subject deserve a place here :

"I am afflicted, deeply and bitterly afflicted, to see that a very small faction of Ireland should arrogate to itself the whole of that great kingdom. I am more afflicted in seeing that a very minute part of that small faction should be able to persuade any person here that on the support of their power the connection of the two kingdoms essentially depends."

The time foreseen by Lord Palmerston and longed for by Burke has arrived. "The enlightened age and enlightened country" will no longer allow a small but arrogant faction to seize on all the public and municipal appointments of the country, and use them for their own aggrandisement and the degradation of their fellow-citizens.

One of the pretences of Ulsteria is that the voice of the Tory faction is the voice of united Ulster, and by force of iteration the constant drip of assertion may come to make an impression in England. But nothing could be farther from the truth. Take the facts, and do not mind the pragmatic assertions and contradictions of our Belfast Tories. And the best of all facts to decide such a matter as this is the representation of Ulster in the Imperial Parliament as decided by the ballot.

Ulster sends 33 members to express its views in Parliament. Of these, 17 are Home Rulers and Nationalists, and 16 Anti-Home Rulers! This will startle the reader who has been led to believe that the united voice of Ulster is against Home Rule. Notwithstanding the Tory organisation, and the wealth of the landlords, and the whisky of the publicans, and the influence of the Episcopal Church, and the traditions of long subservience to ascendancy, the people of Ulster have chosen, and are at the present moment represented by, a majority of Home Rule members. In the House of Commons the Tory voice of Ulster is outvoted by the Home Rule members. This is a fact that shows the hollowness of the brag and bluster about the "great united Protestant" Ulster. But as my anonymous assertions will of course be contradicted, I give the following table, taken from "Whitaker's Almanack" for the current year:

Constituencies.

1. Cavan (West), Nationalist unopposed, electorate .	11,281
2. " (East) " " " .	9,217
3. Armagh (South) " " " .	7,999
4. Donegal (North) " " " .	7,057
5. " (West) " " " .	5,925
6. Monaghan (South), Nationalist majority .	3,706
7. Donegal (South) " " " .	3,651
8. Tyrone (Mid) " " " .	1,987
9. Monaghan (North) " " " .	1,471
10. Donegal (East) " " " .	1,421
11. Fermanagh (South) " " " .	1,233
12. Down (South) " " " .	970
13. Tyrone (East) " " " .	468
14. Down (Newry) " " " .	467
15. Fermanagh (North) " " " .	266
16. Belfast (West) " " " .	103

The City of Derry is the 17th constituency, and it is now represented by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., who succeeded in unseating the Tory member after he had been officially declared returned.

These facts sadly mar the Tory oratory regarding "the voice of Ulster." I admit that the facts are inconvenient at the present moment, but I trust my friends will expend their superfluous warmth on the multiplication and addition tables, and not on the writer or editor.

Another Tory fiction is that Ulster is Protestant. Englishmen who have come to be convinced of the justice as well as of the expediency of Home Rule, ask with a serious countenance, "But what are you going to do with Protestant Ulster?" They do not assume that Ulster is right in opposing the national aspiration, but they recognise the gravity of what they have never doubted to be a fact—that Ulster is Protestant. Nothing has had more influence with honest, justice-loving Englishmen, in causing them to hesitate in granting Home Rule to Ireland than the accepted belief as to "Protestant Ulster" and the "Protestant North."

Ninety-five out of every hundred of the electorate in England and Scotland look on Ulster as *solidly Protestant and Unionist*, and every Tory speaker and writer in the press does all he can to foster the delusion. Every article in the *Times* proceeds on the assumption that Ulster goes solid with the Unionist party, and in the article on the Belfast Convention it throws the works of the late lamented Mr. Piggott into the shade by declaring, "Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists and Unitarians, even Roman Catholics and Orangemen . . . united, *one and all*, to take up, deliberately and calmly, the position which, according to Mr. Gladstone, can only be taken up by 'fools and rogues.'"

Again let us appeal to facts, and for this purpose we have the statistics of the last census. According, then, to the latest statistics, made up to 1891, in five of the nine counties of Protestant Ulster the Catholics outnumber the Protestants by 233,246! In two more counties of the nine there is a small majority of Protestants, but so small as to leave the Catholic majority in seven out of the nine counties 205,834. In Counties Down and Antrim the Protestants predominate, but only to the extent of reducing the Catholic majority in the nine counties into a minority of 129,171 in the total population of the whole province. The entire Catholic population of Ulster is 744,358, and the Protestant population 873,171, so that in a total population of 1,617,877 of "Protestant Ulster," the Protestant majority is only 129,171.

As these figures dispose of the Unionist fiction as to "Protestant Ulster," it is well to have them set out in tabular form. It will be seen that, taken as a whole, the numbers of Protestants and Catholics

are nearly equal. The Protestants predominate in the north-east corner of the province, but over an area of three-fourths of the province the Catholics are in a decisive majority. For some of my statistics in their latest setting I am indebted to Mr. Fox's able letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

TABLE SHOWING THE RELATION OF PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS
IN ULSTER.

Ulster Counties.	Catholic Population.	Protestant Population.
Donegal	142,639	42,572
Tyrone	93,569	77,709
Cavan	90,329	21,350
Monaghan	63,084	23,005
Fermanagh	41,149	32,888
Total	430,770	197,524
Armagh	65,906	77,150
Londonderry	67,749	83,917
Total	534,425	358,591
Antrim { Including the popu- }	106,464	321,504
Down { lous city of Belfast }	73,464	193,429
Grand total	744,353	873,524
Gross population of Ulster	1,617,877	
Gross Protestant majority	129,171	

Where now is "the homogeneous Protestant Ulster" of the unscrupulous Unionist rhetoricians?

The strategists of the Unionist rebel army will have some difficulty in selecting a suitable site for their "last ditch." They had better dig their "first ditch" in Sandy Row, for anywhere else in "Protestant Ulster" they will have their Home Rule enemies on their flanks and in their rear. Outside the Parliamentary borough of Belfast, the Catholics are 55 per cent. of the population, and outside the counties of Down and Antrim, which comprise only a fourth part of Ulster, the Catholics constitute over 61 per cent. of the population. Every Ulster Orangeman knows that he is more than a match for two Catholics. Still Colonel Saunderson will see that it would be a grievous blunder in tactics to commence a campaign outnumbered and outflanked, and with his line of communication in the possession of his enemies. Possibly some of his fresh recruits might consist of his veteran rentpayers, and they might reconsider the question of lying in the "last ditch" at an awkward time. On the whole, the prospects of the campaign beyond the banks of the Black Staff are not very encouraging. There is no likelihood of the rebels ever

reaching the Boyne, so my English readers need not be afraid of them storming London. In fact, they will have enough to do to hold their own at home; and should Lord Salisbury and the Marquis of Londonderry and the Duke of Abercorn succeed in stirring up civil strife, the Catholics of Ulster will be able to keep "Protestant Ulster" in check without any external assistance. All this, which will be news to the ordinary reader, is quite well known to the nobility and their abettors, who have tried to make "Protestant Ulster" into a bogey—dear to the Tory heart. When Lord Salisbury, or any of his followers, try again to frighten us by the phrases, "Men of Ulster," and "Protestant Ulster," we shall know that he is presuming on our ignorance of the facts of the case, and we shall be able to form our own ideas as to his sincerity. And in order that we may have our facts ready, I insert the following table, showing the Catholic percentage of the county populations:

ULSTER COUNTIES.

Catholic Percentage.		Catholics.	Total Population
80·8	. . Cavan . . .	90,329	111,679
76·8	. . Donegal . . .	142,639	185,211
73·3	. . Monaghan . . .	63,084	86,089
65·6	. . Fermanagh . . .	41,149	74,037
54·6	. . Tyrone . . .	93,569	171,278
45·0	. . Armagh . . .	65,906	143,056
44·6	. . Londonderry . . .	67,749	151,666
		<hr/>	<hr/>
		564,425	923,016
24·9	. . Antrim . . .	106,464	427,968
27·5	. . Down . . .	73,461	266,693
		<hr/>	<hr/>
		744,353	1,617,877
		<hr/>	<hr/>
23·6	. . Belfast . . .	70,309	373,055

Another delusion is that the Belfast demonstration expressed the unanimous opinion of Protestant Ulster. That is the string on which that magnanimous statesman, Mr. Chamberlain, harps.

Professor Dicey has improved on the language of his leader. He told the Liberal Unionists of Manchester a few days ago that "the protest of the Belfast Convention was the denunciation of Home Rule by the unanimous Protestantism of Ireland."

Now, as my anonymous opinion would be of little value on a question of this kind, I submit the opinion of a gentleman, an Ulster Protestant, who knows the subject of which he speaks, and whose views are deserving of the highest consideration. James A. Strahan, M.A., LL.D., Professor of English Law in Queen's College, Belfast, writes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"Mr. Chamberlain, in his recent speech at Birmingham, declared that nobody seemed to doubt that the Belfast Convention would express the

unanimous opinion of Protestant Ulster. It would be interesting to know the inquiries or information on which this statement was based ; as to ordinary persons it appears to be as near as possible the exact reverse of the truth. Nothing can be more certain than that every day it is becoming plainer and plainer to all who take the trouble to look into it, that the Convention will represent, not the unanimous opinion of Protestant Ulster, but only, and at most, the opinion, and not by any means the unanimous opinion, of Protestant Belfast. Outside Belfast the Ulster Protestants, with the exception of the landlords, the clergy, and a few Orangemen, are utterly apathetic where they are not hostile to the Convention. It is only in Belfast and in Lisburn, Lurgan, Portadown, and the other little manufacturing towns, which are practically outlying suburbs of Belfast, that it has received anything like popular support, and even there the main supporters of it are the capitalist classes, who find things very much to their liking at present, while among the Protestant working classes there is a strong and intelligent minority who gravely suspect that their employers are making Home Rule a red-herring to divert their minds from Labour questions. If Mr. Chamberlain doubts this, he should consult Mr. Arnold Forster."

There is not a Protestant in Ulster who does not know that Professor Strahan's words are true, and that the excursion to Belfast, which cost the projectors somewhere about £17,000, was a supreme effort to maintain the hereditary ascendancy of one religious sect and one political class. In carrying out their plans they have to a certain extent succeeded in making individuals of other religious sects and of another political order "the sport," as Professor Dicey would say, "of party intrigue."

I admit that to outward appearance the Presbyterian Church has been captured. Two influences have conspired to the result over which the Tories are jubilant. Of the six hundred Presbyterian ministers of our Church less than a dozen are Orangemen. But a large proportion of the people are Orangemen. With them religion consists of hatred to the Pope, and a good Orangeman will always be prepared, either drunk or sober, to curse the Pope.

A story is told which illustrates the character of Orange Christianity in Ulster. Two brother Orangemen had long lived on the most friendly terms. They were both religious men in the Orange sense of the term. One of them fell ill, and his friend became concerned for his spiritual state. He visited him, and found him motionless, and apparently unconscious. He put his lips to his friend's ear, and asked him to make a sign with one of his fingers if he felt happy. Thereupon the dying man cursed the Pope, and his friend departed comforted, believing that all was well.

The clamour of the rank and file of an Orange congregation coming from below, and the flattery and cajolery of aristocratic neighbours coming from above, have carried a large majority of our ministers into the Tory ranks. The opportunity for rhetorical displays was irresistible, and there is much to be done just now in the way of denouncing the Pope and Gladstone. The crisis has come at a time

when our Church is without a leader, and a large majority of our ministers are content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Tory caucus.

This state of things was very apparent at the meeting of our General Assembly in Dublin last month. For the first time the General Assembly was used to further the designs of one political party. The outgoing Moderator repeated the lie that Mr. Gladstone had called the Presbyterians "rogues or fools." The incoming Moderator made an irascible attack on Mr. Gladstone. Altogether the General Assembly this year was the most undignified and frivolous ever held in Ireland.

A political resolution, denouncing Home Rule, was moved at one of the meetings. The Home Rule ministers of the General Assembly, like the writer of this article, were anxious to avoid trouble, as Home Rulers. But the anti-Home Rule resolution produced such an outburst of Home Rule sympathy as fairly staggered the Assembly. The Rev. Matthew Kerr, of Cork, opposed the motion as in the sole interest of one political party, as unjust to the Roman Catholics, and as injurious to the Presbyterian ministers of the south, who do not share the fears of their northern brethren.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, of Newtownards, opposed the alliance with the political party that had always been the enemy of their Church. "One thing," he said, "that should make the brethren from Belfast pause in their fiery utterances was the attitude of the Dublin and southern Presbyterians towards the Irish question. The Presbyterians of Dublin and the south and west expressed themselves unanimously to the effect that they did not entertain any of the fears that Belfast Presbyterians entertained with regard to the introduction of Home Rule. He had made the acquaintance of a number of Tories in Dublin, and after conversing with them, he had to affirm that they did not in the least sympathise with the Orange rant of the north."

The Rev. Mr. Matthews said: "The priests of the Church of Rome were not what they were represented. They were a highly educated class of men; they were men of the highest moral character. (Cries of "No, no.") He knew what he was speaking about. The priests were their peers, except in philosophy and political economy. They were more than their peers in some branches of learning that go most to make up an efficient minister of the Church of Jesus Christ. He strongly disapproved of the political discussions of the Assembly, and he declared that Matthew Kerr had drawn more people into the Presbyterian Church than fifty of their rabid ministerial opposition."

The resolution was then taken in hand, and made into a kind of tenant-right manifesto; but even with this Democratic leaven in the lump, eleven ministers voted against it. This sudden appearance of courageous Home Rulers in the General Assembly shows that the Irish Presbyterian ministers are not all ready to play the rôle of the

Jebusites. I am acquainted with about forty Presbyterian ministers who are Home Rulers, and will vote for Home Rule candidates at the general election. There are probably one hundred in all who are more or less in favour of Home Rule.

In view of the attitude of the Protestants in the south and west of Ireland to Home Rule, it was somewhat droll to hear Dr. Lynd at the Convention expressing sympathy, and pledging assistance, to the brethren in the south and west, who so emphatically declared at the General Assembly that they wished to have nothing to do "with the Orange rant of the north."

It would thus appear that Professor Dicey's "unanimous Protestantism of Ireland" is as unreal as "Protestant Ulster." In the *Belfast Witness* for June 17, we have the following:

"Protestant Home Rulers being our brethren according to the faith, we are bound to respect them and their convictions. We would hope they will not at the crisis of the general election play into the hands of a system and policy that must be destructive of the progress, enlightenment, and prosperity of our unhappy country."

So far, then, from the Belfast Convention voicing the denunciation of "United Protestant Ireland," or even "United Protestant Ulster," it was a mere Unionist party demonstration, set in motion from Downshire House, London, and assembled at a cost of 30s. per head. It expressed the opinion and spoke the voice of the minority of Ulster men. There would be no difficulty in bringing together similar parties, every week up to Christmas, at a similar expenditure of money and energy, to represent any other social or political question; but we admit to the full that the demonstration was a successful gathering of the "Ulster Unionist minority" in face of the general election.

The Tory *Standard* gave more space to Mr. Chamberlain's oft-repeated speech than to all the speeches of the Convention on the morning after it was held. The Convention had not responded to the incitements of the Premier to civil strife. I do not in the least wish to minimise this meeting of the Unionist minority; but I am anxious that its true significance should be clearly understood, and a glance at it reveals its character. The Duke of Abercorn, a trusted Tory, occupied the chair, supported by Lord Erne, Grand Master of the Orange Society, the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Earl of Enniskillen, great landed proprietors, Dr. Kane, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Belfast. Other Tory magnates were there, but kept somewhat in the background; and representatives of local sects and interests were pushed forward as speakers. Even a priest, one priest, was captured for the occasion.

"When all has been said and done, the gathering assembled nothing so much as one of your great Primrose demonstrations. True, our meeting did not spring spontaneously from the Ulster minority. It

was hatched in Downshire House, London, and timed by the Tory wire-pullers to take place on the eve of the general election, a date known only to themselves.

The sanctions of religion were given to the party political move by a prayer from the Protestant Primate of Ireland, and a Psalm was read by a Presbyterian minister. Of the latter, it is enough to say that such an old bird as Dr. Brown should not have been caught by chaff. Of the former, it may be truly said that his Church has ever been ready to employ the sanctities of religion to countenance the abuse of power and to whiten over the foul deeds of tyranny. Toryism in Ireland has ever sought to palliate her crimes by the authority of the Church, just as Toryism in England drags the name of our beloved Queen into their party squabbles; and the Irish Church has ever been ready to give benediction to the foulest deeds. The Episcopalian Church has not, however, been a mere passive approver of tyranny in Ireland. She has tried her hand at it herself, and the Primate of Ireland, though a good man, was in his natural place at the Convention, as a true successor of the primates who have received every reform won for Ireland with a bitterness nigh unto cursing.

The parrot cry that Home Rule would be Rome Rule has ceased to alarm. The Tories proved its hollowness when they called in the Pope as "emergency-man" in Ireland, but had to fall back on Orangemen of the baser sort from the north, to recruit their crowbar brigade. Irish Catholic Home Rulers decline to take their politics from Rome, just as Protestant Home Rulers refuse to dance to the wire-pullers of Downshire House.

The Unionist assertion that the Catholics would persecute the Protestants under Home Rule has been almost played out.

The Duke of Argyll, speaking at Leeds on June 15, said :

"In Ulster they knew very well the Catholics dare not attempt religious persecution. All the talk about religious persecution was humbug on the part of John Morley to deceive the English people."—*Times*, June 16.

Lecky, in his "Leaders of Irish Thought," declared there was not the least reason to suppose that the Catholics would persecute the Protestants. "It is the cry of bigotry swelling the sail it sets for heaven with blasts from hell." As an example of the hollowness of this plea, the example of the Province of Quebec, in Canada, is sufficient. There the Roman Catholics outnumber the Protestants as much as they do in Ireland, but they do not take the smallest advantage of their numbers to oppress their Protestant countrymen. O'Connell said : "We are Roman Catholics, but not servants of Rome. As much theology as you please from Rome; but no politics."

The Presbyterian ministers and other Protestants in the south and west of Ireland have no fears of persecution at the hands of their Catholic brethren, and, in the words of the Rev. Dr. Forbes, of Newtownards, "they

do not sympathise in the least with the Orange rant of the north." It is interesting to note that the fear of the Catholics persecuting the Protestants was scarcely once referred to at the Belfast Convention. It was laid aside as a worn-out Tory bogey, and is not likely to be brought into use again. A bogey is worse than useless when everybody has found it out. The pragmatic Duke has helped to slay the pet bogey of his party.

I am strongly of opinion that priests cannot safely be trusted with civil rights, but I include priests of all sects. The Protestant Episcopal priests of Ireland have sadly abused their power. Presbyterian priests have seldom in Ireland had power, but some of them are ready at the present time to attach civil disabilities to religious opinions. I would not trust the ministers of my Church with unrestricted power over the civil rights of Roman Catholics. Roman Catholic priests, if they have power, have exercised it with singular moderation in Ireland. They have welcomed Protestants as Parliamentary representatives, and they have acquiesced in the National party being led generally by Protestants. The Catholic majority have generously appointed Protestants to offices of influence with large emoluments. In this matter their action contrasts favourably with the exclusive bigotry of Belfast. Priests are said to be exercising undue influence at the elections, but of the forty Home Rule candidates thus far selected by the County Conventions, nine are Protestants. The Irish priests have behaved nobly to the Protestants in the south and west; they have sunk their prejudices in the choice of political candidates; but priests, Protestant as well as Catholic, should not have the power to oppress, and Mr. Gladstone has shown, in the words of Mr. Lecky, that "national feeling is the only check to sectarian passion." Clerical influence wanes where free institutions have full and fair play. And I here hazard a prophecy, and it is this: Thomas Sinclair, porkbutcher of Belfast, will yet be Prime Minister of the Home Rule Parliament.

The prosperity of Ireland under the Union, assumed by Anti-Home Rulers, is urged as a reason for continuing the present system. The argument based on the prosperity of Ireland has so often been urged by Unionists that it has come to be an article of faith in opposing Home Rule. To this argument statistics reply more conclusively than words.

DECREASE OF POPULATION IN IRELAND.

Ireland—Population	in 1841	.	.	.	8,200,000
"	in 1891	.	.	.	4,750,000
England—Population	in 1841	.	.	.	15,000,000
"	in 1891	.	.	.	29,000,000

It thus appears that England governed in accordance with English ideas doubled her population, while the population of Ireland, not

governed according to Irish ideas, but according to English ideas, has diminished by one-half.

Truly Mr. Lecky says :

"In no other history can we investigate more fully the evil consequences which must ensue from disregarding that sentiment of nationality, which is one of the strongest and most enduring of human passions."

Charles James Fox said :

"I would have Irish government regulated by Irish notions and Irish prejudices, and I am convinced that *the more she is under Irish government the more she will be bound to English interests.*"

When the Act of Union was passed, Lord Charlemont said :

"It would more than any other measure contribute to the separation of two countries, the perpetual connection of which is one of the warmest wishes of my heart."

But some one will say it is the prosperity of Ulster that Unionist speakers have in view as an argument against Home Rule. But are the facts regarding "prosperous Ulster" encouraging? Ulster prosperity begins and ends with Belfast. It will be seen by the census that Ulster is losing its population more rapidly than Leinster. The population of Antrim alone, of the nine counties of the province, has increased during the past ten years. The decay of the rural part of Antrim has been so great that it almost balances the increase of the city part. The increase of population even in Antrim is so insignificant that it would cause dismay if it existed in an English county.

On this point, I again quote Professor J. A. Strahan, the best living authority on the question in point :

"The fact is that throughout rural Ulster, Protestant and Catholic, the decrease of population is absolutely appalling. Did not Belfast exist to modify it to a certain extent, Ulster, so far from being the most prosperous, would be about the least prosperous of the four provinces of Ireland. Outside that one town, the population is fleeing the country at a rate which promises to leave it more sparsely peopled than an Australian sheep-run before fifty years are over, and the people who go are not merely the discontented and disaffected Roman Catholics, but the Orange Episcopalians, and, above all, the sturdy and industrious Presbyterians. And yet representatives of rural Ulster like Mr. T. W. Russell have the courage to tell us that their constituents are prepared to fight to the death to maintain this happy state of affairs. Let Mr. Russell look at his own division. It consists of the two baronies of Clogher and Lower Dungannon, and the parishes of Clonfeacle and Donaghmore in the barony of Middle Dungannon. These districts contained, in 1851, a population of 66,727, in 1861 a population of 60,625, in 1871 a population of 53,984, in 1881 a population of 46,088, in 1891 a population of 40,834. It will be observed that during the last decade the decrease has been greater than during any similar period since the famine. It amounts to no less than 15 per cent. of the whole population. If the rush be not checked, in about another generation there will not be a soul in South Tyrone. And yet Mr. Russell, apparently without imputing absolute imbecility to us or them, tells us his constituents are so well satisfied

with this delightful state of things that they are ready to fight to prevent any change in it. "If Home Rule be delayed a few years, Mr. Russell will be able to bring all his constituents to the battle-field in a four-wheeled cab."

Such is the boasted prosperity of Ulster, with which every Unionist platform rings.

The cry is constantly raised that Home Rule would lead to the independence of Ireland and the disruption of the Empire. This Tory bogey is not yet worn out. Her Majesty Queen Victoria has under her beneficent rule twenty-three Parliaments. Will the establishment of the twenty-fourth Parliament dismember the Empire?

In America there are forty-six different State and territorial legislatures, besides the one Congress. In Austria-Hungary there are eighteen State legislatures besides the General Parliament. In Germany there are twenty-six State legislatures, besides the Imperial Parliament. In Canada there are seven distinct legislatures, besides the Dominion Parliament. But the proposal of Home Rule for Ireland is stigmatised as disruption, simply because the people in place and power have a reasonable dread of being deprived of their unreasonable privileges.

The words of the Right Hon. Lord Carrington, ex-Governor of New South Wales, are reassuring on this point. In an address at Wycombe he spoke as follows :

"They heard a great deal about the Irish in this country, and a great deal of abuse, and statements that they were untrustworthy. He ventured to think there was hardly a Prime Minister in the whole of the broad confederation which was reigned over by Her Majesty the Queen (and there were many colonial statesmen so able that they would be sitting in the Cabinet if they were in England), who would hesitate to give Home Rule to Ireland."—*South Bucks Free Press*, July 24, 1891.

But some of the Irish members had declared for separation. Yes, but that was before Mr. Gladstone had held out the hope of their national aspiration being attended to. The Irish know what they are about, and they will not forfeit their inheritance in the English connection. The Union in its origin and in its working drive to agitation and despair, and, if there were no other remedy, to final separation. Hear Professor Goldwin Smith on the Union :

"First resolved to carry the Union and the Union was carried. It was carried through an Irish Parliament in which the Irish people were not represented, and which had no sort of right or title to dispose of the independence of the nation. And through that Parliament it was carried by bribery and corruption of every kind, including the prostitution of honours and offices as well as pensions, so foul and infamous that men of honour, such as Lord Cornwallis, who was employed in the operation, shrank with loathing from their task. One million two hundred and sixty thousand pounds were distributed amongst the proprietors of boroughs as compensation for their loss of means of praying on the State, and the peerage was again

recruited with houses which derive from this noble origin their divine right of legislating for the nation."

Hear also another selection from Lecky's "Leaders of Irish Thought":

"The quarter of a century that followed the Union was marked by almost perpetual disturbance; but this, it was said, was merely the natural ground-swell of agitation. Then the popular theory was that it was the work of O'Connell, and would perish with his death. Experience has proved the folly of such theories."

Our Unionists, who claim to be the patriotic party, seem to desire that the misery and ruin of Ireland should be perpetual—that ninety-two years of failure is not enough. Why is this? Do these men wish to continue to batten on the misery of Ireland for another century? Surely such a desire is not patriotism. The consideration of Mr. Gladstone, and the kindness of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, have tamed the ferocity of despair in Ireland, until her people and priests have come, for the first time in the century, to love the name of England. Through loving that noble-hearted woman, Lady Aberdeen, they have come to love our gracious Queen.

But Professor Dicey alarmed the Manchester Unionists a few days ago by a bogey of his own. Here it is, and I hope his Unionist friends of the Convention appreciate it:

"There was also a danger to England. If this protest should be neglected, if in some ill-starred day a measure of Home Rule should pass, it was probable that they would then strengthen the case for the demand of Irish independence, as the men who protested to-day might join those Nationalists who hated the priests in a demand for such independence. Should, under those circumstances, that demand be made, he should feel it difficult to discover a valid argument by which it was to be met, and he thought it would appeal to the conscience, and possibly even to the interests, of Englishmen."—*Manchester Courier*, June 15.

Now I for one protest against this low view of the words and acts of my countrymen. They may have been misled and misguided, and I believe they were, but they were not engaged in an insincere game of tactics.

Professor Dicey does not understand the earnest purpose of the men whom he undertakes so glibly to champion.

Ulstermen have two sides to their character. Only one side was apparent at the Convention. On the other side canny, far-seeing shrewdness predominates. The whole character was summed up in the confession of an Antrim man—"I hate a Papist, but I do like a bit of cheap *lan*." Ulster fury is no new thing. It was savagely fierce against Catholic emancipation, disestablishment, land bills, &c.; but when the bills became law, Ulstermen reaped the advantages of the measures.

They are now thoroughly opposed to Home Rule, but when the measure is passed they will neither dance to the Premier's tune of civil war, nor "kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne," nor "line the last ditch"; but they will enlarge their barns, and fill their pockets, and take the lead in the new Home Rule Parliament in Dublin. The one thing that the Convention made clear was this—*Ulster Protestants will be able to take care of themselves.*

My co-religionists were thoroughly and fiercely in earnest, and would be incapable of the low morality attributed to them by Professor Dicey. Home Rule is coming, and neither Catholic nor Protestant will seek independence or severance from the noble English people, who only wish to do right. We have been kept in a condition of comfortless poverty to minister to the luxuries of men who only mocked at our misery. Our country has been exploited, not in the interests of the Crown, not for the stability of the Empire, but simply and solely for the aggrandisement and greed of one arrogant class. The English people have found out how the matter stands, and we look to them, under God and their chivalrous old leader, to redress the wrongs which in ignorance they have inflicted. We wait and watch in hopes of seeing the foulest stain removed from the escutcheon of our illustrious Queen. And then we shall see the north and south, in peaceful and brotherly rivalry, working for the advancement of our common country, for the honour of our Queen, the happiness of our people, and the stability of our great Empire.

AN IRISH PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

THE RUSSIAN CRISIS.

WHATEVER calamity may overtake a people, none is so terrible as a famine. Floods, conflagrations, plagues, the cholera, a revisional visit from superior officials, all these are transient, acute evils; whereas starvation is a chronic complaint, wearing as consumption, degrading the man to the condition of a brute, distorting his very image.

Nothing can be more terrible. No misfortune ever assumes such terrific proportions, or brings in its train such a grim variety of consequences. A village, for instance, may be burned down, nay a hundred villages may be reduced to ashes; yet the sufferers are not robbed of all hope in life. If it be summer, they have only to sojourn a few days under the blue canopy of heaven while actively engaged in erecting new dwellings, or earth-huts if more substantial structures are out of the question. If it be winter, they can always find shelter in the homes of charitable and well-disposed people. Except in a few isolated cases, all trace of their recent calamity is soon lost. Or if we take such a calamity as a cholera epidemic; a few hundreds, a few thousands die and are buried; the survivors find the conditions of life rather improved than otherwise.

But this starved crowd—what a sickening at the heart it gives one! To what is it comparable? To sit in a theatre for a few hours while “Hamlet” is being realistically played, to live in sympathy through all the varied situations of the plot, has a saddening effect on one. It fills one with dismal thought, with a nameless fear; but the feelings are relieved, the ice is taken off the heart, when a storm of applause acknowledges the fact that it was all an illusion—something impossible in real life. Still the impression is not got rid of at once, it hangs on one like a heavy cloud for some time after, till new impressions take its place and crowd it out of one’s memory.

A famine, however, is a *constant* tragedy; every man, every woman of the sufferers is constantly being brought face to face with Hamlet's immortal problem: "To be or not to be?" This tragical situation, moreover, is one which has pursued the Russian peasant all his life. It commenced with his birth, and will follow him to his grave. He is always in worse plight than a merchant gone bankrupt. The merchant makes a settlement with his creditors, disentangles himself, suffers some temporary inconvenience, mortgages his wife's valuables and his plate, and sells his gold watch. In this way, he contrives to live on, from hand to mouth perhaps, until some opening suggests itself, and he is once more the successful man of business. It is true that the Government is in no hurry to rescue him and his family from starvation. Private charity, too, is not for him. He cannot ask for it, and if he could it would probably be denied him. Yet his troubles are nothing to those of the peasant overtaken by the horrors incident to a bad harvest. In my journeys from village to village in the famine regions I was a witness to some of the most terrible scenes of absolute indigence. The house of any townsman, be he never so poor, will be found to contain some furniture, some article valuable enough to fetch at the pawnshop a small sum, which, should the worst happen, would suffice to keep body and soul together till the dawn of better days. But a peasant's hut is empty and bare of everything. If the harvest has been a good one, and the peasant has garnered a crop above the average, the prices on cereals and farm produce fall immediately. The peasant is thus compelled to realise as much of his crop as he can in order to obtain the necessary money to enable him to pay the legion of dues and taxes imposed upon him. He will have to sell all, and sell it for "a mere song" if he wishes to avoid being sold up. In order to escape such a fate he occasionally, nay often, resorts to the expediency of selling his movables, his cattle and implements. Where, then, is the possibility of storing something up against "a rainy day?" And he lives on, or rather vegetates, absolutely dependent on the caprices of the elements and on accident. If the harvest has been a good one, he pays his taxes, and the authorities are quieted. If the harvest has been a bad one, he is bankrupt, and the authorities are enraged. But, whatever the harvest, he is always the same indigent pauper, the same harmless inoffensive, irresponsible, *malchik*. The farmer of yesterday, ploughing his fields with a *sorry nag*, to-day is a beggar in the streets. This transformation is as natural, as simple, and as common as the process by which a scholar, after a difficult examination, passes from one class of a school into another. To him and to his neighbours the phenomenon is so ordinary, of such every-day occurrence, that it has not even the appearance of anything abnormal or unexpected. On the contrary, the Russian peasant never looks forward to anything better. He is,

in most cases, morally prepared for the worst. The practical lessons of life have bred in him the consciousness that he is at no moment of his existence insured against the prison or the mendicant's bag.

Indeed, so weighed down and fettered is the soul of the Russian peasant that prison is likely to strike him as a welcome place of rest, a place where he can forget his myriad petty worries, and enjoy relaxation he could not dream of at home. It is not natural that he should have any great fear of prison. If he ever does shrink from it, he does so because he imagines it to be something more dreadful than it actually is. In any case he loses very little in being deprived of his "freedom" and accommodated in a roomy building, well-heated, with healthy, nutritious food and something to do. He gets a glimpse of new life, which more often than not is of a more agreeable character than the life he has led hitherto.

But all cannot find relief in this direction. Take this grey-haired old peasant. He has three sons and a well-stocked farm. The eldest and the youngest are at home; the second one is in the army. A country which aspires to be of any political importance cannot do without an army. Just lately news has been received that the young soldier has died in the ambulance hospital. The youngest son must now take his place, for the eldest is dying from acute inflammation of the lungs, the effects of a severe cold caught in the damp fields, ploughing.

"I had hoped they would see me comfortably buried," the old man says in a breaking voice, "and now it is I who have to bury my sons; the place will go to rack and ruin!"

The conscript system is a heavy drag on the village communities. The ablest and strongest of the young men are hurried off to serve their country as soon as they are strong enough to carry a musket; and the villagers, at all times a weak and helpless class of people, are left weaker and more helpless than before.

From the earliest times the peasant has been accustomed to be watched over and tended. He has always been prohibited from thinking for himself. He therefore depends for everything upon his superiors, who are far more numerous than is at all necessary. A good master of course takes due care that his cattle are well preserved. He sees that the cow he milks every day, and the horse which carts his manure or draws his plough, are well housed and well fed and groomed. The Russian peasant has every reason to consider himself an item of the farm inventory of the State—an important item too, a kind of cattle from which the State receives a great deal, and which has therefore every right to demand that it should be well housed and groomed and fed. He has every right to expect that the Government should furnish him with good productive land in a sufficient quantity; that it should take

measures to prevent that land from becoming sterile, that it should furnish him with suitable implements, &c. All this the Government, as landlord, is bound to do in its own interests, for the more secure and productive the labour of the peasant, the more assured is the income which the Government may expect to receive. If, therefore, the peasant's harvest is a poor one, whether owing to the fact that the soil has been impoverished by unremitting drafts on its productiveness, or to the fact that it has been badly worked through a scarcity of implements, of horses, or of oxen, the Government, as master, is to blame. It has permitted its workman to exhaust his entire resources. It has conducted the management of its extensive farm in a slipshod and careless manner, and spent more than its income actually admitted of its spending. Here is a piece of property comprising 50,000 acres of land, a valuable estate, but yielding an annual income of only £25,000. If the owner of the property spend no more than £15,000 or £20,000 per annum, employing the surplus towards improving and adding to the stock of the farm, his business would be conducted on a rational and effective plan; but if the owner, with a net income of £25,000, mortgage his prospects, and run through £75,000 every year—three times more than he really has to spend—it goes without saying that at the end of ten years his affairs will be in an utterly hopeless condition, while he will have no one to blame but himself.

During the Crimean war, and shortly afterwards, Russia obtained from its population from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 roubles. In 1891 the receipts were estimated to amount to about four times as much—1,000,000,000 roubles. The country can no more stand such a drain than a private estate, as in the instance given above, can withstand the strain imposed upon it by a spendthrift and improvident owner.

The scarcity of rain, which is so often adduced as a cause of the bad harvest of last year, is only an accidental feature. Bad harvests are in Russia so much a matter of course that the peasant has learned to await them as he awaits the coming of the official entrusted with the duty of collecting his rates and taxes. The summer of 1886 was eminently a wet summer, yet the harvest was below the average. However timely and sufficient the rain may fall, the productiveness of the soil of many parts of Russia is failing, and is ever so far below that of the grain-fields of Western Europe. This painful fact must be ascribed to two kindred causes: in the first place, to the utter absence of any adequate agricultural knowledge, not alone among the peasantry, but even in the ranks of the "powers that be"; and secondly, to the deficiency of material means and of the desire necessary to effect an improvement in the agricultural condition of the country.

The utter absence of agricultural knowledge in Russia is something

appalling. There is only one school of agriculture for the whole extensive Empire—namely, the Petroffsky Academy, Moscow. The number of its pupils is very restricted. Those who have passed through the academy are undeniably well informed on all that relates to farming; but, as they are not permitted to make practical application of their knowledge, they are compelled to look around them for other channels into which to turn their activity. The peasantry is quite indifferent to their existence. The earth yields something, if not much, without their enlightened assistance, and all the peasants want is the wherewithal to live. Anything over and beyond will, they know, have to be surrendered in the form of dues and taxes. There is thus no inducement for them to raise the productiveness of the soil. The Petroffsky academicians could give their country no small benefit, if their master, the Government, were to send them into the grain-producing districts with instructions to apply their knowledge to the task of raising the productiveness of the soil, and with the necessary appliances and means to enable them to carry out those instructions in an adequate and effective manner. At present, however, they might just as well not exist at all. No one knows them; no one needs them.

Russia is one of those countries—of which there are not many now left—where science is at a discount; where no one knows what to do, or would desire to do what should be done if he knew it. Russian authors of the front rank openly scorn and deny all reverence for scientific authority. One particular shining light in the literary firmament authoritatively invites his disciples to “sit on the earth.” The task is not difficult; many have done so and are doing so now. But sitting on the earth does not lead to any striking results. Without science and useful knowledge nothing can be attained.

Knowledge as a whole, and that branch of it which refers to agriculture in particular, is looked at askance by the Government; and the natural result is that the soil is robbed of its richness without anything being added to it, and the country thus brought to the verge of financial dissolution.

Some years ago a rich and benevolent individual, a certain Sibiriankoff, purchased a considerable piece of land in the vicinity of Samara. It was explained to him that the kindest thing he could do for the country and the people—a deed in fact that would render his name a household word throughout Russia—would be to found a College of Agriculture. Accordingly, he built the college. The Ministry of the Imperial domains gave him its countenance, promised him a subsidy, and expressed a desire to take the college into its own hands. All went well at first. If the local authorities, representing the master-in-chief, had contrived to make themselves agreeable to Sibiriankoff and to interest him in the condition of the district, there

is no reason to doubt that Sibiriankoff would have contributed a round million to the college and the property attached. Nothing of the sort happened, however. An official correspondence relating to the matter dragged on year after year, till finally Sibiriankoff's generous offer was politely refused.

It appears that the Governor of Samara, Sverbeyeff, informed the Ministry that the province of Samara (the most fertile region in the Empire!) was not in need of any college of agriculture; that such an institution would be quite superfluous, and that Sibiriankoff's suggestion most probably concealed some political scheme. Sibiriankoff, in despair, cursed the country which prevented him from carrying out his benevolent intention, sold his estate, left Samara, and never returned.

By the miscarriage of this scheme Samara lost literally a million roubles. Presumably, she has lost many more millions. The entire Volga region was filled with dismay. All desire to attempt any undertaking designed to ameliorate the agricultural conditions of the district was at once destroyed. The local creatures of the "landlord-in-chief" consciously put the break on any undertaking of this nature, in the certainty that by doing so they would merit the approval of their employer. As Sibiriankoff was not permitted to carry out his magnanimous project, no one else will dare to advance anything similar. And who is to blame?

The predominating trait of rulers from Caesar downwards is an invincible hypocrisy. People of education and experience are invited to occupy themselves with agriculture; but they are well aware that no sooner have they arrived and settled down than they will be unmercifully expelled again. The Jews are blamed for avoiding agriculture, and are accused of not wishing to live by the sweat of their brow; yet they are forbidden to colonise without the Pale or to own property. The Jew might round on his persecutors, and say to them: "You condemn me for not taking kindly to farming, while you yourselves, Pharisees that you are, have reduced your farms to the last stage of impoverishment. God be praised, we Jews have had no part in it; but to envy you or to wish to be in your position is more than can be expected of us." All this talk of agriculture is mere clumsy hypocrisy. The peasants fly from the land, happy, indeed, to find some other occupation. Others are not permitted to take their place; those who have the right are too ignorant to do anything, and the result is—chaos.

It is a very remarkable fact that Western Russia and the Baltic provinces, although lacking the famous black-earth advantages of the South-east, know no general harvest failures, no famines; while the Eastern strip—the Volga districts, with their rich alluvial, black-earth deposits, and their communal agricultural system are

begged and starving. The anomaly need not exist. Not far from Samara, a German, Baron Engelhardt, notwithstanding the intense drought, gathered a very good crop last autumn. On his large estate in the Nikolaievsky Uyezd (district) he introduced a rational system of irrigation, and was rewarded with a yield of exceptionally fine potatoes and a paying harvest of grain. A Khokhól (Little Russian) in the Novo-üzensk Uyezd prepared his soil in a similar rational way and reaped a satisfactory crop, while side by side with his estate lay the bare sterile fields of the peasants.

It is plain that in order to prevent a famine two things are indispensable: means to carry out agricultural improvements, and knowledge to make them appropriate and effective. When, some twenty years ago, the writer first came to the province of Samara, he was told that there were localities in the Government which yielded about 400 puds (14,400 lbs.) of wheat to every dessiatine (2·7 acres), grain, too, of the very best quality. Samara and Novo-üzensk wheat used to be considered the most nutritious in the whole world, according to the percentage it contained of wholesome and farinaceous substance. But its reputation is gone. Since then the harvests have gradually deteriorated in quantity and in quality, for farming has been conducted on the *après nous le déluge* system. It was a temporary gold fever, like those in the early days of California and Nerchinsk. There were landowners like Pleshanoff, who owned 8,000 dessiatines of land, and gathered their gold with a shovel; rich landlords sprang up like mushrooms, *mūzhiks* who could hardly sign their own names. Such were the Maltzeffs and Arshanoffs, of whom the former own 200,000 dessiatines of land (540,000 acres), and the latter is buying up, and will buy up, nearly one-half of the entire Government of Samara, which has an area of 2700 square miles.

Their only competitor is the *Udel*,* which is ever in readiness to pounce upon the first landowner whose affairs are in the least embarrassed. It waits till the luckless individual is fairly in its toils. Then it buys up the best estates. In this way it obtained possession of Timashovo, an estate belonging to an Englishman of the name of Johnston, and Skalkovo, the property of the wealthy Sibiriankoff, initiator of the scheme before mentioned. The *Udel* would never dream of anything in the nature of a college of agriculture; yet how much more useful would such a college be for the *Udel* itself, as well as for the district, than the sugar factory at Timashovo, a purely commercial undertaking which has already swallowed many millions, and the manufacture of sugar, which costs the factory a rouble a pound, if not more, though it is sold at 15 kopeks. The officials, of

* *I.e.*, the Russian State Department charged with the duty of looking after the Imperial domains, which consist of woods, forests, estates, fisheries, castles, and farms, scattered all over the Empire. This property, which of late years has vastly increased, brings in an enormous income to the Imperial family.

course, who superintend and manage the factory find life particularly sweet, in spite of the cost of producing the sugar.

Thus, with the exception of Baron Engelhardt, a German, and the Khokhól mentioned above, the entire population of the Volga districts, high as well as low, has been engaged in a system of predatory exploitation of the land; they have taken all and returned nothing. Whilst rich harvests were being reaped, large herds of various cattle were of course kept throughout the Volga districts, both for agricultural purposes and for the manufacture of dairy produce. From the earliest ages Russia has been accustomed to give preference to dung as manure; but in the Volga districts dung cannot be used for this purpose, for it is required as fuel. The country being absolutely bare of forests and the winters severe, the dung is pressed, and consumed in the stoves. Thus the fields are robbed of the only available manure. Of phosphates, azotes, or, in fact, of any of the new successes of agricultural science, all are alike ignorant; all conduct their affairs anyhow, trusting to fortune. Gradually the fertility of the soil has been reduced; landowners have been ruined without any one perceiving how steadily and swiftly the climax was approaching. The slightest accidental disturbance of the accustomed routine proves sufficient to bring about a calamity; a few weeks of drought, and the crash comes. The entire region is harvestless.

Thus it happened in 1873. The post of Governor of Samara being vacant on the death of the humane and benevolent G. S. Aksakoff, a new Governor arrived in the person of Klimoff, who subsequently acquired an unenviable notoriety through the land robberies perpetrated on the Bashkirs. He was sent to "pull up" the Government, which had "degenerated under Aksakoff." Aksakoff had taught the Samara landowners and peasants that the country possessed laws which were not dead letters. Klimoff, like some Napoleonic prefect or Turkish pasha, determined to show them that his will was more important than any law ever formulated. When he was informed that the harvest had failed, and that the population was threatened with famine, he bridled up, and refused to listen to anything so preposterous. However, the failure of the harvest prevented his making very much progress in his operation of pulling up the Government. From the first day of his arrival Klimoff and the society of Samara could not pull together. A totally disinterested observer, "watching his superiors fight," would have decided at once that the fault lay wholly and solely with M. Klimoff. He would hear nothing of the famine, and threatened extreme measures against any one who presumed to talk about it as a possible contingency.

Samara was threatened with inevitable ruin and an unheard-of mortality. It was saved by Count Leo Tolstoi, who has an estate in Samara. The Count, happening to visit his estate, became personally

for wonder, then, that a bad harvest is sufficient to bring in its train absolute starvation to such villages? The village is impoverished before the climax comes! The administration that is capable of acting with such *abandon* and recklessness is naturally indifferent to the condition or the interests of the populace. They can certainly not be accused of the same indifference to their own interests. Their subordinates have strict injunctions to apply all possible energy to the collection of taxes and rates, even if it is necessary to sell the peasants' cattle in order to raise the amounts due. And they cannot be expected to do otherwise; for those who have been particularly successful in collecting the rates are rewarded, the others being thus made to understand that they have neglected their duties. As a natural consequence, every one is ready to get out of his skin in the interests of his employers, and so earn their gratitude and reward, even if the reward is obtained at the cost of complete ruin to the peasantry.

Bad harvests and famines in Russia are the unavoidable results of the relations of the rulers to the ruled.

Something in the nature of a counterpoise to the arbitrary powers of the Government existed in the *Zemstvo* during the first period of its existence. Members of the *Zemstvos* of 1860-70 were selected from the most humane and conscientious representatives of society. They were anxious and willing to accept the posts; and they were willingly elected. They tried to give tone and purpose to their offices, and were warm defenders of the rights and interests of the people.

The Governor of Samara during the Turkish war was a certain Bilbassoff. He used to say: "The *Zemstvo* is an institution of the supreme powers whose representative I am. I therefore hold it to be my duty in every way to support the *Zemstvo*." But administrators of this way of thinking were apparently unsuited for their office, and did not understand their duties. Bilbassoff was therefore soon removed from office.

The *Zemstvo* was quietly, but surely and systematically undermined. The sphere of its activity was slowly but surely and systematically restricted. Now this one was unsuited; now that one could not be admitted; and gradually the best people left it; and their places were taken by men who had not been able to secure occupation elsewhere—untalented mediocrities, men without convictions, ideas, or principles, possessing not the slightest interest in the people, half-pay generals in civil rank. The *Zemstvo* degenerated, lost its significance; and men of a good type ceased to attempt to enter it. At present the individuals figuring in the *Zemstvo* are such that they must be named before an idea can be obtained of what may be expected of them.

Of this type were, for instance, the late Governor of Sophia, Alabin,

whose mania was for outward splendour and discipline; and the famous advocate Yastchenko. Every one complains of the coarse treatment to which M. Alabin subjected the Zemstvo ratepayers surprised by the bad harvest. And moreover he was utterly unacquainted either with village or Zemstvo economy. He was for six years prefect of the town; and during his administration the town was enriched by a multitude of unnecessary trifles—the more important requirements being left without any attention. The townspeople were more than delighted when they were finally liberated from his dictatorship, and from the aimless unproductive expenditure of public moneys of which he was so fond. The Zemstvo, to spite the town, took him up. When it became evident that the Government of Samara was threatened with famine, M. Alabin, on his own authority, instructed Yastchenko to purchase some hundreds of thousands of puds of grain. Samara was naturally horrified. A hurriedly summoned assembly of the Zemstvo condemned M. Alabin's step, and scenes of the greatest excitement took place. The members stated that they had hitherto known M. Yastchenko as a specialist in quite different professions, certainly not as a reliable connoisseur of grain produce. In view of all this the Zemstvo, ignoring the Uprava, chose four members to form a committee, to which were entrusted the duties of assisting and superintending the actions of M. Alabin. M. Yastchenko had, however, had time to purchase several hundred thousand puds of a species of grain of an utterly worthless quality. To what extent they had all lost their heads will be seen by the following amazing fact. The last to confess to the real state of affairs, and therefore the last to entrust its representatives with the duty of purchasing the grain required, the Samara Zemstvo has for three months been awaiting the arrival of the grain it has bought. It is said that the last waggon-loads of grain for the Zemstvo will arrive in September 1892. In the meantime, during the whole of autumn and part of the winter fifty to seventy-five waggon-loads of grain were daily forwarded *from* the starving province to Riga and other places.

It is doubtful whether a similar state of confusion is possible in any other country. The reason, however, is not far to seek. The present Governor of Samara (Sverbeyeff) is a humane and benevolent man in the truest sense of the word; but he was scared and bewildered. In July last the wife of the Vice-Governor, Madame E. Brianchaninoff, and president of the society for the relief of the poor, having at her disposal a considerable sum of public money, addressed a request to the Governor for permission to open a bakehouse, in order to distribute bread to the starving. The Governor's reply was a polite refusal. He was once more addressed; but several unforeseen circumstances then intervened—such, for instance, as the flying visit

paid by the Prince Imperial to Samara—and the affair was delayed, postponed, and interrupted, till at last, when permission was happily obtained, it was discovered that the town could afford no fitting accommodation for the new bakehouse and free dining-place! A house had to be erected specially for the purpose; and it was only on October 23, last year, that the free dining-house was happily opened to the people, thanks to the indomitable pluck and energy of Madame Brianchaninoff and another worthy lady philanthropist, Madame V. A. Kourlina, who during the famine of 1881 passed through a good school in the matter of relieving the starving.

Altogether our national pride has received several very palpable blows. Thus, as soon as it was at all certain that the people were likely to starve, two Germans in the government opened free dining-rooms at their own individual cost and on their own premises. One of these, M. Konitzer, has given dinners every day to fifty individuals since the beginning of September; while the other, M. von Wakano, has provided food for one hundred peasants every day since October. Yet the millionaire, Arjanoff, has till the present day not contributed a *kopeck*. The ladies have done their duty; and the men, to do them justice, are quite ready and willing to do their share of philanthropic work; but they are so bewildered, so timorous of taking the initiative, that practically they do nothing. It is matter for surprise that provincial society is not more degraded than it is; that it contents itself with card-playing and scandal-mongering, and does not drift into some species of licentiousness. It has degenerated perceptibly during the last few years; it reads nothing, ignores science, and interests itself in nothing. It must degenerate further if existing conditions continue. Reports of an unsavoury kind are generally stifled in the cities; in the provincial towns everything is on the open; except from official sources not a single item of really satisfactory news is heard of the operations of the new institution, that of Zemsky chiefs. On the contrary quite disinterested individuals, some of whom in fact are devoted to the new *régime*, arriving from their estates and country farms, report at headquarters that such a one does nothing but drink and misbehave himself, while another is ignorant, pugnacious, or an idiot. Here is an assembly of the Zemsky chiefs at Bügürüslan, in the Government of Samara. Fifteen individuals enter the hall in full uniform and chain of office; they take their seats and majestically decide nine trumpery cases. At this rate the new institution becomes terribly expensive. The same is the case with the higher courts; the judges come from Saratoff to Samara for the assizes, and after living in the town several days, during which, with the assistance of the class representatives, they investigate several barren, unimportant cases, retire "owing to the insufficiency of material." But the public does not entirely ignore

these purposeless and expensive migrations. It is plain that all these new Cabinet-born reactionary measures, which have been elaborated during the last ten or fifteen years, are, in the first place, exceedingly expensive to the Crown, and particularly to the impoverished peasantry, to whom the Zemsky chiefs are much more foreign than were the circuit judges and their subordinate officials. The present Zemsky chiefs and the peasantry are divided by a gulf of red-tapeism.

Another trifling observation. How often we have boasted that the Germans at home are crowding each other to death, while in Russia they get too fat to do anything. Of course, no one will reproach the Germans with laziness or drunkenness, &c. But here we had a few thousands of them settled throughout the Volga districts and flourishing exceedingly. While they were permitted to go their own way, they were famous for their affluence ; no sooner were they brought under the same restrictions as their neighbours, the Russians, than they were reduced to the same poverty and indigence. At present they are leaving the Volga as fast as they can go.

Alas ! as we have sown so must we reap ! Russia will never return to its old social *régime*, it will never see prosperity again, unless the *intelligentia* once more turns its attention to its own internal affairs, its daily requirements ; unless it is once more independent, and throws off the false, heartless, and indifferent guardianship of the bureaucracy.

Dixi, et animam levavi !

A FORMER SIBERIAN EXILE.

SACERDOTALISM.

WHEN the current of popular opinion seems to be running very strongly in one direction, many are tempted to follow the easy course of swimming with the stream. This may be pleasant and profitable, but it cannot be right. There are times when even those who most dislike controversy may feel it a duty to speak if, as in the present instance, they are invited to do so. If a cause seems to them to be a true one, it is mere pusillanimity to let the love of personal ease prevail, and to suffer it to be lost by acquiescence and default.

Judging by the tone adopted by most of the organs of ecclesiastical opinion—as well as by those secular papers which may be called semi-religious—views are now commonly maintained in the Church of England which were decidedly rejected, not only by the entire Evangelical party at all times, but even by the acknowledged leaders of the High Church party twenty or thirty years ago. Rites and ceremonies are now frequently practised in English churches which are in defiance of the spirit of the Prayer-book, and Bishops are either powerless or unwilling to restrain a license in the modes of conducting public worship which not long since would have been universally condemned as extravagant and intolerable.* I do not know whether the present condition of things, with its clerical license and autonomy, accounts for the profound indifference to religious questions now displayed by the mass of the laity.† It has been said, and in many parishes it is certainly true, that far less than ten per cent. of the working classes go regularly to church; and there are evidences that Sunday rest and

* There are churches where the prayer prescribed by the Church in administering the elements is entirely omitted, and nothing is said to each communicant but "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ," and "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ."

† Such was the opinion of Dr. Hatch, who says that "an exaggerated conception of the place and functions of the Christian ministry has operated more than any other single cause to alienate the minds of men from the faith of Christ."

Sunday worship are losing all hold on increasing multitudes in the upper and middle classes. But if Disestablishment comes upon us—and it may come with all the suddenness of other great changes—the laity should claim a considerable voice in the settlement of many disputed questions. If they hold aloof from the Church altogether, and if important matters of doctrine and practice are left exclusively to the dominant majority of the clergy, I do not see how it will be possible to avert, on the one hand, the danger of a serious disruption; or, on the other, of an entire dissociation of the intellect of England from the faith which many will not take the trouble to clear from the false and alien accretions to it. There was never more need than now for frank discussion and charitable forbearance. If controversy is to resolve itself into bitter innuendoes and mutual recriminations; if one party has nothing more to say to the other than “You are not Churchmen at all, and your views are uncatholic and deplorably defective”; and if the other party only retorts: “You are concealed Romanists, and your views are degradingly superstitious,” there will be an end of peace and spiritual progress. We all need the apostolic warning: “The whole law is fulfilled in one point, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.”

I shall touch in this paper on some seriously controverted points, but I shall do so with the utmost calmness and courtesy. My sole aim shall be ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγαπῇ, and I trust that those who criticise or answer my paper will endeavour to do so in the same spirit, and will abstain from indulging in the cheap personalities which are worse than worthless in serious argument.

The whole controversy between Ritualists and Evangelicals—it is impossible to avoid these party designations, but it will be understood that I use them only as current names and without disparagement—hinges upon questions connected with “Sacerdotalism.” Our differences inside the limits of the Church of England largely turn on the questions, In what sense is the English clergyman “a priest”? and what are the real powers of the “priesthood”? Of late years the name “priest” has become extraordinarily popular. “You should never speak of your Priest as a minister or a clergyman,” is a reproof now commonly administered, and it appears to be sanctioned by the language of most of the clergy. Now, if “priest” be used in the sense of presbyter, and by way of distinction from deacon, it is only objectionable from its inevitable ambiguity. Except when it is used to distinguish a presbyter from a deacon, it is usually regarded as the equivalent of ἱερεὺς, “or sacrificing priest.” * “For so much as the common

* Priest: Saxon, *preost*; Dutch, *priester*; French, *prêtre*; Italian *prete*; Spanish, *presbytero* and *presbítero*. That the Prayer-book retained the word “priest” solely in the sense of presbyter, and in distinction from bishops and deacons, is proved by the fact that this was distinctly stated by the Bishops in 1661 in answer to the request of the Presbyterians at the Savoy Conference.—Collier, viii 423, 431.

and normal speech of England," said Travers, "is to note by the word *priest* not a minister of the Gospel, but a sacrificer, which the minister of the Gospel is not, therefore we ought not to call the ministers of the Gospel *priests*." The "priests" of the Church of England are undoubtedly and confessedly the counterparts, not of the Jewish and Pagan *ιερείς*, but of the *πρεσβύτεροι*, and no amount of casuistry or conjecture can alter the significance of the plain fact that Christian ministers are never once called "priest" in the Bible. The New Testament knows of no real *Hierrus* except Christ, of whom we are expressly warned that His priesthood is intransmissible because He remains for ever.* When the word is used of Christians at all, it is notoriously used only of *all Christians alike*, and that only in a secondary and analogous sense, as offering up spiritual sacrifices.† All pretence therefore of using the name "priest" of ministers, except in the sense of presbyter, seems to be distinctly cut away by the sole authority which the Church of England recognises as final.‡ But the case is far stronger even than this. At least ten other names are given in the New Testament to Christian ministers, and the name "priest," in the sense of "sacrificial priest," is absolutely excluded from them. In their different grades, ministers are called apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, bishops and presbyters (these two names being equivalent and interchangeable), ministers (*διakonoί*), stewards, ambassadors.§ The name "priest" may be used in a harmless sense by a secondary analogy; but, as Hooker argues: "*In truth the word presbyter doth seem more fit, and in propriety of speech more agreeable than priest with the drift of the whole Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Holy Ghost throughout the body of the New Testament making so much mention of them, doth not anywhere call them priests.*" "If the sacerdotal office be understood to imply the offering of sacrifices," says Bishop Lightfoot, "then the Epistle to the Hebrews leaves no place for a Christian priesthood." He adds, as Hooker does, that the term "priesthood" may "be applied to the Christian ministry in a wider and looser acceptation," only, he adds, "in this case the meaning of the term should be clearly apprehended ;

* Heb. vii. 24, ἀπαράβατον ἔχει τὴν ἱερωσύνην. The word is explained by Theophylact ἀδιδοχόν. Bishop Westcott prefers the analogous meaning, "open to no rival claim, liable to no invasion of its functions;" but A.V. marg. "a priesthood that doth not pass to another."

† The only "sacrifices" which the New Testament recognises as now to be offered, after Christ's perfect and finished sacrifice, are those recognised in our Communion Service. The sacrifice of our bodies (Rom. xii. 1); the sacrifice of faith (Phil. ii. 17); the sacrifices of praise and alms (Heb. xiii. 15, 16); "for with *such* sacrifices God is well pleased;" and "spiritual sacrifices" (1 Pet. ii. 5). And these are in no sense of the word to be offered by priests only, but by all Christians alike.

‡ Art. VI.: "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith."

§ See 1 Cor. xii. 28, iv. 1; 2 Cor. v. 20; vi. 4. It need not be said that in the English ordinal, most of which, except the very late introduction of John xx. 23, is of great antiquity, there is not one syllable about offering any sacrifice.

and it might have been better if the later Christian vocabulary had conformed to the silence of the apostolic writers, so that the possibility of confusion would have been avoided." Seeing further that the Prayer-book so constantly designates the clergy by the titles of curate or minister, and nowhere uses priest in any sense but that of presbyter—which, indeed, it would be unscriptural, and therefore contrary to our own avowed principles to do—we should at least be careful not to avail ourselves of "the fatal force and fascination of words" in such a way as to insinuate doctrines which the Church of England distinctly repudiates. Whether we use the word "priest" by choice or not—and to my mind the word, both in the Old and New Dispensations, has been mingled with too many unhappy and evil associations to make it a designation half so beautiful or suitable as "minister" or "presbyter"—it remains true that, as Bishop Lightfoot says, "*The kingdom of Christ has no sacerdotal system. It interposes no sacrificial tribe or class between God and man.*" "The only priests under the Gospel, designated as such, are the saints, the members of the Christian brotherhood." Mr. Gore, in his "*Ministry of the Christian Church*," rightly repudiates the idea of a *vicarious* priesthood, because it introduces the unscriptural and anti-scriptural notion of "a class inside the Church who are in a closer spiritual relation to God than their fellows"; whereas "the completest freedom of access to God in prayer and intercession, the closest personal relation to Him, belongs to all." In days when English clergymen openly call the Eucharist "the Mass," and some have even boasted that they teach "the doctrine of the Mass," it is still more encouraging to find that the head of the Pusey House recognises the priesthood of the English Church as *ministerial*; rejects the notion that our clergy resemble the "massing priests" of the Middle Ages; and says: "It is an abuse of the sacerdotal conception, if it is supposed that the priesthood exists to celebrate sacrifices or acts of worship in the place of the body of the people or as their substitutes." Without using the strong language of Dr. Arnold, who wrote that "to revive Christ's Church is to expel the Antichrist of priesthood," it is perfectly true to say with F. D. Maurice that the very virus of the Romish system consists in its treating the members of a supposed sacrificial priesthood as essential intermediaries between the soul and God.

2. To play with words is to play with dangerous edged tools. No amount of abuse or denunciation can alter the fact that neither in the Bible nor in the Prayer-book is the smallest sanction given to the notion that presbyters are sacrificial priests. Yet there is evidently a strong desire to infuse and insist upon this conception. Thus the word "altar" has now so completely become the normal word for "the Lord's Table," that it almost looks like pedantry to avoid it. Yet a less metaphorical and ambiguous word may well be preferred

by us, as it is preferred in the Bible, in the Prayer-book, and in many of the Fathers. It is quite true that, as regards the *later* Fathers especially, it is not always easy to translate the fervent and "mystical rhetoric in which they love to indulge on the Eucharist into language better adapted to the state of the case;"* but the Fathers—especially after the days of Cyprian—are guides whose language may be distorted into hundreds of false and ignorant conclusions.

The word "altar" as a designation for the Lord's Table stands to a certain extent on the same footing as the word priest. It is not once used in the Bible in connection with the Lord's Supper; it is deliberately excluded from the Prayer-book and from all the formularies of the English Church. In what possible sense, then, can it be asserted that those who prefer to speak of "the Lord's Table," and who feel a sense of positive pain when they see young curates "bowing to the altar," are deficient in Churchmanship?

There are two words for "altar." The classic word βωμὸς (*ura*) is, as a rule, rejected both by Judaism and Christianity.† For the Jewish altar the word θυσιαστήριον (*altare*) was invented by Hellenistic Greek, and is first found in the Septuagint, and in Philo.‡ In the New Testament this word occurs in some sixteen passages, and *not once of the Lord's Table*. In fifteen of the passages the reference is to the existing Jewish altars, § In one passage alone (Heb. xiii. 10) it is used with metaphorical reference to Christianity, and here it is sufficient to say that the weak attempt to explain it of the Lord's Table renders the whole passage unmeaning and self-contradictory, and is rejected by every commentator of any weight. "The altar," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "is either *the Cross of Christ or Christ Himself*."|| The same view is taken by Lanfranc, by Rupert of Deutz, and by Leo the Great, who speaks of *the Cross of Christ* as "the altar not of the temple but of the world." "*The only earthly altar*," says Bishop Westcott, who quotes these authorities, "*is the Cross on which Christ offered Himself*." We may or may not see in Heb. xiii. 10 a distant allusion to the Eucharist, but even in that case the word "altar" has *no reference whatever* to the Lord's Table.

Passing to the Prayer-book, we find that the word "altar" has been everywhere expunged.¶ It disappeared and gave place to

* Bishop Thirlwall

† It occurs for *bāmāh*, "high place," in Is. xv. 2; Jer. vii. 30, Hos. x. 8; and in the New Testament only for the heathen altar which St Paul saw at Athens (Acts xvii. 23).

‡ Vit. Mos. 3. Both he and Josephus, like the Apocryphal writers, sometimes use βωμὸς.

§ Seen in symbolic vision in Rev. xvi. 9, &c.

|| He adds: "Et hoc est altare aureum de quo dicitur Apoc. viii." "In the prayer attributed to St. Ambrose, we have: "Summe sacerdos . . . qui te obtulisti . . . in *ara Crucis* pro nobis."—Westcott's "Hebrews," p. 462.

¶ It is found once, apparently by accident, in the Coronation Service. In the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., "altar" and "God's board" were used, but "every expression implying a great and proper sacrifice was carefully weeded out," and Convocation, at the last revision, refused the rubric of Bishop Cosin, "The Priest shall offer up . . . bread and wine."

"The Table," "The Lord's Table," "The Holy Table," and these words remained unchanged in 1662. In Canons 21 and 82 it is called "The Communion Table." In consequence of this the Ecclesiastical Courts have (judging on the plain evidence before them) several times decided that the Church of England has no altars, exactly as Origen declared that the Church of Christ has none. In great Fathers like St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, "The Mystical Table" and "The Table of the Lord" are frequently used, though they did not object to use the word "altar," of the Lord's Table, in a secondary sense.* And in this secondary sense the word is used by St. Ignatius of the organised congregation; by St. Polycarp of the widows of the Church; by St. Clement of Alexandria of the assembly of the prayerful: by Origen and Methodius of "the sovereign principle of the righteous" and "the assemblage of the pure;" by St. Chrysostom of the poor; and by other writers in many similar ways. St. Irenæus appears to transfer the spiritual sense to the Holy Table, as the place on which the lay oblations were made. With St. Cyprian begins the habitual and easily abused practice of "transferring Levitical language to Christian institutions." The early apologists had insisted to the heathen that "Christians had no altars," but gradually the usage of speaking of the Holy Table as an altar became common. In the earlier Liturgies, the word "table" held its place because the central thought of the Eucharist was still that of a Divine feast. It is, however, sufficient for my purpose to quote the emphatic conclusion of the most competent living authority. "*In the first stage of Christian literature,*" says Bishop Westcott, "*there is not only no example of the application of the word θυσιαστήριον to any concrete material object as the Holy Table, but there is no room for such an application.*" But he adds: "The history of the word affords an instructive illustration of the way in which spiritual thoughts, connected with material imagery clothe themselves in material forms, until at last the material form dominates the thought."

3. This indiscriminate use of the word "altar" has tended to confuse in thousands of minds the sense in which the Eucharist can be called "*a sacrifice*." In the sense that the priest "offers Christ" there is not one syllable in the New Testament to sanction it, and everything to exclude it.† Such a notion is studiously reprobated alike by the Bible, and by the express terms of every formulary of the Church of England. The Communion Service insists on "the one oblation of Christ once offered"; it speaks of the Eucharist not as in any sense

* For an examination of the passages referred to in the following sentences, see Bishop Westcott's valuable excursus, "Hebrews," pp. 456-464.

† Mr. Sadler's inevitable admission that "the Eucharist has scarcely one feature in common with the things which the Scriptures and English Churchmen commonly call sacrifice" ("Church Doctrine, Bible Truth," p. 186); and that "the sacrificial aspect of the Eucharist most assuredly does not seem prominent (!) in the Scriptures, which teach us the nature of this sacrament," will seem quite sufficient to decide the question to most men, without resort to patristic arguments or exorbitant inferences.

a propitiatory renewal, but as "a perpetual *memory* of His precious death until His coming again," and of "these Thy creatures of bread and wine," received "*in remembrance*" of Christ's death and passion. It uses the word sacrifice, indeed, three times, yet *not once* of any offering of Christ. It speaks of our "souls and bodies" offered as "a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice"; of the sacrifice of our "bounden duty and service," and of "this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving." It speaks of the Eucharist as "a Holy Supper," "a rich feast," "a heavenly feast," and never even by implication calls it a sacrifice, or a renewal of the sacrifice of Christ, or implies that it contains any propitiatory element. The Black Rubric declares that by the kneeling of the recipients "no adoration is intended or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental bread and wine; or unto the corporeal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood," because "the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry to be abhorred of the faithful Christian)." * In rejecting the notion that the priest "did offer for the quick and dead," the Thirty-first Article is driven into such strong terms as to call the sacrifices of Masses "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." We agree with Bishop Cosin that "the Eucharist may *by allusion, analogy, or extrinsical denomination* be fitly called a sacrifice, and the Lord's table an altar"; but, he adds, "*neither of them can be strictly or properly so called.*"† When, two centuries and more after Christ, the Eucharist began, from Jewish analogies, to be called a sacrifice, "on account of the grand sacrament *represented and commemorated* in it," it was only because "the sign, as such, adopted the name of the thing signified." "But," adds Waterland, "those who style the Eucharist a sacrifice on that account *took care as often as need was to explain it off to a memorial of a sacrament.*" It is surely preferable to use language which does not thus constantly require to be "explained off." That the Lord's Supper is in any *strict* sense of the word "a sacrifice," or that it has in it any expiatory element, must be proved, if at all, from very different sources than the Bible and the Prayer-book. "It hath properly now *no* sacrifice," says Hooker. All who prefer the use of language which is unambiguous and primitive, and does not lead to false conceptions, will regard the Lord's Supper as an Eucharist, and a sacrament, and a Holy Communion, rather than as "a

* Compare the Rubric at the end of the Communion of the Sick and the well-known passage of St. Augustine. Bishop Thirlwall, fully embracing the views so learnedly and temperately argued by Dr. Vogan, wrote: "There is no presence of Christ in the Eucharist differing in kind from that which is promised whenever two or three are gathered together in His name. There is no room for any adoration directed to Christ through any visible object. *He is no more present on or at the altar than in the pulpit.*" — "Essays," &c., p. 488.

† So, the ordinary Evening Service was commonly called "*sacrificium vespertinum.*" — Bingham, xiii. 15.

sacrifice." In so doing they may be taunted with lack of "Churchmanship," but they do not highly value any "Churchmanship" which must stand on other grounds than those of Scripture, of the Four Great Councils, of the Prayer-book, Articles, and Homilies of the Church of England, and the authority of primitive Christianity as represented by the plain language, and to a great extent even by the varying metaphors, of the writers of the first two and a half or three centuries after Christ, before the tide of doctrinal and every other form of corruption had begun to set in like a flood.

I have dwelt on these points because there is in the hearts of tens of thousands of Christians a specially earnest desire at the present time in favour of unity. Uniformity there can never be, and it is more than doubtful whether it is to be desired. There always have been, and to the end of time there always will be, many folds (*αἰναι*) in the one flock (*ποιμνὴ*).^{*} The attempt to force all Christ's sheep into *one* fold has always been a disastrous failure; and when the semblance of such external unity has been effected by the execrable crimes of religious persecution, the unity has invariably resulted in arrogant usurpation, sullen wrath, intellectual torpor, deadly immorality, and general indifference to religion. But the large and wise comprehensiveness of the Church of England places her, as was seen by men so able and devout as De Maistre, in an exceptionally favourable position to bring about a unity not only of thought and action on all existent subjects among all who "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth," but even a certain willing and spontaneous unity of organisation. The spirit of "sacerdotalism"—which is essentially that of the Church of Rome—is fatal to such union. Romanists do not recognise our orders, and speak even of our archbishops as "mere laymen." By the Council of Trent and the two latest decrees which assert *ex cathedra* the doctrines of Papal Infallibility and of the Immaculate Birth of the Virgin Mary, the Church of Rome, unless she revert to an earlier and less exclusive standpoint, has rendered it impossible to bring about any reunion with the Reformed Churches. Similarly, the sacerdotal claims and sacramentarian opinions of Ritualists, as well as the *de haut en bas* language which they constantly use of Dissenters, are insuperable barriers between any reunion of Nonconformists with those who hold their views. It is a matter of supreme importance to make it known that such views in their recent developments do not form, and never have formed, any part of the doctrine required by the Church of England. They are not based on any tenable interpretation of Scripture, and are wholly apart from, when they are not in direct antagonism with, the teaching of our formularies and of many of our greatest and most honoured divines.

^{*} John x. 16.

Nay more, some of these recent developments were distasteful to, and were sternly condemned by, men who, all their lives long, were regarded as leaders of the High Church movement. Keble never used vestments, and inquired with vexed astonishment the names and use of the gorgeous articles of ecclesiastical apparel shown him in a Ritualist vestry. For very many editions of his "Christian Year," in spite of all the influence and importunity brought to bear upon him, he rightly expressed the doctrine of the Church of England about the Lord's Supper, which is neither Romish nor Zwinglian, by the lines—

"O come to our Communion Feast ;
There present in the heart
Not in the hands, the Eternal Priest
Will His true self impart '

It was only some weeks before his death that he was persuaded to alter this into—

"In the heart
As in the hands , '

and made the curious remark that he regarded the positive and the negative as meaning the same thing.* But the early leaders of the High Church movement certainly never adopted such practices as "bowing to the altar"; and they have denounced in language far more vehement than I should use the very practices which Ritualists are now introducing to the utmost of their power. These practices bear almost exclusively on the Lord's Supper; and it is beyond measure deplorable that the sacrament which should be the tenderest bond of loving union should thus be made a source of contention and division. Opinionativeness and dogmatism have so strenuously asserted themselves that with some it is no longer sufficient to accept the language of the Scripture, of the Prayer-book, of primitive antiquity, or even of our own most honoured and competent theologians since the days of the Reformation; nor is it any longer a sufficient bond to feel the joy of Christ's presence and of spiritual communion with God and man in the Supper of the Lord, unless we accept language and acquiesce in practices which it requires an impossible effort to distinguish from those which teach or imply the late and gross corruption of transubstantiation. It is to such or to analogous views that we owe the insistence upon Fasting Communion, and the encouragement of non-communicating attendance, and the attempts to enforce the use of the confessional before coming to the Lord's Supper. It is a remarkable proof of the rapidity with which Ritualism has developed, that, in his very last address—an address to all his Rural Deans a few days before his death in 1869—Bishop Wilberforce of Winchester, an acknowledged High Church leader, used respecting these subjects language of the most extreme severity. I only quote it to show that later

* He explained himself to mean "not in the hands *only*, as against a corporeal presence." Coleridge's "Life of Keble," p. 166.

Ritualists have advanced to lengths which seemed shocking to the greatest leaders of the school from which their opinions sprang.

i. Of the tendency to exalt confession into a necessity of Christian life, Bishop Wilberforce says that it is "one of the worst developments of Popery. In the first place, as regards *the penitent*, it is a system of unnatural excitement, a sort of spiritual dram-drinking, fraught with evil to the whole spiritual constitution. In *families*, it introduces untold mischief. As regards *the priest*, it brings in a wretched system of casuistry. But, far worse than this, it necessitates the terrible evil of familiar dealing with sin, specially with sins of uncleanness, thereby sometimes even tempting to their growth."

ii. Then as to Fasting Communion, he called the new doctrine of it dangerous. "The practice," he said, "is not advocated because a man comes in a clearer spirit and less disturbed frame of mind, but on a miserable degraded notion that the consecrated elements will meet with other food in the stomach. It is a detestable materialism. The whole notion is simply disgusting. The patristic quotations by which the custom is supported are misquotations."*

iii. On the now growing practice of *non-communicating* attendance he speaks with no less emphasis. After showing its inevitable tendency to diminish the number of real communicants, he says that "it is recommended under the idea that you can get benefit from being within sight of the sacrament when it is being administered. It is the substitution of a semi-materialistic presence for the actual presence of Christ in the soul of the faithful communicant. It is an abomination—this teaching of non-communicating attendance as a common habit. Thus the Roman theory is creeping in."† The practice was no less decisively condemned by Bishops Wordsworth and Moberly, by Maskell, Keble, Procter, Neale, Palmer, Freeman, and J. J. Blunt, as contrary to the spirit and usage of the Church of England; and by Bishop Harvey Goodwin, and the lower House of Convocation in 1861, as it was in old days by Jewel, Parker, Whitgift, Andrewes, Mede, Cosin, Guest, Wren, Thorndike, and many more. It was absolutely unknown to the primitive Church.‡

iv. Lastly, the great Bishop said to his Rural Deans: "In regard to Ritualistic observances, there is a growing desire to introduce novelties such as incense—a multitude of lights in the chancel—and so on.

* In the Apostolic age, as in the original institution ("after Supper," Luke xxii. 20), the Eucharist followed the Love Feast. Yet there are clergymen who now teach that to receive the Eucharist unfasting is "a deadly sin"! This is simply to teach for doctrine the commandments of men.

† The novelty and peril of non-communicating attendance—a practice unscriptural, unprimitive, uncatholic, and dangerous—is proved with great learning and absolute conclusiveness by the Rev. Dr. Harris in a pamphlet with this title, which has received the emphatic approval of the Bishops of Albany, Connecticut, and New York. The practice has been also condemned as unscriptural and uncatholic by Professors Heartley, Ince, Hort, Lamb, Swainson, and Bishop Westcott.

‡ Bingham, xv. 4, § 1, 2.

Now these things are *honestly and truly alien to the Church of England*. Do not hesitate to treat them as such. I abhor these fidgety desires to make everything un-Anglican. This is not a grand development, as some seem to think. It is a decrepitude. It is not something very sublime and impressive, but something very feeble and contemptible."

I quote these passages from the "Twelve Good Men" of Dr. Burgon (ii. 55, 59), where they may be seen at greater length. Dean Burgon, himself all his life long a trusted leader of many High Churchmen, warmly endorsed them. Sharing the convictions on which they are based, I should yet myself use gentler and more conciliatory language. I think, however, that those who adopt extreme views and practices should be warned both of the Romeward drift of all their teaching, and of the fact that there are myriads of the laity and clergy in the Church of England who can *never* accept the unproved, or rather utterly disproved, assertions which they so incessantly repeat. In disclaiming such assertions we claim to be Churchmen in the very best and fullest sense of the word, because we can superabundantly prove to every unbiassed mind that we follow the guidance of the only authorities which we regard as final or supremely important—the New Testament, the Prayer-book and formularies of the Church of England, the decrees of the Four Great Councils, the clear doctrinal teaching of the best writers of the primitive Church in the earliest days of Christianity, and the carefully-weighed and accurately-expressed opinions of every one of the great divines whom hitherto the Church of England has most delighted to honour.

F. W. FARRAR.

GENERAL BOOTH'S SOCIAL WORK.

IT is hardly possible for any careful observer to watch the present social conflicts in England, or in Europe generally, without feeling some anxiety as regards the ultimate solution of those problems which are now forcing themselves upon public attention. Amongst these are the demand of labour for a larger share of the profits supposed to be made by the possessors of capital; the excessive increase of population, which in many countries, and especially in England, is far greater than the food supply can support; the difficulty of finding employment for the ever-increasing numbers seeking it; the violent fluctuations in trade, and the consequent uncertainty in the demand for labour, which tends to reduce so many to the condition of casuals, whose position is but one grade above that hapless class so well described as the "submerged tenth," a class whose whole surroundings and circumstances are so miserable and generally so degraded that its existence is a reproach to our Christianity and a disgrace to our civilisation.

It is to this submerged class and those who are on the brink of being thus submerged that we wish especially to refer, but the larger questions above named cannot be altogether passed over.

There is undoubtedly a prevalent feeling of discontent among the working-classes throughout Europe. In some countries this discontent shows itself in rioting, bloodshed, and other outrages; in others in vast strikes, which not only dislocate trade, but cause terrible loss and suffering both to the employers and to the employed. The differences which cause such widespread misery often seem trivial, and arise, not infrequently, from simple misunderstandings which might easily be rectified by mutual explanation. These conflicts are almost equally injurious to those who win and to those who lose, and

they do much to increase that mutual mistrust which is the real reason of this sad state of affairs. The masters mistrust the workmen and the workmen mistrust the masters, and thus the way is opened for unscrupulous agitators, who thrive upon the ruin they help to make.

These industrial conflicts are, however, only one sign of a more or less justifiable discontent which finds expression in those newspapers and pamphlets which circulate amongst the working-classes, some of which treat these questions in a reasonable manner, but others promulgate most foolish and mischievous ideas, and propose remedies which could not fail to produce ruin to all concerned. To take one example: some writers of considerable ability have recently published a book representing, it is said, the views of a very large number of working men, recommending the poorer classes to obtain by their numbers the control over all the rating and taxing power of the country, and to use this power so to increase the rates and taxes that the value of capital shall be entirely destroyed and all profit on manufactures be eaten up. Under this pressure of taxation they hope that factories will yield no rent to their proprietors, and dwelling houses will be a valueless property. It seems hardly possible that sane men could propose anything so mischievous and foolish, as if the condition of the worker could possibly be improved by making it unprofitable to supply the necessary machinery and factories by means of which alone his skill can be made available, or that better dwellings could be obtained for the working-classes by rendering it unprofitable for the capitalist to build them houses.

Such views are as contrary to common sense as they are to experience, for no facts are more certain than that the comfort and welfare of the working-class is always greatest where capital is abundant and its investment safe and profitable; also that a deficiency of employment, and consequently comfort, is found where there is a want of capital. Of course the word capital must be understood in its widest sense, as including everything that is valuable as an exchange.

If we seek for the real though occult cause of the present unsatisfactory condition of society, it will be found to arise partly from individual selfishness and partly from selfish class legislation. As each class in turn obtains controlling power it shows the same tendency to benefit itself. The kings who formerly ruled with absolute power used it, for the most part, for their own selfish aggrandizement. The landed aristocracy who succeeded to their power employed it for the advancement of their own particular interests. The plutocracy followed in the same steps, all in turn ignoring the Christian precept, "Look not each one on his own things, but also on the things of others."

Perhaps it may be thought that the rule of democracy would be free

from this reproach, but from history we learn that it is neither better nor worse in this respect, and is more liable to take even narrower views in its legislation. The democratic government of America affords a striking example of this tendency.

Until a less selfish spirit pervades all classes, and legislation ceases to be used for the particular interests of those who at the time may hold power, little progress will be made towards the solution of those great social questions which now confront us.

It is impossible, whilst considering the condition of the poorer members of society, to avoid touching upon the great drink question. Judges on the bench, chaplains, and governors of gaols and work-houses all agree that the passion for alcoholic drink is by far the greatest source of crime, pauperism, poverty, and vice; and nearly all those who have studied the question agree that the excessive facilities which now exist for obtaining strong drink are very greatly the cause of this evil. Such being the acknowledged fact, it is evident that no great progress can be made towards raising the condition of the people, and especially of its lowest strata, until these facilities have been materially reduced and a healthier tone in regard to the use of alcohol has become general.

The enormous power wielded by those interested in the drink traffic by means of the wealth obtained through their licensed monopoly—a monopoly which, though it has cost the country hundreds of millions from the crime and pauperism produced, has been obtained without the payment of any consideration—has hitherto succeeded in defeating every effort to mitigate this curse.

It is said that at the next election no candidate will receive the votes of the temperance reformers who will not pledge himself to some practical reform of the present licensing laws, and no time could be more opportune, for seldom, if ever before, were party leaders so ready to obey the behests of those who hold the voting power. It will be necessary, however, for the temperance leaders to be content with nothing except a definite pledge, for leaders have acquired the art of making words the means of deception, and of using phrases which, while they apparently convey a promise, may afterwards be completely explained away. This art seems hardly to be an honest one, but it is apparently accepted as legitimate by old parliamentary hands.

Another great cause of discontent amongst the industrial classes arises, no doubt, from want of comfort in their home life. It is to be regretted that, although the English workman can earn higher wages, is far more lightly taxed, and is able to purchase the necessities and many of the luxuries of life cheaper than workmen in most other countries, yet as a rule he enjoys fewer home comforts, and foreigners generally excel him in thrift. The cause of this is, no

doubt, to be found partially in old habits and traditions in regard to expenditure, but it is also largely owing to the want of training on the part of the wives. Bad cooking, dirty habits, and empty-headedness on the part of the women are too often the sources of drunkenness, inefficiency and immorality on the part of the men; whilst selfishness and self-indulgence on the part of the men as often destroy the comfort of the home. Every effort should be made to remedy these evils, both by training in the schools and by inculcating more prudence in entering upon marriage, and afterwards in regard to the provision for children. The multiplication of children, especially in large towns, so much beyond the number that can be properly cared for, is one of the greatest causes of the vice and misery which prevail.

The immigration of vast numbers of pauper foreigners to compete in the already over-supplied labour markets is without doubt a cruel wrong to our own poor. It not only reduces wages, already at starvation point, but adds to the overcrowding which is the source of much of the degradation and wretchedness. It is to be hoped that the working-classes themselves will make this a test question at the general election.

Having touched briefly upon some of the causes tending to produce a feeling of discontent amongst the working classes, we now proceed to the more special subject of the present article—namely, the condition of the lowest strata of society, and the efforts which are being employed to raise it.

About eighteen months ago General Booth published his book “Darkest England,” which produced a very great impression. The facts brought forward were so sad, the proposals for dealing with them so hopeful and sanguine, that the amount of money demanded to enable him to carry out his scheme was speedily obtained, notwithstanding that the scheme itself was denounced by most of the leading newspapers, and was condemned by the majority of those who may be considered experts on these social questions.

The writer, whilst agreeing with many of the objections urged, yet ventured, in an article published in this REVIEW, to express a different opinion from those who treated the scheme as valueless. One result of this article was that several persons, who wished their names to be unknown, entrusted the writer with a large sum of money to be handed over to General Booth. It seems, therefore, only due to them, and it will probably prove acceptable to many others interested in social reform, to present an impartial and correct account of the progress of the scheme up to the present time.

In the article above referred to it was stated as the opinion of the writer that many of the proposals were impossible of realisation, whilst others would prove mischievous even if realised; the unique portion of the scheme, however—namely, the uniting together of

refuges for the homeless, workshops for the willing, and, finally, a training on the farm for those who had stood the labour test preparatory to emigration to the colony over the sea—seemed to be not only practical, but to afford, if successfully carried out, some solution of the terrible problem of the homeless unemployed. So far, of course, only a beginning has been made. The colony has not yet been founded, the farm is in its second year, the first year having been necessarily spent in preparing it for the work; thus the only portions of the scheme which have as yet had a fair trial are the refuges, the labour bureaux, and the workshops.

Although the writer himself claims entire impartiality, it seemed to him desirable to obtain a report from some expert to whom it would be impossible for the most hostile critic to take objection. Through the introduction of the secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, who was himself a hostile critic of General Booth's scheme, Mr. G. Penn Gaskell, a barrister and a member of the Charity Organisation Society, and late secretary to the special committee of that society on the homeless poor, kindly undertook this work of investigation, and, although acknowledging to having formed an adverse opinion in regard to the scheme, he promised to give the fairest possible report upon it.

The following are his views after personal investigation :

A REPORT TO MR. F. PEEK ON THE SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL SCHEME.

Preliminary Observations.

I have now carried my examination of the Salvation Army Social Scheme as far as appears to be necessary for the purpose in view; I have visited most of the Shelters, the Labour Bureau, the Workshops, or "Elevators," the Prison Gate Home, and the Farm. There are, however, certain branches of the work which are not vital to the main scheme, and these I did not think it necessary to investigate. I refer to the "House to House Work in the Slums," to the organisation for "Inquiry concerning the Lost and Missing," the "Poor Man's Advice Bureau," the "Household Salvage Brigade," and the "Food Depôts." I have, moreover, in accordance with your wishes, limited my inquiries to the work amongst men. The dealings of the Social Scheme with women you did not think it necessary that I should report upon.

At the workshops and other institutions which I visited I had conversations with many of the inmates, and also with the Salvation Army officers and with persons employed as foremen or superintendents, who, though not officers of the Salvation Army, were in

sympathy with its objects. It was mainly from conversation with these three classes of people, supplemented by my own observations of the work, that the evidence upon which this report is based was derived.

The nature of the Social Scheme is so well known that it is hardly necessary for me to enter into any general description of it; but there is one point on which it may be well to make some observations here. It will be remembered that in "Darkest England" the principal scheme—that is to say, the City colony of shelters and workshops, the farm colony, and the over-sea colony—was put forward as a plan adapted for the rescue of the "submerged tenth." But this threefold system, being so framed as to deal with individuals (not with families), is really adapted only to the case of those who are *de jure* or *de facto* unencumbered, which in practice is equivalent to saying that it is applicable only to the *homeless* class. I do not mean to say that there have been no instances in which families have been dealt with under the scheme, but such instances have been rare, and have necessitated special arrangements.

The homeless class constitutes a comparatively small part of the "submerged tenth." In a booklet published by the Salvation Army, under the title "What is being done by the Darkest England Social Scheme," it is stated that "probably 50,000 people in London alone are without homes; such live in common lodging-houses."

This statement is certainly not strictly accurate, for in all the common lodging-houses in London there is accommodation for only about two-thirds of the number stated. Even if to the common lodging-houses be added all the other institutions which receive homeless people, such as casual wards, free refuges, and Salvation Army shelters, the total accommodation is sufficient only for about 40,000. The number of the homeless in London fluctuates greatly according to the season of the year, the state of trade, and other circumstances, but I think there is no reason to suppose that even at its maximum the number ever exceeds (or indeed equals) the accommodation.

Consequently it may, I believe, be assumed that there are never in London more than 40,000 homeless people, and of these a considerable proportion, consisting chiefly of those who frequent the better-class common lodging-houses (where sixpence, ninepence, or a shilling is charged for a bed) are in a position of independence and in no need of charitable intervention. Thus the Social Scheme, at present, instead of being concerned with a "submerged tenth," has really to do with something less than a "homeless hundredth." Still, after all deductions have been made, the dependent portion of the homeless class affords a sufficiently wide field for the operations even of so powerful a body as the Salvation Army; and in throwing their energies into a scheme adapted to this class rather than to the resident poor,

they are, it seems to me, acting very wisely ; for there are many considerations which render it expedient to assist resident cases by means of local effort and local organisations, while the homeless poor who drift hither and thither, and are bound by no local ties to the particular districts in which they happen to be found, may, it appears to me (if right methods of treatment be adopted), be far more efficiently dealt with under a highly centralised system such as that of the Salvation Army.

I do not propose to discuss at any length the characteristics of the homeless class, or the causes which bring them down to the homeless state. On these points there is, I think, little difference of opinion amongst those conversant with this class of people. Thus, I find that the Salvation Army officers are substantially in agreement with the views expressed in the report of the Special Committee of the Charity Organisation Society on the Homeless* Poor (Section xi.) The difference, where there is any, is mainly a difference of language. It is also, I think, generally agreed that the life of the homeless man is, as a rule, of a lower and more degrading kind than that of the humblest of those who have homes of their own. Hence, obviously, the first object to be aimed at is to prevent men from adopting that mode of life, and it ought scarcely to be made a reproach against those forms of charity which deal with the resident poor that they concern themselves only with the "aristocracy of the miserable" (to use General Booth's expression), seeing that such charities, if wisely administered, may do much to diminish the evil of homelessness by saving the poor from becoming homeless. Prevention, however, is not always possible, and it is unquestionably necessary that there should also be charitable agencies to rescue those who have already fallen. But these agencies should keep two objects clearly in view : first, they should avoid anything which, by making the homeless state more possible or more attractive, may tend to draw people into that mode of life ; and, secondly, they should endeavour to lift out of the homeless condition those who have already sunk to it. In the course of my observations on the social work of the Salvation Army, I shall have occasion to point out that although the second of these two objects is aimed at, the first appears to be disregarded. It may be well here to advert to one special danger which results from anything that makes this kind of life attractive. The homeless man usually represents himself as single, but there is a general consensus of opinion that in the large majority of cases these men have wives and families. General Booth goes so far as to say ("Darkest England," p. 209) that "in almost every case" they are married. Many of them unquestionably have deserted their wives ; whilst others have left them with the intention of seeking for work and returning in more prosperous times, though, unhappily, that intention is too often forgotten under the

corrupting influences of the homeless life. Thus, whatever tends to draw men into this state is likely to act as an incentive to wife desertion ; and to injure not merely the husbands who are thus demoralised, but also the wives and families whom they are led to abandon.

Before proceeding to the detailed examination of the various branches of the Social Scheme I will venture to make a few observations upon certain other charitable agencies existing in London for dealing with the homeless classes. I shall not speak of the excellent work of the Church Army Labour Homes, with which I know you are familiar, nor shall I say anything of agencies intended for the relief both of homeless and resident cases, but the institutions to which I shall refer are the free refuges, of which there are about eight or nine in London. Some of these are managed with care and discrimination, but many of them, especially the larger ones, merely supply food and shelter for varying periods, and make little or no further attempt to raise the homeless man to a better state of life. It is to be feared that these, however excellent may be the intentions of their managers, tend in practice merely to make the homeless life more easy and attractive. There is at present no system of co-operation between these refuges, and a man can pass freely from one to another. It has often been remarked that a homeless man can, in London, especially during the winter, live continuously on charity. I asked a very intelligent Salvationist, who is particularly conversant with the homeless class, whether in his opinion there were many living in this way, and his answer was that he was quite sure of it. The large free refuges, he remarked, are one of the greatest hindrances to the social work of the Salvation Army, as many of these homeless men naturally do not care to exert themselves when they can go from refuge to refuge and lead a life of idleness. He mentioned an instance in which employment was offered to a number of men in one of the Salvation Army shelters, and was declined by many of them on the ground that they had made up their minds to "go and have a week" at a certain free refuge which they mentioned.

I will now proceed to discuss in detail the various branches of the Social Scheme, beginning with the shelters.

The Shelters.

When the Salvation Army shelters were first established they were all, I believe, of one type, and a uniform charge of fourpence was made, which covered a supper and breakfast of bread and cocoa as well as the night's lodging. But this plan of making an inclusive charge is retained at few of the shelters, and is likely, I believe, eventually to be abandoned altogether. Three new classes of

shelter have now been established, namely, penny shelters, twopenny shelters, and shelters of a superior kind called Poor Man's metropolises, where charges of fourpence and sixpence are made for a bed. The following is a list of the men's shelters now in existence :

District.	Class of Shelter.	Accommodation for
Blackfriars Road ...	Penny and Twopenny	... 400 men
Lisson Grove ...	" "	... 800 "
Limehouse ...	Twopenny	... 140 "
Royal Mint Street, E. ...	Fourpenny (including food)	... 100 "
Clerkenwell ...	" "	... 200 "
Whitechapel Road ...	Twopenny	... 285 "
Westminster ...	Fourpenny (including food)	... 200 "
Southwark Street ...	Metropole	... 154 "
Stanhope St. Drury Lane	"	... 110 "
Bethnal Green ...	"	... 120 "

In the penny shelters the men sleep in large rooms furnished only with wooden benches. When I visited these places (in April) they were not very full, and the men were lying on the benches or the floor, but I understand that in winter, when the shelters are more crowded, many of the inmates are obliged to spend the night in a sitting posture on the benches, which are provided with rails at the back. In the twopenny shelters, and also in those where the inclusive charge of fourpence is made, the bed consists of a mattress covered with American cloth and placed on the floor inside a kind of long and narrow wooden case, which looks like a packing-box without bottom or lid. These boxes or bunks are placed in rows side by side in large dormitories, a space being left between the rows to form a passage. Each man has a coverlet, consisting of two layers of American cloth with a felt lining between them. Both in the penny and the twopenny shelters the dormitories are supplied with heating apparatus. I am informed that the thermometer, which when the men go to bed stands at about 65 degrees, usually rises in the course of the night to 75 or even 80 degrees.

In the metropolises for sixpence a comfortable spring bed is provided, together with a mattress, rug, pillow, and sheets in a small cubicle divided from the neighbouring cubicles by a high wooden partition. For fourpence a similar bed can be obtained, but in a cubicle containing one, two, or more often three other beds. At the metropolises there are reading-rooms provided with newspapers of various kinds.

At all the shelters there are lavatories with hot and cold water. Soap and towels are provided, and the men have the opportunity of washing and drying their shirts and underclothes. At the twopenny shelters and metropolises there are also baths, with hot and cold water.

At each shelter is a meeting-room, where from 8 to 9 o'clock a religious service is held. Attendance at these meetings is not compulsory.

Smoking is allowed on any part of the premises except the dormitories and meeting-room.

At the metropolises men are allowed to come in at any time before midnight. Until that hour they have free ingress and egress, but at the other shelters no one is admitted later than 10 o'clock, nor is any one after admission allowed out again till the morning. The usual time for rising is 6 o'clock, but if a man has work to go to he can be called and have his breakfast at any earlier hour.

The dormitories of the various shelters are as a rule scrubbed daily, and the bedding is inspected every morning, and when necessary is thoroughly cleansed. Charges have been brought against the cleanliness of the shelters, but in my opinion these charges have been made rashly and on insufficient foundation. It would obviously be inconsistent with the object of the shelters to adopt the measures used in casual wards for ensuring cleanliness. But that the Salvation Army are not indifferent or careless in this matter is shown by the fact that in the "Lighthouse" (the home of the "Elevator" men), where alone such a course is possible, they do in fact adopt the casual ward method of compulsory bathing for the man and "baking" for his clothes.

I understand that the officers in the various shelters have under no circumstances power of admitting destitute persons gratuitously, except by providing the necessary payment out of their own pockets, but arrangements have now been made by which at certain shelters, men can do a job of work on the premises, in order to earn their admission. The shelters at which this can be done are those in Lisson Grove, Blackfriars Road and Westminster. The work done is wood-chopping. At Lisson Grove and Blackfriars Road, a man, by chopping a certain amount of wood, may earn a penny; or by chopping double the quantity may earn twopence. Beyond that amount he is not allowed to go. If he earns a penny, it is applied, of course, in payment for his lodging; but if he earns twopence, he may either expend the whole in a twopenny bed, or may have a penny bed, and spend the other penny on his supper or breakfast. At Westminster he may earn fourpence to cover his supper, bed and breakfast. For this he has to do a task of exactly four times the amount of the penny task.

Wood-chopping is an art which is soon learnt, and when learnt the work is done very quickly; but the absolute beginner takes probably three or four times as long over his job as the expert. I understand that a man who is used to it can do his penny task in about twenty minutes or half an hour. At Westminster, work may be begun at any time after two o'clock, but at Lisson Grove and Blackfriars not until five.

In the shelters may be seen all sorts and conditions of men; even

in the twopenny, and occasionally in the penny shelters, there are people who, in spite of their dilapidated and broken-down appearance, are evidently of good birth and breeding. But between the inmates of the various classes of shelters there is generally speaking a wide divergence. Those in the metropolises are usually quite of the best class of homeless men. In the next lower grade, that is, in the shelters where twopence is charged for the bed, or fourpence for bed and food, the men are of a somewhat broken-down type, but between the various shelters of this grade there are certain local differences; the men at Westminster for instance, many of whom earn a fairly regular though poor living by board carrying, are of a somewhat superior sort as compared with those at Whitechapel, whose earnings are more precarious. In each of the penny shelters one sees a more varied set of people; many of these strike me as persons too idle and indifferent to make much effort during the day, when they know that, if the worst comes to the worst, they can get food and shelter, even though of the poorest kind, by a not very arduous task of work in the evening.

The order maintained in the shelters of every grade is excellent, and the officers are usually on the best of terms with the inmates, whom they treat with remarkable kindness and sympathy. This I state not merely from my own observation, but also on the evidence furnished by the statements of the men themselves. I may mention here that I have noticed, both in the shelters and the workshops (and it seems to me to redound greatly to the credit of the Salvation Army officers), that the men, as a rule, state any real or fancied grievances, and criticise everything as freely in the hearing of the officers as they do behind their backs, having evidently no fear that their open speaking will in any way be visited upon them.

There is, however, one point where I think some criticism may be made upon the behaviour of the officers to the men. Although, in theory, the advantages of individual dealing with these people are recognised, yet it seems to me that there is, in fact, a tendency on the part of the officers to rely too much upon the meetings, and to neglect opportunities of engaging individuals in conversation with a view to probing their character, and ascertaining their special needs, and the way in which they may be influenced for good. This is the more to be regretted, as the men are usually extremely ready, if any advance is made to them, to enter into such conversation.

The object aimed at by the Salvation Army shelters is, I take it, to draw men away from the demoralising associations of the lodging-houses, and to bring them under moral and spiritual influences. To allure these men it is, of course, necessary to offer some attractions; and no real success will, I imagine, be attained unless the attractions are such as to draw the very same classes of men who have hitherto

frequented the common lodging-houses; otherwise there would be merely a fresh inducement to a new class of men to enter upon the homeless life. It is here that the Salvation Army seems eminently qualified to succeed. Though order is maintained, there is no appearance of restraint; the bright and lively meetings are evidently enjoyed, even by those who are not seriously impressed, and the never-failing cheerfulness of the Salvation Army officers is in itself a source of attraction.

Unfortunately, however, there is another inducement of a far less legitimate kind. In the common lodging-house fourpence is the ordinary charge for a bed, and by establishing their penny and two-penny shelters the Salvation Army have made the homeless life more easy, and to many more attractive. I need hardly dwell upon the consequences likely to ensue.

It is stated in the review of the first year's work that the number of lodgings provided for the homeless at twopence and fourpence in the course of the year was 307,000, that the attendances at the shelter meetings were 136,579, and that during the year 708 men "claimed to be converted."

The Labour Bureau.

The Labour Bureau, situated in Upper Thames Street, performs a double function; it is an agency for finding outside work for the unemployed, and is at the same time the department to which homeless men desiring admission to the workshops have to apply. In its latter function it is obviously an integral part of the system; but in so far as it acts as an intermediary between employer and employed it seems to be somewhat apart from the main scheme, and in this branch of its work it deals with resident as well as with homeless people. In fact I was told by the officer in charge that the majority of the applicants have homes in the neighbourhood.

The officer described the applicants as a good class of men, anxious to get work and competent to perform it.

No inquiries are made concerning the men who apply. The Salvation Army, therefore, does not recommend the men, but the employer takes them on any testimonials they may have, or at his own risk.

Newspapers are provided at the bureau, in which the men can read the advertisements, and when they obtain work in this way it is not, I understand, recorded in the books as employment found for them by the bureau. Down to the end of the first year of the social work, 14,130 men applied for employment, and 1567 women. The returns published do not show separately the number of men and of women respectively for whom employment was obtained, but for men

and women together "permanent" employment was found for 925, and "temporary" employment for 3758. It is unfortunate that a separation of the sexes is not made in these returns, because probably the ratio of successful cases to the total number of applications is very different in the two sexes. A considerable number of the women applicants are servants, and the officers state that the demand for servants is more than they can supply. Moreover, it is likely that a large proportion of the situations obtained for this class would come under the head of "permanent employment."

I made very careful inquiries as to what was meant by "temporary" and "permanent" employment. In one point, however, there was a marked discrepancy between what was told me by the officer at the bureau and what is stated in the "Review of the First Year's Work." The bureau officer told me that when the employer mentions how long the job will last, unless the period exceeds *six* months, it is recorded as "temporary," but in the "Review of First Year's Work" (p. 24) it is stated that "temporary work may run from one day to *three* months." I do not know which statement is the true one.

If an employer does not say that the work is temporary, or mention the period during which it will last, it is entered as "permanent."

The kind of employment found varies greatly; a good deal of it is casual work such as board carrying; but it extends also to skilled work.

The returns given above of the number of cases in which permanent or temporary work was obtained include, I understand, cases in which work was found for men to go to on leaving the "Elevators."

Generally speaking, after a man has got work his case is not followed up to ascertain whether he does well in it.

I understand that it is proposed to establish branch labour bureaux at the various shelters, but at present the Thames Street Bureau is the only one of the kind in London.

I do not propose to discuss the economic advantages or disadvantages of labour bureaux established by charity, but there is one point in the working of the Salvation Army bureau to which I think attention should be drawn, especially as it is a defect which might easily be remedied.

I am told that a large proportion of the employers who seek for workmen through the bureau are resident in the country, and are Salvationists or sympathisers with the Salvation Army, and I understand that no inquiry is usually made before sending a man down into the country as to whether there is any local deficiency in that particular kind of labour. It seems to me there must necessarily be a danger in this system that an employer may often through his

sympathy with the Salvation Army he led to send to the bureau for a workman, though his own district is already well supplied with labour of the sort he wants.

The "Elevators" (Factories or Workshops).

There are at present two "Elevators," one situated in Old-street, Shoreditch, and the other in Highbury-street, Whitechapel. The men working at both the elevators sleep and have their meals at the shelter in Quaker-street, called the "Lighthouse." This affords accommodation for 350 men, and none but those working at the elevators are admitted. I believe in midwinter the Lighthouse is usually full, but when I visited it in April the number of occupants had fallen off to some extent, as would, of course, be expected at that time of year.

The principal occupations to which the men are put are carpentering and cabinet-making, painting, French-polishing, mat-making, brush-making, mattress-making, and firewood-chopping. This is not an exhaustive list.

If a man is discovered to have a trade of a kind practised at the elevators, he is put to work at that trade. If not, he commences with wood-chopping.

In the "Review of the First Year's Work" (pp. 42 and 43) is a description of the daily routine of the elevator men; I need not, therefore, describe it here. There is also in the same publication (p. 33) a description of the accommodation provided for the men, according to the three classes into which they are divided, the class depending upon the industry of the man and the value of his work.

Usually, though not invariably, a man during his first four weeks in the factory receives only food and shelter. Exception is made where he is industrious, and his work is clearly worth more than this. Afterwards he receives payment in the form of weekly grants, varying in amount according to his conduct and usefulness. The wood-cutters receive only small grants, but those who are engaged in skilled work receive, I understand, often as much as 5s. a week, and sometimes considerably more. In the "Review of the First Year's Work" (p. 42), an instance is given of a man who earned 22s. 6d. a week at the elevator.

One-third of the grant is retained by the Salvation Army as a reserve fund to be given to the men on their departure. The remaining two-thirds is given to them at once to be disposed of as they think fit. They frequently I believe apply this money judiciously, partly expending it in the purchase of necessary clothing, &c., and partly

saving it to buy themselves tools or other necessities on leaving the elevator.

Destitution or "need" is, I understand, the only qualification required for admission to the elevators. There is usually no investigation of the man's antecedents with the view of ascertaining the true cause of his destitute condition, and the appropriate means of treatment for his case.

In "Darkest England" the need of "individual treatment" is in words recognised; but I do not think that in reality the Salvation Army has arrived at any true conception of the meaning of this phrase. With them the elevator is a panacea. The proper function of the elevator would seem to be to cure defects of character, and to train to habits of industry. If men of good character, of industrious habits, and with competent knowledge of a trade, who are in distress merely through want of employment, are admitted at all it seems clear that their admission should be only temporary till they can find employment, or till it can be found for them. But in practice this is not so. Thus, in the "Review of the First Year's Work," J. A. is mentioned as a typical instance of "some sterling temperate, even Christian men" who have been received in the elevator. J. A. was a man of fifty-seven, and had worked as a carpenter and joiner all his life, and his only difficulty was that, on the death of his old employer, he could not find work. After being kept for some time at the workshop he was passed on to the farm. Presumably he had not exercised that providence which might have saved him from his difficulties; but, however that may be, the effectual way of helping him would surely have been to put him in the way of finding employment, not to give him a needless course of training at the elevator and the farm.

The men in the factories do their work under skilled overseers, who are, I believe, usually in sympathy with the Salvation Army, though not always members of it.

The men who are not acquainted with any of the trades that are practised at the factories are in some cases (if their work at the wood-chopping shows them to be capable) taught certain trades, such as mat-making and brush-making. I was told that it is not the practice to teach the more difficult trades, such as carpentering.

A considerable number of men in the elevators are unskilled labourers; amongst the rest various trades are represented; but a curious feature is the preponderating number of carpenters. I was much struck with this when I visited the Hanbury Street workshops, where most of the carpentering is done. This large proportion is apparently in no way due to the consequences of the carpenters' strike, for before the strike the proportion was equally high. Mr. Frank

Smith, in the evidence given by him before the Special Committee of the Charity Organisation Society on the Homeless Poor, stated that out of 150 men in the workshops fifty-five were carpenters. These figures are the more curious, as in other groups of homeless and destitute men few carpenters are found. Thus at Newport Market Refuge, in Westminster, out of 689 men admitted in the course of a year seventeen were carpenters, and amongst 394 men to whom, under the auspices of the Mansion House Conference on the Condition of the Unemployed, relief work was given during the winter of 1888, there were three carpenters only. Thus the preponderance of carpenters in the Salvation Army factories seems necessarily attributable to some cause peculiar to this particular system. My own surmise is that as carpentering has always been made a special feature in the work, and is, I believe, more highly remunerated than other forms of employment practised at the elevators, there is in an economic sense a demand for carpenters in those institutions. I do not mean that the Salvation Army wishes to attract this class of men, but that they are in fact attracted. It is amongst the carpenters especially that I noticed the existence of a feeling (to which I shall refer later on) of being not recipients of charity, but merely employees of the Salvation Army.

Some of the men in the factories are of course in a weak condition of body; but it appeared to me that, on the whole, the work is done industriously and cheerfully. I think, however, that the importance of this fact as an indication of the good the men are getting from the workshop system may easily be over-estimated. It is sometimes supposed that the homeless class are naturally so averse to work that when one of these men sets himself earnestly to labour we may infer a fixed determination on his part to change his mode of life. No doubt many of the homeless (especially amongst those of the distinctly vagrant or nomadic type) are constitutionally idle; these men, however, do not resort to the elevators. More frequently the homeless man has no special distaste for work; his defect lies rather in a want of steadiness of purpose. To most men, even though naturally industrious, there must come times when work seems distasteful, and the weak point of the homeless man often is that at such a time his resolution fails him, and he cannot persist in his work. Hence, it has often, I believe, been observed by those who have found employment for men of this class that they will often work well and cheerfully for weeks or even months, and then will suddenly throw up their employment. I found that some of the Salvation Army officers were fully alive to this characteristic of homeless men.

The number of men received in the elevators during the thirteen months ending November 27, 1891, was 2080. Of these nearly 1000 were admitted from the shelters.

The 2080 were accounted for as follows :

Number for whom employment was found	.	.	.	352
" temporarily assisted	.	.	.	857
" sent to hospital	.	.	.	75
" left dissatisfied	.	.	.	85
" discharged for misconduct	.	.	.	98
" sent to farm-colony	.	.	.	291
" in factories, 27 Nov. 1891	.	.	.	399

I understand there is no general system of following up the cases and keeping touch with the men after they have left the elevator.

Under the phrase, "temporarily assisted" are included all cases of men who have come to the factories for a short time and have then left through no misconduct or dissatisfaction, but in the hope of finding work, or in some way shifting for themselves. These men would usually have been at the elevator only a few weeks, or even a few days.

But there are large numbers of other men whose stay at the elevators is very prolonged. I spoke to several who had been there for six and seven months.

In the "Review of the First Year's Work" (p. 34) it is remarked : "The factory is not like an ordinary workshop, but an actual 'elevator,' designed to lift up all who are willing to be helped ; intended as a means of transport, not a place of residence."

This unquestionably is what the factory ought to be, but I cannot agree that, for the majority of the men, it really is so.

From what I saw I should say that the bulk of the men are made up of two classes.

The first class, which I observed especially amongst the carpenters, consists of men who find this work a temporary convenience to them. They look upon themselves as being "in the employment of the Salvation Army" at very moderate wages, which, for reasons of their own, they are willing for the time to accept, and their view seems to be that the arrangement is a mutual convenience to themselves and the Salvation Army.

The other class, which is, I should say, a larger one than the first, consists of those who are settling down to a dependent mode of life. In the hands of the Salvation Army they feel a sense of security and protection which makes them willing to continue in the humble life of the elevators rather than to get better wages amid the risks of the outside world. Men of this class abound both in the elevators and at the farms. Under proper conditions these men might probably be greatly benefited, but at present it seems to me the Social Scheme is merely draining away any self-dependence they may originally have had. They are not learning to take care of themselves, but are simply

becoming accustomed to the feeling that as long as they work and conduct themselves well the Salvation Army will take care of them. The officers of the Salvation Army recognise the fact that many of the men have this feeling of dependence, but they do not seem to me to fully realise the consequences that are likely to ensue.

The following description by Mr. Harold Moore will bear out what I have said of this class of men. Mr. Harold Moore was the "Consulting Director" of the Farm Colony, and for many months had the sole management of the work there, and, though not a Salvationist, is, of course, in sympathy with the objects of the Social Scheme. In an article on the Farm Colony he says :

"Some few who have come on the colony have an ambition to work a small allotment farm, others wish to become gardeners, others wish to emigrate. All these are being assisted to attain the objects they have in view. *The greater number*, however, of the men are those who are well conducted, who perform satisfactorily all the work which is given them to do, but who have no ambition, no desire, for the future, and no persons dependent upon them. These, though they perform willingly the work given them on the colony, even if their work would be worth a few shillings a week more outside, would yet prefer to remain where, as long as they work and are of good behaviour, they are provided for without difficulty on their part and are free from the temptations of outer life and the risks of temporarily getting out of employment."

I understand that if a man, after employment has been obtained for him and he has finally left the elevator, loses his employment through misconduct or throws it up he is not refused re-admission. This I am told by the officers at the elevator, and it is thus stated in the "Review of the First Year's Work": "What if the man falls when he finally goes out into the world? Then he may come back again if he will, and begin over again."

If I am right in the views I have expressed it is clear that the factories are not, in regard to the majority of the cases received by them, acting as "elevators." Essentially the system is rather a system of "relief work," and is open, on social and economic grounds, to the objections that have often been forcibly urged against any system of relief work on a large scale, as tending to remove the motive for thrift and to diminish self-reliance and enterprise.

But while, as regards the greater number of the men, the factory system as at present conducted has in my opinion depressing and harmful influences, there can be no question that in a certain proportion of cases there is another and a far brighter aspect of the work. I refer, of course, to the spiritual influences of the Salvation Army.

In their religious work the Salvation Army rely upon the "enthusiasm of numbers" as a "very potent factor in rousing and stimulating men who are down-trodden and downcast." At each of their shelters, including the Lighthouse, a meeting, which lasts about an hour, is held every evening from 8 to 9 P.M. I have little know-

ledge of Salvation Army meetings outside the Social Scheme ; but these meetings at the shelters are free from the features of exaggeration which are said to characterise the ordinary service of the Salvation Army ; they consist of short prayers, hymns, addresses by the officers, and occasionally " experiences " by converted men. These " experiences " are usually related in the most simple manner ; the past is spoken of as something dead and buried, and with a complete absence of either boasting or affectation.

The addresses of the officers are usually short, practical and earnest, and excellently adapted to their hearers. Indeed the meetings seem to me to be in every way appropriate to the class for whom they are intended ; and what is more impressive, perhaps, even than the service itself, is the air of happiness and cheery contentment amongst the Salvation officers. Not a few of these *have been* what their hearers *are*, and when they speak of the change that has been wrought in them, their looks as well as their words testify that the change has been a happy one. They do not preach the " glad tidings " with long faces. Yet, as the men well know, these officers have, in a worldly sense, little cause for satisfaction with their lot. Their pay is small, their lives are hard, and they are expected to be unremitting in their devotion to their work.

But excellent as these meetings are, there are only a small proportion of the men who show signs of being seriously impressed by them.

I have taken great pains, both by conversation with the officers and with the men themselves, to ascertain what proportion of the latter become converted.

I think perhaps the most definite information given me on this point was that of Mr. Elbourne, who was for some months in command at the Lighthouse. He told me that there were at one time 280 elevator men at the Lighthouse, and of these sixty professed conversion. As far as I was able to judge, I should put the proportion, at the time when I visited the elevators, at a rather lower, but not much lower figure. Mr. Elbourne's figures would give just over one in five as professing conversion, or, more exactly, 21·4 per cent.

But it must be remembered that these figures represent the percentage taken on the number of men at the elevators at a given time. If the percentage were taken on the number of *admissions* to the elevators, a much lower figure would probably result, for the reason that the converted man is naturally desirous of remaining under the continuous influence of the Salvation Army till he feels strengthened and confident ; hence he is, on the average, more likely than the unconverted to make a long stay in the elevator.

Mr. Elbourne's figures relate to the number of professed conversions ; but it is generally admitted that of those who claim to be

converted, a very large proportion turn out badly in the end. Mr. Frank Smith estimated that of those who professed conversion 30 per cent. did, in fact, "make spiritual progress," and Commissioner Cadman told me that, of those who profess, one man in four turns out a permanently changed man.

Of those who profess conversion but afterwards fall off, a large number, I believe, are sincere at the time, but there appears to be a certain number of cases in which the professed conversion is altogether unreal and hypocritical. The feeling that this hypocrisy exists in a large proportion of cases is very strong amongst the unconverted. The Salvation Army officers, as a rule, very wisely refrain from any favouritism in their general treatment of the converted; but I understand that the "orderlies" are chosen from the converted men, and it is said that this affords some encouragement to hypocrisy. Whether that is so, or whether the pretence of conversion is made under a *mistaken expectation* of some kind of favourable treatment I do not know.

As the result of my investigations on this point, I feel little doubt that the real and permanent conversions amongst the men received in the factories are less than five per cent.; and my impression would be that at the farm there is certainly not a higher percentage than in the factories.

But it must be recollected that the admissions are not selected cases (except to the extent that the absolutely idle members of the homeless class naturally do not resort to the workshops), and when this fact is borne in mind, I think the conclusion to be drawn is by no means that the spiritual influence of the Salvation Army is wanting in efficacy, but quite the contrary.

I am told by some of the most intelligent of the officers that it is usually possible, after a very short experience of a man, to judge whether there is any prospect of his conversion, and if the Salvation Army were to confine their attentions to those cases in which there is a *prima facie* probability of success, it is clear that their percentage of conversions would be very different to what it is.

In the best of the cases in which the spiritual influences of the Salvation Army are the means of genuine conversion the result is often, even in a social sense, such a complete triumph as could never have been won by any form of material charity. Habitual drunkards changed into temperate and sober men, wife-deserters into devoted husbands and fathers, criminals into peaceful law-abiding citizens, and men who have attempted suicide now leading happy and contented lives—all these and other equally strange transformations may be seen (in fact, I have seen them) amongst the men who are now in or who have been through the shelters or the factories.

Judging from what I saw of the men and from my conversations

with them, I am inclined to think it would be possible to classify the majority of the cases of genuine conversion into certain distinct groups or classes. I have not, however, sufficient material for doing this with any certainty, but there is one class I may mention, because it is a class with which I think the Salvation Army is particularly successful. It consists of men who are not inherently vicious, but who have been brought up in bad surroundings and have never really had the opportunity of learning the difference between right and wrong. The power of the Salvation Army with these men seems to lie in the fact that its officers, by their thorough acquaintance with these classes, are enabled to win their confidence. It is often quite a touching thing to see the terms the officers are on with men of this type. Besides the converted men, there were some others in the elevators who seemed to me—and were considered by the officers and others—to be in a moral sense thoroughly reformed. Such instances, however, are not very numerous.

The Prison Gate Home.

The Prison Gate Home is situate in Argyle Square. It consists of a large house, with outbuildings for workshops, &c., at the back. Seen from the square, it looks like an ordinary private dwelling-house.

I do not propose to describe this branch of the work at any length; but as it is, I think, a new departure in prison work, and seems to me likely to prove the most useful part of the Social Scheme, I thought it would not be right to pass it over entirely.

It has hitherto been too much the custom of societies dealing with this class of men, after inviting the ex-prisoner to a breakfast, to leave him practically to his own devices. In some cases employment may eventually be found for him, but in the meantime he has every opportunity of feeling himself neglected and uncared for, and of falling back into his old associations.

Even before the Prison Gate Home was opened, the Salvation Army did something better than this for the prisoners; for they were received into the elevators, where they were under good influences, and felt (as this class of men need to feel) that they were in the hands of strong and willing friends. There are still criminals received in the elevators, but some of the ex-prisoners are in need of more special treatment, and these are admitted to the Prison Gate Home.

The Salvation Army are fortunate in the officers they have secured for this work. The captain was for over twenty years a prison warden, and has been for many years a Salvationist. He thus thoroughly knows the criminal class and is known and respected by many of the prisoners. He is assisted by "Old Dad," now a zealous

Salvationist, but formerly a burglar, who has spent nearly forty years of his life in various convict and local prisons.

The men are put to work in the Home, and are kept under suitable regulations and discipline.

The work done is chiefly wood-chopping. There is also some shoemaking. Probably it will eventually be found expedient to extend the range of industries.

After a stay in the Home, which varies in length according to the circumstances of the case, the men are put into situations or are sent on to the elevators or the farm. Up to Nov. 1891, 217 men had been received. Situations had been found for 53, the elevators and the farm had received 33, 64 left of their own accord, and 20 were dismissed.

The Farm Colony.

My report has already run to such a length that I propose to deal with the Farm Colony somewhat briefly; the more so as this branch of the work is at present in a somewhat inchoate condition.

The farm consists of about 1100 acres, situate near Leigh in Essex. The nature of its soil and its position are, I think, sufficiently described in the "Review of the First Year's Work," and I need not, therefore, dwell upon these topics.

At the time of my visit to the farm there were about 250 men of the "submerged" class upon it, and in addition to these there were a large number of paid workmen engaged in building operations.

For the accommodation of the men, buildings of corrugated iron have been erected. Each of these forms a large dormitory, and the men sleep on mattresses covered with American cloth similar to those in use at the twopenny shelters, but instead of the wooden bunks they have iron bedsteads.

In addition to the dormitories, there are several other buildings of similar construction, forming a reading-room, a meeting-room, and a dining-room, with kitchen adjoining. There are also in course of erection several cottages intended for the foremen.

The greater part of the farm is at a considerable elevation above the river, and I should think it is extremely healthy; indeed, if there is any objection to be made to it on this score, it would be that the air is almost too bracing for the weakened frames of many of these homeless men.

The men are divided into four classes, and the conditions in regard to grants are in principle similar to those of the factories; the idea being to give the men an opportunity of rising by industry and good conduct. Two-thirds of the grants are kept as a reserve fund.

Some of the men are employed in brickmaking, and it is proposed

to establish various industries on the farm later on, though at present there seem to be no definite ideas on the subject. Some such plan will probably be essential if the farm is to support anything like the quantity of labour that is on it at present. Hitherto there has been plenty of work, partly in the building that has been going on, and partly in the laying out of about one hundred acres as market-gardens. This latter work employed a very large quantity of spade labour.

I have already quoted the views of Mr. Harold Moore in regard to the men ; and from my conversations with them, and from what I saw of them, I certainly think he has not over-estimated the extent to which they are settling down to this dependent mode of life. In this respect it seemed to me that the farm showed in even a worse light than the elevators.

I do not, however, think that from the social point of view the Farm Colony can as yet be fairly judged, because the thoughts and energies of the officers must necessarily, to a large extent, have been engrossed in the business of getting everything into order, considering the novelty of the undertaking.

I should mention, too, that I was informed by the Governor of the Farm Colony that a number of the best men had a short time previously left, employment having been found for them. Consequently, perhaps, those whom I saw were not quite a fair sample.

Many of the men, however, had been on the farm for long periods, one or two, indeed, from the commencement.

There does not at present seem to be quite the sort of connection between the elevator and the farm that was contemplated in "Darkest England." Some of the men at the farm have never been at the elevator at all, and others only for a very short time.

The object of the farm is, I take it, to give to a man previously inexperienced a sufficient training to render him fit for agricultural pursuits in England or the Colonies. The undertaking, however, has not yet reached a stage in which it is possible to test by actual experience its capacities for ultimate success in this object.

Conclusion.

A point of the utmost importance in the work of the social scheme is obviously the training of officers. The general methods of training are described in the "Review of the First Year's Work," and with much that is there said of the results I quite agree. Certainly the officers engaged in the social work are in many respects a remarkable set of men. Their self-denying, cheerful devotion to the work is beyond all praise ; they are extremely sympathetic in their treatment of the men, and many of them possess a great deal of tact. But they are men whose previous education has not usually been such

as to give them even an elementary knowledge of social problems, which it is (it seems to me) essential that they should have to render them efficient agents for the carrying out of the Social Scheme. This is their chief defect, and this defect is not supplied by the system of training, though it would, I think, be by no means impossible for this to be done.

Unfortunately the superior officers of the Salvation Army do not themselves seem to recognise the necessity for this knowledge. If the authorities of the Salvation Army gave more heed to the lessons of experience in social matters it seems to me that their Social Scheme might continue to do almost all the good it is now doing with a considerable abatement of the mischiefs which, I venture to think, are likely to result from the work as it is at present conducted.

I am glad to have the opportunity of mentioning that I am greatly indebted to Mr. Keates, the manager of the food and shelter branch of the work, and to his coadjutor, Mr. Elbourne, for the assistance they have given me in my investigations.

(Signed)

G. PENN GASKELL.

It is probable that there will be various opinions regarding the above criticism. Some superficial philanthropists may condemn it as hard and unsympathetic and as evidently written by one thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of the Charity Organisation Society. The many opponents of General Booth may consider it too favourable to his scheme, whilst to his followers it may appear hypercritical and severe. Probably it presents as fair an account of the work as could be obtained and in spite of the imperfections pointed out should satisfy those who have helped it forward.

The faults may be referred to two causes, either to the want of experience in those who were suddenly called upon to carry out so large an experimental work, or else to the fact that the scheme is at present incomplete in some of its most important parts; for example, the danger of making the shelters for the homeless more comfortable than the present lodging-houses is pointed out, but this, at present, is absolutely necessary, if the outcasts are to be reached at all, and separated from their demoralising associations; by-and-by some modification may be possible. Again, it is urged as a grave defect that a considerable portion of those who may be considered reclaimed still continue to stay in the workshops or on the farm, content to lead this dependent life rather than again launch out into the world, where they have in the past fared so badly. To compel them to do so now would indeed be cruel, but by-and-by when the colony over the sea is formed, the majority of these may

be emigrated. In the agricultural villages it is proposed to form, they will probably soon recover some independence of character under new conditions of life. But if not, they will still prove valuable in a community which is to be ruled over by experienced leaders.

Mr. Gaskell points out that General Booth's scheme is only available for homeless men, although he considers there are quite sufficient of these to tax all his resources. When General Booth's book was first published, the writer called attention to this grave defect, but as soon as the colonies over the sea are established a large number of families may be emigrated to them, as well as homeless men, families that would fail abroad as well as at home, if left to fight the battle unaided, but who, with the sympathy and help of the village communities will prove valuable colonists.

It seems, therefore, that notwithstanding the faults noted, the report on the whole is satisfactory, especially considering that it relates to the work of eighteen months only, and that the scheme is necessarily so far most incomplete. The work already accomplished in these sections of the scheme under consideration may be summarised as follows: (1) The shelters have to November last given accommodation to 307,000 applicants, and of these homeless persons 136,579 have voluntarily attended the religious services held nightly; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the beds have been occupied 307,000 times, and there have been 136,579 attendances at the services, as the same persons will have probably occupied the beds and attended the services more than once. (2) Two thousand and eighty of the more hopeful cases have been transferred to the factories and workshops, or elevators as they are called; of these, 352 have obtained employment elsewhere, 291 are at work on the farm, and 322 remain. (3) Of the above, 21 per cent. claim to have been converted, although Mr. Gaskell believes that the real conversions are barely 5 per cent. Of these, however, he writes, and the words are most important as coming from so severe a critic: "This conversion shows a complete triumph, which could never be obtained by any form of material charity; habitual drunkards changed to sober men, wife-deserters into devoted husbands and fathers, and men who had attempted suicide now living happy and contented lives; all these, and other equally strange transformations, I have seen in those who have been through the shelters."

When the training-farm is in full work, as it will be soon, and the officers of the shelters and workshops have obtained more experience, and especially when the colony over the sea is ready, much greater results may be expected, but even the work above recorded fully justifies those who have contributed to this scheme.

It is very far from the writer's intention to discredit other agencies

which are at work for the raising of the fallen. There are many doing excellent work, but far too few for the work to be done. The Church Army, for instance, which was started at about the same time as the Salvation Army scheme, is carrying out similar work but on rather different lines, and has achieved results which are worthy of all commendation; by-and-by it is to be hoped the Church of England will give it sufficient support to compete with its great rival. There is ample room for both, and many other agencies besides.

The especially attractive parts of General Booth's scheme are that the multitude of workers are tied together by a bond of strong faith, and that the linking together of the refuges for the homeless, the workshops and factories for the hopeful, the farm for the training of agricultural emigrants, and the agricultural settlements in the colonies, affords the best chance of making those who are so hopeless and so useless here, valuable both to the colonies and to the mother country.

It is too often forgotten that for philanthropists to provide work in their various trades for those out of employment here is simply to throw an equal number of the employed out of work, since the reason for there being willing workmen unemployed is that owing to depressed trade there is from time to time an insufficient demand for the goods they produce.

When the agricultural communities in the colonies are established, not only will the agricultural labourers find unlimited scope for their labour in producing food, but a large number of artisans will also be required, and the whole community will, while furnishing food for the mother country, take her produce in exchange, and thus find employment for the artisans at home.

Millions of acres of land are waiting to supply us with food, if only we can supply them with steady, honest labourers. Hitherto, for the most part, only the self-reliant have proved satisfactory emigrants, leaving behind the more dependent and less skilled workmen hovering on the brink of the submerged class; but if General Booth's scheme, in linking together the shelters, the workshops, the farm, and the colony succeeds, and is followed by other agencies, one of the greatest of our social problems will be solved and the chain will be strengthened which binds together the different parts of our mighty empire, a chain apparently so slight but in reality so strong that history affords no parallel, and which nothing can break but shameful selfishness on the part of the democracy which rules at home or of that which rules our colonies.

FRANCIS PEEK.

ARE WE REALLY SO BAD?

A WORD ON LADY JEUNE'S "LONDON SOCIETY."

IN the May number of the *North American Review* there appeared a clever sketch of "London Society" by the popular and gifted wife of the President of the Probate and Divorce Division. The article, as might have been expected, has produced no small sensation, and has led many people to ask themselves the question which I have placed at the head of this paper. It would be consoling to think that the author's view of drawing-room ethics had been unconsciously coloured by the judicial experiences of her husband; for surely a darker picture of the morals and manners of the class which is supposed to give its tone to good society has seldom been given to the world.

Not unnaturally, perhaps, Lady Jeune's hand falls most heavily on her own sex, and the "emancipated maiden" comes in for a large share of reprobation. "Her life is as different from that of her grandmother's as light is from darkness. The respect for parents, the self-denial and self-reserve which seemed to be the characteristic of the 'English Miss,' have disappeared, and in her place we have a creature, no doubt attractive and original, but not the girl of the past. The young lady of to-day reads the newspapers, what books she chooses, and discusses with equal frankness the last scandal and the latest French mode. She rides in the Park unattended by a groom, and always with a cavalier. She drives unattended in a hansom, she dances with partners who do not care to be presented to her mother, and she leaves her chaperone, not to dance with the real enjoyment of girlhood, but to retire to some leafy corner of the ball-room where she can, to use the modern phrase, 'sit out' instead of dancing. She spends her own money and dresses as she likes, and, more often than not, spends more than she can afford. Her stay in London is one

round of pleasure from morning to night, varied during the autumn and winter by country visits, which are only a repetition of London on a small scale, and in her life there is no thought of ought but pleasure."

These are hard words—harder, perhaps, than anything which has been written on the subject since the *Saturday Review* made its famous onslaught on "the girl of the period." They recall the reply which the witty American lawyer, Mr. Evarts, is said to have made to a lady who asked him whether he thought women were good judges of women: "Judges, madam? Executioners, you mean."

Curiously enough, the April number of the same Review contains an article from the pen of Madame Adam on the degeneracy of French girls, which, as their decadence is directly traced to the corrupting influence of their English and American sisters, may be regarded as a supplementary count in Lady Jeune's indictment. Some of the enormities committed by these fair mutineers sound not a little strange to an English ear: They carry "their noses in the air; they go out with a maid or a governess, and without their mothers;" they take walks with their brothers; they attend learned lectures; and, worst of all, they are beginning to entertain original and independent views upon the choice of a husband. "What a change," says Madame Adam, pathetically, "since the days when ornithology was the only accepted science," and that only "because nests and little birds gave a poetic turn to confidential talks between mother and daughter, which some day might become useful or necessary."

Now surely in all these attempts to glorify the "girl of the past" at the expense of the "modern young lady," there is much that is neither very new nor very true. Almost the same thing has been said for the last fifty years, and laments over the degeneracy of the age are as old as the days of Horace:

"Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore."

And yet—heretical as it may sound—I venture to maintain that the "English Miss," so dear to the French caricaturist of a bygone age, was both mentally and physically the inferior of her much maligned modern descendant. Indeed, I suspect that the demure and fragile beings depicted in the first numbers of *Punch*, with whom it was *de rigueur* to faint at a spider and scream at a frog, would appear somewhat puny and insipid by the side of the supple, well-grown damsels who may be seen any day in the Park managing their steeds with a grace and dexterity which Murat himself might have envied. And surely a game of lawn tennis, a row on the river, or a good gallop in Rotten Row, even with a cavalier and without the protection of a groom, whatever that may be worth, are better for

mind and body than "backboards" and regulation walks in Kensington Gardens, from which the male element was rigorously excluded. The devotion of a whole life to the pursuit of pleasure cannot, of course, be too strongly condemned. Happily, however, this is a vice which sooner or later brings with it its own punishment, and may perhaps be safely left to work its own cure. But it is well to remember that this propensity—even if it be as universal as Lady Jeune believes—is in itself a reaction against the intolerable *ennui* in which the girls of a former generation passed what ought to have been the happiest years of their youth. And if their pursuits were of the dreariest, their education was of the flimsiest kind. I have heard more than one lady of my own age confess that the time she spent in the schoolroom with a finishing governess was not only the dulllest but the least profitable in her whole existence. If "the girl of the period" is more given to pleasure, she is not only more "attractive and original," but infinitely better educated in the best sense of the word. Nor ought we to forget that the change which Lady Jeune deplores is in itself only part of a social revolution which is making itself felt far beyond the narrow circle of what is called "London Society." The country-house girl of thirty or forty years ago seldom left the paternal roof. Her horizon was the parish, her centre of interest was the village clothing club or the National School. The modern maiden is to be met with on the fiords of Norway, on the steps of the Capitol or the Parthenon, on the top of the Great Pyramid, and even on the summit of Mont Blanc. Her studies and pursuits are as varied as her peregrinations. She goes up to Girton or Somerville, takes the part of Antigone or Electra in a Greek play, pits herself against her brothers or her cousins in the Tripos or the Class List, and comes out "above the Senior Wrangler." And it must be confessed that, if she works hard, she works to some purpose. The days when Disraeli could with some truth make Sidonia say that marriage was a woman's only career are long since past. The number of ladies who make an income by art, literature, or journalism is daily increasing, and their exclusion from the learned professions, and even from political life, is by many persons regarded only as a question of time. But if women are to be educated like men, if they are to work like men, if—*pace* my friend Mr. Frederic Harrison—they are to earn their bread in this rough-and-tumble world like men, they must of necessity grow more like men. Of course there is an objectionable side to all this, the more so because unfortunately the women who aspire to rise superior to the prejudices of their sex have an unfortunate knack of imitating the least refined and the least mannerly of what they would call the "conflicting sex." It would be satisfactory to think that if women are to become more like men, they would at least try to be like gentlemen, for it is

surely a poor compliment to our sex to suppose that its distinguishing characteristic is a contempt for the courtesies of life. When Anthony Trollope put the finishing touch to his inimitable "Lady Glen," he took care to say that if she occasionally forgot that she was a lady, she was always "a thorough gentleman."

But the keen edge of Lady Jeune's satire cuts much deeper than this. In her eyes a young woman who "reads the newspapers and what books she chooses" is well advanced on the broad way which leadeth to destruction. Now here we are unfortunately face to face with a choice of evils. "Our grandmothers" never opened a newspaper and—except, perhaps, upon the sly—never ventured upon any reading more exciting than Miss Porter's novels or Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life." The result was that they were about as much in touch with contemporary life and thought as a native of Madagascar or Fiji. The young lady whom you take in to dinner to-day reads the Parliamentary debates, has met Ben Tillett and Tom Mann, and has intelligent if somewhat pronounced views on the Salvation Army, the Shop Hours Bill, and the enfranchisement of women. That this enlargement of her mental horizon should be purchased by a closer acquaintance with the fruits of the tree of knowledge is, no doubt, unfortunate. But we cannot, like the police on the Russian frontier, blacken out certain columns of our newspapers, and the "young person" must take her chance with the rest of the world. Curiously enough, too, that portion of the press which professes the deepest solicitude for the morals of the rising generation is by no means the most careful to exclude from its reports the most objectionable revelations of our Divorce or Criminal Courts. The choice of books is perhaps a subject over which a little more surveillance might be usefully exercised, though it would be difficult to include in an "Index Expurgatorius" one or two popular novels—not of the most edifying kind—which nevertheless form a staple subject of conversation at half the dinner-parties in London. Happily, too, the impressions left by this kind of reading, like the now world-famed microbe, only germinate where there is a predisposition to assimilate them.

But the modern maiden is not Lady Jeune's only *bête noire*. She has a word of reproof for the young married woman and for the *jeunesse dorée*, who have to be beguiled to a ball by the most *recherché* supper and the most expensive champagne—who won't dance, and, what is worse, won't marry. There is something positively tragic in her picture of "patient rows of sleepy chaperons and anxious girls long before midnight awaiting the approach of the young Adonis, who, after surveying the serried ranks scornfully through his eyeglass from the end of the ball-room, retires below to partake of the hospitality provided by his thoughtful host, and having thus done his duty, goes

back to his club." All this is very sad, and alas! is a matter of common experience. I remember an old lady, who was an acknowledged authority on social matters, telling me the other day, that in the days of her girlhood young men at the beginning of a dance approached their partners with a profound bow, and asked for the honour of a waltz. "Now," she said, "they come up with their hands in their pockets and say: 'Round or square?'"

But have not women themselves to thank for most of this treatment? And is it quite certain that the decline in the fashionable marriage rate is wholly due to the selfishness of one sex and the exaggerated demands of the other? In an age when the struggle for existence grows fiercer every day, when

"Every gate is thronged with suitors,
All the markets overflow,"

celibacy is, with many young men, a matter of common prudence, if not of sheer necessity. Disagreeable as it is to confess it, a man starting in an overstocked profession, with a growing family and, maybe, a delicate wife, is terribly handicapped in the race, and it requires but a short experience of any office which is supposed to carry with it the disposal of some kind of patronage, to familiarise a Minister or a member of Parliament with the bitter cry of those who have married in haste and repented at leisure. But in Lady Jeune's eyes an improvident marriage may bring in its wake evils infinitely graver than these. She does not scruple to affirm that there are men "who, marrying on small means, suddenly find their whole *entourage* changed by the addition of horses and carriages, French cooks, and all the modern luxuries of a fashionable *ménage*, and who shut their eyes and accept the gifts of the fairy godfather who has wrought all these miracles."

Translated into plain English, this, if it means anything, means that there are husbands among us who are willing to play the part attributed to Gautripan in "L'Infâme," and to sell the honour of their wives for a good dinner and a well-appointed equipage. That such creatures as the *mari complaisant* have been found, and perhaps may still be found, in certain strata of society may be true; but to assert that they occupy a recognised "position" in the "smartest" set in London is to imply the existence of a state of things for a parallel to which we must go back to the Court of Louis XV. or the sixth satire of Juvenal.

It is a pity that the writer's virtuous indignation should carry her to such lengths, for underlying much of her article there is an undoubted substratum of truth. With her contempt of the prevailing craze for notoriety every sensible person will sympathise. The only wonder is that people can be found to read as well as to write the

personalities with which some of our newspapers are padded. To know that an eminent statesman breakfasts on devilled kidneys, and that a deceased nobleman never dressed for dinner, may be a source of harmless gratification to those who can take an interest in such trivialities. But what are we to say to the following announcement, which I have copied nearly *verbatim* from a Society journal: "Lady — — — looked charming in sunset pink, and her two pretty daughters in white *chiffon*. No wonder the dance was well attended when the hostess had succeeded in attracting such eligible *partis* as Sir — — — and the young heir of — — —"? That such impertinences should be tolerated, nay, if report be true, prized and paid for "in the best set in London," is surely not a very healthy sign of the times.

But the main feature of the article consists of an unsparing and, upon the whole, justifiable onslaught upon the Mammon worship of the age. "Wealth is the keystone of success in the smartest London society." It supplies the place of morality, of culture, of good birth, of good looks, and of good manners. The love of luxury is the determining motive of all social action, and it finds its natural outlet, according to the sex which it attacks, in dressing and dining. Of the temptation to spend a fortune at Hancock's or Würth's it is not for one of the uninitiated to speak. But the enormous sums spent upon modern entertainments are certainly a tempting subject for a satirist. At one time it seemed as if a reaction in favour of greater simplicity had set in, but that fashion has again changed, and Homeric feasts, where the flagging appetites of the guests are alternately stimulated by the variety and blunted by the profusion of the viands, are once more the order of the day. But here again we are on well-trodden ground, as old as the banquets of Lucullus—nay, as the feast of Belshazzar himself. No doubt it is true that the enormous accumulation of wealth, especially in the commercial and manufacturing world to which Mr. Giffen has drawn attention, has called into existence a class which has not only a much larger income to spend, but has much more leisure to enjoy it. A desire to excel is common to human nature, and where people have no other standard of excellence they will naturally seek to compete with their neighbours on ground of which they have a monopoly. But there is compensation in all things. If the young men of the present generation are more luxurious, they are certainly less coarse, and probably less vicious. If the moral law is more lightly esteemed and more frequently broken, its infraction when discovered is (as recent cases have shown) much more severely punished. If more time and money are expended on the pursuit of pleasure, a far greater proportion of both is devoted to works of philanthropy and public utility. Surely, too, there are in the very front rank of society, even in London, many men who prefer plain living and high thinking to dinners at Greenwich and suppers at the

Savoy, and some women, at least, whose idea of heaven is not, like that of Miss McFlimsy of Madison Square, associated with the possession and display of toilettes and jewels which no ingenuity will enable them to carry to "those upper regions of air."

Lady Jeune maintains that "with the disruption of the Liberal party and the desertion of its great Whig supporters all society, in that party has in one sense ceased, the task of gathering together the fragments having been taken up in a very perfunctory manner by the aspiring wives of future politicians." The assertion may or may not be true. If it is, all that can be said on the subject is that, among the many services rendered by Mr. Gladstone to his party, not the least valuable is their exclusion from the dressy, showy, noisy, and unspeakably vulgar clique of men and women who presume to call themselves "London Society."

G. OSBORNE MORGAN.

PROBLEMS OF REPRODUCTION.

CONJUGATION, FERTILISATION, AND REJUVENESCENCE.

I PROPOSE in the following pages to give a short account of some of the chief discoveries bearing on Life and Reproduction that late researches have brought forth, and to show how all the facts may be welded into a coherent and consistent theory. This survey cannot be absolutely complete from the very technical nature of some of the points, which are better treated in the pages of a scientific journal.* Yet the subject is so fascinating, and possessed of such wide-reaching interest, that I make no attempt to apologise for bringing it to the notice of the wider circle of the "cultured laity;" who, without direct teaching, can but slowly learn what matters are being discussed in the restricted group of professional students of biology. The problem I have essayed to solve is the meaning of the process of fertilisation, its origin, essence, and objects; and, as a rider, I have examined the use and need of cross fertilisation, and the validity of the aphorism, "Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation."

1.

In the course of my inquiry I soon found that the favourite field of most recent theorists—the Animal Kingdom (limited to the *Metazoa* or animals of complex structure)—was as unfavourable a one as could be chosen. In the Vegetable Kingdom, however, I espied a path, not wholly free from awkward gaps, but still easy to pick up afresh after each break; and this we may follow down to that very primitive group, the Green Flagellates, of which the lower Algae are, indeed, only highly developed examples, leading for the most part a stationary life, in permanent groups or "colonies." Each Flagellate

* This I have done in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopic Science*, December 1891; while the present essay represents fairly the spoken account of the same paper delivered at Cardiff before Section D of the British Association.

is a single cell, formed of protoplasm or living matter; this again is divided into a peripheral layer, the *cytoplasm*, and a central body, the *nucleus*, differing from the cytoplasm in its chemical composition, and in the complexity of its structure. The cytoplasm is prolonged into one or more whip-like lashes, the "flagella," organs of motion, which give their name to the group. Such a cell grows and enlarges to double its size, and then undergoes fission—that is, it splits or divides into two equal "daughter-cells," which, in their turn, repeat more or less closely the life and behaviour of their "parent." But, besides this alternation of growth and division—or, *multiplication*, if you will—there is yet another mode of reproduction that usually comes in at distant intervals only. In this mode, a cell, after enlarging, it may be to many times its original bulk, undergoes not a single fission only, but a series of fissions; for the daughter-cells also divide immediately after their formation, and so on, without any interval for nutrition and growth. In this way a brood of many cells is formed, minute in proportion to their numbers. Such cells are frequently very active, and are hence called "swarmers," or "zoospores." I shall call them, irrespective of their activity, "brood-cells," and the original cell, a "brood mother-cell."

With this explanation, we may now examine the reproduction of the pretty filamentous Alga, *Ulothrix conata*, which often forms a green down on stones in running water, and whose life-history was studied in great detail in 1876 by Professor Arnold Dodel of Zurich. *Ulothrix* consists of cylindrical cells growing end to end, each invested by a protective layer of cellulose, so that the filament may be described as a tube subdivided into chambers by transverse partitions, with a protoplasmic cell in each chamber. Each cell may grow and divide by transverse fission, a new horizontal wall separating the daughter-cells. In this way the whole filament grows in length. Sometimes, however, there is no new partition formed, and the two daughter-cells shrink a little from the wall of the parent-cell and from one another, rounding off at the same time. These "naked cells" may each produce a couple of flagella, escape from the chambers in which they were formed, and swim off as zoospores, or else they each form a fresh cell wall *in situ*, and grow out into a new filament at right angles to the parent one. In the same way, a cell may by repeated fissions form broods of from four to one hundred and twenty-eight naked cells, small in proportion to their number; and the brood-cells may develop in either of the above ways.

All the swarmers, whatever their size and numbers, after swimming freely for a short time, may at last come to rest, attach themselves by one end, acquire a cell wall, and grow out into a new multicellular filament. But the smallest swarmers, under certain conditions, will first approach in pairs, and then fuse to form single cells of double the size

before coming to rest. This union involves their complete fusion, cytoplasm to cytoplasm, and nucleus to nucleus, so that the resulting cell has the structure of a normal uni-nucleated cell when it finally comes to rest.

The process we have just studied is termed "conjugation," the cells that unite are termed "gametes," and the resulting cell called a "zygote"; and we have here the key to all processes of conjugation and of fertilisation, since this is the most primitive type. In certain forms allied to *Ulothrix*, more than two gametes—as many as six—may unite to form a single zygote. In other cases, again, we find the gametes all similar in form, but evincing in size and behaviour a division into two types: the one smaller and more active, the other larger and more sluggish. This differentiation affects the cytoplasm far more than the nucleus. It may advance so far, that the larger cell is enormous and motionless, or nearly so, while the smaller cell is reduced to a nucleus, with just enough cytoplasm to enclose it and carry it to its destination. This differentiation of size and activity is what we term *sex*. The larger gamete is the *female*, ovum, or egg; the smaller is the *male*, or spermatozoon, whose flagellate type is retained in the highest animals, betraying still their lowly origin.

The term *conjugation* is seldom used in speaking of such highly differentiated types. We say that the ovum is *fertilised* by the spermatozoon. But, despite the advantages of familiarity, "fertilisation" is not a good word to employ, as it has an erroneous connotation; for the process is not a one-sided one, but its very essence is the fusion of two cells: their difference of size and behaviour is, as it were, a mere accident from our present standpoint.

To pass on: we have found that gametes, equally or sexually differentiated, are in their origin brood-cells; and we may expect everywhere to find some trace of their origin in their development. I take a few instances which indicate alike the origin of the process, and the character of the facts that may, by masking this origin, lead to false interpretations and erroneous theories. The lower members of the group of Olive Seaweeds, so common on our sea shores, show at most but slight differentiation in the size and behaviour of their gametes; the limited order of the *Fucaceæ* or Wracks, however, have well-developed ova and spermatozoa. In the type genus *Fucus* the ova are formed in broods of 8, and indications of this number are found in all the other genera of this order. But in a second genus only 4 of these ova have enough cytoplasm to be of any use, while the other 4 are reduced to nuclei with but a trace of cytoplasm around them; incapable of fertilisation, and mere abortive rudiments; in a third group only 2 of the ova are functional and 6 are abortive; and in a fourth group one of the ova retains nearly all of the cytoplasm of the brood mother-cell, and the 7 others are abortive.

Such abortions of certain members of a brood or group to the favour of others are not exceptional in nature. Many flowers produce far more ovules than ever ripen into seed; the Acorn, for instance, is a one-celled and seeded fruit, proceeding from a three-celled vessel in the flower, with two ovules in each cell. Space will not allow me to cite more examples of what is a very common occurrence. With this clue we can explore some more intricate problems. Thus in Mosses, Ferns, &c., we find the egg is a large cell lying in the cavity of a flask-shaped structure, while three other cells, of the same brood of four with the ovum, occupy the neck of the flask. and are hence called "canal-cells." These canal-cells ultimately degenerate into a slimy substance, holding matters in solution which attract the spermatozoa, and lead them down to the ovum. Here it is very clear that three of the four brood-cells are not merely aborted, but degraded into an accessory apparatus for ensuring the fertilisation of their more favoured sister. In the higher animals (Metazoa) the "ovarian egg," as it is called, is not a gamete but a mother-cell, producing a brood of four cells by two successive divisions. The first division is a very unequal one, forming a large cell and a small one called the "first polar body." The small cell may or may not undergo a second equal division; the large cell undergoes a second division, unequal like that of the "ovarian egg." The large cell thus finally formed is the true egg, now susceptible of fertilisation; the small one is the "second polar body." We can only interpret "polar bodies" in the light of our previous study as aborted functionless ova. These brood divisions of the ovarian egg have been studied most elaborately by zoologists of the highest distinction, and some of them, like Giard, Mark, Bütschli, and the brothers Hertwig, have recognised the facts as stated above; but others have ignored or neglected the process of brood formation that forms gametes in more primitive types, and have essayed to interpret this as a process standing apart from all others of organic life. Hence, disregarding the obvious explanation that this, like so many other processes of individual development, recalls the past history of the race, they have sought for physiological explanations; and urged that in the formation of polar bodies, the egg eliminates what would, if retained, interfere with fertilisation and its object. But if this were so, similar processes should take place in all cases of the formation of the female gamete; which is not the case, as we have seen. To take a familiar explanation, we may easily conceive a breed of cats that had only enough milk for one of a litter; should we ascribe the continued production of three or four extra kittens, always doomed to starvation, to a physiological excretion, or rather to the inheritance from a race of better milkers? This parallel was suggested to me by a friend, and clearly expresses the view we take of that much vexed question—"The significance of the polar bodies."

Like the ovarian eggs, the mother-cells that form spermatozoa may sometimes form other products than functional gametes among their brood-cells; but there is never more than one cell so modified in each brood, and this exceptional cell is always degraded for the protection or nutrition of the rest of the brood, not merely aborted and wasted like the polar bodies. Again, while in some cases any two or more of the gametes of a species may unite together irrespective of their origin, we early find restrictions on these unions, other than those of sex. Thus, in *Ulothrix* itself no gamete will pair with another of the same brood, and fusion only takes place between those sprung from different mother-cells; in other cases we find that this reluctance to enter into kindred unions extends to all the gametes formed on a single individual. This incompatibility of close blood-relations may fairly enough receive the familiar name of "exogamy." Its occurrence seems to be antecedent to the appearance of binary sex; and may be superadded thereto in varying degrees of strictness. Thus, many flowers are so extremely exogamous that the pollen even of another flower of the same plant is not fitted for their fertilisation; and without cross-fertilisation from other plants of the same species no good seed can be produced. Yet, despite this fact, the appearance of exogamy has been regarded as a primitive foreshadowing of true sex; though to admit this proposition is to give the word "sex" a connotation very different from the usual one, and indeed incompatible therewith.

The real origin of sex is, as implied above, the gradual differentiation of gametes into categories of distinct size and habit; and we have one remarkable instance that bridges the gap between the equality and identity of the gametes, on the one hand, and true binary sex on the other. In our group of the Green Flagellates is included a colonial form, known as *Pandorina Morum*. This organism, not uncommon in rain-fed pools, is a tiny sphere, composed of sixteen or thirty-two flagellate cells imbedded in the surface of a globular mass of jelly that binds them into a colony. For conjugation each cell divides into sixteen or thirty-two swimmers, which are strictly exogamous. But the brood mother-cells vary in size, and with them their offspring; so that we find three distinct sizes of gametes, small, medium, and large. The small ones can conjugate with one another, with the medium, and with the large ones; the medium also can conjugate with one another, as well as with the small and large gametes; but the large gametes are incapable of conjugation together. Thus, the large gametes are exclusively female in behaviour; the medium may play the part of males to the large ones, and females to the small ones, as well as enter into equal conjugation with one another; the small ones behave as males to the two larger sizes, but are equal in conjugation with one another. We have, then, here a very rough

attempt at sexual differentiation; if we omitted the power of equal union of the first two sizes, we might describe the small, medium, and large gametes as male, hermaphrodite, and female respectively. It is easy to conceive how by natural processes of evolution the middle form might be eliminated; the smaller forms, by an increase in their exogamy, lose their power of uniting together; and the sexual union of small and large gametes set up as the only type of conjugation for the species. The *juste-milieu* is ever a slippery platform, in Nature as in politics. Such processes of sexual differentiation there is good reason to believe have arisen more than once in the life-history of primitive organisms.

II.

Now that we have studied the main facts of conjugation, we pass on to inquire what was its original purpose or function. Certainly not mere reproduction, for binary unions suppress one half the number of individuals ultimately formed from the brood-cells; and multiple unions still further lower the propagative output of the species. Yet no mode of reproduction dissociated from conjugation exists in the higher animals; and from every side we have evidence that the process must be endowed with singular virtues for the preservation and progress of the race. Three distinct answers have been given to the question as I have stated it.

Professor Weismann of Freiburg in Baden, who has enlisted in his following the majority of our English biologists, holds the following views: The original reproductive cells contain germs representing a limited number of ancestors; by the formation of polar bodies the egg eliminates half its germs, more or less at random; and similarly the spermatozoon contains only half the full number of ancestral germs. Each fertilised egg formed by the union of the two would therefore contain the full number of the ancestral germs; but these would be a different selection in each case, even with the same parents, owing to the random method of elimination of half the germs on either side in the preceding process. Hence the offspring would vary because of their different ancestral composition; and from these variations natural selection would have every opportunity to pick out those most advantageous to the progress of the race. We can understand this by supposing all the primitive reproductive cells of the one parent to be represented by identical red packs of cards, those of the other by blue packs, and the mature ovum or spermatozoon to contain only half the cards of a pack (red or blue as the case may be) taken at random. If the number of cards in each pack were limited to twelve

only, there would be $\frac{12}{16 \times 16} = 924$ combinations of germs possible

for ovum or spermatozoon, and $(924)^2 = 853,776$ combinations possible for the germs of a fertilised egg of a single pair of parents; and with packs of fifty-two cards the latter number would be replaced by one of thirty (30) digits beginning 245935&c. But the facts, which at the time the hypothesis was broached seemed to allow of its being applied to the higher animals at least, can no longer be interpreted in Weismann's sense; and it never was applicable to the lower forms of organic life. Moreover such a shuffling process should rather tend to breed out variations than to produce them.

The second answer given is that of Professor Strasburger of Bonn. He thinks that any degradation existing in either one parent only, and not in the other, will tend to be eliminated from the offspring of conjugation, and that, as it is improbable that similar deterioration will be present in both the parents, conjugation is conservative of the integrity of the race.

The third explanation, which has probably the largest following abroad, and the smallest in England, is, that the conjugation and fertilisation bring about *rejuvenescence*; and this is the view that we shall now examine.

If we are asked "What is rejuvenescence?" we can only answer, "The escape from senescence;" and we must go on to examine what we mean by "senescence"; and if we find it hard to give at the outset a precise connotation to the term, we may at least see what kind of processes it denotes in the organic world. There has long been a general feeling among naturalists that plants suffer in the end from long-continued asexual propagation by buds, cuttings, and grafts alone, though seedlings produced by fertilisation regain their primitive vigour. Many much-prized varieties of our fruit trees seem to be on the wane from this cause. Here, in Ireland, the Champion Potato, from its resistance to the blight, rescued the country from the "Great Famine"; but we have seen it in turn become the cause of a new famine through the breakdown of its resisting powers after two-score years of propagation by "sets." Many instances, more or less striking, of similar deterioration are to be found in the literature of the subject. On the other hand, attention has recently been directed to a body of facts which would show that the asexual reproduction of certain plants and animals can be prolonged indefinitely without evil results. We have, therefore, not only to study the deterioration, but to find some explanation that will cover the exceptional cases I have just quoted; for without this no explanation can be satisfactory.

But lately our evidence of this kind of deterioration was rather appreciable in the court of common sense than of the rigorous character demanded by the rules of the tribunal of science. But science already owes a heavy debt to the honourable body of devoted amateurs, including such men as Buffon and Charles Darwin, Lyell and Murchison. One of these, M. Maupas, sub-librarian to the city of

Algiers, has recently given us an absolute proof that in one group, at least, degeneration must needs follow propagation by division only; has shown the exact character of this degeneration, and its goal in the death of the race; and has brought it into line with similar degradations elsewhere by terming it a "process of senescence." With exceptional skill and patience, and well-earned success, Maupas has studied for some years past the Ciliate Infusoria. These lowly organisms are so minute that the unit we use to measure them is the one twenty-five thousandth of an inch, and few exceed, or, indeed, attain, the hundredth of an inch in length. Yet Maupas devised such conditions to breed and grow them that he could feed and observe them, count their numbers, or transfer them at will. The tiny animals, as is well known, habitually multiply by binary fission, like the Flagellata. Under certain circumstances, now for the first time clearly defined, they conjugate in pairs, but separate shortly afterwards, instead of fusing into a single cell. In this process either animal receives a nucleus from its fellow which fuses with its own nucleus; so that in this respect the animal, after conjugation, or "exconjugate," resembles the zygote of other groups. Maupas discovered that if he founded a colony with a single exconjugate, it grew and underwent fission regularly, increasing and multiplying in the most literal sense for a certain time. But in due course, if conjugation was prevented, the offspring became more stunted at each fission, and their nuclear apparatus was more and more reduced; then conjugation became impossible, and the cycle closed by the degradation and ultimate death of its members. If conjugation, however, had been induced early enough, a new and vigorous cycle started afresh from the exconjugate, to run a similar course, and end again either in conjugation or in degradation and extinction. The decline in the nature and vigour of the later members of a cycle, Maupas terms "senescence," since it resembles the decline of old age in the multicellular individual of the higher animal or plant groups. Thus senescence in the Ciliata is the spontaneous failure of vigorous life and reproductive power—always determined by the prolonged sequence of reproduction by fission without conjugation, and is avoided by conjugation. Therefore *conjugation averts senescence, or conjugation determines rejuvenescence*; whichever way we phrase it the facts are the same, and the proof here is absolute. And it seems likely that in most other organisms that enjoy a process of fertilisation or conjugation, the exclusion of this process determines senescence—the diminution of all vigour in life, nutrition, growth, and, above all, reproductive power.

There are, however, certain organisms whose life-history is thoroughly well known, and which show no signs of ever having possessed such a process as conjugation; and others probably descended from ancestors that possessed a process of conjugation, but which appear to have lost it completely. The little group termed Monadinæ by

Cienkowsky belongs to the former class ; the great majority of Fungi to the latter. In both groups we find that there are well-marked resting states, and for reasons stated below we may well believe that the *rest* is sufficient without conjugation to restore the jaded energies of the organism and repel senescence. Moreover, many species of Fungi exist in more than one state, and those that are parasitic frequently change their host with the state in which they live. Professor Marshall Ward, of Cooper's Hill, wrote on this point in 1884: "We may not inaptly compare the sojourn of the fungus in its second host to a trip to the sea-side, where the wearied and enfeebled organism enjoys fresh diet and association for a time, which in their turn pall, to prepare the recipient to renew the old modes of life." *

III.

We have seen that the rejuvenescence may be effected by *rest*, by *change of mode of life*, by processes of *conjugation and fertilisation* ; it is next necessary to seek for the probable causes of senescence, in order to discover the mechanism of rejuvenescence in each case. Every cell, whether a complete organism in itself, or one of the units that go to build up a complex animal or plant, consists as we know of two parts, the *cytoplasm* and the *nucleus* lying within the cytoplasm. The cytoplasm is that part which comes directly in contact with the surrounding medium, which feeds, breathes, moves, and has the power of protecting the cell as a whole by secreting an investment of membrane or cell-wall when needed. The nucleus, lying inside the cytoplasm, can have no direct action on the external world, and can receive no direct influence from it ; it is nourished by the cytoplasm, and, for matter as for force, there must be direct interchange with the cytoplasm, and with that only. On this ground, and on many others which we cannot go into here, a general belief has grown up among biologists that the nucleus has to the cytoplasm much the same relations as a nerve centre has to the organism of a complex animal. During the active life of a cell the nucleus would then be constantly doing exhaustive work. Moreover, we know that nerve-centres lose in time their ready response to stimuli of the same kind and from the same quarter, when too frequently repeated ; just as the weaver loses all sense of the din from the busy looms around him, deafening though it be to the unaccustomed ears of the visitor. We may well conceive that the nucleus also during the continuance of active cellular life gradually loses its readiness of response to the stimulation from the cytoplasm, and with its sensibility the power to guide and control aright the functions of the cytoplasm ; so that the

* "On the Sexuality of the Fungi," in *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, 1884. (Reprint, p. 60).

life of the cell is impaired. During fission the nucleus and plasma are divided evenly among the daughter-cells, and the life of the parent-cell is continued in them, just as the life of a Fuchsia or Geranium-plant is continued in the cuttings into which it is divided. Thus any disorder is handed down from cell to cell in the cycle of fission; and if the cause that originated the disorder persists, the disorder itself will increase, to the ultimate ruin of the race. If the lessened sensibility of the nucleus from prolonged association with the same cytoplasm be the cause of senescence, we can see how this disorder would steadily augment throughout a cycle of reproduction by fission alone. But a prolonged period of rest would restore the sensibility of the nucleus, and therewith revive the flagging energies of the cell; and we must remember that in the resting state the nucleus is probably well fed at the expense of food-material previously stored in the cytoplasm. So the Lancashire operative, after passing his Whit-week at Southport or Blackpool, has a vivid sense of the whirr and clack on returning to the weaving-shed. Thus, *rest* alone may determine rejuvenescence.

In the case of a *change of habit* (or of host with parasitic organisms) we see that the protoplasm, being placed in new conditions, must transmit new stimuli to the nucleus, which was jaded only to those of the former state. We can now feel the full force and beauty of Ward's comparison with the invigoration produced by a trip to the sea-side.

Let us now return to *conjugation*. By our hypothesis we have succeeded in explaining the virtues of rest, and those of changes in the conditions *external* to the organism. We may well believe that an alteration of the *internal* arrangements of the organism will produce a similar benefit. Such an internal reorganisation is most surely achieved by a change in the constitution of one or both of the structures of which the cell is formed, so that it is no longer the same nucleus associated with the same cytoplasm; and this change is effected in conjugation and fertilisation. We might, indeed, compare the association of the nucleus and cytoplasm in the cell to that of a great industrial house: the nucleus would represent the firm, the masters guiding the business of the house and maintaining its traditions; while the cytoplasm would represent the staff of employees, clerks and hands, whose work is conditioned by three factors, namely, their own powers, the direction of the firm, and the action of the external world and things at large; and when such a house begins to go downhill, new blood in firm or staff, or both, will often save it from bankruptcy. Nay, we may push the simile a step further; for the incoming member must be suitable in character and temperament: a man who revels in mechanical contrivance alone may be a pillar of strength in a firm of engineers, but is clearly out of place

in a solicitor's office, or the counting-house of a wholesale linen-draper. So the renewal of the cell-life by the introduction of "fresh blood," is always subject to the condition that the new element be not too alien to the race; and thus hybridisation is of rare occurrence.* The reorganisation we speak of takes place in the simplest way in *equal conjugation*, by the fusion of two or more similar cells, cytoplasm with cytoplasm, nucleus with nucleus, to form a new cell whose cytoplasm and nucleus are alike fresh creations, never before associated by the very nature of the case. In the more specialised process of *fertilisation*, the nucleus is still a fresh creation formed by the union of two old nuclei, the male and female respectively; but the cytoplasm is practically the old cytoplasm of the female only, the amount brought in by the spermatozoon being very small, and perhaps inappreciable in many cases.

If the explanation put forward is valid, a further step in specialisation would be the union of the nucleus of one cell with the cytoplasm of another to form a new cell, whose constituents were both old, but whose association would be a new one. Such a union is unknown in Nature; indeed, we know of no means by which the cytoplasm could spontaneously expel its nucleus and remain alive to receive another. But the astounding fact remains that even this union, unknown to Nature, has been effected by art, and with the result demanded by our theory. Professor Oscar Hertwig, of Berlin, observed that the egg of a Sea-urchin, when shaken violently in sea-water, breaks up into fragments, which all retain their vitality for some time, though of course only one of them has a nucleus; and he saw spermatozoa enter these non-nucleated fragments of cytoplasm, which then began developing like the normally fertilised eggs. Professor Th. Boveri of Munich carried the observation a stage further, and found that these bodies—female cytoplasm and male nucleus—underwent normal development and became larvæ; in fact, they behaved exactly like the ordinary fertilised eggs, which possess female cytoplasm also, but a nucleus formed by the fusion of both male and female nuclei. This goes very far to prove the truth of my proposition—that *the essential process of conjugation or fertilisation lies in the creation of a new cell, whose nucleus and protoplasm have not been previously associated in a common cell-life*. We have already seen that the object of these processes is rejuvenescence, and with this proof the solution of my problem is complete: we now turn to the rider.

IV.

Since the renovation of the cell as an association is the very essence of conjugation and fertilisation, it is most effectually brought about

* Mr. Samuel Butler has given a similar explanation of hybridisation from a somewhat different standpoint, in "Life and Habit" (London, 1877), pp. 173-186.

when the cells that fuse are not too closely akin. This principle finds expression in various ways and degrees. We have seen the frequent reluctance of gametes of the same brood to pair together; and this antipathy exists sometimes between equal gametes of different broods but produced on the same individual. Hermaphrodite animals are often cross fertilised; the same is true of hermaphrodite flowers, which show an infinite variety in the arrangements ensuring the frequency and efficacy of those insect visits that transfer the pollen of one flower to the stigma of another. Many flowers are absolutely sterile with their own pollen; and the offspring of crosses between distinct families of the same species, animal or vegetable, usually contrast by their vigour with those that have been bred "in and in." It is on such facts as these that the aphorism, "Nature abhors self-fertilisation," was founded. Yet there are many facts that show that Nature's abhorrence of self-fertilisation is, to say the least of it, capricious in the extreme. We know of strictly endogamous *Algæ*, where of necessity the equal gametes of the same brood must always pair together; certain flowers and certain hermaphrodite animals are always self-fertilised, and these are among the hardiest of their kind; some groups of men, like the inhabitants of certain fishing villages, are bred "in and in" to the closest extent compatible with the canon law, in bonds of the utmost complexity, and yet present some of the finest types of human health and beauty. These antinomies require reconciliation, and this will be the close of our task.

We have seen that rejuvenescence is necessary to all beings in some form or other; but the mode adopted varies with the species. Resting stages probably effected rejuvenescence in primitive organisms; and other modes came in and became habitual in consequence of the greater good they did to the individual and the race. Thus (1) simple conjugation, (2) exogamy, (3) sexual fertilisation, (4) cross fertilisation,—each was in turn an improvement and a benefit; but in the course of time each by habit became a necessity. For in the nature of living beings every beneficial luxury tends to become an acquired need. We know too well how much easier it is for us to live up to our wonted luxuries, than to retrench and do without them; for this it is that gives the sting to adversity among the privileged classes of society. What is true of the individual is true of the race; here also the accustomed benefit is none the less a need because it began as a luxury.

One or two concrete instances will add plainness to what is really everywhere recognised in non-scientific regions. Wild beasts are invariably infested by parasites of all kinds; no doubt they would fare better without having the constant charge of these unbidden guests; but still their presence cannot be really very harmful to life or to health. Civilised man, who cooks his food, thus wards off the visits of

internal parasites, and is in consequence remarkably free from them. But what does this habitual immunity entail? Why, the European, when by exception he does become the host of parasite worms, suffers terribly from their presence: yet the Abyssinian who feasts daily on raw beef (when he can get it) thinks it positively unlucky to be without a tapeworm; and so precludes us from aphorising, "Man differs from the beasts of the field in not tolerating *Tænia*." Again, the improved means of locomotion of the present day are a benefit gained within the last eighty years; but we have so lived up to this benefit that in three generations it has become an acquired need of the community. Thanks to this benefit, it is true, we have enlarged trade, cheapened food, and increased human life in duration, comfort, and numbers; but every exceptional snowstorm tells us that easy communication has ceased to be the mere luxury it was at the outset, and has become a necessity of modern social life. We see then that every improved mode of rejuvenescence has a twofold effect on the race that enjoys it, strengthening it in one way by rendering it more infirm in another; for the preservation of the vigour of the race comes to depend entirely on a process that circumstances may render difficult or impossible of accomplishment. In such cases it may befall only the hardiest of the race to survive the stress of adversity, and, deprived of the wonted higher mode of rejuvenescence, to content themselves with a lower one. Thus we find the winter flowers of many plants self-fertilised, while those born in a more genial season are crossed by insect visits: thus we find some races able to breed in and in, or capable of merely asexual reproduction to an indefinite extent, without any deterioration; while their close allies habitually more favoured and more pampered, would degenerate or die off under the same circumstances. This view alone can explain the perplexing antinomies, which have hitherto remained unreconciled by any theory.

The saying, "Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation," was based as we have seen on a one-sided view, extending over a limited field. But if we rise to a general survey of the whole facts of reproduction, in all forms from lowest to highest, we may say, "All organic races in their cycles, like man in his daily life, require Rest and Change;" and we shall not be far from the truth.

MARCUS HARTOG.

THE POPULAR SONGS OF FRANCE.*

“**L**A France—danse,” says the old national proverb ; and for herself she lays claim to be a singing nation too.

“ A tout venant
Je chantais, ne vous déplaise . . . ”

was the motto chosen by M. Julien Tiersot for his Academy *travail*, which took the Bordin prize in 1885, and has since been 'expanded by its author into an account as complete as modern knowledge can make it; of French popular song and melody, from the earliest period of French history to the present day. A more fascinating study can hardly be imagined. It touches all facts of public and private interest ; it penetrates into the life of the people, their loves and hates, their religion, superstition, daily labour, customs and traditions of every kind. There is not a nation on earth in which all these things have not at one time or another found their way into story and song, and historians, as well as men of other sciences, have long found out with the folk-lorists that to know the genius of a people they must study it here, where it freely and unconsciously shows its true character. In Mr. Andrew Lang's opinion—if he still agrees with a paper he wrote some years ago on the “Folk-lore of France”—French songs and stories come out from this study in a less advantageous light than those of most other countries. He finds “a good deal of babbling gaiety, some trace of dreary superstition, much love of the spring and of the songs of birds, scattered memories of the oppression of the *ancien régime*, and now and again, an accent of deeper melancholy and weariness of labour a somewhat sterile fancy, a certain vulgarity, a mordant humour, and a grain of incredulity.”

* “Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France,” par Julien Tiersot. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1889.

All this does not sound satisfying, and also suggests that Mr. Lang's peasants have been studied since the Revolution; as a present picture of the peasants themselves, it is in some measure true. But very much greater discoveries in the land of French song and story have been made in the last twelve years by earnest students who are for ever working in the same field. There are not only the folk-lorists, studying by rule and by comparison, accomplished in their own and other sciences. There are also many minds, neither very studious nor scientific, which defy all the possible mistakes, the risks run by the uninitiated, and are irresistibly attracted by the charm of the subject. So the history and geography of stories, of songs, of popular music, becomes better known every day, the knowledge growing by degrees, helped on by different hands, till it displays itself in such a thorough-going book as this of M. Tiersot's—"Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France."

It is better to say at once that M. Tiersot does not treat the songs of his country from the point of view of a folk-lorist. He is not so much interested in what they teach him of the character and life of the people, their favourite doctrines and traditions, as in their own history and development, music and song together. There is little or no comparison, in the wider sense, to be found in his book; and this is, of course, one great element in the science of folk-lore; but the folk-lorists would be poorly off without such pioneers as this, to make a special and thorough study of each different country. Those students who have devoted themselves to the study of stories and songs to be found in the various provinces of France, or to be traced back to various events in past centuries, or of some special character, such as M. de la Villemarqué in Brittany, M. de Puymaigre in the Pays Messin, M. Leroux de Lincy, and others, have again been pioneers for such a book as this of M. Tiersot's, which, however, seems so full of original research that it cannot be said to owe its existence entirely to any former works on the subject. The local and provincial collections are many, all more or less valuable. This book, as far as we know, is the first, or at least the fullest general history and description, of the popular songs of France.

Far back in antiquity the history begins. Poetry and music come together to infant nations in the form of song. A higher civilisation finds no difficulty in separating them, but to the popular mind, in all ages, they have been one. "*C'est le ton qui fait la chanson*." As the wind blows, so inspiration came to those early singers, not knowing themselves as poets or musicians, but only as the channel through which some absorbing interest or enthusiasm of the people, some battle-fury, or great sorrow, or even some event in daily life, made its way into rhythmical expression. And then these songs, air and words together, were handed down through centuries, varying with the customs of the

people, dying almost and living again, often to die finally when civilisation grew too strong, or, at any rate, to be torn asunder, the old air to be taken from its old words, and set to something more modern of spirit. It is through all this vicissitude of popular song in France that M. Tiersot's book leads us, beginning with Romans and Greeks in Gaul, and their influence, as well as that of the singing barbarians who followed them, upon the native lore and music of the Celtic people, and tracing developments and variations up to our own time, when we find without astonishment that "legends, stories, and popular songs of Celtic origin, preserved by oral tradition alone, still form, if not the largest, certainly the most characteristic part of our peasants' *répertoire*."

Such a subject, to be carefully studied, needs a large book, and it is a large book that M. Tiersot has written. He has done very well in dividing it into three parts. The first of these—by far the most generally interesting—takes popular song on what we may call its literary, its poetical side, though not attempting the almost impossible division between words and music; and gives twelve chapters to the study of its many different aspects—narrative songs, epic, legendary, historical—satirical songs, love-songs, dances, lullabies, *fête*-songs, labour-songs, *cantiques* and carols, religious, military and national songs. The second part takes the technically musical side, studying the form and rhythm of popular melody, with its origins and its many transformations. The third part, still musical and scientific, determines the part played by popular melody in the growth of modern music, from the earliest days to our own. All this latter part of the book is too purely technical to be of much interest, except to musicians—they will no doubt find it valuable—but the earlier chapters are both instructive and delightful, and few of those who care for such matters, and into whose hands the book is not very likely to fall, will think me tiresome if I try to give some idea, following M. Tiersot's lead, of the varying history and character of popular song in France.

People would naturally think that the old narrative songs, composed by bards, words and music handed down through generations, might be an exceedingly valuable help in the study of history. This, however, is not the case, for the popular imagination seldom troubled itself to keep to facts, at any rate, to the greater kind of facts. Singing of their heroes, they were soon carried away into the land of legend and tradition. The old heroic battle songs, the epic songs, such as the *Chanson de Roland*, gradually passed from the possession and use of the people into that of poets or clergy, turning themselves into poems, into rhyming chronicles, serving as models for the religious *cantilènes* in which, as early as the ninth century, the glories of Christ and the saints are celebrated.

While the Church, wisely taking an idea from human life, was thus laying the foundation of the great religious side of popular poetry—for these *cantilènes* and *complaintes*, many of them handed down, some by oral tradition only, to the present day, were not composed in Latin, but in the language of the people—the early epic songs had been succeeded in popularity by the *chansons de geste*, in which heroic tradition, religious history, legend and fancy, were carried about into castle and market-place by the *jongleur*. This wandering minstrel of the Middle Ages was a very real and important person. Welcome everywhere, the twang of his instrument was sure to gather an eager crowd. He had legends and heroic stories for knights and ladies and citizens; sometimes he sang in more solemn style at the church-door, these very *complaintes* that some poetical clerk had made to catch the ears of the people. These ears are easily caught, as the modern successor of the *jongleur* knows. Not that he attempts to find his way into château or large town, but in fairs and country villages he has his audience still; he twangs his fiddle and sings of crime or romance, or even of Bible history and saintly legend. Some of his songs are old; his own imagination does not go so far back, any more than that of his hearers. M. Tiersot gives us a specimen: a song on the Passion, handed down to this day in French Flanders, of which music and verse belong to the type of the oldest liturgic hymns:

"A-contez to c'que j'vas vous dire,
C'hé nié nouvian, c'né nié pou'rice,
D'not' Seigneur Jésus c'est l'martyre."

The early French songs, of course, were the origin of all French poetry. A great tree grew up slowly, and was trained in all manner of mechanical ways; but a few wild branches escaped, and struggled up in their own fashion, without any of the fine pruning and cultivation bestowed by courts, poets, and academicians. These neglected offshoots—which have grown, however, even more directly than their tamed and trained brethren from the great old root of poetry—are the popular songs of France. "Cette chanson . . . humble, très simple, un peu sauvage, . . . se cache au fond de nos provinces." The study of the first beginnings is a little confusing; but once entered into the wood, the paths become clearer, and we gradually find our way through this fantastic country, where religion and legend, history, tradition, daily life and fairyland, are all to be found together in a strange atmosphere of mingled light and shadow.

Among the treasures here, the most remarkable, and in some ways the most valuable, are those romantic legends in the form of song of which *La Péronelle*, *La Chanson de Renard*, *Germine* and others, are well-known specimens. Song-collectors of earlier centuries than ours despised these old romances. It seems that *La Péronelle* was the only one that found its way into those song-books which were

full of a livelier kind of verse and music. But *Renaud*, a classic among popular songs, has for many centuries held a place in the hearts of the people, making it quite independent of any other way of preservation. Words and music are equally simple and fine.

"Que l'on me fass' vite un lit blanc,
Pour que je m'y couche dedans.

"Et quand ce vint sur le minuit,
Le beau Renaud rendit l'esprit.

"Renaud, Renaud, mon réconfort,
Te voilà donc au rang des morts."

This is a song to rejoice the folk-lorists, for learned men have traced it back to Celtic times, and variants of it are to be found, not only in the different provinces of France, but in nearly all the countries of Europe. It has been degraded, according to Mr. Lang, having originally been the legend of a king, "*Le Roi Renaud*,"—in Brittany the *Seigneur Nann*—who meets a fairy in the woods, and comes home dying. Here it touches one of the oldest of superstitions. Now the hero is generally a wounded soldier. Rossetti's "*John of Tours*" is a translation of one of the variants.

Germiné, under many names, is the story of the knight who goes off to war, leaving his wife in the care of his mother or brother, who treat her ill in every way till he comes back after seven years. This again is one of the oldest types of narrative folk-song, and traces of it are to be found in the earliest civilisation, and in nearly all countries. In the French provinces it bears a variety of names.

It would be impossible here even to give a rough list of the many old romantic stories thus preserved in French popular song. The subjects are most of them familiar to any one who has studied legends and romances at all. They are always sad, generally tragical. The maiden, imprisoned by a cruel father, dies for love; or else she goes through frightful dangers, and at last finds safety by killing herself; or she is changed into a bird; or, after being seven years buried, she rises out of her grave at her mother's call. Then the cruel stepmother, of course, has a cycle of her own. The dead mother comes back to help and comfort her children. But, on the whole, the supernatural dies slowly out of these songs; and the ordinary tragedy of every-day life, quite as striking, appealing even more strongly to the hearts of the people, finds its expression in songs of a poor girl murdering her child, or in the deeply touching *complainte* of *Le Déserteur*.

"Là-bas dans le vallon
J'ai tué mon capitaine"

Here—for there is nothing new under the sun—we seem to see a forerunner of Sir Alfred Lyall's pathetic poem *Amor in Extremis*.

Some of the saddest and most solemn of these songs, and those which have the most of the supernatural and fantastic element, appear to belong either to the north parts of France bordering on Germany, or to Brittany, with all its Celtic survivals. The real, genuine French spirit, as M. Tiersot points out more fully later on, takes a realistic turn.

The melody of these old narrative songs—M. Tiersot will not have us call them ballads but *complaintes*—seems to be both monotonous and musical, and generally of a religious character. Some approach a dancing measure, but the best and most original type belongs to the Breton *guerz*, which more than all preserve their ancient character. In the Basque country too, and in the mountains of the Lozère, the song-music is very melodious. In Provence, strangely enough, with her beautiful language, the *complaintes* are more chanted than sung, though she holds her own, as one would imagine, in love-songs, dances, and carols. But the largest collection of fine old melodies is to be found, it seems, in French Flanders, to the candid astonishment of the student, who cannot repress a shiver at finding himself in this “pays froid et brumeux, à la langue dure, d’origine germanique.” It is not so surprising when we consider how much supernatural beauty, solemnity, romance, how much fancy and imagination, even by M. Tiersot’s own showing, have found their way into France by that same gate of the north.

The historical value of popular narrative songs is a question which comes up again and again in the study of this subject. The latest criticism, as we have already seen, has come to regard it as very small. No doubt many of these songs had their origin in some true event, the story of some hero or heroine, battle or crime, which spread itself over a country-side, and formed a subject for the village poet or *improvisateur*. Local events, even now, which take the popular fancy, are to be heard sung about the streets, or in a farmhouse kitchen, as old Ambroise at Miréio’s home sings of the naval hero of Provence, the Bailli de Suffren, and his fights at sea. But truth and history belong to these songs merely as suggestion: any reality they have is soon lost, soon hidden in mists of legend. “With very rare exceptions,” says M. Tiersot, “we may say that popular tradition has not preserved any recollection of our national history.” He quotes M. Renan: “Les célébrités du peuple sont rarement celles de l’histoire.” It is after all such a hero as the Master Thief, or such a typical example of sin and remorse as the Breton *Guillaume Conte de Poitou*, a personage not to be found at all in history, but dreamed and thought out perhaps, as M. Souvestre suggests, by some sickly young *littérateur* on winter evenings, to the whirring of his mother’s wheel; his imagination rejoicing in forbidden flights, till a distant church bell, or holy words muttered by his sister, bring him back to a shrinking

horror of his own thoughts, and his hero to repentance. Such a story as this, for instance, probably first inspired by country talk of the evil deeds of some *seigneur*, is a real work of popular imagination; and this is the nature of nearly all popular tradition; it becomes more or less legend. Joan of Arc, M. Tiersot assures us, has left no mark at all on French peasant song, though some writers have imagined that they found her there. A song called *La Marquise* tells the story of a king's favourite, poisoned by her rival. Commentators have struggled in vain to fix on the exact king, and the exact lady: on this subject, each province would have a different idea for its own version, if any idea at all. Some dark shadow of a story, making its way from Paris at some unknown time, found form and name and music in various imaginations; but this cannot be called history, hardly even tradition. To show the disappointments that may be met with in this sort of study, M. Tiersot tells us that commentators placed much value on a song or chant called *Altaviscar*, which had been discovered in the Basque country, near Roncevaux, and was supposed to belong to the same cycle as the *Chanson de Roland*. The most recent researches prove that this song was composed in Paris, in the year 1834, in French, and afterwards translated into Basque prose, and that only two couplets, they of the most meaningless, have ever been popularly sung in the Basque country, to the slow and monotonous plain-song which gave the effect of "musique des peuples primitifs."

All this interesting part of M. Tiersot's study deserves much more time and space than I can give it now. To me it seems that the absence of any historical truth in the narrative songs of the peasants only makes them more interesting. We find ourselves in a country of pure imagination, among specimens, many and rich, of real creative power. In these popular legends, the free and original ideas of the people have found an expression worthy of them, simple, deep, lively, harmonious, often strong, both in passion and in moral feeling. The prevailing tone, especially in Brittany and the North, is one of sadness, and here, too, is the highest imaginative power; but song itself, in its popular character, spreads over all the provinces.

It is easy, however, to understand that these romantic and legendary songs are not altogether the most characteristic expression of the real, essential French spirit, the *esprit gaulois*, which inspired such poets as Villon and Marot, and by way of Molière and La Fontaine arrived at Voltaire and his many successors. Popular song as a whole may, indeed, as M. Tiersot says, be dying; but its lighter variety, that of "*chansons anecdotiques et satiriques*," to which he gives a chapter, will long survive the sombre and tragical *complainte*. "*Vive, alerte, légère, parfois plus que légère*," this style of popular song is likely to last as long as the nation whose prevailing temper it expresses so vividly.

In early days, in the time of Charlemagne, and later, such songs as these sometimes mingled, to the great indignation of churchmen, with the chanting of religious processions, and were even to be heard in the churches. There is something curiously heathen in the idea of men and women dancing before the tombs of saints, and singing what the Bishop of Arles described as "chants diaboliques." This popular melody and its use was in fact too strong for the Church, and she had recourse again to her old wise ways, learnt in conflict with real heathenism; she took the popular tunes and adapted them to the words of her services. Thus many of the profane airs of the Middle Ages were preserved and handed down in old mass-books, dating from as late as the fourteenth century.

But many specimens still exist of this kind of song in its native state, a pleasant little lyric with music of its own. Love, of course—of a certain kind—is the prevailing, inexhaustible subject—"l'amour le plus fantaisiste, le plus imaginaire, le plus chimérique, nullement passionné, mais assurément le plus coquet du monde." They have this in common with the romantic and legendary songs, that they tell their story: but the tone and style are as different as a light comedy from a solemn tragedy. Sometimes there is a charming grace and prettiness, as in the *Reine d'Avril*, the *Trois Princesses*, or the *Trois Tambours*.

The first of these, eight hundred years old, is in the *patois* of Poitou, and can hardly be appreciated apart from its own light and dancing music: the second has often been quoted: the third may be given here as a specimen of its kind:

"Trois jeunes tambours, s'en reverant de guerre (*bis*).
Et ri et ran, ran pe-ta-plan—s'en revenant de guerre.
Le plus jeune a—dans sa bouche une rose.
Et ri et ran, &c.

La fille du roi—était à sa fenêtre.
— Joli tambour—donne-moi va ta rose.
— Fille du roi—donne-moi va ton cœur.
— Joli tambour—demande à mon père.
— Sire le roi—donnez-moi votre fille.
— Joli tambour—tu n'es pas assez riche.
— J'ai trois vaisseaux—dessus la mer jolie;
L'un chargé d'or—l'autre d'argenterie;
Et le troisième—pour promener ma mie.
— Joli tambour—tu auras donc ma fille.
— Sire le roi—je vous en remercie;
Dans mon pays—y en a de plus jolies."

But, as a rule, the stories are more amusing than edifying, and the adventures of a Boccaccio sort. Soldiers, monks, nuns, curés, have whole cycles of their own; the adventures of millers especially, and of shepherdesses, are very popular. In the more fanciful and fantastic songs the animals have a large part; here La Fontaine's fables cast their shadows before, for we find ourselves in those good old times

"ou les bêtes parlaient,
... Ou les hommes savaient se taire."

Like certain styles of the *complainte*, only in a different tone, these songs take up events of daily life, and are capable of being as realistic as any modern novel. Domestic quarrels, miseries of married life here find their sufficiently mocking chronicle. *Marion*, a song of this kind well-known in the south, is quoted by M. Daudet in "Numa Roumestan." *Georges Dandin*, says M. Tiersot, existed long before Molière, and we meet over and over again with the complaints of an ill-used husband. All the *esprit gaulois* comes out in making him grotesque and ridiculous. A whole class of songs, again, belongs to *la Maumuriée*. This name itself has come down from the Middle Ages; and so general appears to be the popular sympathy with unhappy wives—no mockery in the French mind, we may observe, for them—that it is almost impossible to count the number and variety of *maumuriées* to be found in collections both ancient and modern. For instance, from thirty-five to fifty, gathered from most of the provinces of France, are to be found in M. Rolland's collection alone. One of the specimens of which M. Tiersot gives music and words, may supply some idea of the character of all, a kind of satirical melancholy, not lightened by being set to a lively air :

" Mon pere m'y a marié,
J'entends le moulin taqueter
A un vieillard il m'a donnée,
Hélas ! mon Dieu, est-ce ce qu'il me faut ?
J'entends le moulin tique tique taque,
J'entends le moulin taqueter."

Even this type of song has a touch of real pathos now and then, but more often the tone is of a bitter hardness, and the nearer the songs come to real life, the more thinly the veil of mockery and satire hides its real misery.

But it must not be thought that sentiment, in its true sense, has no place in the songs of France, apart from the often touching legends of Brittany and the North. Love, in its higher and real meaning, is hardly to be found among the songs we have been describing. It reigns, however, in a world of its own, with all those poetic impressions which exist at the heart of a people long before they find their way into words. The love-songs of France may be traced back to the time of the Crusaders and chivalry, when the influence of women began to be felt in society, and they were no longer treated as inferior beings, but set up on a pedestal to be worshipped. The *troubadours* and *trouvères*, singing from one end of France to the other, mingled with this new *culte* all the beauty and romance of nature, all the love of spring, the delight in trees and flowers and nightingales, the rapture of sunset and sunrise, the music of running water. Thus the eleventh century seemed to bring a new world into being, but it was only that men learned to see, and that feelings which had always existed found their way into words and melody. Songs

as old as this still exist and are popular, and by adding an accompaniment to the old simple airs, M. Tiersot justifies his claim for them to be placed higher in the scale of art than their more modern successors. In this old world of sentimental song the most remarkable cycle is that of the pastorals. One is at first apt to connect this name with all manner of unreality, and to see the shepherds and shepherdesses in court dress, or at least from a courtly point of view. And truly, the pastoral songs and poems which owed their existence to *troubadours* and *trouvères* did at last find their way to town and court, and the original *Robin et Marion*, itself popular in the right sense even to this day, was the forerunner of *Tircis*, *Aminte*, *Philis*, *Lisidas*—all the dancing throng with ribbons and crooks which made M. Jourdain ask, “*Pourquoi toujours ces bergers ?*” These mock pastorals, as everybody knows, are a study in themselves. They have not interfered with the old peasant pastorals, any more than the ordinary popular love-songs of the Middle Ages have disappeared because so many of them, losing their way, strayed also into the artificial air of courts, and thus lost too their own special character. Yet they have lived a double life, like other songs, and linger on in their old forms among their old companions in the peasant world to which they really belong, and of which, on its sentimental side—which exists in spite of the *esprit gaulois*—they give a true picture. Speaking of the popular type of love-song, M. Tiersot says:—

“A elle seule, elle pourrait fournir les éléments de toute une psychologie populaire ; par elle sont fixées les impressions insaisissables et fugitives des paysans, gens peu habitués à s’étudier eux-mêmes ; miroir fidèle des sentiments du peuple, elle en représente l’expression souvent la plus juste, toujours la plus poétique et la plus charmante.”

Not that the national mockery is absent, even from songs like these. The realistic, satiric spirit shows itself in an ideal of happiness with which eating and drinking, for instance, are very much mixed up.

“Berger, mon doux berger,
Qu’aurons-nous à manger ?
. . . . Un pâté d’alouettes,” &c.

In a Savoyard song of the fifteenth century, the lover is very indignant at being asked to dine on a piece of salt beef.

Brutality and coarseness, as well as realism, find their way into a good many of these songs ; and, indeed, any power of understanding the life and mind of the peasants of any country makes the discovery of a real vein of refinement the wonderful thing. This also exists : M. Tiersot, with his clear and distinguishing touch, shows us a whole series of songs which he calls by a general name : “*la Chanson des Regrets*.” Several of the songs he quotes here were discovered by himself in the Bresse country. This one, for instance, which has the ring of “*Ye banks and braes*” ; the same idea has inspired it :

"Que veux-tu que je te donne?
 Je t'ai déjà trop donné:
 Je t'ai donné une rose,
 La plus belle de mes roses
 Que j'avais sur mon rosier."

In another, the forsaken maiden waters the meadows with her tears; so many has she shed indeed, that three mills have been set going by the stream.

"J'ai tant pleuré, versé de larmes,
 Que les prés en sont arrosés;
 J'ai tant pleuré, versé de larmes,
 Que trois moulins march't à grand train."

It is not only the songs of regret that have this real poetic inspiration. Many instances of the happier kind of love-song are in the same way free from mockery, satire, and coarseness. There is very little variety of ideas, it is true, in the world of these popular poets; their well-worn subject has not much more than its well-worn accessories of flowers, clouds, birds, in their relations with the singer's love. M. Tiersot does not claim for these songs the beauty of form and thought, the "charming subtleties," which belong to more romantic countries; but he does claim "un accent parfois très profond de sincérité qui leur fait trouver l'expression juste, touchante, celle qui va au cœur."

He cannot better prove all that he has said than by quoting one of the most generally known of French popular love-songs, familiar to him from childhood in Bresse and Franche-Comté, the first line of which is "En revenant de nocés." Tired with her walk, the maiden sits down by the clear water of a spring, bathes herself, and listens to the nightingale, singing above on the highest branch of the oak-tree.

"Chante, rossignol, chante,
 Toi qu'as le cœur tant gai."

"Pour moi, je ne l'ai guère,
 Mon amant m'a quittée ;

"Pour un bouton de rose
 Que trop tôt j'ai donné."

"Je voudrais que la rose
 Fût encore au rosier :

"Et que le rosier même
 Fût encore à planter ;

"Et que mon ami Pierre
 Fût encore à m'aimer."

The music is soft and slow, and each couplet has its refrain :

"Tra la la la la lère, tra la lère la de ri ra."

M. Tiersot does not let us forget that with all these popular songs, the music, the melody, equally popular, is of as much or more importance than the words. He carries this study to great length, as I have said, in the latter part of his book, but here, at the end of his chapter

on love-songs, he points out that the melodies belonging to them are superior to any others, and of these he makes a kind of geographical study, reminding us, in the true French critical method, that their inspiration comes not merely from the individual popular singer, but from the *milieu* in which he lives, by which he himself has been made what he is. Certainly, even a slight study of this kind gives an idea of the infinite variety of these songs and melodies, spreading as they do over the whole soil of France.

It seems that French Flanders, so great in ancient music, a treasure-house, in fact, of those fine old melodies which were the foundation of so much modern music, has nothing to show in the way of these lighter airs and love-songs in which the rest of France is rich. A few songs still linger in the towns, as they do in Belgium, but the peasantry have lost them; and thus even those which remain have lost their popular character. Picardy, too, the old special home of the *trouvères*—a musical centre in the days of Charlemagne, with its great singing Abbey of Corbie, celebrated throughout France—song and melody, for some unknown reason, have deserted Picardy; the peasant drives his cart in silence. The only popular song to be found there now is of the *grivois* type, a manifestation of the French spirit more to be avoided than sought after. In Normandy, on the contrary, love-songs and their melodies are plentiful, but they are ugly, coarse, and matter of fact. “*En vérité, la Normandie manque d'idéal.*”

But in Brittany we come upon quite another state of things. We might be separated by an ocean from other parts of France, so strangely, as M. Tiersot points out, does the Breton atmosphere strengthen and purify both the music and the words of popular song. A flippant tune, crossing the border, finds itself transformed into something heroic. With a ringing, sometimes harsh *refrain*, with strange sonorous cadences breaking in on its monotony, it becomes the Breton *sonn*, curiously bitter sometimes, and always melancholy, with a power of touching hearts seldom to be found in the melody of the provinces. Going on into these, Poitou, Saintonge, &c., the Breton peculiarities are immediately lost. In most of them there is a great sameness of melody, if not of words. M. Tiersot lays it down as a principle, and it is a theory of much interest, that popular melody has a distinctive character of its own only in those provinces that possess a primitive language of their own, different from French. These are anciently Flanders, always Brittany, the Basque country, Alsace, and in a certain degree Béarn and Provence. In other provinces the popular tunes have grown up from a common foundation, and the shades of difference between them are hardly worth distinguishing.

The music that is born among mountains seems to have a singular beauty of its own. As a type of the love-songs of Auvergne, we are

directed to the melody of Châteaubriand's lovely romance, "Combien j'ai douce souvenance," which has indeed a dreamy, calm, exalted sweetness that reminds us of the Alps or the Cévennes. The greater warmth and life, as it seems, of the songs of the South is owing more to its sonorous language than to any superiority in melody: but again in the Pyrenees the mountain sweetness, with even a greater refinement, shows itself, and the music of the words is added to the tender and charming beauty of the tune. As to the Basque country, the chief feature of its melodies is their extreme liveliness, and the variety of treatment which gives them a more civilised air among popular songs generally. Provence, with her life of open air and sunshine, "bruyante et gaie," possesses no love-songs but *ambados* and *serenados*, and for these she has little or no original melody. To her lazy-minded, bright-witted singers, imagination is easier than memory; they improvise the words of their songs to some bald old tune, or to some old air of a *vaudeville*. In Provence, it seems, the student can only find one love-song of which the air is an original Provençal melody. This is *Magali*, universally popular, and preserved by Mistral in *Mirèio*.

A province very rich in melody is La Bresse; and from its many love-songs most of the specimens given in this book have been chosen. Here M. Tiersot finds a truer and more intense musical feeling, a stronger love of the soil, a more sincere devotion to the beauty of nature, especially of spring, than in any other part of France. The love-songs of La Bresse seem to have a special inspiration of their own. But, though his affection for this province dates from his own infancy, the student has perhaps a yet deeper feeling for Alsace, where he ends his pilgrimage in search of melody. Many of her songs are German, or of German origin; but she has French songs too: we may hear the shepherds singing among green pastures and fir-woods, in the silence of the Vosges, a mountain love-song, calm, sweet, dreamy, well known there—"envoyant vers la terre de France les notes lentes de leur mélancolique chanson."

"Là bas sur la montagne,
J'ai l'entendu pleurer !
Ah ! c'est la voix de ma compagne,
Je m'en fais la consoler."

It must never be forgotten that "la France—danse !" That part of this very large subject which belongs to the dance tunes and songs of France, and at which we arrive after our late excursion through the provinces, requires at least a whole book to itself. M. Tiersot's sketch is short enough, but even it can scarcely be fully noticed in the limits of an article. This is not so necessary, as the whole subject of dances in their history and provincial variations has been by no means thoroughly studied yet in France, and most of the ancient collections, such as the *Orchés-*

graphie of Jean Tabourot, Canon of Langres, seem to cause more confusion than clearness, at present, in the minds of students. The same may be said of the list of 180 dances given by Rabelais, as danced at the *fête* in the kingdom of Lanternois. The study is made more difficult by the fact that songs and airs of another character were constantly adapted by the musicians—they do it still in all the provinces—to a dancing measure, so that the real old dances are not always easy to distinguish. At the same time, the provinces are rich in these. Brittany holds her place, as in other music, though many of her *gavottes et jabaulaos* are unknown beyond her own border. The Basque country has its *zortzico*, accompanied by voices and instruments. In Provence, the *farandole* is danced to old tunes on the flute and tambourine, the oldest tunes being the best and the most spirited; and of all French dances, these of Provence are the heartiest and most original. Auvergne and the surrounding provinces have their *bourrée*, with a melody entirely its own, of which there are two varieties, the *montagnarde*, always danced in valse time, and the *bourrée* proper. Marguerite de Valois is said to have introduced this dance at the French Court, where for a long time it was popular. The other provinces have nothing very distinctive; there are certain old dances found everywhere, “*la courante, le rigaudon, la contredanse, et surtout le branle.*” Three centuries ago, this was the most popular of dances: this and the *ronde*, in some ways very like it, shared most of France between them. There were many different *brandles*, with small varieties. All were danced in a ring; but sometimes the dancers clapped their hands, sometimes they stamped their feet, or marked the time in some other way, according to the air that was played to them.

The chief difference between this dance and the *ronde* was that this was sometimes danced to instruments only, the other always to singing. In some ways the *ronde* was the most interesting and characteristic of dances. To it belong the dance songs, for it was quite independent of instruments, the dancers singing all the time and being their own orchestra. The words were not often very poetical: rhythm was of course the great necessity, and the song depended on its *refrain*, which might be either a repetition of a line or two, or what M. Champfleury calls *refrains par onomatopées*. Wasted labour, one cannot help thinking, for those linguists who try to find a meaning for such *refrains* as “*Rioup ioup ioup patati patata,*” or “*Ricoco la hi tra la la.*” On the other hand, a great many *rondes* with their *refrains* are very musical and graceful, though perhaps without much meaning. As M. Tiersot says truly, in giving us many specimens of these, the impression, at least, is of charming poetry.

For instance:

“Ah! dansons la laderirette,
Ah! dansons la laderira. . . .”

Or,

“C’est l’vent, c’est le vent frivoltant . . .
C’est l’vent qui vole, qui frivole,
C’est l’vent, c’est l’vent frivoltant.”

Or the well-known *ronde* of the children, “Nous n’irons plus au bois.”

“Mais les lauriers du bois—les lairons-nous faner ?
Non : chacun à son tour—ira les ramasser.
Si la cigale y dort,—ne faut pas la blesser.
Le chant du rossignol—la viendra réveiller ;
Et aussi la fauvette—avec son doux gosier,
Et Jeanne la bergère—avec son blanc panier,
Allant cueillir la fraise—et la fleur d’églantier.
Cigale, ma cigale—allons, il faut chanter ;
Car les lauriers du bois—sont déjà repoussés.”

Sometimes the most everyday events find their way into these *rondes*, and appear there quaintly : sometimes religion has a part, as in the curious *ronde* sung even in this century by young girls in Flanders, after a funeral.

“ Dans le ciel il y a une danse,
Alleluia !
Là dansent toutes les jeunes vierges.
Benedicamus Domino,
Alleluia. Alleluia.

“ C’est pour Amélie,
Alleluia,” &c.

These *rondes* have a strong family likeness with the *berceuses*, which follow them. From the children’s *rondes*, a study in themselves, such as *Sur le pont d’Arignon*, or *Nous n’irons plus au bois*, or *Les Marionnettes*, sung and danced by French children for five hundred years, it is a short step to the monotonous music of the lullabies, whose chief virtues are their few notes, their regular swing, their gentle sleepy *refrains* that mean nothing particular. It does not seem at first that there can be much variety in these cradle songs, or much interest in their history. But in truth they have a world of their own, of birds, animals, trees and flowers ; they vary, like other songs, from one province to another ; the most curious survivals of old customs and old religion can be traced in their more ancient types, such as *La Randonnée*, a song of numbers and degrees, of the nature of “the house that Jack built.”

“ Dedans le bois
Savez-vous qu’il y a ? } *bis.*
Il y a un arbre,
Le plus beau des arbres,
L’arbre est dans le bois.
Refrain. Oh ! oh ! oh ! le bois, } *bis.*
Le plus joli de tous les bois. }

The tree is in the wood, there is a branch on the tree, a nest on the branch, an egg in the nest, a bird in the egg, a feather on the bird. And then

“ Sur cette plume
Savez-vous ce qu’il y a ? } *bis.*

Il y a un' fille,
 La plus bell' des filles.
 La hill' sur la plume,
 La plum' sui l'oiseau,
 L'oiseau dedans l'œuf,
 L'œuf dedans le nid,
 Le nid sui la branche,
 La branche sur l'arbre,
 L'arbre dans le bois
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! le bois,
 Le plus joli de tous les bois ! "

In one of the oldest of these, a Breton song, M. de Villemarqué found traces of Druid worship. Then the words *nuni, nono, nenna, som-som*, to be found in the lullabies of all the southern provinces, and of Auvergne, are claimed by antiquaries as pagan invocations to sleep.

" Néné, petite,
 Sainte Marguerite,
 Endormez moi mon enfant,
 Jusqu' à l'âge de quinze ans "

In fact, the *brevuses*, simple as they seem, may very likely have a longer pedigree than any other kind of popular song. Sleep is as old as love or death, older than dancing or story-telling, though perhaps not older than the daily work which must first have made it precious. Here, too, song comes in, to lighten labour and help tired limbs.

" Le rythme est une force," says M. Tiersot at the beginning of his chapter on the *chansons de métiers*. As a general rule, these songs of trade and labour are songs of action, strongly marked in time and tune. The exceptions are the songs of trade companies and corporations, which have nothing to do with the work itself, but are sung to its glory, and such old travelling songs as that to which the 'prentices used to make the tour of France :

' Parlons, chers compagnons,
 Le devoir nous l'ordonne. '

In old times, no doubt, every corporation had its own song. They are almost extinct, and do not even linger on in popular tradition. Possibly the reason is that trade, more than daily labour, much more than the daily round of life, has changed its character ; besides that, these songs never can have been popular in the sense of many others we have studied. Some of the most curious among the *chansons de métiers* are the Cries of Paris, which from the earliest times were musical, and may well be called popular, belonging entirely to the people, and handed down among them. But they are to study in themselves, into which we will not enter even so far as M. Tiersot does.

The real working songs, words, music, action, all part of the work, were not always or by any means exclusively used by the workers.

A collection called "*La Caribarye des Artisans*," published in the time of Louis XIV., contained every kind of song but *chansons de métiers*. The rhythm of many of these, no doubt, helped the work to go on, and that the words were light, amusing, or warlike, mattered little to the workman. The lighter the better, in fact, according to the story which M. Champfleury tells of a locksmith who was reproached by his curé for singing profane songs. When he sang Psalms, he said, his tools went to sleep—"au lieu qu'en fredonnant ces couplets si gais—jugez-en vous même——" The lace-makers of Flanders, to this day, count their stitches and pins by some monotonous old song, which has nothing to do with lace-making; and there are certain songs, all over France, which tradition has consecrated to be sung at certain work, without any real connection between the work and the song. Some of the *maumariées* are used in this way. One, "*le Petit Mari*," with a long refrain, is sung by the women of La Bresse to their spinning-wheels. This song is nothing more nor less than "I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb." The refrain :

"Je couds, je teille, je coupe du fil," &c.

seems to have grown to it in the course of centuries.

Normandy has special songs for fruit-gathering and harvest; the mulberry-trees of the Cévennes have a slow chant of their own; in Provence the young girls sing *révélés*, to call each other to the gathering of olives or grapes. But one vintage song, "*Plantons la vigne*," is traditional in almost all the vine-bearing provinces of France. Only the *vignerons* of the Berry have chosen to replace it with a song of their own, much less appropriate, being one more version of the *maumariée*, with a special refrain.

True old pastorals, slow and dreamy, are sung by the shepherds on the mountains. In Poitou they have what is called a *huchage*, a sort of monotonous, half-meaningless cry, without melody or even cadence, used by the shepherdesses to call their dogs or their sheep. It raises a vision of a little old shepherdess, her distaff in her hand, her scanty grey locks covered with a close white cap, her short petticoat showing bare legs and bare feet in sabots, her shrewd face brown and thin with long exposure. She cries in her patois *aux bêtes*; such a song as this might have been made for her.

"Quand la bergère s'en va-t-aux champs,
Sa quenouillet' s'en va filant.

* * * * *

Elle va—elle vient,
Elle appelle son chien :
Tiens, taupin, tiens !
Tiens ! tiens ! tiens ! taupin !
Tiens
Du pain !"

Thus we come gradually nearer to the most real and most striking of the songs of labour—what the peasants call *chansons à grand vent*—such as are sung to the oxen as they plough. These songs, of course, as modern farming advances, are dying out and disappearing every day. Soon, with all their picturesque sadness, love of the soil mixed with bitter complaint, fineness of melody, supposed sacredness of origin, traditional pride—every good labourer must be able to sing to his oxen, and thus to drive them better than with a goad—soon these songs, their *refrains* full of old names of oxen,

“Arondâ, Virondâ,
Charbouné, Maréchaô,
Motet et Roget,
Mortagne et Chollet,”

will be only found in collections, or in the wonderful descriptions of a writer like George Sand.

A longer life, perhaps, lies before that cycle of working songs whose cadence is actually a motive power, so that swing of song and movement of body belong to each other, and hardly exist apart. Such songs as these are among the most ancient of all. The boatmen and water-carriers of old Egypt, the corn-grinders of Greece, sang these measured songs at their work. Music is perhaps the secret of many wonderful engineering feats of the old world. Now, in the threshing of corn in La Vendée, the flail falls to a musical *refrain*:

“Ho ! batteurs, battons la gerbe,
Compagnons, joyeusement !”

Washerwomen, especially in the south, sing as they beat the linen on the stones; the Flemish weaver has his song, scarcely to be distinguished from the noise of his loom, so one helps the other:

“Et tipe tape et tipe tape,
Est-il trop gros, est-il trop fin,
Et couches tard, levés matin, Iroun lan la.
En roulant la navette,
Le beau temps viendra.”

There are also the towing or hauling songs, “a pull all together,” anciently well known and much used in France, as now in some less civilised countries, but dying out, as horses and steam are more used on the rivers. *La Maumariée*, with a new refrain, again appears as a special miller’s song:

“Pilons, pilons, pilons l’orge,
Pilons l’orge, pilons-la,
Mon père m’y maria;
Pilons l’orge, pilons-la;
A ung villain m’y donna.”

Marching songs, of course, are very old, and likely to live. So also, one would think, are the songs of sailors and seamen, full of both *poetical and rhythmical interest and beauty*. Some of the best of these belong to Brittany, and among them M. Tiersot especially

mentions *la Légende de Saint Azémar*, and *les Trois Marins de Groir*. Songs of the form of the Italian barcarole are also to be found on the French coast, especially in the south; and here the melancholy beauty of more northern sea-songs is replaced by gaiety, spirit, and swing.

Turning from sailors to soldiers, we find ourselves in face of a new great cycle of song, and to sketch even its broadest features in a few words is almost too difficult an undertaking. But in truth the war-songs of the Gauls were the earliest beginning of the popular songs of France. The oldest known of this character is the "Sword-Dance of Brittany." Its authenticity is not quite certain, but some authorities trace it back to the sixth century, and both words and melody are a striking example of a battle-song. But we have not here so much to do with *chants de bataille*—which generally, as we have seen, in becoming epic, ceased to be popular—as with songs composed by soldiers themselves, and belonging to their daily life, their adventures, their good or bad fortunes. The first singers of most of these were the adventurers of the Middle Ages, the free-lances, whose wild life breaks out in them. If they sang of their battles it was generally to some old air, which is sometimes to be found with strangely different words and *refrain*, set to some peaceful song of the provinces. Many curious military traditions are preserved in these songs made by the soldiers themselves; the best collection of them, it seems, is M. Leroux de Lincy's "*Recueil des Chants Historiques Français*." As the centuries pass on the tone becomes more easy, more good-humoured; the music is as much country-dance as march. Till the Revolution, when the *Marseillaise*, of course, drove everything else out of the field, French soldiers went to their campaigns singing to the tune of "La Mère Michel a perdu son chat." After the Revolution, which certainly, whatever it may have done for France, has not added to her outward joy, a plaintive tone comes in with the songs of the conscripts. A few of them, but difficult to find, date back to the *levées* of 1793; most of them are traceable to the first Empire, and are still popular in the provinces.

"Ils étioient faiseurs de bas;
Et à c't'heure ils sont soldats."

M. Tiersot finds in them a "ton mélangé de mélancolie pastorale et de gouaillerie soldatesque." This same *gouaillerie*, or *humeur gauloise*, exists plentifully to this day in the marching songs of the French army, made, it seems, on every subject under the sun. In many regiments now, however, silence while marching is compulsory, and in this way it is likely that a whole series of popular songs will die out and be forgotten. Perhaps it is only collectors of curiosities who will very much miss such a song as this, especially as its spirited air may find other words:

"Ma capote a trois boutons—Marchons !
 Ma capote a trois boutons—Marchons !
 Marchons léger', légère, } bis.
 Marchons légèrement."

So they go on till they count 103 buttons.

The study of bugle-calls, of drums, of all the *onomatopées* which represent the sound of instruments, such as *Patu-patapan*, *Ran tan plan*, *Tarac pon pon*, *Trudon trudarne*, cannot possibly occupy us now. It is not perhaps of much interest, even to folk-lorists, and it can hardly even be called part of the greater study of *la chanson populaire*. From this point of view one also feels justified in neglecting the cycle of drinking-songs, which are not, as a rule, old popular songs, but sometimes the work of poets such as Bassolin or Le Houx, sometimes a set of words of little value and no interest, set to any well-known air. No songs of this kind, and strangely few allusions to the subject, have been handed down by oral tradition among the peasants. Neither can we do more than mention the *vaudevilles*, town or street songs, which have nothing to do with the peasants, and might well demand an article of their own.

The subject of *fêtes*, thoroughly popular, and with the dignity of longest descent, is one that should be studied in all its history and customs, not merely for the sake of the songs connected with it. Even M. Tiersot's long and interesting chapter only seems to touch the edge of such a subject as this. Its roots are in heathen and in Celtic times; and even in the Christian Middle Ages the Church did not by any means entirely possess herself of this older world of peasant festival, ruled by a mysterious Nature. She could only condemn many of its practices as diabolical and the work of sorcerers. This is the world where, in every country, one finds such survivals as belief in the virtue of plants, the symbolism of flowers; here comes in the old Nature-worship in honour paid to wells and springs, in fires on high hills, and all the strange observances among which students of folklore find their greatest treasures. All these popular festivals had their dances, and in consequence their songs, beginning with *Aguilaneuf*, the feast of the winter solstice, when a band of *quêteurs* goes round to this day singing—

"Donnez moi mes aguignettes
 Aguignola."

Songs and names vary in the different provinces, and religion is mixed up even with the *fêtes* that have no special religious meaning. May-day is one of the oldest of these. Long before it held its present place, as "le premier jour du mois de Marie," it was the festival of youth, and the Queen of May was dressed in white and crowned with flowers. Her old popular name in the Eastern provinces, *la Trimolette*, has never yet found an explanation. Her song, with many variations, appears to be as old as her name:

"C'est le Mai, mois de Mai,
C'est le jol mois de Mai."

In its present form, this song is Christian :

"En revenant de dan les champ
Nous ont trouve les bles si grand,
La blanche epine florissant,
Devant Dieu"

But there are traces in it, as in the modern *Agulaneuf*, of another language and a pre-existing type. It is the same with songs belonging to the great old *fête* of Saint Jean, the most ancient celebration of the summer solstice, clearly traceable, especially in Brittany, to Druid ceremonies. Its most popular song, "Voici la Saint Jean. l'heureuse journée," is a *ronde* danced round the sacred bonfire on the eve of the Saint's day.

Here we may mention the *noels*, so large and interesting a series that M. Tiersot gives them a chapter to themselves. Quite as popular though not so ancient as the songs belonging to other *fêtes* of the year, they differ from them in character by being entirely religious and Catholic in intention. The older festivals only took the names of saints to sanctify the old nature-worship to which they belonged. The *noels* always belonged to Christmas, and to its varying ceremonies, still to be met with here and there in France. Whole books of these old *noels*, carols, as we call them, are preserved; but it must be confessed that even in them the religious character is not wholly maintained. They are set to all sorts of lively and profane melodies, and in tune at least, can hardly be distinguished from dances, love-songs, drinking-songs. Even the words are often of a startling quaintness which borders on real irreverence, and the Christmas story sung with such refrains as "tourlourirette . . . lonlanderirette," suggests curious reflections. The whole subject of *noels* and of old Christmas ceremonies repays any amount of study, and lets in strange lights on the French character. We must not, however, think that the popular song of France is entirely without earnestness and true religious feeling.

To return to more ordinary *fête*-songs—it is easy to imagine that a singing nation would have its songs belonging to the great events of human life; and of these *fêtes de la vie*, in the course of a peasant's ~~whole~~ existence, the greatest evidently is marriage. It may be—generally is—the entrance for both on a still more grinding round of ~~life~~ still, at the time, it means rejoicing; and it has a whole series of songs of its own, often in dialogue, sometimes light and profane in tone, but more generally, we are assured, of an almost religious ~~character~~. Brittany, Berry and the West are richest in the *chanson de noce*; in the South and East it is more ordinary. One of the

most popular specimens is the song, universally known, of the young girls, the bride's former companions :

* "Vous n'irez plus au bal,
Madam' la mariée."

Tradition says that this was sung to Anne of Bretagne when she was married at Nantes to Louis XII., in the year 1499.

Death also has its songs, or rather, its musical cries and lamentations. There is a piercing sadness in the *cris d'enterrement* to be heard in various provinces. M. Tiersot gives a specimen from Gascony, too long to be quoted here; it is full of grief and tenderness, the lament for a father loved and obeyed by all. Here, and in other provinces, this song takes the form of a chant or recitative, shrill, and made up of irregular exclamations.

"Qu' etz mort !
Que tourneratz pas jamès !
Jamès ! Jamès !"

In some mountain districts, Hautes-Alpes and Pyrenees, the funeral songs are of a more lyrical character.

France has never been without her religious songs and prayers set to music. When the Latin language was no longer understood, peasant faith and devotion invented such formulas as that known by the name of the White Paternoster. For a real and most interesting study of this prayer, of which we here find three versions—Picardy, Bresse, and Gascony—we may refer to the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's delightful and helpful book "*On the Study of Folk-Songs.*" Rhythm has always been found to help memory, and it was by means of verse and music, even in Druid times, that the people learned the dogmas of their religion. Such ancient instructions, partly turned to the service of Christianity, are still known and repeated among the Bretons. They, too, have preserved the beautiful old *cantiques* which hold their place as the finest religious poetry of France: not sung in the churches, but by a thousand voices in the open air, at *pardons* or Church festivals, with no accompaniment but "*les bruits de la mer ou la vent qui souffle à travers les landes.*"

There is hardly space left for any mention of Huguenot songs and psalms, which, however, popular as they became in some parts of France, cannot take their place as specimens of the real old *chanson populaire*. It is curious to note that in early days these psalms of Marot and De Béza were sung to profane and familiar tunes, but that later they came to possess very fine and striking melodies of their own. The former state of things would hardly have gained Calvin's approval. "*Quand la mélodie est avec,*" he said, "*cela transperce beaucoup plus fort le cœur.*" This, no doubt, is true in a wider sense than he meant it.

We cannot here follow M. Tiersot through his study of the *chants*

nationaux of France, among which he counts "Vive Henri IV.," "Ça ira," the "Carmagnole," and, last and greatest, the "Marseillaise." That world-famed song, the feeling of a people breaking its way through one man into words and music, is a typical example of a *chant populaire*.

We have thus explored a little way into the outskirts of the enchanted forest; the fairy wood of French popular fancy, through whose paths, not too wild or rough or tangled, into whose sunny or shady recesses, M. Tiersot's book is a delightful guide. It would seem that there is not much disappointment in store for students of French popular song and melody, provided that their expectations are not quite unreasonable. The treasure is worth digging for, and the excavations are by no means finished yet. The general interest in these studies and discoveries is rising higher day by day. The melodies of popular songs, if not the words, are fast becoming the fashion, and are much adapted by modern composers. In this M. Tiersot rejoices; he thinks that the art of the future will find a new and happy and vigorous life in the art of the past:

"Et peut-être, de cette union de la science moderne avec la spontanéité du lyrisme de nos aïeux, il sortira quelque jour une de ces œuvres significatives, qui marquent une date et méritent de demeurer, parce qu'elles révèlent, d'une façon claire et brillante, les goûts séculaires et l'éternel génie d'une race."

ELEANOR C. PRICE.

THE MIGRATIONS OF THE RACES OF MEN CONSIDERED HISTORICALLY.*

THERE are two senses in which we may claim for geography that it is a meeting-point of the sciences. All the departments of research which deal with external Nature touch one another in and through it—geology, botany, zoology, meteorology, as well as, though less directly, the various branches of physics. There is no one of these whose data are not, to a greater or less extent, also within the province of geography; none whose conclusions have not a material bearing on geographical problems. And geography is also the point of contact between the sciences of Nature, taken all together, and the branches of inquiry which deal with man and his institutions. Geography gathers up, so to speak, the results which the geologist, the botanist, the zoologist, and the meteorologist have obtained, and presents them to the student of history, of economics, of politics—we might, perhaps, add of law, of philology, and of architecture—as an important part of the data from which he must start, and of the materials to which he will have to refer at many points in the progress of his researches. It is with this second point of contact, this aspect of geography as the basis for history, that we are to occupy ourselves to-night. Understanding that the Scottish Geographical Society desires to bring into prominence what may be called the human side of the sciences, and to inculcate its significance for those who devote themselves to the presently urgent problems of civilised society, I have chosen, as not unsuitable to an inaugural address, a subject which belongs almost equally to physical and descriptive geology on the one side, to history and economics on the other. The movements of the races and tribes of mankind over the surface of our planet are in the first

* An Inaugural Address delivered at the first meeting of the London Branch of the Scottish Geographical Society.

instance determined mainly by the physical conditions of its surface and its atmosphere ; but they become themselves a part, and indeed a great part, of history : they create nations and build up states ; they determine the extension of languages and laws ; they bring wealth to some regions and leave others neglected ; they mark out the routes of commerce and affect the economic relations of different countries.

No line of historical inquiry sets before us more clearly at every stage the connection between man as an associative being—toiling, trading, warring, ruling, legislating—and that physical environment whose influence over his development is none the less potent and constant because he has learnt in obeying it to rule it and to make it yield to him constantly increasing benefits. The topic is so large and branches off into so many other cognate inquiries, that you will not expect me, within the narrow limits of an address, to do more than draw its outlines, enumerate the principal causes whose action it sets before us, touch upon its history, and refer to a few out of the many problems its consideration raises. The migrations of peoples have been among the most potent factors in making the world of to-day different from the world of thirty centuries ago. If they continue they will be scarcely less potent in their influence on the future of the race ; if they cease, that cessation will itself be a fact of the highest economic and social significance.

At the outset it is convenient to distinguish the different forms which movements of population have taken. These forms may be grouped under three heads, which I propose to call by the names of Transference, Dispersion, and Permeation—names which need a few words of illustration.

By Transference I mean that form of migration in which the whole, or a large majority, of a race or tribe quits its ancient seats in a body and moves into some other region. Such migrations seldom occur except in the case of nomad peoples who are little attached to any particular piece of soil : but we may almost class among the nomads tribes who, like our own remote Teutonic ancestors, although they cultivate the soil, put no capital into it in the way of permanent improvements, and build no dwellings of brick or stone. The prehistoric migrations usually belonged to this form, and so did that great series of movements which brought the northern races into the Roman Empire in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era. In modern times we find few instances, because such nomad races as remain are now shut up within narrow limits by the settled States that surround them, which have possessed, since the invention of gunpowder and of standing armies, enormously superior defensive strength.*

* In 1771 a great Kalmuk horde moved *en masse* from the steppes of the Caspian to the frontiers of China, losing more than half its numbers on the way.

We should, however, have had an interesting case to point to had the Dutch, when pressed by the power of Philip II., embraced the offer that came to them from England to migrate in a body and establish themselves, their dairying, their flax culture, and their linen manufacture in the rich pastures and humid air of Ireland.

Under the head of migrations by Dispersion, I include those cases in which a tribe or race, while retaining its ancient seats, overflows into new lands, whether vacant or already occupied; in the latter event sometimes ejecting the original inhabitants, sometimes fusing with them, sometimes dwelling among them, but remaining distinct.

Examples are furnished by the case of the Norsemen, who found Iceland practically vacant, while in England they became easily, in Ireland and Gaul more slowly, mingled with the previous inhabitants. When our own ancestors came from the Frisian coast they slew or drove out the bulk of the Celtic population; when the Franks entered Gaul they became commingled with it. It is by such a process of dispersion that the British race has spread itself out over North America and Australasia. In much smaller numbers, the Spaniards diffused themselves over southern North America, and the northern and western parts of South America; and by a similar process the Russians have for two centuries been very slowly filling the better parts of Siberia. Whether in each case of dispersion the migrating population becomes fused with that which it finds, depends chiefly on the difference between the level of civilisation of the two races. Between the English settlers in North America and the native Indians there has been hardly any mixture of blood; between the French in Canada and the Indians there was a little more; between the Spaniards and the less barbarous inhabitants of Mexico there has been so much that the present Mexican nation is a mixed one, the native blood doubtless predominating. Something, however, also depends on the relative numbers of the two races; and sometimes religion keeps a dispersed people from commingling with those among whom it dwells, as has happened in the case of the Jews, the Armenians, and the Parsees. These last are a remarkable instance of an extremely small nation—for there are not 80,000 of them all told—who, without any political organisation, have by virtue of their religion preserved their identity for more than a thousand years. Dispersion has been the most widely operative form of migration in modern times, owing to those improvements in navigation which have enabled remote parts of our large world, separated by broad and stormy seas, to be colonised more easily than in the tiny world of ancient or mediæval times was possible even by land.

The third form, which we may call Permeation or Assimilation, is not in strictness a form of migration at all, because it may exist where the number of persons changing their dwelling-place is extremely small; but it deserves to be reckoned with the other two

forms because it produces effects closely resembling theirs in altering the character of a population. I use the term *Permeation* to cover those instances, both numerous and important, in which one race or nation so spreads over another race or nation its language, its literature, its religion, its institutions, its customs, or some one or more of these sources of influence, as to impart its own character to the nation so influenced, and thus to supersede the original type by its own. In such a process the infusion of new blood from the stronger people to the weaker may be comparatively slight, yet if sufficient time be allowed, the process may end by a virtual identification of the two. Of course, when there is much intermarriage, not only does the change proceed faster, but it tells on the permeating as well as on the permeated race. The earliest instance of this diffusion of a civilisation with little immixture of blood is to be found in the action of the Greek language, ideas, and manners upon the countries round the eastern half of the Mediterranean, and particularly upon Asia Minor. The native languages to some extent held their ground for a while in the wilder parts of the interior, but the upper classes and the whole type of culture became everywhere Hellenic. In the same way the Romans Romanised Gaul and Spain and North Africa. In the same way the Arabs in the centuries immediately after Mohammed Arabised not only Egypt and Syria, but the whole of North Africa, down to and including the maritime parts of Morocco, and have in later times, though to a far smaller extent, established the influence of their language and religion on the coasts of East Africa and in parts of the East Indian Archipelago. There is reason to believe, though our data are scanty, that in a somewhat similar way the Aryan tribes, who entered India at a very remote time, diffused their language, religion, and customs over Northern Hindustan as far as the Bay of Bengal, changing to some extent the dark races whom they found in possession of the country, but being also so commingled with those more numerous races as to lose much of their own character. Hinduism and languages derived from Sanskrit came to prevail from the Indus to the Brahmaputra, although it would seem that to the east of the Jamna the proportion of Aryan intruders was very small. We ourselves in India are giving to the educated and wealthier class so much that is English in the way of ideas and literature that if the process continues for another century, our tongue may have become the *lingua franca* of India, and our type of civilisation have extinguished all others. Yet if this happens it will happen with no mixture of blood between the European and the native races, possibly with little social intimacy between them. The instances just mentioned show in what different ways and varying degrees assimilation may take place. In some of them the assimilated race still retains a distinct national character. The Moor of Morocco, for instance, differs from the Arab much as the Greek-speaking Syrian and the Latin-speaking Lusitanian

differed from a Greek of Attica or a Roman of Latium. But the Finnish tribes of Northern and Eastern Russia, Voguls, Tcheremisses, Tchuyasses, and Mordvins, who have been gradually Russified during the last two centuries, are on their way to become practically undistinguishable from the true Slavonic Russians of Kieff. And to come nearer home, the Celts of Cornwall have been Anglified, and those of the Highlands of Scotland have in many districts become assimilated to the Lowland Scotch, with no great intermixture of blood.

It is worth while to be exact in distinguishing this process of Permeation from cases of Dispersion, because the two often go together --that is to say, the migration of a certain, though perhaps a small, number of persons of a vigorous and masterful race into a territory inhabited by another race of less force, or perhaps on a lower level of culture, is apt to be followed by a predominance of the stronger type, or at any rate by such a change in the character of the whole population as leads men in later times to assume that the number of migrating persons must have been large. The cases of the Greeks in Western Asia and the Spaniards in the New World are in point. We talk of Asia Minor as if it had become a Greek country under Alexander's successors; of Mexico and Peru as Spanish countries after the sixteenth century, yet in both instances the native population must have largely preponderated. If therefore we were to look only at the changes which the speech, the customs, the ideas and institutions of nations have undergone, we might be disposed to attribute too much to the mere movement of races, too little to the influences which force of character, fertility of intellect, and command of scientific resource have exercised, and are still exercising, as the leading races become more and more the owners and rulers of the backward regions of the world.

II. We may now proceed to inquire what have been the main causes to which an outflow or an overflow of population from one region to another is due. Omitting, for the present, the cases of small colonies founded for special purposes, these causes may be reduced to three. They are Food, War, and Labour. These three correspond in a sort of rough way to three stages in the progress of mankind, the first belonging especially to his savage and semi-civilised conditions, the second to that in which he organises himself in political communities and uses his organisation to prey upon or reduce to servitude his weaker neighbour; the third to that wherein industry and commerce have become the ruling factors in his society and wealth the main object of his efforts. The correspondence, however, is far from exact, because the need of subsistence remains through the combative and the industrial periods a potent cause of migration, while the love of war and plunder, active even among savages, is by no means extinct in the mature civilisation of to-day.

In speaking of food, or rather the want of food, as a cause, we

must include several sets of cases. One is that in which sheer hunger, due perhaps to a drought or a hard winter, drives a tribe to move to some new region where the beasts of chase are more numerous, or the pastures are not exhausted, or a more copious rainfall favours agriculture.* Another is that of a tribe increasing so fast that the pre-existing means of subsistence no longer suffice for its wants. And a third is that where, whether or not famine be present to spur its action, a people conceives the desire for life in a richer soil or a more genial climate. To one or other of these cases we may refer nearly all the movements of populations in primitive times, the best known of which are those which brought the Teutonic and Slavonic tribes into the Roman Empire. They had a hard life in northern and eastern Europe; their natural growth exceeded the resources which their pastoral or village area supplied, and when once one or two had begun to press upon their neighbours, the disturbance was felt by each in succession until some, pushed up against the very gates of the Empire, found those gates undefended, entered the tempting countries that lay towards the Mediterranean and the Ocean, and drew others on to follow. Of modern instances the most remarkable is the stream of emigration which began to swell out of Ireland after the great famine of 1846-7, and which has not yet ceased to flow.

Among civilised peoples the same force is felt in a slightly different form. As population increases the competition for the means of livelihood becomes more intense, while at the same time the standard of comfort tends to rise. Hence those on whom the pressure falls heaviest (if they are not too shiftless to move), and those who have the keenest wish to better their condition, forsake their homes for lands that lie under another sun. It is thus that the Russian peasantry have been steadily moving from the north to the south of European Russia, till they have now occupied the soil down to the very foot of Caucasus for some 500 miles from the point they had reached a century and a half ago. It is thus that, on a smaller scale, the Greek-speaking population of the West Coast of Asia Minor is creeping eastward up the river valleys, and beginning to re-colonise the interior of that once prosperous region. It is thus that North America and Australasia have been filled by the overflow of Europe during the last sixty years, for before that time the growth of the United States and of Canada had been mainly a home growth from the small seeds planted 200 years earlier. That the mere spirit of enterprise, apart from the increase of population, counts for little as a cause of migration, seems to be shown not only by the slight outflow from

* A succession of dry seasons, which may merely diminish the harvest of those who inhabit tolerably humid regions, will produce such a famine in the inner parts of a continent like Asia as to force the people to seek some better dwelling-place.

Europe during last century, but by the fact that France, where the population is practically stationary, sends out no emigrants save a few to Algeria, while the steady movement from Norway and Sweden does little more than relieve the natural growth of the population of those countries. As regards European emigration to America, it is worth noting that during the last thirty years it has been steadily extending, not only eastwards towards the inland parts of Europe, but also downwards in the scale of civilisation, tapping, so to speak, lower and lower strata. Between 1840 and 1850 the flow towards America was chiefly from the British Isles. From 1849 onwards, it began to be considerable from Germany also, and very shortly afterwards from Scandinavia, reaching a figure of hundreds of thousands from the European continent in each year. From Germany the migratory tendency spread into Bohemia, Moravia, Poland, and the other Slavonic regions of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, as well as into Italy. To-day the people of the United States, who had welcomed industrious Germans and hardy Scandinavians because both made good citizens, become daily more restive under the ignorant and semi-civilised masses whom Central Europe flings upon their shores. At the other end of the world, the vast emigration from China is partly attributable to the need of food; but to this I shall recur presently when we come to speak of Labour.

The second of our causes is War. In early times, or among the ruder peoples, it is rather to be called plunder, for most of their wars were undertaken less for permanent conquest than for booty. The invasions of Britain by the English, of Gaul by the Franks, of England and Scotland by the Norsemen and Danes, all began with mere piratical or raiding expeditions, though ending in considerable transfers of population. The same may be said of the conquest of Pegu and Arracan by the Burmese in last century and (to a smaller extent) of that southward movement of the wild Chin and Kachyen tribes whom our present rulers of Burmah find so troublesome. So the conquests of Egypt and Persia by the first successors of the Prophet, so the conquests of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards, though tinged with religious propagandism, were primarily expeditions in search of plunder. This character, indeed, belongs all through to the Spanish migrations to the New World. Apparently few people went from Spain, meaning, like our colonists a century later, to make a living by their own labour from the soil or from commerce, which, indeed, the climate of Central and South America would have rendered a more difficult task. They went to enrich themselves by robbing the natives or by getting the precious metals from the toil of natives in the mines, a form of commercial enterprise whose methods made it scarcely distinguishable from rapine. In modern times the discovery of the precious metals has helped to swell the stream of immigration, as when gold was discovered in California in 1846 and in

Australia a little later; but in these instances, though enrichment is the object, rapine is no longer the means. There are, however, other senses in which we may call war a source of movements of races. It was military policy which planted the Saxons in Transylvania and the French in Lower Canada; it is military policy which has settled Russian colonies, sometimes armed, sometimes of agricultural Dis-senters, along the Transcaucasian frontiers and on the further shore of the Caspian. It was military policy which led Shalmaneser and Nebuchadnezzar to carry off large parts of the people of Israel and Judah to settle them in the cities of the Medes or by the waters of Babylon.*

As regards the more regular conquests made by civilised States in modern times, such as those of Finland, Poland, Transcaucasia and Transcaspia by Russia, of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, of India and Cape Colony by Great Britain, of Cochin China and Annam by France, it may be said that they seldom result in any considerable transfer of population. Such effects as they have are rather due to that process of Permeation which we have already considered.

Labour (*i.e.*, the need for labour) becomes a potent cause of migrations in this way—that the necessity for having in particular parts of the world men who can undertake a given kind of toil under given climatic conditions draws such men to those countries from their previous dwelling-place. This set of cases differs from the cases of migrations in search of subsistence, because the migrating population may have been tolerably well off at home. As the food migrations have been described as an outflow from countries overstocked with inhabitants, so in these cases of labour migration what we remark is the inflow of masses of men to fill a vacuum—that is, to supply the absence in the country to which they move of the sort of workpeople it requires. However, it often happens that the two phenomena coincide, the vacuum in one country helping to determine the direction of the influx from those other countries whose population is already superabundant. This has happened in the case of the most remarkable of such recent overflows, that of the Chinese over the coasts and islands of the Pacific. The need of Western America for cheap labour to make railways and to cultivate large areas just brought under tillage, as well as to supply domestic service, drew the Chinese to California and Oregon, and but for the stringent prohibitions of recent legislation would have brought many thousands of them into the Mississippi valley. Similar conditions were drawing them in great numbers to Australia, and especially to North Queensland, whose climate is too hot for whites to work in the fields; but here, also, the influx has been stopped by law. They were beginning to form so considerable a proportion of the population of the Hawaiian isles that public opinion there compelled the

* So the Siamese, after their conquest of Tenasserim, carried off many of the Talua population and settled them near Bangkok, where they remain as a distinct population to this day.

sugar planters to cease importing them; and, in order to balance them, Portuguese labour was brought from the Azores, and Japanese from Japan. Into Siam and the Malay peninsula, and over the Eastern Archipelago, Chinese migration goes on steadily; and it seems not improbable that in time this element may be the prevailing one in the whole of Indo-China and the adjoining islands, for the Chinese are not only a more prolific but altogether a stronger and hardier stock than either their relatives the Shans, Burmese, and Annamese, or their less immediate neighbours the Malays. If in the distant future there comes to be a time in which, the weaker races having been trodden down or absorbed by the more vigorous, few are left to strive for the mastery of the world, the Chinese will be one of those few. None has a greater tenacity of life.

Not unlike these Chinese migrations, but on a smaller scale, is that of Santhals to Assam, and of South Indian coolies to Ceylon (where the native population was comparatively indolent), and latterly to the isles and coasts of the Caribbean sea. Here there has been a deliberate importation of labourers by those who needed their labour; and, although the labourers have intended to return home after a few years' service, and are indeed, under British regulations, supplied with return passage tickets, permanent settlements are likely to result, for the planters of Guiana, for instance, have little prospect of supplying themselves in any other way with the means of working their estates. The coolies would doubtless be brought to tropical Australia also, but for the dislike of the colonists to the regulations insisted on by the Indian Government: so instead of them comes that importation of Pacific islanders into North Queensland which is now a matter of so much controversy. Under very different conditions we find the more spontaneous immigration of French Canadians into the northern United States, where they obtain employment in the factories, and are now becoming permanently resident. At first they came only to work till they had earned something wherewith to live better at home; but it constantly happens that such temporary migration is the prelude to permanent occupation. So the Irish reapers used to come to England and Scotland before the emigration from Ireland to the English and Scottish towns swelled to great proportions in 1847. The Italians who now go to the Argentine Republic less frequently return than did their predecessors of twenty years ago.

In all these instances the transfer of population due to a demand for labour has been, or at least has purported to be, a voluntary transfer. But by far the largest of all such transfers, now happily at an end, was involuntary—I mean that of Africans carried to America to cultivate the soil there for the benefit of white proprietors.*

* I do not dwell on the slave trade in ancient times, because we have no trustworthy data as to its extent, but there can be no doubt that vast numbers of barbarians from the west, north, and east of Italy and Greece must have been brought in during five

From early in the sixteenth century, when the destruction of the native Indians by their Spanish taskmasters in the Antilles started the slave-trade,* down to our own times, when slavers still occasionally landed their cargoes in Brazil, the number of negroes carried from Africa to America must be reckoned by many millions. In 1791 it was estimated that sixty thousand were carried annually to the West Indies alone. The change effected may be measured by the fact that along the southern coasts of North America, in the West India Islands, and in some districts of Brazil, the negroes form the largest part of the population. Their total number, which in the United States alone exceeds seven millions, cannot be less than from thirteen to sixteen millions. They increase rapidly in South Carolina and the Gulf States of the Union, are stationary in Mexico and Peru, and in Central America seem to diminish.

Though some have suggested their re-migration to Africa, there is not the slightest reason to think that this will take place to any appreciable extent. On the other hand, it is not likely that they will, except perhaps in the unsettled tropical interior of the less elevated parts of South America, spread beyond the area which they now occupy. The slave-trade is, unfortunately, not yet extinct on the east coast of Africa, but it has caused so comparatively slight a transfer of population from that continent to Arabia, the Turkish dominions, and Persia, as not to require discussion here.

Before quitting this part of the subject a passing reference may be made to two other causes of migration, which, though their effects have been comparatively small, are not without interest—religion and the love of freedom. Religion has operated in two ways. Sometimes it has led to the removal of persons of a particular faith, as in the case of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, an event which affected not only Spain but Europe generally, by sending many capable Spanish Jews to Holland, and others to the Turkish East. Similar motives led Philip III. to expel the Moriscoes in A.D. 1609. The present Jewish emigration from Russia is also partially—though only partially—traceable to this cause. In another class of cases religion has been one of the motive forces in prompting war and conquest, as when the Arabs overthrew the dominions of the Sassanid kings, overran the eastern part of the East

or six centuries, and have sensibly changed the character of the population of the countries round the Adriatic and Egean. Here, of course, there was no question of climate, but slaves were caught because their captors did not wish to work themselves. The slave trade practised by the merchants of Bristol before the Norman Conquest, and that practised by the Turkomans recently, resemble these ancient forms of the practice.

* The first negroes were brought from Morocco to Portugal in 1442, soon after which they began to be brought in large numbers from the Guinea coasts. There were already some in Hispaniola in 1502; and after 1517 the trade from Africa seems to have set in regularly, though it did not become large till a still later date. Las Casas lived to bitterly repent the qualified approval he had given to it, in the interests of the aborigines of the Antilles, whom labour in the mines was swiftly destroying; but it is a complete error to ascribe its origin to him.

Roman Empire, subjugated North Africa and Spain ; and as in the case of the Spanish conquests in America, where the missionary spirit went hand in hand with, and was not felt to be incompatible with, the greed for gold and the harshest means of satisfying it. The latest American instance may be found in the occupation and government of Paraguay by the Jesuits. Finally, we sometimes find religious feeling the cause of peaceful emigrations. The case which has proved of most historical significance is that of the Puritan settlement in Massachusetts and Connecticut ; among those of less note may be reckoned the flight of the Persian Fire Worshipers to Western India ; the Huguenot settlements in Brazil and on the south-eastern coast of North America, destroyed soon after their foundation by the Portuguese and Spaniards, and the later flight of the French Protestants after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes ; the emigration of the Ulster Presbyterians to the United States in last century ; the foundation of various German colonies at Tiflis and other places in the Russian dominions.* Nor ought we to forget one striking instance of expatriation for the sake of freedom—that of the petty chieftains of Western Norway, who settled Iceland in the ninth century to escape the growing power of King Harold the Fairhaired.

III. From this political side of our subject we return to its physical aspects in considering the lines which migration has tended to follow. These have usually been the lines of least resistance—i.e., those in which the fewest natural obstacles in the way of mountains, deserts, seas, and dense forests have had to be encountered. The march of warlike tribes in early times, and the movements of groups of emigrants by land in modern times, have generally been along river valleys and across the lowest and easiest passes in mountain ranges. The valley of the lower Danube has for this reason an immense historical importance, from the fourth century to the tenth, for it was along its levels that the Huns, Avars, and Magyars, besides several of the Slavonic tribes, moved in to occupy the countries between the Adriatic and the Theiss. While the impassable barrier of the Himalaya has at all times prevented any movements of population from Tibet, and Eastern Turkistan, the passes to the west of the Indus, and especially the Khaiber and the Bolan, have given access to many invading or immigrating masses, from the days of the primitive Aryans to those of Ahmed Shah Durani in last century. So in Europe the Alpine passes have had much to do with directing the course of streams of invaders to Italy : so in North America, while the northern line of settlement was indicated by the valley of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, the chief among the more southerly

* The Tiflis Germans left Wurtemberg in order to avoid the use of an odious hymn-book. The Mennonites went to Southern Russia to escape military service, but the promise made to them by Catherine II. has recently been broken, and they have lately been departing to America lest they should be compelled to serve in the Russian army.

lines was that from Virginia into Tennessee and Kentucky over the Cumberland Gap, long the only practicable route across the middle Alleghanies.

Of migrations by sea it has already been remarked that, owing to improvements in navigation, they have now become practically independent of distance or any other obstacle. In earlier times also they played a considerable part, but only in the case of such seafaring peoples as the Phœnicians, the Greeks, and the Northmen—instances in which the number of persons transferred must have been comparatively small, though the historical results were profound. Those which most nearly approach the character of national movements were the transfer of a vigorous Phœnician shoot to Carthage, of a mass of Greeks to South Italy and Sicily, and of the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles to Britain.

The most important physical factor in determining lines of movement has, however, been climate. Speaking broadly, migration follows the parallels of latitude, or, more precisely, the lines of equal mean temperature, and not so much, I think, of mean annual heat as of mean winter heat. Although the inhabitants of cold climates often evince a desire to move into warmer ones, they seem never to transfer themselves directly to one differing greatly from that to which they are accustomed; while no people of the tropics has ever, so far as I know, settled in any part of the temperate zone. There is one instance of a North European race establishing itself on the southern shores of the Mediterranean—the Vandals in North Africa; and the Bulgarians came to the banks of the Danube from the still sterner winters of the middle Volga. But in the few cases of northward movement, as in that of the Lapps, the cause lies in the irresistible pressure of stronger neighbours; and probably a similar pressure drove the Fuegians into their inhospitable isle.

The tendency to retain similar climatic conditions is illustrated by the colonisation of North America. The Spaniards and Portuguese took the tropical and sub-tropical regions, neglecting the cooler parts. The French and the English settled in the temperate zone; and it was not till this century that the country towards the Gulf of Mexico began to be occupied by incomers from the Carolinas and northern Georgia. When the Scandinavian immigration began, it flowed to the north-west, and has filled the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. And when the Icelanders sought homes in the New World, they chose the northernmost place they could find by the shores of Lake Winnipeg, in Manitoba. So the internal movements of population within the United States have been along the parallels of latitude. The men of New England have gone west into New York, Ohio, and Michigan, whence their children have gone still further west to Illinois, Iowa, Oregon, and Washington. Similarly the overflow of Virginia poured into Kentucky and Tennessee, and

thence into southern Illinois and Missouri; while it is chiefly from the Carolinas that Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas have been settled. Oregon is the only Northern State that has received any considerable number of immigrants from the old Slave States; and Western Oregon enjoys, in respect of its maritime position, an equable climate, with winters milder than those of Missouri.

IV. Without attempting to present a chronological view of the principal migrations by which the population of the world has been shifted, I will attempt to indicate very briefly the main epochs at which these have been most frequent or most important. They may be classed in five groups, corresponding to five periods in the history of those parts of the world of which we possess a history. The first epoch covers prehistoric times, times known to us only by faint traditions and by the results of philological and archæological inquiry. We are able to say that certain movements of races did take place before the date of our earliest written records, but unable to fix these movements to any point of time. Thus there is reason to believe that the Celtic races advanced from East to West, partly forcing into corners, partly fusing with, that earlier population of Gaul and Britain which is usually called Iberian, and of which the Basques are supposed to be representatives. Thus, the Etruscans descended from the Alps into middle Italy, as the ancestors of the Latins and Sabellians would appear to have done at an earlier date. It seems probable that the Slavs and Letts came to the Oder and the Vistula from the south-east. Recent philological research makes it probable that the Phrygians and the Armenians were originally settled in South-Eastern Europe, and crossed the Bosphorus into the seats where authentic history finds them. At some remote but quite undetermined time Aryan invaders entered north-western India, and slowly spread to the south and east from the Punjab; while, at a still earlier epoch, another race coming from the West passed through Beluchistan, where it has left a trace of its passage in the language spoken by the Brahuis, and moved south-eastward into the Dekkan and Southern India, where its four great allied tongues, those we call Dravidian,* are now spoken by nearly thirty millions of people. Nor have we any materials for ascertaining the time at which the Polynesian Islands were occupied by the two races, the brown and the black or negroid, which now inhabit them, and both of which seem to have come from the East Indian Archipelago, passing from isle to isle in their canoes against the trade winds that blow from the American coast. Finally, it is to prehistoric and probably to very remote times that belongs the settlement of the two American continents by immigrants from Asia, immigrants who appear to have crossed Bering's Straits, or made their way along the line of the Aleutian isles,† and thence to have slowly

* Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, and Malayalam.

† Some recent writers would refer the entrance of the present American races into their continent to a period so remote as that in which Asia was joined by dry land to America.

drifted southwards from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. That the process of settling these vast areas must have taken an enormous space of time is proved, not only by the geological evidence drawn from human bones and other relics of primitive man, but also by the great differences, both physical and linguistic, between the various American races—differences, however, which are nowise incompatible with the doctrine of a common Asiatic origin.

The first migrations of which we have distinct historical evidence besides those of the Phœnicians and Israelites, are the movement of the Dorians into Peloponnesus and of the Æolians and Ionians to the west coast of Asia Minor. Somewhat later, in the seventh century B.C., collisions seem to have occurred among the nomad tribes to the north of the Black and Caspian seas, which led to the irruption of a people called Cimmerians, who advanced as far as Ephesus, and part of whom seem to have permanently settled on the south coast of the Euxine, and of a host of Scythians who ravaged Western Asia for many years, and were bought off by King Psammetichus on the frontiers of Egypt. Whether any permanent settlements followed these irruptions does not appear, but they are interesting as the first of the many instances in which the roving peoples of the steppe have descended on the settled States to the south, carrying slaughter and rapine in their train.

Passing over such minor disturbances of population as the Celtic occupation of North Italy and of that part of Asia Minor which from them took the name of Galatia, and passing over also the premature descent of the Cimbri and the Teutones into the Roman world in the days of Marius, we arrive at the third great epoch of movement—that which the Germans call *par excellence* the Wandering of the Peoples (*Völkerwanderung*). The usual account describes this movement to have begun from the nomads of Mongolia, living near the Great Wall of China, one tribe aggressing on or propelling another until those who dwelt westward near the Caspian precipitated themselves on the Goths, then occupying the plains of the Dnieper and Dniester, and drove them across the Danube into the Roman Empire. Whether this was the originating cause, or whether it is rather to be sought in a lack of food and the natural increase of the tribes between the Baltic and the Euxine, there began with the crossing of the Danube by the Goths, in A.D. 377, an era of unrest and displacement among all the peoples from the Caspian to the Atlantic, which did not end till the destruction of the Scandinavian power in Ireland, at Clontarf, in 1014, and the rolling back of the great Norwegian invasion of England, at Stamford Bridge, in 1066. The Goths, the Vandals, Suebians, Burgundians, Franks, Saxons, Lombards, settled in various provinces of the Roman Empire and founded great kingdoms. Minor tribes, such as the Alans, Rugians, and Herulians, moved hither and thither, without effecting any distinct and permanent settle-

ment. A vast multitude of Huns ranged across Central Europe, carrying destruction as far as the Seine. Various Slavonic tribes occupied the countries along the Danube and the east coast of the Adriatic; they even filled the isles lying off the Dalmatian coast (where only Slavonic is now spoken), and descended into Greece, in the modern population of which they form a large element. The Bulgarians, a Finnish people from the Volga, settled among the Danubian Slavs and adopted their language, while the Avars, penetrating further west, held the great Hungarian plain for two centuries. Last of all, at the end of the ninth century, came the Magyars, another Finnish tribe, who retained their old language and have played a brilliant part in history. A century before they entered Hungary, in 895, the Norsemen and Danes had begun those piratical expeditions which ultimately turned into migrations, largely changing the population of Eastern Britain and of Northern France. At one moment the Northmen of Iceland seemed on the point of spreading from their settlement on the coast of East Greenland into North America, where they made descents at points the most southern of which have been plausibly conjectured to lie in Massachusetts or Long Island. These expeditions met with so much resistance from the natives that the idea of permanent settlement, apparently for a time entertained, was abandoned. The Norsemen had not, like the Spaniards five centuries later, and the English of the seventeenth century, the advantage of firearms; so this case has to be added to that list of attempted colonisations which might, like the settlement of the Phœceans in Corsica and the Huguenots in Brazil, have changed the course of history had they but prospered. These seven centuries of unrest left no population in Europe unchanged, and gave birth not only to the States and nations of the Middle Ages and the modern world, but to modern civilisation as a whole, creating new tongues and new types of culture from the mixture of the intruding races with the provincial subjects of Rome.

The fourth group of migrations overlaps in time that which we have just been considering, and in three countries overlaps it also in space—viz., in North Africa, in Spain, and in the Thraco-Danubian lands. But its origin was wholly distinct and its character different. It begins with the outbreak of the Arabs from their remote peninsula immediately after the death of Mohammed—we may date it from the first defeats of the Romans in Syria in A.D. 632, and of the Persians in A.D. 635, and it did not quite end till the cession of Podolia to the Turks, ten centuries later, in A.D. 1695. It changed the face of Western and Southern Asia, as the *Völkerwanderung* changed that of Europe, yet it involved far less transfer of population, and worked more by way of permeative conquest than of migration proper. The Arabs spread over Irak, Egypt, Syria, North Africa, Sicily, and the Iberian peninsula; twice they laid their grasp on the south-eastern

corners of Gaul. Their new religion gave an Arab tinge to the literature and habits of Persia and Western Turkistan: its influence is strong to-day in the East Indian Archipelago and on the coasts of East Africa, as well as in the vast inland region from Timbuctoo to Somali Land. After their conquering force had fully spent itself, the initiative passed to the Turks, and an infusion of Turcoman blood and Mussulman ideas helped to transmute the former subjects of the East Roman Empire in Asia and Europe into the so-called Ottomans of to-day. The wave has for two centuries been visibly receding. Since 1878 we have seen the Mohammedan Beys retiring from Bosnia as they retired thirty years ago from Servia: the Circassians have gone forth from their mountain homes: the Pomaks are beginning to leave Bulgaria; it is probable that in forty years more hardly a Mussulman will be left on European soil, unless the jealousies of European Powers should still keep the barbarian enthroned in Constantinople. Not less remarkable than the movement of the Arabs to the Oxus and the Tagus, and of the Turk from the Oxus to the Adriatic, was the movement of the races from beyond the Indus and the Hindu Khush into India. The irruptions which begin with the expeditions of Mahmud of Ghazni in the eleventh century, brought some of the mixed Central Asiatic races, who passed as Moguls, and a probably greater number of Pathans (Afghans) into Upper India, in parts of which they have sensibly affected the character of the population. Here, too, more was done in the way of assimilative influence than by an infusion of blood, for the Mussulman bands carried their religion to the shores of the Bay of Bengal and far into the Dekkan; they introduced a new and splendid style of building and an exquisite richness of decoration; their deeds were recorded by the first regular chroniclers of India. In a fourth region, that of the countries north of the Black Sea, the irruptions of Zinghis Khan and his sons brought about some permanent changes. But it is doubtful how far the presence of such Tatar and Mongolic tribes as still remain in the Crimea and along the Volga is due to those invasions; and since, whatever their consequences may have been, they are not due to Islam, for the Mongols were heathen, they do not fall within the group of migrations we are now considering.

V. The fifth group begins with the discovery of America in 1492, if we ought not rather to date it the first long voyages of the Portuguese, opening with the passage of Cape Bojador in 1435 (under an English captain), culminating in the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope and opening of the sea route to India by Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, followed by Vasco da Gama's voyage to Malabar twelve years later.

Four great eras of settlements belong to this group. The first is that of the Spaniards and Portuguese in tropical America. The second is that which brings the negroes from Africa to America.

The third is the colonisation of the temperate parts of the North American coast by the English, French, and Dutch, in the seventeenth century. The fourth is the immense outflow from Europe, not only to America, but also to Australasia, and—in a much smaller degree—to South Africa, an overflow mainly due to the progress of physical science, firstly in introducing the use of steam for ocean voyages, and secondly in so accelerating the growth of population in Europe that the impulse towards less crowded lands became stronger than ever before. The scale of this outflow of the last seventy years has been far larger than that of any previous time, and has, indeed, become possible only because ocean transit is now so swift, safe, and cheap. The export of Chinese to America, and of Indian coolies to and fro in the tropics, is in like manner attributable to the cheapness with which they can now be carried for long distances, as well as (in the case of the coolies) to the increased demand for tropical products which the growth of population and of wealth in the north temperate zone has created.

Among the many questions suggested by the facts we have noted, I will advert to two or three only.

One of these bears on the analogy between the migrations of mankind and those of other animals and of plants. If the majority of our geologists are right in holding that man existed in those very remote times in which great changes of climate were still taking place, the analogy must then have been close. Races of men may in palæolithic times have moved northwards or southwards, according to the recession or advance of the great ice-sheet that once covered the northern part of the north temperate zone, just as we know that animals moved, and just as we find that certain species of plants have in our latitude sometimes occupied the low country and sometimes retired to sub-arctic regions or ascended to the tops of the loftiest mountains. It has been lately maintained that the Eskimo of Arctic America are the descendants of the Cave men of Britain and France, driven north many thousands of years ago by the growing mildness of the climate. We know that changes in the level of the sea have produced revolutions in the fauna and flora of countries, not only by affecting the course of ocean currents and thereby the climate, but also by bringing, when lands formerly separated became parts of the same continent, species from one land to another, where the incomers overpowered or expelled the old inhabitants, or became, under new conditions and through the struggle between competing species, themselves so modified as to pass into new forms. If man existed at a time so distant as that wherein Bering's Straits and the North Sea and part of the Mediterranean were dry land, we may conjecture from the influence of these physical changes upon the animal and vegetable world what their influence may have been upon him in causing tribes to move from place to place, and in bringing about alterations of racial types.

The geological record supplies ample evidence how greatly the species of animals and plants have transferred themselves from one dwelling-place to another in distant ages. The horse, in his earlier forms, was abundant in America, but he vanished there, and had been long extinct when the Spaniards of Cortez won Mexico by the terror he inspired. The camel, it appears, was originally a New World beast, and the gigantic *Sequoia* of California a European tree. But it is seldom that we are able to fix the causes which have brought about these transferences. And even with regard to those comparatively few migrations of animals which have occurred within recent times, it is seldom that any palpably operative ground can be assigned. The latest instance of any considerable migration, apart of course from the agency of man, is the invasion of Europe by the brown rat, a native, it seems, of East Central Asia, which has practically expelled the black rat from Europe, just as the latter has been ejecting weaker rodents from South America.

In prehistoric times the movements of animals must have frequently told upon man. It appears that some centuries before our colonists entered North America the buffalo had begun to move eastward from the prairie highlands in and near the Rocky Mountains towards the Mississippi; and in order to tempt him still further eastward the Indians began to burn the forests which covered its banks and those of the Ohio river in what are now the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky. The abundance of animal food thus brought within their reach seems to have checked the progress of the tribes in the arts of sedentary life, throwing them back into the stage of hunters.

Since man, in his advancing civilisation, has begun to domesticate animals and to understand how to improve the soil and make full use of its capacities, the chief transfers of animals and plants to new regions have been due to his action. He has peopled the New World and Australasia with the horses, cattle, and sheep of Europe, turning to account tracts which might otherwise have remained a wilderness. The trees he has brought from distant regions have sometimes grown to forests, and changed the aspect of whole countries. Thus, the tops of the Neilgherry hills in Southern India have nearly lost their beautiful ancient woods, and are now, since the English took them in hand, covered with the sombre *Eucalyptus* and *Acacia melanoxylon* from Australia, or with plantations of tea from China, or quinine from Paraguay. The landscape of Egypt, as we see it, must be quite different from that which Moses or Herodotus saw; for most of the trees belong to species which were then unknown on the Nile. Many creatures and many plants have also followed man without his will. The rats which our ships carry, and the mosquitoes whose eggs lurk in the water barrels, find their way to land and plague new countries; the English sparrow is now a nuisance in North America, though less

pernicious than the English rabbit in Australia. Species of shrubs and herbaceous plants, the seeds of most of them brought accidentally from America or Asia, have thrice overrun the Hawaiian Islands, so that the present vegetation of the group is largely different from that which Cook found little more than a century ago. Thus, the migrations of men, which Nature once governed, have now come to be followed by those of other creatures, and are the source of many a change upon the face of Nature herself.

If we ask what has been the result of the changes we have been considering on the political organisations of mankind, and on the types of human culture, the answer must unquestionably be, that they have become fewer and fewer. From the beginning of authentic history, the process of reducing the number of tribes, of languages, of independent political communities, of forms of barbarism or of civilisation, has gone on steadily, and indeed with growing speed. For many parts of the world our data do not go far back. But if we take the part for which the data are most complete, the basin of the Mediterranean, we find that now there are only nine, or at the most ten, languages (excluding mere dialects) spoken on its coasts, while the number of States, counting in Montenegro, Egypt, Malta, and Morocco, is ten. In the time of Herodotus there must have been at least thirty languages, while the independent or semi-independent tribes, cities, and kingdoms were beyond all comparison more numerous. The result of migrations has been to overwhelm the small tribes and merge them in larger aggregates, while the process of permeation, usually, though not always, a sequel of conquest, has assimilated even those among whom no considerable number of intruders came. Sometimes the mere contiguity of the new and stronger race extinguishes the weak one, as in the case of the Tasmanian aborigines.* But more frequently the weaker is simply absorbed into and accepts the language and general type of the stronger, which is not necessarily the more gifted or the more civilised: and thus Britain has become Anglified, the Celtic population retaining some of its distinctive marks only in western and mountainous corners; thus the Wends of North Germany have been Germanised, thus the Finnish races of Eastern and Northern Russia are Slavonised, thus some of the Albanian clans are being Hellenised, thus the Talains of Pegu are becoming merged in the Burmese, as possibly the latter may ultimately be in the Chinese. The remarkable thing is that neither this blending of races, nor the transfer of races to new climatic and economic conditions, tends to develop new types to anything like the same extent as it destroys the old ones. The Crown is allowed to create one new Irish peerage for every three that die out. Nature

* So the Gnanches of Tenerife soon disappeared as a distinct race, though some of their blood remains; so the Maories and native Hawaiians have become greatly reduced in numbers, and are likely to become before long extinct.

uses her prerogative far more sparingly ; she does not produce a new one for ten that vanish. Since the nations of modern Europe took their present distinct characters with their languages and their local seats between the sixth and the eleventh centuries, no new nation has appeared in Europe, nor is there the least likelihood that any will. Neither has the settlement of European man in the New World wrought any marked changes in national types even when there has been a blood-mingling on a great scale. The average Mexican, who is by extraction more than half an Indian, is for many, perhaps for most purposes, social and ethical, a Spaniard. The man of Pennsylvania or Ohio is still more palpably an Englishman, nor does the immense infusion of Irish and German blood seem likely to affect the Anglo-American type as it fixed itself a century or more ago. Nothing shows more clearly the strength which a well-established racial character has than the fact that the climatic and economic conditions of America have so little altered the English settlers in body, so comparatively little even in mind. Nothing better illustrates the assimilative power of a vigorous community than the way in which the immigrants into the United States melt like sugar in a cup of tea, and see their children grow up no longer Germans or Norwegians, or even Irish or Italians or Gzechs, but Anglo-Americans. With the negroes, on the other hand, there is practically no admixture ; and so far as can be foreseen, they will remain, at least in the sub-tropical parts of the South, distinctly African in their physical and mental characteristics for centuries to come. The same remark holds true of the white and black races in South Africa.

Will this process of extinguishing and assimilating the weaker nationalities and their types of culture continue into a distant future ? Have those movements of population which have been so powerful a factor in that process nearly reached their limit ? Since a time long before the dawn of history the various races seem to have been always in an unstable equilibrium, some constantly pressing upon others, or seeking to escape from crowded into vacant, from cold or sterile into more genial or more fertile lands. Is the time near at hand when they will have settled down in a permanent fashion, just as our globe itself has from a gaseous state solidified by the combination of her elements into her present stable form ?

Over large parts of the earth this time seems already within a measurable distance. Nearly all of the north temperate zone, except parts of south-western and south-eastern Siberia (especially along the lower Amour), and parts of Western Canada, is now occupied, and most of it pretty thickly occupied. Districts there are which may be more closely packed : the Western United States, for instance, though all the best land has already been taken up, can support a far larger population than they now have. But the attractions to emigrants

become daily slighter as the conditions of agriculture grow less favourable through the inferior quality of the untouched land and the approaching exhaustion of that which has been tilled for two or three decades, not to speak of that vast natural increase of the population already on the spot, which intensifies the competition for employment. We may conjecture that within the lifetime of persons now living the outflow from Europe to North America will have practically stopped. A somewhat longer time will be required to fill not only the far less attractive parts of northern Asia I have mentioned, but also such scantily inhabited though once flourishing regions as Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and Persia, because a more torrid sun and atrocious misgovernment keep these regions, so to speak, out of the market. In the southern hemisphere, whose land area is far smaller, there are the temperate districts of Australia and South Africa, of which, so far as our present knowledge extends, no very large part has moisture enough to be available for tillage; while in South America there are La Plata, northern Patagonia, and the highlands of Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador.* The elevation above the sea of these latter tracts gives them a tolerable climate, but their wealth lies chiefly in minerals; and the parts which are both fit for agriculture and healthy are of comparatively small extent. There remain the tropics. Vast regions of the tropics are at present scantily peopled. Most of equatorial South America is a forest wilderness. Much of tropical Africa—where it is not condemned to sterility by the want of water—seems to have a population very far below what it could support, owing not merely to the wars and slave raids which devastate the country, but also to the fact that peoples unskilled in tillage cannot make the soil yield anything like its full return of crops. The same remark applies to Borneo, Celebes, New Guinea, Luzon, and some of the other isles of the Eastern Archipelago, among which only Java has as yet seen its resources duly developed. That there will be considerable migrations and shiftings of population among the races that now inhabit the tropics is probable enough. India and China are both filled to overflowing, and will doubtless continue to send out streams of emigrants, which may in time fill up the vacant spaces in the Eastern Archipelago, perhaps in South America, perhaps even in Africa, unless some of its indigenous races should ripen into a greater capacity for patient and steady toil than any, except the Egyptian, has yet shown. But none of these tropical peoples, except the Chinese—for Japan lies outside the tropics—has a native civilisation, or is fitted to play any part in history, either as a conquering or as a thinking force, or in any way save as producers by physical labour of material wealth. None is likely to develop towards any higher condition than that in which

* The elevated parts of Equatorial Africa are much smaller, though possibly large enough to support a European population of some few millions.

it now stands, save under the tutelage, and by adopting so much as it can of the culture, of the five or six European peoples which have practically appropriated the torrid zone, and are dividing its resources between them. Yet the vast numbers to which, under the conjoint stimuli of science and peace, these inferior black and yellow races may grow, coupled with the capacity some of them evince for assimilating the material side of European civilisation, may enable them to play a larger part in the future of the world than they have played in the past.

It is, of course, possible that the great European peoples, or some of them, may after a few generations acquire the power of thriving in the tropics, of resisting malarial fevers, and of rearing an offspring which need not be sent home to a cold climate during the years of boyhood. We must call it possible, because our experience is still too short to justify us in calling it impossible. But it seems so far from probable that in considering the future of the leading and ruling races of the world, we must practically leave their permanent settlement in the tropics out of the question, and restrict our view to the two temperate zones. In these, as has been said, there is no longer room and verge for any great further removal of masses of men from one country to another. If, indeed, we were merely to look at a map indicating the comparative density of population in Northern Asia, Europe, and America, and see how much denser it is in the agricultural parts of France or Germany, for instance, than in South-western Siberia, or the North-west of the United States and Canada, we might fancy the space remaining to be sufficient for many centuries to come. But if we were to compare such a map of to-day with a similar map of the world in 1780, and note how much of what would then have been marked as empty space, including all the vast area between the Alleghanies and the Pacific, has now been occupied, we shall realise the immense advance that has been made towards the establishment of an equilibrium of population, and the relative shortness of the future during which we can look to emigration as a remedy for the evils which afflict the toiling masses of Europe. In this respect, as in many others, the world seems to be entering on a new era, whose phenomena will prove unlike to any that have gone before.

It may be thought that as migrations have been a frequent cause of war in the past, the establishment of such an equilibrium will make for peace. But it must also be remembered that the pressure of each nation on its neighbour, and of the members of each nation on one another, tends to grow more severe with that severer struggle for subsistence which increasing numbers involve, and which, after a few more generations, the outlets that now still remain to us will no longer relieve.

JAMES BRYCE.

THE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER AND THE OLD TESTAMENT:
A CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

1.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to remonstrate with the Bishop of Colchester on certain passages in his article, "Dr. Driver's Introduction to the Old Testament, Part II.," which appear to me to exceed the recognised limits of controversy. It is, I think, not permissible to condemn writings which one has not read, or views which one has not had time to study. This offence was, doubtless unintentionally, committed by Dr. Blomfield when he stated that I, who am pledged to a free but devoutly Christian criticism of the Scriptures, and have spent more years on that study than perhaps Dr. Blomfield has spent weeks, "consider almost the whole of the Old Testament narrative to be purely fabulous and legendary." Will Dr. Blomfield, after reading my writings, justify, not merely by words taken out of their context, but by connected passages, this astonishing assertion?

He also places my colleague, Dr. Driver, in an unpleasant position by assuming our solidarity as critics and theologians. It would be both painful and misleading for Dr. Driver to come forward and say that he has as great a repugnance to my conclusions as Bishop Blomfield has, or imagines that he has. It is true that we have the same aims—viz., to pursue truth, and to help to pilot devout students of the Bible through the difficulties which beset their course, partly through the inactivity of Church theologians in the past. But Dr. Driver has expressly said in a work which Dr. Blomfield does appear to have read, that he will only be responsible for the words which he has himself uttered (see his preface), and he has with conscientious reserve left many of the subjects, critical, theological, and ecclesiastical, to which I have myself felt called upon to refer in my writings, for the present on one side. It is surely not right to involve him as well as myself in the charge of disloyalty to the Church of England as by law established.

For myself, I reiterate all my main conclusions. As probably the oldest of our more progressive Old Testament critics, I feel bound to speak on delicate matters of criticism, theology, and Church practice whenever a due occasion presents itself, and I claim the privilege of being listened to, and of being treated with that fairness extended even to a criminal. There are a number of hasty utterances about myself in Dr. Blomfield's article which would only need to be illustrated by facts and by logic for their cruel injustice to become visible. Of course, as I "passed in

1870 into the school of Graf and Kuenen," I am responsible for every word Kuenen ever wrote! And as the National Church is based ultimately, "not on the learning or talent of its adherents" [nor, as it seems, on spiritual qualities], but on what Dr. Blomfield calls "belief," I, who hold that our forms of doctrine, interpreted according to their spirit, are intellectual safeguards and helps, ought logically to follow Mr. Voysey and Mr. Stopford Brooke (excellent men, but not historical theologians) out of the Anglican Church! I am very glad that Bishop Blomfield is beginning his study of Old Testament criticism under Dr. Driver, and beg leave to assure him that for such practical difficulties as he has suggested answers have been offered by myself and others, notably by Dr. Briggs in his new work, "The Bible, the Church, and the Reason: the Three Great Fountains of Divine Authority." (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

Yours faithfully,

T. K. CHEYNE.

OXFORD, *June 13, 1892.*

II.

THE VICARAGE, ROCHDALE, *June 14, 1892.*

SIR,—In the June number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, p. 876, the Bishop of Colchester writes as follows: "Archdeacon Wilson of Manchester, taking a long step in the same direction" (apparently towards 'claiming to hold and to teach that almost the whole of the Old Testament is purely fabulous and legendary'), "and regarding the unveracity of the Old Testament as a foregone conclusion, startled the Church Congress at Rhyl (1891) by informing the audience that the four Gospels consist of 'a halo of legend round a nucleus of fact.'"

Those who know my writings will attach little weight to his words; but for the great majority of your readers it is well to nail this statement to the counter as a specimen of false coin.

The nearest equivalent in my paper to his Lordship's first statement of my views is contained in these words: "It is impossible now to accept its *mechanical* inspiration" (*i.e.*, that of the Bible) "and guaranteed historical and scientific correctness." This is a totally different thing. The reckless opinions he attributes to me are not mine.

His second statement is apparently founded on, and is a misquotation from, the sentence I now quote: "But when the truths which the miracles were supposed to attest have been absorbed by the world or the individual, and I mean especially the general truth that Christ truly revealed the will of God for man, and man's relation to God, then *criticism* suggests that the *belief in miracles* has done its work, and we can afford to acknowledge *some* halo of legend round a nucleus of fact."

It must be noticed that in this paragraph there is nothing about "the four Gospels *consisting of a halo, &c.*," nor am I even professing to state the "results" of criticism, but I am avowedly describing the "tendencies of modern criticism," and in particular "its attitude towards the miraculous."

I will conclude by asking the Bishop to reply thoughtfully to a few questions.

- (1) Did he ever read my paper? Was he quoting it from memory? or from hearsay?
- (2) Does he accept the view of inspiration which I speak of as impossible to accept?
- (3) Is "the attitude of modern criticism towards the miraculous," in his opinion, other than what I have described?
- (4) Does he wholly and entirely repudiate that attitude? In particular, how does he regard St. John v. 4 (see R.V.) and Matthew xxvii. 52, 53? Does he regard the first as a halo in the A.V.? Does he to any extent rationalise the second? or condemn those who see in it "some halo?"

If your readers wish to see a paper on the same subject by another Bishop, the Bishop of Worcester, let them refer to the May number of the *Review of the Churches*. That paper is marked by sobriety of statement, accuracy of language, fairness and respect to those from whom the Bishop differs, and a knowledge of the subject about which he writes.

JAMES M. WILSON.

WILLIAM AND BISMARCK.

"His administration was glorious, but with no vulgar glory. It was not one of those periods of overstrained and convulsive exertion which necessarily produce debility and languor. Its energy was natural, healthful, temperate."—MACAULAY : *Cromwell*.

IT was early in the Sixties. Monarchy by the grace of God had in some countries been placed on a fixed salary. In others it had recently been humbled in the field by a plebiscitic adventurer, or rendered ridiculous by the witty shafts of the citizen. Aristocracies of light and leading were more or less in a languid condition.

In sundry places the Philistine had arrived at a full consciousness of his political talent and, above all, of his political power. The writings of a noted English historian encouraged him in this frame of mind. Mighty arrays of statistics were brought forward, and it was proved inductively and deductively on paper that there was no such thing as a great man : there had never been such. Providence, too, seemed to fall in with this latest estimate of things. It provided, as if by special decree, a type of royalty exactly fitted for ornamental centre-pieces to brand-new European burgher communities. These were the ducal Coburgs, the princely Orléans, alternating sometimes with a blend of both. There did not seem to be much danger of great men disturbing the sleep of such as these, amid the general utilitarian mediocrity of which they themselves were the outcome.

Leopold I., King of the Belgians, was the ideal monarch of this type ; he, too, was the only Continental Sovereign the revolution of 1848 did not interfere with. Shrewd, almost infallible in the enlightened discernment of his own interests, he was sadly at fault when dealing with other things : witness his disastrous advice to the Archduke Maximilian to accept the imperial crown of Mexico.

In Germany a nephew of this shrewd monarch was the most popular man of his day—the idol of suburban beer-gardens, in which *shady summer resorts he was even now and then pointed to as the*

future German Emperor. For the idea of a Liberal German Empire had already taken root in the minds of many at that time; and at the rifle meeting in Frankfurt-on-the-Main oceans of beer were consumed in honour of the lion-hunting Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Somehow, however, nothing came of it all, not even the coveted command of an army corps in the war of 1870. Remarkable in Coburg annals, the fact that one so gifted and once so near a pinnacle should have been left to hide his talents in obscurity. But being possessed of a clear philosophic intellect, a cynical, sarcastic, and yet pleasure-loving turn of mind, he found compensations. And to-day there is no more ruthless *fin railleur* at Coburg methods—whether practised by nieces, grand-nephews, or sisters-in-law—than the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

These Coburgers, not unlike their relatives the princely Orléans, were, taken as a whole, excellent people for every-day exigencies, although an eminent historian would have us believe that they were “petty folk who carry on huge correspondence about nothings.” Cautious, close in money matters, wonderfully taciturn, and endowed with an extraordinary amount of tact—not tact of the heart, but rather of the head; still, excellent for every-day use—they had brought cunning to a pitch which was in inverse ratio to their lack of political power. In other words, they were negative excellencies, utilitarian wonders; but not the type of men to stir the human heart or lead a nation forced to choose between victory and death. Still, they were notable people, for, as in the parallel case of Macchiavelli, they founded a political school. Thus, to-day we may speak of Coburg “methods,” Coburg “facts,” in the same way as we can speak of German silver, and yet be understood to refer to articles current outside the boundaries of the Fatherland. Besides, these men were typical of an epoch—that of the “Royal Faiseur”—a period of astute “cleverness” as distinct from one of simplicity, sincerity, and genius.

Monarchy of the old patriarchal type had poor prospects then. The King of Prussia, however, still clung to its traditions, and, in despair, was seriously thinking of abdicating. To employ an expression supposed to have been used by the late lamented Duke of Clarence, he thought of “chucking up” the whole thing. In fact, according to some, King William of Prussia had already written out and signed his own abdication!

At that moment, as had happened before in the affairs of this world, a man appeared. He was not a learned person. Indeed, he had learnt little as learning is currently understood. Much of his earlier time had been spent lounging about the grounds of his ancestral home, reading Shakespeare, or now and then dipping into the pages of an old Jew writer—Spinoza. But Nature had ordained

him to be a statesman, even though he might never have opened a book. She had placed behind his piercing eyes the gift of seizing the bearings of facts should they range from China to Peru.

One fine day his King called him: "Things have an ugly look," said His Majesty. "The air savours of tragedy—of nasty historical parallels: Strafford—Charles I."

"What of that," was the reply—"supposing our duty tells us to mount the scaffold?"

"In that case, *Vorwärts!*" replied the soldier in the monarch.

And Bismarck settled down to his task. And sleepless nights were his lot—ay, and many of them. For he and his King had a world in arms against them.

Among other obstacles, a wave of crotchety liberalism, in alliance with humanitarianism, was passing over Europe: a sentimental interest in struggling nationalities, Italians, Poles, &c., more or less justifiable, no doubt. But the man at the Prussian helm had not bargained to do the work of a philanthropist: no, it was as a statesman that he had undertaken his task. So he bore in silence an ever-increasing volume of hatred and slander, both public, hidden, and high-placed, and held on. He held on, too, when an assassin fired at him in broad daylight, and found time to call out to the crowd: "Don't hurt him; he can be of more use to us alive:"

This marked the climax; and certain parties were panic-stricken and furious. "What is to become of our interests in Crown regalia and stocks?"

But the man who laughed at scaffolds took no thought of such, and held on still.

At last all was ready. The national failings of envy, slander, and dissension temporarily hid their hydra heads, and for one short moment this man managed to gather all the enthusiasm of a great historic race into his hands. Some may think lightly of this, but it is no small matter to bring a whole people to taste the divine nectar of self-forgetfulness for a short time, and make them willing to die for an idea.

The result was the birth of a powerful united Germany, and the strengthening of the tree of monarchy by the lopping off of some of its decayed branches.

Such are the outlines of a grim epos strangely out of character with the spirit of the democratic age we live in. No wonder, then, that it all seems a dream to-day!

What place could old simple-hearted William have in our time? Indeed, it is only fit that he and his warriors should have passed away now, and left the mightiest of them all for the last in tragic solitude—to point the poetic aptness of the German popular ballad:

"Noch eine hohe Säule zeugt von verschwundner Pracht." *

Monarchy in Germany had been raised to a position of unprecedented splendour mainly by the genius of this man, and had for twenty years remained the centre of a world's admiration.

The young heir to all this greatness had imbibed the illusion that the glory of it was irrevocably centred in his person, and would remain with him even if its powers were to be used against the artificer who had laid its strong foundations. This conviction, added to the doubtless honest belief that the country had grown weary of the iron hand of Bismarck, led to the latter's abrupt dismissal. And for a time many signs favoured the plausibility of this view.

A deep sigh of relief—the now notorious "ouff"—greeted the removal of this granite block of Teuton character from off the chest of nerve-jaded European humanity. Nemesis had overtaken him who had sent a hundred thousand men prematurely to their account. She had at last overtaken the "terrible hermit of Varzin," and sent him sullenly retiring to tend his crops and roam in bitterness of heart among his sylvan solitudes. Or, to put it in the homely words of a weighty journalistic personage: "It was perfectly natural that the Emperor should have got sick and tired of Bismarck's overbearing manners, and that he determined to be master in his own house." "Manners," ye gods!

And a copious crop of well-turned magazine articles, faultless in literary composition and specious logical construction, delighted the world. Some of these, written in English by Germans—to their shame be it said—were full of supercilious slighting of their great countryman. All the political "generosities," so long pent up in the dark recesses of vain little leathery hearts, shone forth effulgently. They were all going to be happy now—Coburg happiness to be brought about by Coburg methods and reasonings (but without the Coburg caution and tact): happiness manifesting itself by a strenuous striving after a sort of Philistine popularity—not that which has its mainspring in the human heart.

The turn had come for talent at last. Poor little, vain, self-advertising talent!

Soon the hackneyed phrase, "the dawn of a new era," had obtained the currency which words have ever had with the shallow-minded.

"They are breaking off bits of the edifice to the erection of which I have devoted my life," burst from the angry man.

"Listen to the traitorous rancour of the disappointed old tyrant, who endeavoured to enslave a world, and who cannot even master himself," retorted the treacherous privy-councillors, whose vain plans for

* But still of vanished splendour
One lofty pillar tells.

self-glorification had been hitherto dashed by the Titan, for he had happily sterilised the petty ambition of all such.

Flabby conciliation, as opposed to iron will, soon became the watchword, and the grossest servility its accompaniment. "Words" the bravest and the most "high-minded" flowed in profusion, but not a breath about the founder of his country's greatness. To mention his name was next to high treason. Thus, if at some public commemoration a toast to his health brought down the house, not a word about it was to be found in public journals. They were too much intoxicated by present "high-mindedness" to think even of registering an echo of true greatness. They were full of patriotism and monarchical feeling, which they held up against the man who had done more to make both a reality than millions of them put together.

It was left to a solitary Frenchman to exclaim: "They will erect statues to this man yet; but too late for Germany's honour."

If here and there some few faithful believers in various countries ventured to hint that possibly there was something to be said for the old pilot after all—if only that the young one seemed hardly up to his work—what a volume of slander burst forth! "This is the work of the disappointed statesman. It is his treacherous handicraft. It is inspired from Friedrichsruh." Even personal friends of the Emperor William have ventured to assert as much. And yet such was never true. Only one slander the more on a man too proud to reply to such accusations. In the first place, not a word has been published on these subjects that was not common property. In the second, Prince Bismarck, we feel sure, would never countenance a word reflecting on the personal character of his Sovereign.

It is indeed a poor estimate of human nature to think that those who champion so great a man are only to be sought among his personal friends. As a matter of fact, Bismarck cannot be aware of the personality of some of the most fervid of his admirers, for they are of no one country or clime; they embrace a good percentage of those who admire genius and character all the world over. But even if he knew them, he would be no more able to control the public expression of their views than the Emperor is capable of answering for the execrable taste of the effusions of some of his panegyrists.

The Emperor has courted the public opinion of the world. He was eager for its approval. He presumed to give the pitch of conduct for the guidance of his time. Some of his actions (notably the International Labour Congress at Berlin) have sent their transient ripples unto the most distant shores. Surely only the grossest of Byzantine servility could affect surprise that such ambition should call forth a few notes of unfavourable criticism. One who aspires to play such a part cannot believe that every unfavourable expression of public opinion must needs emanate from one

source. This were to overrate the area of Prince Bismarck's personal influence, and is, besides, totally at variance with the dictum of the German Press two years ago, that the fallen statesman had no friends left.

Not a friend left two years ago! Yesterday, triumphant progress through half Germany, official boycott notwithstanding; interviews which have called forth a world of journalistic condemnation, angry accusation of open opposition to the Emperor, want of patriotism and so forth!

We are not informed of the amount of knowledge of German affairs at the disposal of outsiders, or whether cosmopolitan public opinion is endowed with the spirit of impartiality which alone would lend value to its judgment, even if based on sufficient knowledge. Strange to say, however, even German "opinion" of a certain type is not above quoting outside newspaper articles in support of its vilification of Germany's greatest son, with the result of quickening deadly hatreds which smoulder beneath the surface there.

Here it is, perhaps, opportune to recall the fact that at no period was Lord Palmerston—that most English of Ministers—more popular at home than when almost universally execrated abroad, in order to understand that there may be many ways of looking at this ebullition of cosmopolitan criticism of Prince Bismarck.

For, in reality, raging round this battling centre, far behind, invisible to many, are Priestcraft, Protestantism, Hebraism, and Germanism; the Socialistic working man alone standing aside, cool and disdainful!

The many-sidedness of this matter may even be gleaned from a comparison of the Berlin telegrams to London newspapers. In one—probably in sympathy, if not in touch, with officialdom in Berlin—we read: "The publications in the Imperial *Gazette* seem to have taken the wind out of his sails—his polemics cease to have much public interest."

In another paper we find an impartial reproduction of what may be taken as "fact":

"The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich publishes a letter from South Germany defending Prince Bismarck's conduct in eloquent language, and blaming the present Imperial Government, Chancellor Caprivi especially, for their attitude in the Bismarck quarrel. This fact furnishes fresh proof how profound is the influence the Prince still wields in South Germany." (*Standard*, July 11.)

A German paper seeks to minimise this by the statement, that it is only the "National Liberals" of South Germany, who have but six representatives in the Reichstag, that are at the bottom of all this enthusiasm. But this argument tells both ways. If there are only six National Liberals in South Germany at present, how popular

must Bismarck be in those districts where there are a greater number ! And before now that party has sent one hundred members to the Reichstag, and may do so again.

No, there can be no doubt, not only that Prince Bismarck still wields an extraordinary influence in South Germany, but that his prestige has increased largely of late in public estimation more or less throughout the country, at the expense of the present office-holders. Deserted by all but the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, when he quitted office, he has gradually found strong sympathisers amongst the highest-class papers in different centres—e.g., the *Berlin Börsen Zeitung*, the *Tägliche Rundschau*, in Munich the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in Dresden the *Nachrichten*, in Leipzig the *Tageblatt* ; all these being journals of weight and importance, besides a number of others, the names of which we cannot call to mind. How firm this hold has become on the best type of the nation may be inferred by a voice from the camp of Bismarck's political antagonists. On the 21st May, the *Vossische Zeitung*, a high-class Berlin Liberal organ, after saying that the German Liberal party has its own account to settle with Prince Bismarck, proceeds : " But whoever endeavours to lower him, or to defame him, in order to burn incense to the present Emperor, will not find acceptance in Germany, either at the hands of Prince Bismarck's friends or enemies ; but will at most earn the applause of Court lackeys."

If such be the opinion of Bismarck's enemies, that of his admirers may safely be left to the imagination of the reader.

The form of his recent outbursts of frank criticism may be generally deplored in Germany ; but they will not cost him the loss of many followers.

The Emperor may assure the diplomatic world that he discriminates between the Bismarck of the past and the ungrateful vassal of to-day, and the Press of Europe may chime in as chorus to this. But he will not get the German people to follow him here. It is significant that the diplomatic circulars of Count Caprivi were hardly made public before a deputation of students appeared at Kissingen, with Professor Hæckel at its head.

" We," the Professor said, " know no difference between the Bismarck of the *present* and the Bismarck of the *past*."

This sentiment finds throughout the country an echo which nobody will underrate who is aware of the importance of academic opinion in Germany.

Bismarck's person is hallowed to the German nation by his share in the past baptism of blood. He is the one man left round whom the people—its academic youth leading the van—spontaneously begin to sing their soul-stirring national songs—the songs that fire them in the hour of peril to do or die !

This will be best brought home to the reader by the following words, which the *Leipziger Tageblatt* reproduces (July 2) from the *Deutsche Wochenblatt*, and endorses as its own :

"It would be a mistake to harbour the idea that anything could weaken the sentiments of the nation for Bismarck. On the contrary, the more the period of his activity recedes from view, the more gigantic will the figure of the Iron Chancellor grow in the imagination of the people. Nations usually only idealise their heroes after their death; Prince Bismarck owes it to his retirement from office that he has already become an ideal picture during his life. It is not well to attempt to deface such, and it can serve no good purpose. The threats of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* to bring disclosures directed against Bismarck are therefore at least superfluous. But they are clumsy as well, for you cannot intimidate a Bismarck; he will only get the more angry, and the country will have to pay the piper for it. . . .

"Bismarck has done so much for his country and for the House of Hohenzollern, that nothing he may do could possibly make him forfeit the gratitude Germany owes to him."

Now there can be no doubt that Bismarck has been irritated in a manner peculiarly galling to a proud nature. The "boycott," although a new-fangled expression, is an old artifice. But in order to be effective it must be devised with so much tact and cunning that it is not easily found out, or, if found out, that it may be promptly denied. This is how it is understood in Coburg traditions, but any clumsy imitation of them is apt to end in failure.

Prince Bismarck's utterances have for the last two years been repeatedly and ostentatiously set down by semi-official organs as valueless—as valueless as those of any other "private person blocked out from public life."

So long as personal motives only swayed him, he would probably have remained silent under this, as he has done under many other and grosser attempts to belittle him. But he still takes a keen interest in the politics of the empire he created, and, strange to say, there is a strong party in Germany, ominously increasing of late, which thinks and says openly that it is perfectly within his right to do so.

In private life Bismarck is said to be the most amiable and considerate of men, tender-hearted even; but he "hardens" the moment the State heaves in sight. Thought for his own comfort, interest, or health, or consideration for his very life, all recede before this fetish, to the worship of which the great magician has devoted his life. To tell such a man that he is damaging his reputation would be to whistle to the whirlwind. To assert that he is damaging his country might bring a scornful rejoinder regarding the poor value of such opinion. Also we are loth to believe in those so-called indiscretions. We fancy we can detect method in them, and thus we feel inclined to hold that Bismarck's slightest action is still part and parcel of a relentless political character led by genius.

Very dreadful all this, but such is the stuff of those whom Providence chooses to work out its decrees in blood and iron.

The most sagacious of statesmen is not necessarily the most prudent and utilitarian of men: witness William Pitt. Read the records of Bismarck's private life, recall the boisterous *bonhomie*, drinking bouts and jaunts of other days. Note his plunging in to save a servant from drowning at the imminent risk of his own life. Where do prudence and utilitarianism come in here? If he had been a prudent man, he would never have allowed his wounded feelings to become apparent on his dismissal. Prudent men consult appearances at whatever cost to their feelings. And this is sometimes made easy for them, when they have not very deep feelings to overcome; at least not such feelings as cannot be soothed by glittering considerations. If Bismarck had been of that stamp, he would have remained silent, calm, and impassive. His clear intellect must then have told him that his counsels would soon be missed in the affairs of State, and that his previous silence would increase the uneasy feeling of the public at their absence. In the meantime he might have gratefully accepted the ducal title and the millions in hard cash which, some say, were offered him, had he been the money-grasping man he is often called. Thus the great statesman might have become an actor, and played with applause to the gallery of Europe.

That would have been prudence and cleverness of the Coburg sort—the cleverness of playing a part. And if he had played it, the chances are that the Emperor would have been forced by public opinion before now to make a pilgrimage to his grandfather's trusted adviser.

When we picture to ourselves what might have been, we realise why people stand aghast at the strange perversity of the imprudent man!

Or can it be that there is indeed a divinity which forbids that the elements of hypocritical farce should be mingled with epic greatness?

Unfortunately for the happy blending of human comedy with the historically tragic, Bismarck is neither a prudent man, nor a vain man, nor one capable of acting a part, nor is he to be bought at any price. Besides, as he himself has said, he lacks the necessary humility! Hence he resented his treatment, and no guerdon could soothe his wounded feelings.

He retains his interest in the affairs of his country, and seems determined to give expression to his views in and out of season, whenever it suits him. And in doing this, he is still a long way off the style of criticism which in this country ex-Ministers daily indulge in (and which in France the late M. Thiers once expressed in the words: "There are no mistakes left for the Government to commit"), without calling forth doubts regarding their patriotism.

The greatest crime of Bismarck, in the eyes of some, is, that he is alive and in the enjoyment of good health; and that, being alive, he

has been guilty of the want of Coburg tact in going to his son's wedding. For although a Louis the Eleventh could no longer put his prisoners in cages and gloat over their sufferings, to-day it is still permissible, in a Christian country, to long for the speedy death of one's enemy: "Get thee under the earth, thou disturbest my lines!"

Now if Germany were in the enviable position, say, of Holland—a country which can safely be ruled by mediocrity—Coburg or other—all might be well.

All this "tumbling" in the breakers of publicity of Bismarck and his official opponents might then be harmlessly amusing. The extravagant imperial rewards for simple duty done, the distinctions given in return for the partisanship of the *self-seeker*, all this were as innocuous as the publicity given to the wearing of uniforms, stars and crosses, the reviewing of troops, the naming of ships, and the spread of sumptuous dinners, with sixty to a hundred and sixty covers—more or less!

But the events of the last two years—the rapid decline of the parliamentary credit of Count Caprivi—indicate that Germany still requires the master hand, or at least a nerve of iron, at the helm! And this, although according to the panegyrists of the present *régime* all is sunshine and conciliation.

Unfortunately, it will take time to show whether the colours of this picture will wear or fade. For in the words of an experienced politician: "In politics consequences take time to develop; they do not show themselves at once."

"Conciliation" is a big and plausible word to conjure with in politics; and the Emperor is moved by an earnest desire to conciliate his enemies, even though it be occasionally at the price of offending his best friends. His friends assure us he has succeeded so well, that Poles, Hanoverians, Ultramontane Catholics, are all as devotedly loyal and contented to-day as they were previously fractious and dissatisfied. But how if it should prove to be a fallacy? For politics are a science, their practice a fine art, time is the measure of their value, and the eager young politician in this case is the most impressionable of men!

We have come across an enthusiastic enumeration of the benefits that have accrued to Germany through the Emperor's policy since Bismarck's dismissal. And there can be no manner of doubt that several of the Government measures, notably those of an economic character, and the annulment of the Socialist laws, have had the approval of a large majority in the country, and that possibly, in this particular instance, they represented a public preference for the "new" as opposed to the "old" course, whatever that may ultimately turn out to be worth! But this only lends additional significance to the Emperor's loss of personal popularity at home during the last two years. And this loss of popularity is an undoubted fact, even if we were

to deduct every public demonstration in favour of Bismarck as signs of opposition to the Sovereign.

As already stated, it is not so much any single political measure, or any series of political measures, that point the difference between the "old" and the "new" course. It is the spirit of government which has changed, and which is causing uneasiness in many hearts in Germany that have little to say against any particular act on its own merits.

In Bismarck's day the policy of Germany as a whole was regulated by the contingencies one man of genius foresaw. The husk might be rough, but the kernel was sound. To-day it is what will be applauded by the surface opinion of the moment. In a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (March 1, 1892), M. G. Valbert, one of the keenest and most impartial judges of contemporary politics, thus points to this difference :

"Not only have innovations been made and new measures taken, but the very spirit of the Government has changed. Under Bismarck everything was subordinated to policy, and reasons of State were the supreme law. The young Emperor is an idealist, who has quite a different way of understanding the business of a Sovereign and the government of nations. Believing with his whole soul in Divine Right, he thinks that kings and emperors have duties as extended as their privileges, and despises those who seek the glory of becoming cunning diplomats or wise administrators. He is of opinion that all true Sovereigns have charge of men's souls; that they must not only govern their people, but educate them, and make them worthy of their destinies. A Sovereign is before all things a great teacher, a high justiciary, and is alone competent to solve the social question," &c.

Here we have the personal ideals of the Sovereign paramount, and this Sovereign, as we have said, the most impressionable of men. Everybody will concede that he is anxiously bent on sifting "facts" from "fancy." But his personal example has already tended to break with the traditions which made Prussia great: Prussia became great by simplicity, sobriety, economy and shrewd common-sense. The Emperor is lavish in more ways than one. He went out to do battle with the self-seekers of all parties, of which Prussia has a host, as most other countries have. But, unlike some other countries, she cannot afford to allow them to fatten in high places. Well, it looks suspiciously as if he were becoming their victim or their tool! In every case there is a touch of the irony of fate, in the fact that the Emperor has come to find his principal support among parties that are said to be personally distasteful to him. Or are we to accept a declaration of Count Caprivi in open Reichstag as a spontaneous sentiment of his own, that the support of the Liberals causes him alarm?

The Emperor has striven to gain the support of the Catholic parliamentary party. He has endeavoured to utilise the Catholics. Is he the man to succeed in this in the long run, where a Bismarck proved unsuc-

cessful? And what makes this question most pertinent is that a large amount of the partisanship of which Bismarck is at present the object is not so much the outcome of dissatisfaction with the measures of the Government as the feeling of the intellectual *élite* of Germany—notably, the National Liberals—that the Emperor is more and more becoming a tool of those with whom the ideals of the best Germans have never found full acceptance. And this applies to others beside the Ultramontane party!

No wonder there is a sinister want of harmony, and, above all, a feeling of insecurity, in Germany, in spite of present cloudless appearances. Pessimists even aver that the air smells of Jena, though this may be dismissed as ridiculous. Still, things do not inspire confidence. Too many people are of opinion that the Emperor has not proved himself equal to the arduous part he has doubtless conscientiously set himself to play. Everything points to the imperative need of some strong guiding mind, no longer visible. The slightest acquaintance with the country convinces one that the people want a "man" at their back in peace, let alone in time of war; and the Emperor does not impress the nation sufficiently as being this man. The soldier will obey; but as for the people, it is greatly to be feared that the Emperor has talked too much for any utterance of his in crucial moments to have that moral effect which is desirable to encourage men to lay down their lives willingly in the service of their country. And the moment for this may come—Peace Congresses notwithstanding.

Patriots feel this. Hence the increase of the volume of opinion which would gladly welcome a reconciliation between the Emperor and the late Chancellor, if only to do away with the present ugly sight of disunion, and to bring the enormous moral force of Bismarck's personality into harmony with the Emperor in the hour of danger. The Emperor himself must see by this time that he alone does not embody in his person the full ideal devotion of Germany, but a reconciliation might regain him a great deal of it. It need not lead to any radical change in the present aspect of things if it only removed its uglier features, for the ex-Chancellor can have no personal aims.

Will the Emperor agree to a reconciliation with one who is still the greatest moral power in the country? That is the question. Bismarck is too great for a reconciliation of the Coburg type, or not great enough; for he lacks the one qualification—"hypocrisy"!

Is the Emperor great enough to rise superior to Coburg traditions, to rise above himself and above Bismarck too, by generously taking a leaf out of that history of which he is so fond? And there are precedents here. "Come, Prince, we have both been too hasty! There is something above you, and even above me, to be consulted, and that is the welfare of our country."

IMAGINATION IN DREAMS.

IT is said that the imagination of man cannot portray what the eye has not seen, or what has not entered into the channel of the senses through conversation, the reading of books, the contemplation of pictures; and the assertion seems to be incontestible. If a man had never seen a tree, or if the description or the pictorial representation of a tree had never been conveyed to him, he could not place a tree before his imagination, or his imagination place a tree before him. It seems to follow that familiarity with one kind of tree would not help his fancy to create another of a distinctly different appearance. In a country of oaks where no willow and no poplar had ever been seen, neither of these could be known to imagination.

The artist, the poet, is compelled to acknowledge that the most creative fancy is incapable of creating any thing; and that whatever his gifts of imagination may be they can supply him with nothing more original than the discovery of harmonies, discords, resemblances, between the things that every eye may see and every ear can hear. It is not supposed that Architecture would have conceived its Gothic style, the most splendidly imaginative of all, if there had been no woods and no tall avenues roofed with interlacing boughs. The poet may make a thousand inspiring applications of the beauty of the rose or the glories of the dawn; but when Shakespeare imagined his island in writing "The Tempest," even he could put nothing into its fields, its air, its sky; that was not drawn from actually created things. Looking at that piece of work, we may be sure that its great author bent the whole force of his fancy upon a task of creation; but yet there is nothing in Prospero's domain that answers to the first rose ever seen—no invention, we need not say of natural splendours like the dawning light, but none that matches with the fen-fire or the rushes in the fen.

But it is not in Art or in Poesy that the limitations of imagination are most sharply illustrated or most sorely felt, but in Religion. At every movement of religious thought we are conscious of indomitable hard-set boundaries, which yet we are for ever leaping at. The difficulty of imagining Heaven is a familiar example of what I mean. This has been a distress to thousands and thousands for countless generations; and the distress has been greatest where the faculty to overcome it has been greatest too. The stronger the effort, indeed, the more complete is the sense of failure. You have still to fall back on winged angels, dove-creatures; on white robes, golden thrones, gates of pearl; strains of music which, though you need not suppose them drawn from fiddles according to the frankly-acknowledged fancy of the old painters, are in fact such compositions as Bach, Beethoven, or some other mundane master has put into your head. There is nothing more inspiring to the mind of man than religious enthusiasm; its fervours are more kindling to the imagination than any other; and many clear intellects are ready to believe that the yearnings of religious enthusiasm to behold in vision the world beyond are sometimes rewarded. But if so, nothing has been brought back to earth that was not found there before. Neither the religious enthusiast nor the fancy of our Miltons and Dantes (poets and religious at the same time) has ever got many inches from the ground. The limitations of imagination have been too strong for them; and John Martin painted his pictures to illustrate the same disability.

But what if we have to make distinctions between the waking imagination and the dream imagination? This, in fact, we have to do; and the first difference to be marked between them is that the one is far more limited than the other. Every effort of the waking fancy to place before the mind's eye a tree different from all known kinds of tree is embarrassed by a sense of travesty; we are burlesquing the real, and not inventing a variation. And so of everything else. When, in writing a play or a romance, we picture a face to ourselves, we are aware at once that it is a memory, and not an original product of imagination. But as to the faces we see in dreams, we are often quite confident that they are not memory pictures. Most of the faces seen in dreams are memories, no doubt; but the remarkable thing is that others are not. We feel that we never beheld them before with the same degree of certainty that we feel, when glancing at some striking face in a crowd, that we never saw it till that moment. Moreover, the dream-face is no mere outline of shadowy and meaningless feature. It is (often) not less strongly marked by individuality of character than by distinction of lineament. Indeed, no memory-picture presented to the mind when we are awake is nearly as sharp and vivid in either particular (that is to say, in physical feature or suggestion of character) as these hitherto unseen

faces that rise before us in dreams. And the same thing must be said of all that we see, or seem to see, in dreams. The pictures surrendered by the waking memory are never as distinct as those that are presented to the mind in sleep.

Of course it may be said that as to the originality of these sleep-born visions, the explanation is that the faculty which would tell us that they *are* memories is dormant. The dream-face passes for one that never came into the mind through the waking sense because the faculty that would detect it as a memory is itself asleep. That seems likely, but then, when this same faculty wakes with us in the morning, and we think of the dream-faces, it is a common experience to feel quite sure that they are no portraits of memory. Indeed it often happens that the one thing we dwell upon on waking is that we never saw in life the features that haunted our sleep-darkened minds. And what is yet more remarkable, we know that we never discovered in any human being the peculiar distinctions of character that spoke from the face invented by some faculty within ourselves. No such invention is possible when we are awake, and sane ; yet in sleep it is common. Is it said that these are really memories, though they cannot be recalled by the waking will ? That explanation will hardly hold, because it implies that memory can be charged with lasting impressions of things seen, which yet passed through the visual sense unnoted and unknown of it. Though not inconceivable, that is incredible. There is the fact that after these faces come into view in sleep, the waking mind (with all its faculties intent upon them, and memory most of all) refuses to acknowledge that they ever did pass through the senses. And judgment goes on to declare that characteristics so striking could not have passed unobserved through the gates of perception to fix themselves in whatever nook of memory visual perceptions are recorded : for such perceptions are only recorded in memory when they do arrest attention at the moment they meet the sight. Yet to what conclusions do these observations lead us ? If dream-visions are creations of the mind, then it appears that the limits of imagination which philosophy marks out, and which no effort of the waking mind can surmount, are overleapt in sleep.

We have spoken of dream-faces by way of example ; not, of course, because they are the only ones, but because they are amongst the most frequent and complete of what may be called the original creations of dreams. And it may be serviceable to remark that visions of this kind sometimes present themselves to us in the dark, when we are awake, perfectly sane, unaware of any sort of physical disturbance, and without any effort of imagination. Maury calls these visions "hallucinations hypnogogiques." According to him, they appear between sleeping and waking—when we are "dropping to sleep." They are dream-stuff, so to speak, and the precursors of

the dreams that fill our minds when quite asleep. Galton, too, has written of these "visions of sane persons," phantoms which have all the appearance of external objects and which are certainly not produced by any exertion of either memory or fancy. In this way a lady (he says) used to see showers of red roses, which turned into a flight of golden speckles or spangles; and not only were the roses presented to her vision as distinctly as real flowers in broad daylight might be, but she could smell their perfume. There is nothing like that in my experience, except that at infrequent times of fatigue I share the sensations of those who are said to have discovered a rose-scent flowing from and about them. An evanescent but very distinct violet-scent flushes from my hands, or so I fancy. But M. Maury and Mr. Galton relate stories of faces seen in the dark in like manner; faces seemingly standing off upon the air, and coming and going as if with a will and purpose of their own. These I know something about. Not that it is a very uncommon experience, perhaps; at any rate, I have been familiar with such apparitions for years, and it may not be a waste of paper to repeat a description of them written some time ago.

These faces are never seen (in my case, as in M. Maury's) except when the eyelids are closed, and they have an apparent distance of five or six feet. Though they seem living enough, they look through the darkness as if traced in chalks on a black ground. Colour sometimes they have, but the colour is very faint. Indeed, their general aspect is as if their substance were of pale smoke; and their outlines waver, fade, and revive, so that, except for the half of a moment, the whole face is never completely or clearly visible at one time. Always of a strikingly distinctive character, these visionary faces are like none that can be remembered as seen in life or in pictures. M. Maury's experience seems to have differed from mine in this particular. In his case, these phantoms nearly always represented persons known to him. In mine it has never been so on a single occasion; and the difference is a noticeable one. As I look at these faces, asking myself who was ever like that or that, I find no answer except in a fancied resemblance to some historical or mythological personage. They strike the view as entirely strange and surprisingly "original." Possibly, Blake's visions were some such faces as these, presented to his eyes in broad daylight; I am inclined to think so, because his wonderful, dreadful drawing, "The Ghost of a Flea," is precisely such a transcript as I could have made by the score had I possessed his pictorial skill. Under my own eyelids I have seen many a face of the same awful family; some even more dreadful still, being all astir with animation. But the greater number of them are not of the too-terrible kind. After the fact that nothing foreknown or familiar ever appears amongst them, the

next most remarkable thing about these visions is that they often look like the fleeting embodiment of some passion or mood of the mind; usually not the bettermost. Some faces expressive of a great nobility and serenity appear, but I have never seen amongst them the mask of pity, or love, or any soft emotion. Grief the most despairing, scorn, cunning, pride, hate, inquiry, envious or triumphant mockery—no human face that ever was seen, I feel sure, displayed these emotions with a comparable fulness and intensity. It is not the characteristic of all, but it is of some to an almost appalling extent; and if Blake did see these faces, either in daylight or in darkness, he had more than his imagination to draw upon when he depicted the Passions.

We now come to the remark which connects these faces in the dark with what has been said before about dream-faces. The apparitions of our waking hours are absolutely independent of the will, and can neither be imitated nor commanded by any effort of will-directed imagination. This, too, Manry seems to have found: though at the same time he has no doubt that will is in suspension when these apparitions appear. A "*condition de non-attention, de non-tension intellectuelle, est dans le principe nécessaire pour la production du phénomène.*" This is completely opposed to my experience, which is invariable, and has been repeated many times. You may be awake, thinking in an orderly absorbed way of this or that, when, as a wreath of smoke might arise, there before you is a face in the dark. At once your attention is fixed upon it; but if you wish to retain it for contemplation (as does happen, for sometimes the phantom has a profoundly meaning, or appealing, or revealing look) you wish and try in vain. Your will did not bring it, and your will cannot hold it. Under the strenuous intent grasp of your sight it will change altogether, after the manner of "dissolving views," and then fade out. When it has died away, by no effort of will or imagination can it be recalled. The endeavour to recall it having failed, make an experiment. Bend will and fancy to the production of another and (necessarily) pre-conceived image, such as the face of a child or of an old woman; and even while you are in the utmost stress of the attempt a completely different apparition will rise to view. It comes in opposition to your will, and to the defeat of your imaginative powers in set competition.

From this it would appear that the phantoms have their origin in physical disturbance. Tired or disordered eyesight seems to be the most natural explanation; because, though these visions cannot be called up by the will, nor dismissed by the same operation, they can be got rid of in a flash by the opening of the eyelids. But we have not got far when we have arrived at this explanation. We have yet to learn how it is that the organs of sight, whether disordered or

not, can deliver themselves of images for their own contemplation which are not the stored record of things either seen or heard of. Memory, being closely interrogated, replies that it knows nothing about them; nor can they be evoked by the waking fancy, which works within the limitation of things seen and remembered. It seems, then, that so far the phantom faces, and the more remarkable of those seen in dreams, are alike. And they are alike, though in the one case they are presented to the mind in sleep, when our faculties are in we know not what state of disorder, while in the other case they bring themselves under the inspection of the waking faculties in full attention, full co-ordination: the account which these faculties render of them being that they are inexplicable as products of the mind itself. They are exterior to the mind, which combines all its faculties to examine and explain them precisely as if they belonged to the great variety of phenomena presented from the world without.

If we could conceive that our physical senses have an independent faculty of imagination, "faces in the dark" would become more intelligible. We might then say, perhaps, that the visual sense having become over-excited, or otherwise disordered, it casts up memory impressions which are changed into something like actual creations by the working of its own special and unembarrassed imagination. And if that theory could be allowed, it might also help us to understand some of the more remarkable dream-visions. To be sure, it is not easy to conceive that the organisms of sense should be endowed with independent imaginative powers; but it is not very much more difficult than to accept the theory that the separate and independent action of our mental faculties is the explanation of dreams. Yet that they do work separately and independently is little doubted; though how they should do so remains a wonder, especially when we consider the kind of dream of which I give two examples from my own experience. The details of both were carefully noted at the time.

I dream that I am ill in bed, and that, while talking to a child at my bedside, I hear the voice of a nurse newly arrived, who is speaking with some one in an anteroom. What the woman says I cannot distinguish, but am struck by the pleasant, cheerful, friendly tone of her voice, and (as we often do in like case when we are awake) I fit the voice with a corresponding face and figure. Presently she comes to the foot of my bed, and, looking up to her, I am struck by the incongruity of the woman and the voice. I expected to see something quite different from this tall, well-shaped, slender figure, surmounted by a strange sub-sinister face, very small, very pale, with eyes, eyebrows, and hair all of one colour; precisely the colour of fresh gravel. Now since it was I who imagined the face, why was I so much surprised at it—not expecting it, but expecting something different?

Again I dream of being insulted in the garden of an hotel. The man who insults me, in a sudden fit of passion which I do not understand, is wildly abusive; and then, as if in too violent a heat to trust himself, he rushes off abruptly. Soon afterwards, and while I am still lingering in the garden, one of the hotel servants comes to me, and I understand him to say, "He has repented." Repented! It strikes me (in my dream) as a very unusual word for a waiter to employ under the circumstances, but that remark is immediately lost in a feeling of satisfaction that my abuser had become sorry for his rudeness so soon. More particularly I wish to know whether he is sufficiently ashamed to send an apology. So I say to the waiter "Repented, has he? What did he say?" "No, no," is the reply, "he hasn't paid it," meaning the bill, as I immediately understand. Therefore what I myself put into the mouth of the waiter I mistake for something different, the phrases being easily mistaken one for the other if indistinctly heard: "He has repented,"—"He hasn't paid it." Now since my thoughts are running upon the outrage to myself I am of course prepared to make precisely this mistake. Nothing could be more natural. That is to say, nothing could be more natural if it were a scene in real life. But that it was not; and the point for observation is that the waiter's sayings were the invention of the same mind which invented a lapse of hearing to account for misunderstanding what it had previously put into the waiter's mouth. If a dream of this kind is not like the composition of a story in the mind of a novelist, it is hard to know what to make of it. But here it is I, the author, who put into the waiter's mouth the words which I mistake for something quite different till I explain myself through him. It seems, too, that I have knowledge of an unpaid bill which yet I know nothing about till I inform myself by the mouth of my own creature. Finally, the hitherto incomprehensible violence of the gentleman in the garden is explained with the sudden *clat* of an answer to a puzzling riddle. The gentleman's wrath was a comedy. In my dream, I laugh as it bursts upon me—the author of the comedy—that he had got up a "row" in order to escape in the bustle without paying his bill.*

It appears, then, that here was a complete little story, unsuggested

* Another example of the proleptic dream was given to me by a distinguished architect thus: "Early in 1886, when the excitement about Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule was at its height, I dreamt that I was surveying one of the royal palaces, and had to pass up one of the staircases. On the half-landing I came upon the Queen in conversation with a lady whom I knew instinctively to be a Miss Cowper. I did not know, nor did I ever know, of such a person in real life. I caught the drift of the conversation. Miss Cowper was endeavouring to persuade the Queen to withhold the royal assent from Mr. Gladstone's Bill when it came before her. At this point I offered to withdraw, but was asked to remain by the Queen, who said that what she had to say might be heard by any one of her subjects. The conversation continued at great length, Miss Cowper seeming to urge every argument at her command, the Queen declaring that she could not depart from constitutional usage. During the

by anything that had actually happened, and so coherent and orderly that it could not have been better designed if it had been worked out impromptu by an anecdote-inventor at a dinner-table. And of course there is nothing singular in this dream, which is described merely as an example. Many people have had many such dreams without giving much attention to the one remarkable thing about them, which is this: Here is a dramatic conception of my own mind; yet I am taken into it as a character in the piece, and in that capacity my own mind follows the developments of the story in ignorance from moment to moment of what will come next, and wondering what it is all about. A mental operation like this is far out of the range of possibility in the waking hours.

Dreams are generally discussed as if they must all have precisely the same origin, and as if no explanation of them can be acceptable that does not include every variety. In all likelihood that is a mistake. Dreams differ very much in character, and probably in origin too. Some differ as much from others as sheer insanity differs from genius working in its most harmonious moods; and nothing will be made of dreams as long as we stipulate for an explanation that applies to all alike. But as to the sort of dream above described, what is most remarkable about it may be explained up to a certain point by imagination working in detachment. It points to a divisibility of faculties in sleep; a loosening of the bonds of inter-union; a falling away from each other through the lapse into rest of whatever is called Will: will, which is the laborious guide, controller, and steady driving-power of all—at work when we are as unconscious of its efforts as we are of the play of muscle that keeps us upright. It is a familiar experience that while we drop to sleep we are conscious of a sensation that precisely answers to such a loosening; and, when we wake, of another sensation which is just what we might expect if our various faculties, slumbering for a while in independence and apart, rushed to link themselves together in their appointed places. No better explanation has been arrived at by the most studious investigators of dreaming. But yet its inventors would have to acknowledge that it leaves much in doubt. If we suppose some of our faculties suspended in sleep—(will slumbering, attention dormant, while imagination wakes

entire conversation I was annoyed by a loud ticking noise which I could not account for.

The scene of the dream changed, and the time. It was the morning following the conversation that I was in the smoking-room of a certain club. There I saw a well-known publisher, who asked me whether I had seen the *Times* of that day. It contained, he said, an account of a very interesting conversation between the Queen and Miss Cowper, and, he added, Your name is mentioned in connection with it. I got the paper, and saw the conversation printed at length. It occupied several columns, and I marked the introduction of my own appearance and the Queen's desire that I should remain. At this point it flashed upon me that the clicking noise which I had heard was accounted for. I said to myself, "All the time the conversation was going on it was being telegraphed to the *Times* office."

to revel in perfect freedom)—we certainly attain to some reasonable understanding of many dreams, if not all. It is possible to conceive that under such conditions imagination may be capable of inventions, embellishments, distortions, combinations far more original than the waking sense can ever be got to produce. The fact is, however, that the romances invented, the images called into the mind in sleep, do come under the observation of the very faculties which are supposed to limit and control imagination when we are awake.

It has already been pointed out that will cannot always be suspended in sleep, because we sometimes wake ourselves by a deliberate effort for the reasoned purpose of putting an end to a distressing dream. Neither is the lapse of attention complete. Attention of some sort must be directed on these visions of the night, or there would be no record of them in the mind when we wake. But what sort of an attention it may be we do not know. It is impossible for us to distinguish between (1) the kind and the degree of attention under which a dream-vision was viewed, and (2) the kind and degree of attention bestowed on any matter of interest while we are awake. In many cases, however, it must be in sleep an uncritical attention (for attention may be fixed and yet uncritical), as when it discovers nothing strange in words, transformations, deeds, which the waking mind recognises as absurd and impossible. But attention is not always uncritical in sleep. It is sometimes brought to bear on dreams with the same discrimination which it employs when we are awake and in a theatre; though rarely, perhaps never, with the same closeness and continuity. And then the theory of imagination at work in perfect freedom—the controlling faculties lying dormant—has to be considered in relation to the kind of dream instanced above: in which all the faculties necessary to the construction of a dramatic sketch seem to have combined to give it a coherency, a consistency, and an orderly development, which the single detached faculty of imagination appears incapable of supplying. But if these other faculties were also employed to make up the garden story (for example), it is extremely difficult to understand how the author should be so much detached from the work as to be unaware of the plot of it while it was in course of construction. Observation, curiosity, reflection, reasoning, were awake in the dreamer's mind, equally with the imagination; and though these faculties endeavoured to do so, they failed to comprehend what they contributed to invent. It is as if Sheridan wondered, while he was writing the "*School for Scandal*," why on earth a screen was to be placed on the stage in Act iii., and found out the purpose with a shock of surprise when he caused the screen to fall.

One thing tells strongly in favour of the detachment theory—namely, the fact that the pictures made by imagination in sleep are

far more vivid than any that appear to the waking fancy. It would seem that, freed from the restraint imposed on it when it has to work in harness with, or in the harness of, other faculties, imagination becomes infinitely more active, powerful, impressive. The difference in point of distinctness between the images that appear in dreams and those which we call into the mind or that wander into it when we are awake are extremely great. The one is much more feeble than the other. If, the moment after looking intently on a house, a tree, a face, we close our eyes and recall it to mental vision, we find the impression faint and weak as compared with similar appearances in dreams. Yet one set of apparitions is immediately derived from actual existing things; the other (very often) has no such derivation that we can recognise. When, being awake, we draw pictures before the mind by fancy's aid—as the novelist does—we are conscious that they do not differ from memory pictures. They arise in the mind in the same way, and they appear in the same faint outline, which cannot be steadied and held to view without some degree of effort. It is altogether different in the case of dream-pictures. Not only do they appear in far greater clearness, but it is as if the actual sight of the dreamer was addressed to real objects, which it looks forth at. It seems from all this that in sleep imagination does attain a freedom which not only works with enormously increased pictorial force, but develops "creative" resources which the utmost urging cannot bring it to reveal in waking day. Indeed, waking imagination can hardly conceive itself capable of surrendering the creations of which it is freely delivered in sleep.

The minds of children afford the strongest illustration of the theory that dream-imagination is so powerful because it works in detachment from other faculties. In childhood there is no such mutual supervision of faculties (some of them having yet to grow, indeed) as there is in the case of adult persons. And inasmuch as those other faculties *have* come to growth in children, they have yet to be linked in the closer association that binds them when we come to maturity. All our faculties work more independently of each other in childhood than when we are grown up, or till we come to the second childhood of old age. But, however that may be, we evidently detect in the waking imagination of children a nearer approach to the spontaneity and vividness of fancy-production in dreams. Moreover, imagination seems to place its creations before the waking minds of children with much of the same objectivity in which they are presented to us in sleep alone when we have grown older, and when our various faculties have been brought into more complete co-ordination. The saying that "genius is to madness near allied" imports the same idea—imagination comparatively unhampered by the control of other faculties: and we should remember that it is the common experience of men of

genius that their noblest "thoughts," their keenest "intuitions," seem to flash into the mind from without, rather than to spring up from within. They seem to proceed from some independent agency external to mind and yet at home in it; which is just what might be said of dreams. Madness itself has been robbed of half its terrors by the extremely probable theory that the state of madness is a state of constant dreaming; and wherever insanity appears it certainly seems that the mental faculties have fallen apart from each other, and that imagination takes full possession in unbridled strength.

But now comes in another important point for remark. So far as we know, neither the freer imagination of childhood nor the absolutely unfettered faculty in the insane is ever productive of the kind of dreams which are called supernatural for want of a word more accurately expressive. These are the most remarkable phenomena of sleep; and it appears that prophetic dreams, the dreams which seem to import something of the supernatural, only arise in sane minds, and not in these till the mental faculties have come to full growth, and are brought into a condition of close inter-dependence. If so, then they are all the more remarkable. We are at liberty to say in that case, perhaps, that dreams of prophecy and revelation (which, using the word "prophecy" and "revelation" in their customary sense, do undoubtedly occur) are *not* amongst those which are produced by imagination while other faculties are dormant, but arise when all the mental faculties are lifted into a higher range of freedom, at the same time maintaining their accustomed harmony. Even so, imagination is dominant, no doubt, but that is what we should expect. Naturally, it is imagination that speaks—by fable and picture; the strange thing being that it does so as if gifted with independent powers of reflection and reasoning, which it brings to bear upon those other powers of reflection and reasoning that belong to the work-a-day machinery of mind.

As an illustration of this more remarkable kind of dreaming, I may relate one of a series of dreams which followed each other at intervals of a year precisely—a year to a day.

A long time ago a gentleman who may be called A. lost a child by death. He had been very fond and proud of the boy, who was seven or eight years of age, I think, when he died. Indeed, between the two there had always been a strong sympathy, and when the child was taken the father was plunged into the deepest grief. Like many another one in the same situation, his thoughts by day and night were tortured by the question, "But yet, is he still in existence? Is there a place in this vast universe where I may think of him as living—no matter how infinite the distance, or even if we are parted not only now but for ever and ever?" Many poor souls have been tossed about in the same yearning speculations, day after day, month

after month, with no diminution of doubt and pain. A. was one of these unfortunates. To this great trouble was added another, which took the shape of a deep and surprising disappointment. At first, one of the poor man's very few comforts had been that the boy would haunt his dreams, and that they would be together many a time that way. But it is not invariably true that what you think of most you dream of most; and for all his hoping and praying the father never once dreamt of his son. That is to say, he never had any such dream for a whole year, by which time, I daresay, the praying had been given up and the hope exhausted. But then, on the morning of the child's death, and at the very hour on which he died, the father woke from a wonderful dream, so intimately and touchingly responsive to the whole year's grief that it cannot be thrown into the glare of print. It is only mentioned—together with the fact that after another twelve months of blank and empty nights another dream of the same character occurred at the same hour—in order to give its own setting to the third dream.

The morning had again come round. A. dreamed that he had awakened about dawn, and, thinking of nothing but the hour to rise, had drawn his watch from under his pillow. In doing so he saw that it had been completely shattered. But how could it have been broken so violently, lying where it had been snugly placed a few hours before? A reasonable but an injurious conjecture occurred to him: at some time in the night the watch had been taken from beneath the pillow by his wife, who had allowed it to fall. Satisfied that there could be no other explanation, he was about to drop asleep again, to get rid of ill-humour at the accident (this is all in the dream, be it understood), when the door opened, and in came a foreman of works to whom A. gave instructions every day, and between whom and himself there was a great liking. It seemed as if the man had come for the usual draft of work to be done, and it did not strike A. as anything out of the way that he should be visited in his bedroom for it. But he *was* struck by the look of mysterious inquiry on the man's face. The next moment he connected this look with the broken watch, and drew it out again: the glass gone, the hands swept from the dial, but seeming less like his own watch now. What was the meaning of it? While A. was asking himself this question in a sort of expectant trepidation, the foreman of works said, "Put it to your ear, sir." This A. did; and as he listened to the even beat within, the other said, "Sir, we know how much you are troubled, and this is our way of showing you that, though every sign of life is destroyed, life may still be going on."* Wheresupon A. woke "all of a tremble," heard the tranquil tick-ticking of his

* The "we" and the "our" were understood to signify that the kindly plot had been got up, not by the foreman alone, but in concert with others employed under him.

watch under his pillow, and, when he could compose himself to take it forth, saw that the hands stood at within five or eight minutes of the time when his boy died on the same day in the calendar.

When such dreams as these occur (and this one is told quite faithfully, without a word of omission, importation, transposition, or embellishment) they make an impression on the mind which no reasoning can efface. Anxious as we may be to assert our emancipation from superstitious idea, confident as we may be that the dream is and must be explicable by some morbid condition of organic function, no sooner is attention drawn from that conclusion than belief in the supernatural creeps in to replace it. As often as it is expelled it will return—shadowy but inexpugnable, or expugnable only for a while. It comes back again and again like an exile to its home, where the reasonings that chase it away are as foreigners and conquerors. It may be that it had no right to exist in the mind at all; but the mind itself feels that the yearning to supernatural belief is more truly native than the mental forces that forbid it to remain.

However, we are not obliged to enter upon that question. We may put all the rest aside to remark on the extreme difficulty of explaining such dreams as the one related above as a consequence of physical derangement, or by the theory of the unrestrained action of imagination in sleep. All the more remarkable characteristics of the other dreams which we have printed are here. Again we view the mind of a man creating a little drama in which he himself—that is to say, his whole conscious being, all that he ever called “myself”—is made to play a part, and yet who has to follow the developments of the story in ignorance of its every turn. Not in an idle ignorance either, but in striving and baffled ignorance; for he was eagerly curious to make out the incidents of the dream as they arose, and even came to wrong conclusions about them at first. And they were——? his own inventions, apparently. So far as that goes, however, this visitation was only a striking example of a certain kind of dreams which are commonly meaningless, and sometimes nonsensical. But it was more than that. It was marked by a difference which carries it into quite a different order of “sleep’s imaginings.” Apparently, a reasoned purpose had to be achieved—as much by set design as when Nathan made up his parable of the ewe lamb, and it *was* achieved; for the dreamer was more at peace from that hour than he was before. First we may ask, then, whether the purpose and the design were A.’s. He would answer that they were as strange to him when they were set in operation as the parable was to David when Nathan began to speak. And yet what but A.’s own mind—which is A. himself—could have invented the design and directed the purpose? What, indeed, but his whole mind, with all

its parts working together in due contribution and in full accord? For it is barely conceivable that such purpose and such design as we see here could be planned and carried out by any single faculty, no matter what powers it may be capable of exerting when freed from the control of the rest. To do as much as that, imagination, the one faculty to which all dreaming is referred, must be capable of far more than an extension of its own powers when in a state of detachment. It must be able to develop in itself nearly all the other qualities of mind, including will or intention: qualities, be it observed, of which it is more the servant than anything else while we are awake. That imagination is capable of all this is a fascinating conjecture, but one that will hardly stand. It would be easier to believe that such dreams arise at moments whence not imagination alone, but all the faculties of mind, released from the restraints of the corporeal senses, soar into a higher range of freedom, while maintaining their natural relations in full harmony. Easier still is it to suppose the mind of man dual—its faculties supplied in a double set. Duality appears to be a common law in nature; and much of the difficulty of understanding dreams would disappear if we could believe that our mental faculties are duplex, and that though the two sets work together inseparably and indistinguishably while we live our natural lives in the waking world, they are capable of working apart, the one under the observation of the other, when all are out of harness by the suspension of the senses in sleep.

To some extent, perhaps, this explanation would account for what is called the supernatural in dreams; and, for my part, I do not doubt that dreams of warning and prevision do occur, however they may be explained, and could speak as to some with the utmost confidence. When such dreams as these are discussed by believers in an origin which, though conceivably within the laws of nature, is unacknowledged by science, some subtle communication of mind with mind at a distance is assumed as the explanation of a great deal. And supposing such "waves of communication" possible, most dreams of this order would be comprehensible at once. But others would still remain unaccounted for, as this which I am about to relate; and it is not likely to be singular.

Between a certain man and woman—both of a rather romantic cast—a strong affection had grown up from childhood; an affection tried and tried again, but never quenched and apparently unquenchable. Through a variety of commonplace circumstances, they could not marry. They had to remain apart in honourable separation, and nearly always at a distance; but with communication enough to be assured from time to time over ten or a dozen years that the old affection remained what it was at the beginning. Towards the end of this period the man was tormented by a series of dreams, occurring at

intervals of days, weeks, or months, in which the woman figured as avowing herself "false as Cressid," and shamelessly glorying in her freedom. "Tormented" was his own word; but not because these dreams ever disturbed his faith for a single waking moment. Indeed, he described himself as puzzled and humiliated that such phantasies could invade his mind by any avenue or in any shape. The torment was endured no longer than the dream lasted, or till he had shaken off the horror he woke in. It was not surprising to hear, however, that the repetition of these visions during a space of two or three years became increasingly distressing, and the more so because their only difference was in scene and circumstance. There was a casual meeting, now on a country road, now on a seaside parade, now at a garden-party; but whatever the place of meeting the same thing happened on all occasions. With a defiant gaiety, and with a "Now do you suppose?" or, "Why, dear me, yes;" or, "Are you so stupid as to imagine?" she scattered confessions as lightly as if she was flinging roses. The lady died; and when she was dead the leaves of a sealed book opened (how need not be told), revealing what no one expected to read in it, and all in accordance with her lover's dreams. Not that there were any signs of the pagan audacity that were so amazing in *them*; but, on the contrary, tokens of violent passions of remorse, frequently recurrent.

Not much help from superstition is needed to impress one with a story like this. R.'s persistent dreams were not accounted for by doubt, or anything observed or heard of that could sow the seed of suspicion. They were dreams of intimation from without, if any such dreams there be. And yet it is difficult to explain them by the "wave of communication" hypothesis, because it is certain that the unhappy woman could never have been eager to present herself to her lover's mind as she did appear to him in sleep. To be sure, the psychologist or the poet might make something of it. We know that remorse will sometimes drive a sensitive nature to extravagant lengths of self-condemnation and self-punishment: and if the poet chose he might make a pretty picture of the poor lady overcome at times with violent shame at her deceit, her mind straining with a wish that he might know and be defrauded of his confidence no longer, and going forth to him in an excess of remorse and extravagant self-revelation. For some men and women self-accusation of the most merciless kind answers to an act of atonement; it is confession and penance at the same time. This is the explanation of a great deal in Carlyle's little book, written after his wife's death.

Whether, putting aside all question of warning, or revealing, or prophetic sleep-visions, dreams are of service to the dreamer, has often been discussed, though the general disposition of the shrewd is to regard them as valueless in that respect. But the experience from

which opinion is drawn differs widely ; and this is a matter in which most men are resolutely suspicious of the experience of others as remembered and related. Nearly all dreamers, however, can be brought into one theory—namely, that since in dreams we pass through a great variety of experiences, none of which are ever likely to befall us in real life, we are put to tests of character which we should never endure otherwise ; and therefore that we ought to come to a better acquaintance with ourselves. Thus, if I have never been placed in a situation of extreme danger, as by attack of armed thieves, or in a burning house (together with others more helpless perhaps), how am I to know what my feelings and conduct would really be under such circumstances? Think of himself what he may, no candid man can give a confident answer to that question. It is a common experience to discover in one's self a surprising coolness and resource, or a totally unsuspected and crushing cowardice, under a sudden severe test. To some such test, it has been surmised, we are frequently exposed in dreams ; passing through emotions strong enough to affect our physical senses no less than if the danger were real—as broken knuckles and quaking limbs testify when we awake—and therefore all the more to be trusted as like to those which we should actually experience if the dream were reality.

If this supposition held good there could be no doubt about the use of dreams. We should have to consider them of immense importance in extending self-knowledge and self-discipline, while at the same time a sympathetic understanding of our fellow-creatures would be widened. This last advantage would be heightened by the fact that we sometimes dream of passing into conditions of temptation and guilt such as it is hardly possible we shall ever experience, though we see that that is the lot of others. For example, many years ago I dreamed of having killed a man by throwing him from the verge of a quay. The murder itself did not come into the dream, which began (according to my waking remembrance) just after I had turned from the scene. The dream was of guilt alone ; and whenever I recall that vision of myself walking away through the narrow old streets that bordered the quay (it was early morning), the whole mind of me an abyss of listening silence, my very footsteps seeming to have become noiseless, and a wide environment of distance standing between me and every passer-by, I believe I really do know the awful solitude a murderer feels, or know it far beyond mere imagining.

Now no man can be the worse, he must be benefited in every sense, by such experiences. They are expansion, enlightenment, discipline ; and some of us have had many such. Nevertheless, this kind of dream cannot be at all depended on for revealing to us ourselves. In many cases we do and say in them what we certainly should not say or do in waking life and actual circumstance. But

what is true of most cases is not true of all; and if we are to come to a better understanding of the phenomena of sleep, we should begin by discarding the notion that all dreams are due to the same causes. To do this, it is, not necessary to import ideas of the supernatural or the operation of impalpable influences from without. But it is necessary, or at any rate it will be found convenient, to suspend the conclusion that dreams are always occasioned by senses and sensibilities in a condition of disorder. Some are, no doubt, and by far the most. But others, and those which alone seem worth noting, may be explained by a condition of mind so different as to be the opposite of disorder.* Condorcet's famous dream is an example of this sort. No doubt there have been many others equally remarkable that found no record; but even one is enough to show what the possibilities are. The capture of half a dozen sea-serpents would prove no more than the stranding of a single specimen on Yarmouth beach.

We may close these discursive pages with the remark that dreams would not cease to be a worthy subject of study though the usual explanation of their origin were ascertained to be correct. No sooner does it appear that a dream was occasioned by the firing of a gun, a shouting in the street, or some other external suggestion, than all interest in it is allowed to drop. However remarkable the dream really was in itself, the first feeling of mystery is instantly swamped by something like derision. This habit is probably accounted for by the all but universal disposition of mankind to seek for supernatural influences in dreams. If no such influence can be suspected, away goes all interest in the matter. When it comes out that a long, long dream, full of strange coherent incident, was started by the slamming of a door, a laugh is raised as if at a ridiculous imposture, and the dream is thought of no more. But it may deserve a good deal of attention however it was started. For example, the firing of a gun, the beating of rain upon the window-pane, do not account for the enormous rapidity with which a long succession of images will pass before the mind in the dream that ensues upon the sound. There is nothing in these noises to explain how it is that in our waking hours the mind is incapable of reviewing such scenes as they originate in a hundredth part of the time; neither do they explain the fact that those scenes are presented to the "mind's eye" with a vividness far in excess of all that our waking imagination can achieve when put to the utmost strain. They

* Maury, who has treated of this subject at considerable length, and with great care, believes entirely in mental disorder as the explanation of dreams; yet he is compelled to say in one place: "*Mais ce qui est plus étrange c'est que l'intelligence peut accomplir de prime abord, sans l'intervention de la volonté, un acte qui dénote le concours de toutes les autres facultés.*" No doubt. And in our waking hours how much is accomplished by the concurrence of our other faculties, without the conscious exertion, or even the conscious supervision, of the will? Many of the tasks which we set ourselves are begun, not by a determination of will to begin them, but by the stir and solicitude of the faculties necessary to their accomplishment.

do not account for the invention which it would puzzle us to emulate with the aid of all our waking wits; nor do they forbid us to speculate upon the limitation on the one hand, the potentialities on the other, which the difference of mental scope and activity seems to disclose. As to the confusion in dreams, the rapid inconsequence of them, the swift transitions, the sudden changings and mergings of scene and circumstance which so often make them seem merely ridiculous, two things have to be considered. In the first place, the whole transaction of a dream proceeds at a prodigious pace, and therefore it is not remarkable that the transitions should seem monstrously abrupt to our waking senses. In the next place, very few of us note at the end of the day how many hours of it have been spent in a loose medley of imaginings as excursive as those that occupy our minds in sleep, and like them in this very particular of breaking off into sudden transition; like them, too, in being soon forgotten. Here again, however, the greater activity, force, and impressiveness of imagination in sleep becomes apparent. For the day-dreams in which, unnoticed by ourselves, so many hours of our waking life are spent, are not only paler than these others while they last, but are hardly ever remembered for five minutes. None are remembered as vividly as many a dream of the night, though such dreams have become proverbs of passing things; and—unless they are something more than day-dreams—never do they influence thought, feeling, conduct in any degree at all: which is not true of dreams of the night.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THE PROBLEM OF CRIME IN FRANCE.*

I.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!"

IT is, in truth, that mournful Othello-cry that is echoing, perhaps more in wail than anger, at this hour throughout France. For it is the "cause" that is being sought for; and for the first time in her strange chequered history there seems to be among the thinkers of France a disposition, almost a readiness, to accept the heavy burden of Responsibility.

Is France, then, really awakening to the consciousness of her sins, to a recognition of the facts of cause and consequence?

Certainly, the prevalence of violent crimes of extraordinary magnitude and recklessness, and, still more, the prevalence of a morbid sympathy with crime, and a tendency to find for the criminal instincts a place of some sort among the legitimate instincts of humanity, are forcing her to open her eyes and ask where all this is to end. We may endeavour, before we reach the close of this article, to distinguish through the confusions of the moment some signs of a hopeful answer to that question; but we shall do so the more successfully if we first attack the other question—Where did all this begin? Is it a sudden outbreak—a bolt from the blue; or can we trace, in the progress of the national history, the growth of a temper or the development of a principle of which the present state of things is the natural outcome?

We believe that we can. From the Revolution of '89-93 onwards we detect in social life a certain delight in the mere defiance of authority, moral, social, or political, and the setting up of the individual impulse as the supreme guide of conduct. From the First Empire onwards we can discern a similar temper in international

* "L'Anarchie," J. Reinach. *République Française*, 2 Avril.—"La Politique: Echos," F. Maynard. *Figaro*, 19 Mars.—"Le Rôle Social des Universités," pamphlet par Max Leclerc; Colin et Cie, Paris.—"Le Devoir Présent," pamphlet par P. Desjardins; Colin et Cie.—"Jeunesse," par Ch. Wagner; Librairie Fischbacher, Paris.—"Réquisitoire du Procureur-Général dans le Procès du Général Boulanger," July 1889.—"*Id.* lors du Procès de l'Archevêque d'Aix," 1891.—"*Id.* lors du Procès des Anarchistes," April 26, 1892 (reprinted in *La République Française*, May 12, 1892.)

relations—a recognition of no duty on the part of France but the furtherance of her own interests and the glorification of her own self-love, a reckless disregard of the claims of others, and a total refusal to regulate her conduct to them by the standard which she expects them to adopt in their conduct towards her. What Frenchman, with the word “Sédan” upon his lips, hesitates before he adds the word “Revenge” because he remembers Jena? What patriot, appealing to heaven and earth against the outrages of 1870 in France, has any indignation for the outrages of 1809 in Spain, or of 1812 in Russia? France is still “la grande nation”; each succeeding Government must at its peril keep up the illusion. Old dreams of military glory still hallow all injustice, whether in the present or in the past. But it is not only in her international relations, but in the region of civic morality and human obligation, where no pretext of patriotism can cloak her guilt, that France has piled up sins of omission and commission (to use the Catholic phrase) such as few nations can parallel; and under no one of three different *regimes* has public opinion risen up to denounce them. This is the feature in the case on which we wish to lay supreme stress—this acquiescence of public opinion in public wrong. On this point there can be no disguise and no mistake; public opinion has been the universal accomplice, and it is public opinion that must be arraigned at the bar.

And here it is that we think we note the beginning of a wholesome change. It is perhaps within the limits of possibility that the sense of public responsibility may yet prove itself the leading characteristic of an epoch which but a few weeks ago seemed to glory in the utter repudiation of the very word, and to placard itself as the embodiment of the most hopeless moral and mental disorder. It will be strange, indeed, if such an acknowledgment of responsibility for evil, on the part of the most vainglorious of nations, should be the final outcome of a moral obduracy unparalleled in any other community.

But to get at the underlying cause of this condition of things we must go a good way back, and take an impartial survey of some ninety years ago. We must go back to the Congress of Vienna; and the so-called (miscalled) Peace of Europe, the Peace of 1815.

In the stability of that peace, whoever else might trust it, neither Talleyrand nor the Duke of Wellington had any faith at all. And yet the period was one of eager hope and passionate endeavour—a period as dramatic in its impassioned intensity as any in the history of modern France. We have only to read the memoirs of the first ten years of the Restoration, to realise how men and women alike were stirred by the sense of public duty and pure disinterested passion for the public weal. In all the records left of those earlier days, as we follow the personal narrative of one or another of the living actors in the drama—whether of M. de Vitrolles or M. de Vaublanc, of Lamar-tine or of Madame de Contaut—we receive the same general impres-

sion of the period and of the persons concerned in it. Their conflicts are so noble, their sacrifices so bitter, their defeats so lamented, the conscience and the heart so vibrate together, that it is impossible to detach your keenest sympathy from the events brought before your eyes. But nowhere is this effect so forcibly produced as in the superbly impartial "Souvenirs" of Duke Victor de Broglie, the Minister of Louis XVIII., and in the journals—quoted by him on almost every page—of his wife, the daughter of Madame de Staël, one of the noblest women who ever exercised an influence on leading spirits and on public events. Her impress is unmistakably cast over the first period of the Restoration (1816 to 1819); and everywhere one feels the generous sentimentality (I must be allowed the word) inherited from "Corinne." It is through her all-pervading sympathy with the passions of the hour that one best understands the misconceptions which led to such irremediable evils, and gets an insight into the fierce contentions that arose out of contradictory but unyielding convictions. To those who witness and deplore the present state of indifference to public life in France, there can be no healthier recreation than the perusal of the journals of the Duchesse de Broglie, relating to the parliamentary conflicts which took place at the moment of the murder of the Duc de Berri, and at the critical "turn of the road" which, leading to the overthrow of the Decazes Ministry, drove the French nation, at first involuntarily, along the downward path of opposition, clerical obstinacy, and eventual rebellion.

Speaking of the trial of Louvet, the prince's assassin, Madame de Broglie, who was present, makes the entire scene pass before you by her vivid description of the aspect of the three chief actors in it—Camille Jordan, Royer Collard, and M. de Serre—two of whom were dying, and literally spending their latest breath in support of their opposing convictions:

"Such is the all-compelling strength of high natures and sincere characters," says the writer, "that the whole debate seemed to be concentrated in only those three men. The rest of the crowd assembled in the Chamber was lost sight of—effaced. The vehemence of the Extreme Left, as of the Right, was all forgotten, and those three adversaries summarised alone the essence of the debate. They alone held its tremendous issues in their hands. The principles of the whole controversy of the hour—aristocracy or equality, tradition or modern thought—all hung on the expression of their opinions; and the hearer was absorbed in the eagerness of an attention rendered doubly touching by the mortal condition of both combatants, whose personal friendship was as well known to all as was their political integrity."

From this description of the scene in the Chamber, Madame de Broglie reverts to the general aspect of things out of doors, and continues:

"What was the spectacle presented to our view by Paris itself? At the House of Peers a criminal trial going on—the culprit, a prodigy of crime and fatality, sentenced to death that very hour, and ordered for execution the next day. An entire class of the nation—the middle class, the *bourgeoisie*

—rising in angry revolt against the defensive measures taken by the *garde royale*, accusing the armed force of murderous attack upon the people, and protesting its fears for its children's safety. The youth of the country in a state of exasperation; an infuriated Chamber; a Cabinet slavishly trembling and seeking safety in hypocrisy. . . . Pity and indignation alternating from side to side, now with the victorious, now with the vanquished, but resting permanently with none!"

In reality, the extraordinary generative power of the Restoration in preparing a future which it did not at the outset appear to forebode lay in the passionate personal sincerity of its antagonistic elements alone. All were so terribly sincere, so convinced that on their own acts depended the weal or woe of the whole country, that at first it was their *own* battle they were fighting; and it was truly one of life or death, involving every interest that lies deepest and most firmly rooted in brain or heart. But as the age progresses, and events and political interests take a form that tends to less exalted aims, and to a wider development of materialistic ambition, this character diminishes, and in the course of a certain number of years we find ourselves in the full current of political intrigue and among the smaller incidents of what has become modern political existence. We have passed insensibly out of a period marked by a singularly intense sense of individual responsibility into a period in which this idea was to be more and more repudiated.

"We owe to the State," says Stopford Brooke, "the same civic sacrifice that, as self-sacrifice, we bring to our homes; and for the same reasons." Never has this principle been more deeply understood than by the daughter of Germaine Necker and the loftier leaders of the Restoration, more than half a century ago. It was denied, almost from the outset, by the mistaken and violent partisans of the Revolution of 1789-1793; and a time was to come when it was to be, on the part of the nation itself, forgotten or ignored.

One of the most curious features of this—for France and Europe—so eventful period, is the mysterious connection it shows between the past and the actual present in which we are now living. From the initial moment of the so-called "Charter" of 1814 we can see whence the clouds are threatening—the latent incapacities of constitutional obligations, and the germinating problems of the present hour. Organic questions are forcing themselves upon the minds of public men—even as we, at this present date, stand in face of the unavoidable discussion of the first principles of electoral law, legal reform, and the punishment of crime—principles which are all of them involved in the great conflict inseparable, from time immemorial, from all government—the conflict between order and freedom. To this must everything be brought home; on this hang all the dissensions and quarrels, all the growing misconceptions and misunderstandings of more than eighty years, ripening into active wrong and a positive frenzy of crime; to these fundamental disputes of the

Restoration of 1814-15 must be attributed the condition of moral aberration through which the French nation is now passing.

In those early years of which we have been speaking, we find the germ of all the impending disorders; and in the pages of Duke Victor and his wife we may trace its almost invisible unfoldings as time goes on. They are our best informants of what passes, and from her diaries we get our surest insight into the causes of events, because, as we have already said, she incarnates the deeds done in the living persons of those who did them. Nothing could better illustrate the conditions and conflicting opinions of the time than a conversation she records between herself and the Prime Minister, M. de Serre.

After the assassination of the Duc de Berri, the fall of M. Decazes, the ministry and subsequent overthrow of the Duc de Richelieu, and the establishment of the Villèle influence, a separation took place between M. and Mme. de Broglie and their, till then, devoted friend and adherent, M. de Serre. The electoral law was the determining cause, though other legislative changes had contributed to bring it about; but on the question of the elections the disagreement was irreconcilable. He was on the side of order, she on that of constitutional liberty. "You will irritate the whole nation," was her argument. "Nation!" he answers with contempt. "Say the nation's vanity. *Nous nous sommes perdus par nos vanités.*" . . . "With the notion of total equality I hold all compromise impossible," affirms M. de Serre. "There can be no liberty apart from the aristocratic principle." Here we light at once on that spirit of exclusion which lies at the root of the whole difference. Madame de Broglie would have held the balance even. "Your influence over your time," she tells him, "comes from the belief all have in your sincere impartiality. That gives real power." . . . "In this you stand alone. Twenty men of the Right will defend the throne as ably as you, but they will sacrifice freedom to do it; and twenty men of the Left will uphold liberty, but at the sacrifice of order . . . If you place yourself among the former, you will soon be lost entirely." M. de Serre's reply tells the whole story. "There are moments," he said, "when liberty must be sacrificed to order." After a pause, Madame de Broglie exclaimed, "You would consent to despotism?"

Now here lies the essence of the whole misunderstanding, not only between the then Prime Minister and Madame de Broglie, but between the nation and the Government, between the restored monarchy and the unreasoning but not quite unjustly incensed people. Crown and community were already in heart completely severed.

"Three great subjects," says M. de Broglie, "absorbed public attention, dividing it from the first moment almost hopelessly. These were the laws relating to the press, the organisation of the army, and the terms of the future Concordat."

We see at once the organic nature of the points in dispute. They touch every mainspring of our modern systems of government: the influence—to be allowed or restricted—of public opinion over the actions of Government or the Crown; the organisation (with all its eventual liabilities) of the armed forces on which in reality the reconstructed State relied for its defence; and the principles which were to regulate the relations of a disturbed and sceptical but ignorant people to the established authority of an unpopular Church. It is needless to say how many various and bitter causes of conflict arose out of these questions. The reference of newspaper trials and the responsibilities of their editors, proprietors, and writers to the judgment of juries was amongst the earliest measures carried; the debates on the electoral law followed; and all hope of compromise between antagonisms so inveterate faded away. It was in vain that Camille Jordan besought Parliament “not to widen the breach between Crown and people into a divorce.” The country was irresistibly borne onwards to the inevitable catastrophe of 1830.

The Duc de Broglie thus sums up the successive stages of the struggle:—

“From 1818 to 1822 the combined efforts of all honest men had but one aim—to reconcile the Restoration with the Revolution, the *ancien régime* with the France of modern times.

“From 1822 to 1827 all effort was concentrated in opposing the ever-ascendant force of the counter-revolution.

“From 1827 to 1830 the only possible basis for negotiation with a view to a moral pacification was restricted perforce to the endeavour to moderate or neutralise the rising spirit of open reaction. We know, alas, how vain were these endeavours.”

From this point onward, the Restoration must be regarded as a failure. It had been an honest and well-meaning attempt at a constitutional Government carried on by parliamentary methods. The idea had been founded, of course, on that of the British political system; but it required infinite patience, fairness, and mutual confidence in those responsible for the working of it, to foster the growth of such a system in new soil and direct its adaptation to new conditions. It was necessary that public opinion should make itself less an onlooker, a critic, or a judge, than a solicitous foster-parent, lending the most generous and strenuous aid to the development of the new institutions. But public opinion had been in a bad temper. The necessity of peace, of careful economical administration, and of an absolute surrender of national vanity—for which, indeed, no place was left—had fallen upon an angry and excited people, exasperated by defeat, but still athirst for adventure and embittered by the sense of being compelled to forego its “luck.” For France had

learnt to pin her faith upon her "luck." It was not so much war itself, with its latent fairness and its submission to providential decrees that the masses thirsted for; it was a career of mere adventure, crowned by the blind award of "luck." It was the gambler's ideal: *le hasard règne*. It was not likely that, in such a mood, the nation should accommodate itself readily to the very different ideal of a patiently guided and patiently supported constitutional Government. And thus it was that the Restoration became, as I have said, one long misunderstanding between the governors and the governed, between the Crown and the community.

It is to this adventurous mood of the popular temper, begotten of the successes of the Revolution and the romance of the First Empire, that we must attribute a phenomenon which has puzzled many historians and observers of our time—the unmistakable Bonapartist feeling that was mixed up with all the liberal tendencies of the so-called "jeune France"—that heterogeneous "jeune France" out of which eventually sprang the hybrid creation of the Orleanist monarchy of 1830. It was not fame or martial glory for which France was really panting; it was unlawfulness. Restraint galled her; she hated the bridle; she wanted license. She had had it for ten years, before the peace; and she could ill brook the authority that reined her back within the restraints of order and of law. To be ruled by a civil power, by a "*gouvernement d'avocats*," was too much humiliation. Her restless spirit could not bear it. This was the latent meaning of the Revolution of July.

And here we note the identity of this intractable French temper of sixty years ago with the intractable temper of to-day. We see the conditions under which it grew, the oppressions that exacerbated it, the circumstances that gave it its peculiar character. In nearly all things connected with human government there is a deep underlying cause, a *causa causarum*, often lost sight of, though never perfectly effaced. It is in these old errors and misunderstandings of the Restoration period that we find the underlying cause of the worst mischiefs of the present day. The anarchism of 1892 dates back to the fierce injustice of the clerical reaction of 1825–1830; and the desperation; rather than despair, which actuates such criminals as Ravachol and his compeers finds its first seed sown in the subsoil of the "*Chambre introuvable*," and fed by the insensate impulses of alarm of "*la terreur blanche*."*

But we must now turn our eyes in a new direction, and trace the development of the same temper along a wholly different channel from that of direct political action—the channel of literature and art.

* The *Chambre introuvable* was the one that assembled after the recall of the Bourbons, elected under the inspiration of the first violent enthusiasm for what was misnamed Order. It was accused by the Opposition of having caused the retaliatory crimes (committed mostly in the south) of the *terreur blanche*.

II.

It is during this same Restoration period that we find the spirit of license of which we have spoken, defeated to some extent of its political hopes, beginning to vent itself in literature. The fitting, the decent, the accustomed—all this begins to seem tame and trite; it is the house of bondage. Passion alone is interesting; it excuses every sin and every crime. Resistance to authority is, in theory, a sovereign principle; in act, it is heroism. These are the new standards.

This brings us to Victor Hugo, not at his worst, but in his earliest and most marked manifestation of moral revolt. The two chief personages in "Hernani" are of indisputably Napoleonic origin. The bandit hero and the Emperor Charles Quint (both of them among the least objectionable of Hugo's dramatic types) opened the downward road in fiction and poetry; and we know how much has followed. No one realised at the time whither the road was tending. It is scarcely even now recognised where the road began. Yet here is the undoubted sequence. The passions once roused in the field of open action, and nourished by splendid successes, are beaten back, but not extinguished, by defeat and humiliation; and, smouldering into literature, lie glowing at the nation's heart till, here and there, some new contact stirs them into flame. Were some gust strong enough, were the inflammable material consecutive enough, there would be a conflagration.

Yet let us be just to these early mutineers. An ill-guided Government, leaning at last for support on a narrow and bigoted clergy, was hardly the authority to dominate or direct the restless energies of the time. Mere repression comes hardly to the individual man, more hardly to communities of men; nor ought we to ask of either a tame submission, involving the sacrifice of the dignity and independence of the future. The measures of the "restored" régime did, many of them, appear even to the most unprejudiced to be measures not of repression only, but of determined and wilful oppression; and it cannot be wondered at that such a policy aroused a resistance which even to many advanced Liberals seemed unjustifiable.

But, be this as it may, it cannot be denied that a strong impetus was given both to thought and art-production generally by the first outbreak of the July revolution of 1830. It furnished a new growth in every field. "Progress" was the term used to describe the new movement, and no one ventured to dispute its accuracy; but the spirit was the spirit, not of progress, but of revolt. The Napoleonic sympathies instinctive in the population of France after the peace patched up in 1815, were, under the thin disguise of patriotism, the offspring of injustice and cruelty; they encouraged untruthfulness, and led to the toleration of violence in every shape. Wrong was no longer to be denounced as wrong; still less was it to be punished. The profession of virtue, the homage to duty, could only be regarded as a

mockery and a mask. Evil thinking and evil doing became a privilege, a form of superiority, and presently claimed the higher privilege of teaching others to do evil too.

Painting and literature—especially the latter, and especially in its dramatic form—were the first to benefit by the great reform, the emancipation, as it was loudly proclaimed to be, of thought in France. Though the evil effects were not slow in coming, they came gradually, and were not discerned at the outset. The prime teacher of the period from 1800 to 1810 was Chateaubriand; and from a mere literary point of view no objection can be made to his ascendancy. But what concerns us here is not the indisputable charm of his excelling style, but the ideas conveyed, and the standard that was (consciously or unconsciously) set up by the writer. Chateaubriand was the author of "René"; and in "René" he lived to create succeeding generations of Frenchmen. In "René" were deposited the germs of that perversity which has pervaded French fiction down to our own day. We use the word "perversity" advisedly; for in Chateaubriand's earliest work there is, properly speaking, no *vire* resultant from or co-existent with passion, nor any overheated expression of speech. The impurity of "René" was implied, not grossly thrust upon the reader's attention. Alfieri's "Myrrha" was, it may be objected, coeval with "René"; yet Alfieri's "Myrrha" did no more actual harm to the public than did Racine's "Phèdre," or all the ancient classics and the unnatural tales of the heathen mythology put together. "René" did; for it altered the whole conception of criminal possibilities, and traced out hitherto unavowed currents of sinful thought, beautifying them by the manner of their presentation.

Here, then, began that long series of "bad examples" set forth by French fiction, the influence of which was destined to expand till, by the strange progression of evil thought into evil deed, it culminated in active crime, and was embodied in such heroes of infamy as Lacenaire or Pranzini, and in the typical malefactors, from Troppmann down to the anarchists of to-day. All these were engendered by the printed thought, by the subtle teaching of the book. "From the perpetual reading of immoral works," says Ravachol's nearest relative (and he it remarked that he says it by way of excuse), "came the irresistible attraction of all sin for my unfortunate brother." Equally emphatic is the testimony borne to the power of books by the latest confessions of the miserable Anastay. Yet, until a few weeks ago, every journalist throughout France, and most of her so-called moral philosophers, maintained that it was absurd to attach criminal acts to criminal theories, and that in unlawful principles, proclaimed with no matter what force and eloquence to the outside world, there lay no responsibility of any kind for unlawful acts. After all the earlier productions of the rebellious school of "la jeune France," after George Sand, after the "Richard Darlington" of the elder

Dumas, and the "Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" of Victor Hugo, after Eugène Sue and Frédéric Soulié, and the whole tribe of evil preachers between 1830 and 1880—ay, and after the transformation of evil from expounded principle into overt act, and its promulgation as a creed and rule of life—the public mind in France still, as before, denied all responsibility.

In nearly all other European communities the doctrine holds that "right is right, and wrong is wrong." In France alone had the perverse doctrine enthroned itself, that wrong was to be excused and defended "according to the situation or temptations" of the wrong-doer, and that there might be "individual cases" in which "wrong might be admitted to be right." From this to the admissibility of "*le crime passionnel*" is but a step, and that step was actually taken some two or three years ago, when the legal mind itself, as embodied in juries, became confused, and the most outrageous evil-doing was treated as a mere matter of discussion.

Such has been the outcome of that hero-worship of the Criminal which dates from the July revolution of 1830, and draws its inspiration from a literature in which everything is forgiven to the law-breaker—nay, everything is heroic in him—in virtue of the one supreme merit of having defied the law.

Something of the moral recklessness which allowed the growth of such a literature must be attributed to the cynical superficiality of the literary taste of the time. To the critic the moral to be inculcated was nothing; the expression, the style, the mode of depicting was everything. As to the substance of the book, it was not to be taken seriously; it was deemed absurd that any consequence should result to the reader's mind from the foulest pictures submitted to his view. We have already alluded to Madame Sand. No one will accuse, or ever has accused, Madame Sand of grossness of language, or of coarse presentments of offensive facts striking immediately upon the reader's sense. On the contrary, perhaps the worst harm she did was due to the ease with which her pen avoided the minute delineation of the wrong-doing it nevertheless unceasingly suggested or condoned. But the insidious mischief was there. For the first twenty years of her literary labours the *raison d'être* of her works is the proclamation of the sovereignty of wrong. Until she turns to the drama, or the study of rustic life (in which her inspiration shows itself of remarkable *artistic* purity), wrong-doing and wrong-thinking are, for Madame Sand, a foregone conclusion. Unlawfulness is her element, and that alone is lovely which escapes the odious tyranny of law. It is with her as with Victor Hugo, whose influence is unhappily far stronger and wider spread—it is the resistance to all conventionality that creates the title to interest; and passion overrides all else, not because it may be generous or self-sacrificing, but because it is uncontrollable and defies restraint.

In this condition of the national mind, the worship of luck gives place to the worship of talent. Talent is power, talent glorifies all it touches, however foul or odious; and no man is responsible for the use to which he puts his talents. Character and the soul go for nothing. There were, indeed, some rare exceptions, such as Lamartine or Alfred de Vigny, but in so densely materialistic a world their weight was nothing compared with that of Victor Hugo, whose first half-century of existence was devoted to such types of evil as Lucrezia Borgia or Mary Tudor, Angelo or Claude Frolo.

As a matter of fact, this rampant lawlessness found its direct outcome and incarnation in Lacenaire. It is difficult for our generation to form any adequate idea of the place held in the public imagination of sixty years ago by this idol of fashion; but as an idol of fashion—as a bandit-Brummel of his blood-stained order—he outrivalled the most ambitious criminals of our own time. The reports of the *Cour d'Assises* of the period, given in the *Gazette des Tribunaux* and other legal organs, will best enable the reader to grasp the true personality of this once notorious criminal. They give the details of his crimes and reveal the motives that prompted him to commit them, and the reasons which induced the public of his day to find in his career an indescribable attraction. He was *le criminal élégant*. For the miscreant who smilingly owned to having paid for a stall at the *Italiens* before assassinating a fellow *abonné*, and having bought clean “pale yellow kid gloves” in exchange for those with which he had just applauded Rubini or Giulia Grisi—for such an Alcibiades of cut-throats no admiration could be too great; and imitators sprang up on every side. His worthiest successor was found, perhaps, in the cowardly Henri Chambige, who shot his mistress in the back some three years ago, strewed her corpse with flowers, and changed his mind as to the suicide which was to have followed.

Now, whatever attempts may have been made to find other explanations, or even extenuations, for the criminality of the time, there is no escaping the obvious deduction from the conjunction of these two things—on the one hand, overt acts of startling crime; and on the other, a startling looseness of precept. There is no principle of virtue, whether we take the word in its later sense of righteousness, or in its earlier sense of manly strength. There is none of the truth which is force, nor of the force which is true. The time was out of joint. It preached the gospel of transgression, and intended that it should be followed. And yet the responsibility for all this has been denied. Doctrines produced their living fruit; yet words were declared to be void of consequence and to have no gravity, and ideas were treated as of no importance, except as a vehicle for the adornments of literary or artistic talent.

“*Il faut avoir du talent*,” was the formula with which the critics set aside the claims of moral worth; and thus was founded the

régime de la blague, which France herself is at last beginning to recognise as "more than a crime—a blunder." From 1825 to 1870, it is not too much to say that the art and literature of France were the slaves of licentiousness. To no one principle of right did they render service; to no one principle of wrong did they offer antagonism. Idealism was mocked at. The real type of the age is "Robert Macaire."

III.

We have thus endeavoured to trace the genealogy of crime in the civilisation of France, along the two intersecting lines of political circumstance and literary influences; from the vainglorious cult of brutal conquest which was the legacy of the First Empire, down to the mental and moral anæmia of the present age. As regards the political struggle, we have not attempted to throw the responsibility on one side only. We have admitted that, if there was lawlessness, there was also provocation to lawlessness: and we have not attempted to deny or extenuate the glaring instances of injustice, the reckless levity, the careless inhumanity shown by Government after Government in its treatment of the suffering masses. Nothing excuses crime; but where violent repression has at once set the example of violence and shut out all chances of healthy and reasonable mental development, we can hardly wonder at a movement which calls itself *Revenge*, and claims to be, in Lord Bacon's phrase, "a kind of wild justice." All this we have admitted; and we must also take into account the education in dishonesty afforded by the Second Empire.* The Empire of Napoleon III. was a very school of fraud; and with it begins the reign of all those weaker vices which were to cast an entire nation, exhausted and emasculated, at the spoiler's feet. The root of all weakness is falsehood. The Second Empire taught the French (if, indeed, the lying bulletins of the First Empire had not taught them already) what lies can do. Falsehood reigned supreme—in art, in morals, in religion, in politics, in war, in everything. But the crowning "sham" of all was the phantom of military supremacy. In this, be it noted, the real soldiers of the time never themselves believed; they only pretended to believe it.

And, even then, the lowest depth was not yet reached. The disgrace of falsehood was followed by the degradation of despair.

Upon the tainted and unwholesome air of a society such as we have described, the German war, with its stern realities, its unexpected disasters, broke like a thunderbolt. Everything went down before it. There was nothing left to hold by. The illusions of the

* Nor must we quite forget the parliamentary deceptions of some Orleanist Ministers. M. Guizot never scrupled to substitute the appearance for the reality where he thought it would do as well. "Le faux vaut le vrai en certains cas," he said. "Il n'en a jamais su la différence," was the retort of a former colleague, a man of high and bright mind.

past were gone; and there was no hope remaining for the future. The school of downright blank debasement was the only reality that endured; all false semblances had vanished. The new generation opened its eyes on ruins—the ruins of honour and honesty, truth and faith.

But here, amidst this universal death, lay the germ of a new life. In these new untried generations arose the coming judges. They were ignorant, these youth of France, ignorant of the sullied past in which they had no part; they looked around them, surprised rather than embittered by what they saw, and sorrowfully longed for oblivion; yet, sorrowing, they looked for higher things, and—spirits, as they were, of a manlier, purer growth—they turned from the darkness to the light, and cried aloud, “Where are our souls?” “Whither tend our higher thoughts?—or have we none?”

It is but a few months ago that we tried to set before the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW * the true origin and growth of the new school of thought and life which is the embodiment of this great psychic awakening. We paid due honour there to the men who through many dark and troubled years shone as separate centres of light—men such as Villemain, Lamartine, Vigny, Juién, Edgar Quinet—solitary lights that shone afar, as true beacons, beckoning to the many who are now rising up and shedding a flood of radiance round them. We dwelt on the work of Lavissee and Vogué, the instigators of the new “réveil de l’âme,” who, each in his special sphere of international history or imaginative literature, were the practical initiators of the movement. We spoke of other men who in yet other fields, of science and of jurisprudence, were labouring to further the same great cause—men, of one of whom, at least, we shall here also have something presently to say; and we added the name of a younger leader—one of the purest, the most vigorous, the most ideal, of all the idealists—Paul Desjardins.

Some years back this name appeared for the first time in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, where the ordinary reader was as yet but little used to seek for what the staid and sober school of “membres de l’Institut” were wont to call “flights of fancy,” and where the serious public would no more have expected the “pure passion of poetry” than the financiers of the City of London would have looked—before Mr. Goschen’s rectorial harangue at Edinburgh in November last—for the enthusiastic praises of imagination from a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yet there it was that the banner of “Desjardinisme” was unfurled, and in a couple of weeks the whole student youth of Paris started back dazzled, crying: “Who and what is this?”

How fearlessly and boldly did the young David, in these early

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, November 1891: “The Spiritualisation of Thought in France.”

contributions, attack the Goliath of corruption he was destined to overthrow. "To scare scepticism" was, he felt, his first task. He not only scared, he scathed it. "Dieu seul sait," he exclaims, alluding to the doubts which, under cover of his "exquisite style," M. Renan has insinuated into simpler, purer minds, and the clouds and complications with which he has tried to overshadow faith: "Dieu seul sait ce que ce Professeur d'hébreu nous a coûté à tous!"*

But it is in the work he has published in pamphlet form, under the title of "*Le Devoir Présent*," that we find the true manifesto of the new school, and find how truly it embodies the reaction against, and offers the antidote for, the literary poisons of the past. Here are its opening words:

"We are a small number of men who in these later times have forgotten our personal troubles, whatever they may be, in the pain caused us by the moral suffering of the souls around us, and in considering what remedy can be found for this universal ill. There are those who can look on serenely, who can resign themselves to invincible evil and inextricable doubt, and make up their minds to things as they are. There are others (of whom is he who writes these lines) made of less yielding stuff, of a more passionate nature, more easily wounded, and who can neither overlook, nor forget, nor patiently despair. . . . They concern themselves less with what *is* than what should be. Towards this they deliberately turn, as the salvation for which their whole heart yearns. It is perhaps their weakness that they cannot greatly care for anything which does not take, in some way or other, the form of a duty it is theirs to do. But they do not trouble themselves as to whether or not it is weak to be unable to stand idle in the presence of bodily or spiritual suffering, to be obliged to look for something to do, however useless, even by the death-bed, were it only to relieve the anguish of their hearts by trying remedies to the last.

"It is from this powerlessness to sit still in the face of human ills that the following pages have sprung. For the same reason I felt bound to publish them, believing that they might be useful."

"We are in a state of warfare," he continues (*nous sommes en état de guerre*); "it would be cowardice to be silent as to our opinions, for they are attacked and controverted. There is war to the knife between our adversaries and ourselves. It is a struggle in which each must take his part. We are not at liberty to stand aloof: we are the soldiers of Duty."

Such are the feelings and motives which lie at the very root of the great reaction; and in the apparent contradiction involved in a temper at once so militant and so tender, we find the very essence of "Desjardinisme." It is pitiful to the erring, yet it preaches effort as the very law of being. It tolerates no evil of the will, no consent to wrong. The weak may deserve mercy for a temporary failing, never

* I will not venture to assert that any distinct or formal manifestation of religious creed has, as yet, emerged from the mud and mire of the past; but a clearer air is breathing under the open firmament of heaven, and aspirations so new, so strong, and so elevated have sprung up in France within the last three years, that we know not where they will find their limit. As wrong leads to wrong, and vice engenders vice, so does good engender good, and lead towards the best. The highest Christianity is reached by ethical and spiritual, as well as by dogmatic, roads. We must ask no more at first, but be content to greet the dawn, now flooding the horizon before our eyes, and watch it break into the perfect day.

for a voluntary abandonment of the effort to rise higher. In this union of strenuousness and tenderness M. Desjardins is at one with M. Lavissee and M. de Vogüé.

He goes at once to the heart of the question—the conflict between the higher life and the lower :

“Selfishness, falsehood, enslavement to the animal instincts—are these absolute evil, or are they only inelegancies—things depreciated for the moment, but which, beautified and adorned with every grace, may yet delight us, satisfy us, and afford a type of human life as good, after all, as that of sages, saints, and heroes? . . . Are love and justice the supreme good, or are they possible illusions and almost certain disappointments? Have we a destiny, an ideal, a duty, or are we disquieting ourselves in vain, without cause or aim, for the amusement of some heartless demiurge, or the mere caprice of the universal Pan? This is the question which divides men’s consciences to-day.”

One notes here on every page the intense recognition of the widest moral responsibility—the responsibility of each for the purity, the elevation, the righteousness of all. It is a noble creed; but it is not to be confounded, as yet, with the Christian behest, and its most fervid apostles do not pretend to this. But unmistakably their steps—perhaps involuntarily—tend in that direction.

“I myself,” continues Paul Desjardins, “have taken sides. I live in the determined conviction that humanity has a destiny—that we are not here for nothing. But, after all, what do we mean by humanity? I cannot tell; except that it is something which is not yet, but is only in course of becoming, in course of working itself out, and that that concerns me—me who am here in the midst of it. And what do we understand by destiny? Again, I can hardly tell. As yet, I have only dreams—dreams born of a deep but incommunicable love, to which only an equal love could correspond. My conscience is not pure enough to give me any clearer certainty. I only say that this destiny of mankind, if we only knew it, must be one in which all men, however ignorant or simple, can participate; and it must therefore depend upon goodwill (*la bonne volonté*), the only thing which is at every one’s disposal. It is something to have learnt that much. It comes to this—that I discern, at least by glimpses, the direction in which the light must break, and I am making towards it. Thus I live, climbing through a steep and gloomy forest towards the quarter the light comes from; and it cannot deceive me, though the tangle of this complicated life may often hide it from me. What brings me nearer to it is not my reasoning on the probable nature of the light, but my going on. And I am going on when I try to fortify, in myself and others, this goodwill—this earnest desire of good.”

“Many young men are travelling also along this road, and would be glad to share the faith of which I have spoken. But they hesitate. . . . Their education draws them in another direction. . . . And there are others who hold the very opposite of all this. They hold that man has no destiny and no duty—nothing to do, and nothing to become. . . . We have, then, on the one side, timid and uncertain allies; on the other, outright enemies; and fight we must. The necessity becomes plainer every day. . . . Men must range themselves on one side or the other. They cannot escape it. . . . There may be some who will keep silence, who will not even think about

Compare George Eliot :

“No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will, to seek the good.”

the matter ; it does not signify ; their lives speak for them, and speak loudly enough."

He goes on fearlessly, attacking the negationists of every type, from Darwin, that seer of science to whose nobility of life he pays a just tribute, to Renan and Taine, the Goncourts and Zola :

"Let no one who would indeed understand human nature," he says, "consult these mere observers of our shame, M. Zola, the brothers de Goncourt, M. Berque, M. Maupassant, M. Huysmans. Let no one weigh our actions alone, to determine the state of our consciences ; the ill we suffer must be thrown into the scale, as well as the ill we do. You must take into account the unappeasable sadness, the haunting sense of exile and of loss ; and you will see that the moral ideal in us, however impaired, is not yet destroyed. But is it enough to keep it in our thoughts, as in a shrine—a purely speculative notion—while our lives are clearly contrary to it? . . . Assuredly not. Moral ideas are pre eminently *things to be done*; they are the programme of a task."

It will be seen from these extracts how clear, how definite, how sharply practical is the moral teaching of this leader of young men. It is affirmative, stimulative, energetic. What its actual influence is, we know by the facts we see around us. It is no solitary note that is struck here. It is accompanied by a whole orchestra.

Let us turn now to another light of the "new learning," M. Charles Wagner, whose one small volume, "*Jeunesse*," has drawn together thousands of idealists of all classes and all pursuits. From the toilers in various fields, whether of manual labour or of more refined study, to those who hold a high position in political or academic spheres, Wagner now counts on five or six thousand listeners, young and middle-aged, who adopt his theories and strive passionately to carry them out. They may truly be described as his disciples, for they not only listen to his teaching, but imitate his acts, and do their best to live his life.

M. Wagner is by profession a pastor of the Reformed Church, an Alsatian by birth, and marked by the most unmistakable characteristics of his double origin, with all the lively perceptions of the Gaul united to the truth and sincerity and poetic fire of the Rhinelander. His little volume is wonderfully exhaustive. In the first three chapters, on "The Inheritance," "The Heirs," and "Origins and Aims" ("*l. Sources et les Sommets*"), he sums up the final view of man's destinies, and traces out, in every detail and accident of circumstance, the influences that may (and probably will) eventually mould the form of human existence. A mere survey of the index or chapter headings of the book is enough to give some idea of the elevation and profundity of the "*pédagogie morale*" of this remarkable thinker. He teaches life in its most thorough and perfect sense, and as it should be taught, in its various but consecutive developments from year to year. For life is one, through all its infinite modifications of aspect ; and it is this permanence of essence that so few teachers really under-

stand. Youth has its maturity, as riper age has also its bloom of youth ; and the young man of twenty may act on an experience he foresees, even as the man of sixty may derive force and energy from the unforgotten ardours of his youth. It is "enthusiasm," the "God within us" of the Greeks, that constitutes the unity of noble lives, their integrity, their oneness through successive stages. No one has so printed this on the minds of ordinary men as M. Wagner ; and even in so divided—we might say, so distracted—a community as that of France, one meets in every section of society, no matter how wide apart, the fervent and convinced adepts of the famous Protestant pastor. In the mechanic's workshop, in the schoolroom, in the *cours* of the Sorbonne, you are sure to encounter admirers of his, as well as in the most aristocratically literary circles, which still retain the memory of the glorious culture of "the great seventeenth century." I purposely do not say that the entire crowd of frequenters of fashionable lectures gather round him ; but he certainly has created a genuine public of his own—a thing unknown in France ; "the best" of all kinds flock around him : and he shows his power by the way in which he brings hostile classes together. Whatever the "decadence" of Frenchmen, they have still kept in some small corners of their civilisation a keen esteem for the intellectually true and beautiful, and even for the intellectually good, and this, wherever it really asserts itself, can and does command the applause of the superior minds. M. Wagner also possesses a rare elevation of style, which attracts a cultured audience, as well as that sheer worth of thought which compels the hearts of his humbler listeners. All he says is so direct ; it goes so home. Every word he utters seems to carry conviction ; his hearers feel that this is his belief—and theirs.

"The unworthiness of our aboriginal lives," he says in his brief introduction to '*Jeunesse*' (there is but a page and a half of it), "has produced a lowering of the vitality of our species. . . . I have attempted in the following pages to show both the evils and the efforts being made to combat them. The latter can only be epitomised thus—a recurrence to a healthier life, to a steadier equilibrium, and a sterner respect for the natural laws of life. We have turned away from our purer springs : to them we must revert. If I might venture to condense into a single sentence the whole aim of this volume, I should give this as my message to young men—'Be really young, be really men' ('soyez jeunes, et soyez hommes')."

Alluding to the advance of science as one of the prime gains of our age, he advises the coming generations never to separate it from the idealism of the past. I will give his words in their strong original French : "*Joignez le meilleur de ce que vous avez conquis à ce que nous vous avons légué de meilleur, et vous vivrez et reconstituerez une patrie à l'esprit.*" *

This embodies the teaching of Charles Wagner. It is the reconciliation of inspiration with knowledge, and the creed that whatever is

* "Add to the best of what you have acquired for yourselves the best of what we have bequeathed to you, and you will live to reconstruct a fatherland of the soul."

truest is to be acquired by the sincere and simple mind ; and this opens the road to revealed truth, without forcing it prematurely on the unready mind. 'This, in fact, places Wagner in line with Desjardins.

"The life of our time," says M. Wagner again, "is hard to those amongst the young who think and reflect, for their highest cravings are unsatisfied."

This is the very note of Paul Desjardins, and, not less, of Vogüé and Lavissee.

Nowhere, indeed, do we find the lessons of the whole new psychic school so focussed into a complete body of teaching as in these collected essays of Charles Wagner.* Moral or philosophical, historical, political, or social, the reader who is concerned to know what the idealism really is which is now animating the mind of awakening France, will here find it faithfully set forth.

He affirms, in one place, that "the foundation of the 'General Association of Students' (and others like it) must be ranked among the happiest events of this contemporary era"; and to exemplify this he quotes the utterances of some of his comrades of the University, from the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Bourgeois, to the different sectional chiefs, such as M. Béranger, M. Lotze, and others less familiar to the foreigner, but equally teachers of the new doctrine.

"We are, and we desire to remain, *students*," said M. Henri Béranger, in a well-known public speech; "that is, men ardently desirous to assimilate the lessons of the time around us, whether remembered from the past or foreseen in the future."

"And in these lessons," adds M. Wagner, after quoting the passage, "lie the seeds of what is of all things most valuable—tolerance; a tolerance which springs from the spirit of justice and of human sympathy. Two great instincts bind us together—the care for the highest possible intellectual development, and that for the largest improvement of all social conditions. Above our beliefs, which so often divide us, are our aspirations, which unite us in one."

This is the very essence of M. Wagner's teaching. He believes that men, whatever their opinions may be, are firmly united only by their highest thoughts; and that, to achieve their indissoluble union, you must simply bring men's souls to look each other in the face; drawing aside, to use his own expression, "the thick intervening curtains of carnal and materialistic preoccupations."

Here is another characteristic passage from the chapter on the "Ideal":

"Life—this life—is not the highest good; but evil-doing is the supreme and crowning ill (*le mal suprême, c'est la Faute*). I do not mean by these words to imply that we should disdain or disregard life; quite the contrary. If God has granted to man the power of sacrifice (and we all know how largely humanity has proved its possession of that noblest faculty), if man can give himself unreservedly for a cause, it is not because he despises life, but because he has a loftier conception of life, and loves it with a sublimer

* See "Jeunesse," pp. 239-249, in the chapter entitled "L'Idéal."

love. The lower love clings to the unworthy semblance—to the mere mask; the higher love saves the higher life in the very hour of sacrifice. And in truth nothing is simpler or more plain, though there are those to whom it may appear difficult; for the life so dear to the self-seeker and the coward is but a scrap, a very shred of life. The men of lower mind see in the life universal nothing beyond the particular life; and even in this they choose what is personal to themselves, what is narrowest, frailest, and most circumscribed of all, and it is to this that they attach themselves, and for this that they forego the grand inheritance. What marvel that the outcome of so pitiful a passion is disgust, a mere void and emptiness? With the vast love of Life itself, on the contrary, the one indivisible intense Life, of which humanity itself is but a revelation—with the profoundest love, truth, justice, and virtue, we go out beyond our mere selves to become the heirs of a higher and wider life. We inherit the noblest of all possessions, and pass from what is transitory to what endures."

There are certain points which come out, perhaps, more distinctly in M. Wagner's teaching than in that of his most eminent colleagues. One, in particular, is of immense importance, because it explains his wide and general influence. It shows why it is that all classes open to him not only their ears but their hearts. He brings the "Ideal" home to them.

"The Ideal," he cries, "is no fiction of the fancy; it is no distant world of the imagination, placed so far apart from our spheres of action, formed of elements so foreign to the realities we have been taught to think of as the only *real*, that to talk of its attainment must be simply to provoke despair. . . . Idealism is truly but the vivid representation of those realities of which the seed lies within ourselves."

It is by words such as these that Wagner encourages the simplest and most uncultured to look within themselves for the means of solving all problems, and gives, as it were, the *clutch* of the Ideal to the most matter-of-fact minds. And this it is that explains his hold on such contradictory individualities and such various classes.

We will add but one more quotation:

"In the secret germs of plants and of all living organisms, the microscope reveals to our eyes most delicate fibres, barely discernible, but which mark the starting-point of future organs. . . . And thus also in man, even as he now is, lies the indistinct future of his being, if he is ever to develop the hidden completion of himself and to fulfil his destiny. To realise to the full the virtualities allotted to us, to accomplish what we have the power to do, to be all that we *may be*—this is our task. The rest lies higher, lies beyond us. . . . Man's ideal is Humanity."

IV.

The men of whom we have so far spoken have been the theorists and preachers of the Ideal. Their vehicle is the spoken or written word. To the verbal suggestion of base, selfish, and criminal thoughts, leading to base, selfish, and criminal acts, they oppose the verbal suggestion of an ardent purity, self-forgetfulness, helpfulness, and hope. And surely, if the sinful teachings of the past have borne their fruit in actual sin and crime, we must believe that the nobler

doctrine of to-day will have its harvest also, and that these angel sowers of heavenly seed are preparing the most blessed of all solutions for our bitter problem of crime are preparing a time in which art and literature, the acts of Governments and the arrangements of society, shall no longer provoke and incite to evil, but shall converge towards the encouragement of good.

We now pass on to another form of effort the effort to deal, not with the germs of vice or virtue in the soul, but with evil in its full-blown form of open crime.

And here we must begin by pointing out that, paradoxical and startling as it may seem, the very extremity of past evil seems to be bringing about its own reaction. Had the guilt of the French nation been less deep, or had it been of a less collective character, the penalty would have been less heavy, and the sense of national responsibility would have been less sharply awakened. At the present moment, the public conscience has been almost crushed under the load of public shame, and forced as it were against its will to recall, through long intervening years, the memory of wrong suggested rather than committed, and to recognise at last the link between the hellish deed and the hellish impulse originally expressed in words alone.

As we endeavour to unravel this strangely twisted skein of moral development, the famous phrase of Leonardo da Vinci recurs to our minds, "*le serpentement divin des choses humaines*."* A better word is scarcely to be found. It is indeed an underlying current, as of a hidden river, that bears men on, and lands individuals, groups, or entire nations in new conditions to which they must submit, but to the true purport of which they may remain wholly blind, while both the cause and the result lie utterly beyond their ken. The half-enlightened children of civilisation call this Destiny, and go heedlessly on, obeying the impulsion, but never discerning the "supernatural meanderings" of the human current, which are forcing them to work out conclusions they never intended, and do not even now understand.

It seems to us that the confusion of ideas everywhere created—not alone in France, but throughout the whole European world—by the incidents of the great trial of the twenty-sixth of April last, and especially by the conduct of the Paris jury, was chiefly due to an imperfect comprehension of the significance of the case itself. A more complicated case has hardly been chronicled in recent times. While the general public looked at it from, at most, only two different points of view, it involved, in reality, nearly every question that lies

* Great as a thinker and as a moral philosopher, Leonardo da Vinci has left written testimony to the sovereign sway exercised over his mind by science as well as by art. But, for him as for most of his countrymen, especially at the time of the Renaissance, the philosophy of jurisprudence, the interpretation of the subtle principles of human law, seems to have had the most potent fascination of all.

at the foundation of modern jurisprudence, and imposed on France an urgent necessity for the most stringent reforms in her criminal law and in her methods of procedure.

The division of opinion in regard to the Ravachol trial rested mainly on two specific points: Was it a crime against the common law, or a crime against the public safety? * In other words, was it an ordinary crime of violence, or was it a State crime? and was Ravachol a vulgar murderer of the commonest type, or was he a political offender? This was naturally a matter of immense moment to him, and also to public opinion—which, it must not be forgotten, was also sitting in judgment by the side of the judges on the banks of the Seine. But it was at the same time a matter of vital importance to the entire system of the law, as affecting the nature of the modifications to which it would have to be submitted.

Now, as a matter of fact, these two points were far from constituting the only two to be decided. There were side issues of fully as much importance, if not more; and what is still more curious, the two apparently contradictory "main points" were both equally true. Ravachol was both a common-law criminal and a breaker of the public law, a danger to the public safety. His criminal culpability was, in reality, capable of being proved on both counts; but it was almost as difficult to join the two together as it would have been prejudicial to separate them. With a view to the aggravation of penalties under certain clauses of the existing laws against premeditation and the plotting of crimes against life, it would have been highly inexpedient not to recognise Ravachol and his associates as amenable to the laws of general and public safety, whilst at the same time it was necessary not to ignore his past, nor to disengage him from his own acts against the prescriptions of the common law.

But besides this, there were other ends of justice to be served. Incitement to disobedience on the part of men serving in the army is one of the chief offences for which an increase of punishment is in France an absolute necessity; and the prevention of provocation to violence, of no matter what kind, by printed misstatements in the newspapers, is amongst the many reforms now admitted to be not only indispensable but extremely urgent.

All this, as we see, makes a vastly intricate statement—a singularly complex *acte d'accusation*—to be presented to a jury, and requires a large amount of various, if not conflicting, qualities in the conduct of the case for the prosecution. No magistrate of a subordinate degree could have undertaken it; it required the direct intervention of a law officer of the State. For this reason, choice was made of

* Of course the whole Radical mass in France (for different objects to be attained) blighted, in reality, for the glories of a State trial, though they dared not openly array themselves on the side of "criminal outrage"; and here lay another element of confusion—the representatives of the law having, in fact, to deal with masked foes. The struggle was thus from the first an unequal one.

the Procureur-Général himself,* or rather, he himself expressed his desire to undertake the task, as giving him, the head of the *Parquet*, a more complete sphere of action and a more conspicuous burden of responsibility. Even from a mere legal standpoint the nature of the proceeding required this; it was a task which called for the authority of office as well as for steadfastness of character in the man. With M. de Beaurepaire leading the attack for the Government, the legal executive, so to speak, of the country knew there could be no notion of compromise. To him it was a simple question of the application of the law; and a sense of security was, *ipso facto*, imparted to the Court, a moral "backbone" was given it, with, at the same time, a distinctly official guarantee of protective power. The trial showed itself from the first moment what it really was, and what it was meant the nation should clearly see it to be—namely, a struggle between Anarchy and the Law. So far, the word "anarchy" was accepted, as describing a denial of all justice, a repudiation of all constituted social order, a resort to mere insurrectionary self-assertion; an organised revolution, rising up against all or any reasonable system of civil rule, and with the avowed intention to overthrow it by any and all means. But here, again, another difficulty became suddenly evident, another conflict might be foreseen—a subsidiary conflict, namely, between the jury and the champion of the law. To the spectators this latent divergence (of feeling rather than opinion) became evident before the first sentences of the *réquisitoire* (the appeal to the jury) had been spoken; and to this is attributable the composition of that document itself. The moral responsibility of the public had so graven itself on the mind of the Procureur-Général (as it had also on that of so many citizens) that his first object was to bring home this responsibility to his hearers. Accordingly, the opening of the indictment is, in reality, a vehement appeal to the jury; and, before entering on the mere enumeration of Ravachol's misdeeds during his infamous career, he impresses on the consciences of the "twelve burghers," on whom devolves the awful task of the final decision, what are their irremissible duties to their own countrymen and to the law of the land. You perceive at once that the primary aim of the speaker is to raise the moral level of the men he is addressing, and that he places their rigid subservience to the dictates of their own conscience above every other consideration—even above that of getting a verdict.

* It would be difficult to translate accurately the title of Procureur-Général, since the office itself does not exist in England. In France, the "Procureur-Général près la cour de Paris" stands at the head of the magistracy of the country, and has, as his superior, only the Minister of Justice (still, by old tradition, entitled the Keeper of the Seals). The Procureur-Général is the chief of the *procureurs de la République*, and of the so-called *Parquet*, which is a component part of the "Ministère Public" taken as a whole. It is a post of the highest judicial importance, and does not correspond to that of Public Prosecutor, but resembles in some of its attributes that of the "Procurator-Fiscal" of Scotland, while in others it rather approaches that of the English Attorney-General.

"I conjure you," exclaims the Procureur-Général in the opening of his address to the jury, "to remember that the principles on which justice rests are fixed principles, or *are not*; that justice is absolute and equal for all, or there is no such thing as justice. I entreat you not to be carried away by any casuistries or subtle distinctions. . . . You must look straight before you, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor probing the dark invisible beneath. . . . Wrong is wrong; that is the divine law; man cannot change or diminish it.* As a mask upon the face does not change the soul, so a phrase used in evidence does not do away with a crime. . . . The men before you are the wholesale slaughterers of their own, and your, kind; their 'vengeance' serves no remoter or more interested aim; it is the senseless indiscriminate thirst for blood of the savage or the wild beast. If hundreds, or thousands even, of innocent lives are to be spared, if women and children, hardy and industrious toilers, human beings who have harmed none if these your fellows, whom you are bound to protect, are to be protected by you, if you are worthily to safeguard those whose safety is committed to your care—these murderers must be convicted."

We can hardly do better than follow the steps of the Procureur-Général as he traces out the successive phases of the Ravachol case, from the date of the first indictment after the explosion of the Rue de Clichy, to the famous verdict of the twenty-sixth of April.

Both the initial and the closing arguments of the *acte d'accusation* rest on the same basis. The responsibility of the nation in the *suggestion* of these collective crimes is sought for, and the same method of repression is set forth as indispensable. From the declaration of the national solidarity in impure thought to the outburst of positive criminality in deeds, you see that the argument never once diverges. It is from the imagination, expressed in spoken or printed words, that the heinous deeds now being visited by the awakened conscience of the public have sprung; but the public is held no more free from blame than the authors of the incriminated works themselves; for the public, on all occasions, had lent its encouragement, in the form of popularity and wealth, to the instigators of the unholy deeds.

Here is the connecting link between the two seemingly different movements—the one which rises in protest against the literature of the age, and the other, which looks to the law and its reforms as the chief agent of a great mental and moral readjustment. The moralist hopes for a healthier condition of the public mind from a purer atmosphere in the productions of the thinkers and writers around him, and the judge relies upon the steady application of just legal measures for the surer prevention of the practical commission of crime. Both agree as to the necessity for the punishment of crime actually committed, but the most knotty of all questions still remains unsolved—how to reach, by any legal provision, the yet uncommitted crime.

* This is a favourite axiom of M. de Beaurepaire's, and he invoked it in the concluding words of his summing-up against Boulanger: "Le mal est le mal. C'est la loi de Dieu."

One chief step would seem to be the reduction of all self-styled *exceptional* criminals to their proper level as vulgar malefactors, the disrobing them of their stage-trappings, and the defeat of their attempts to pose as either heroes of romance or leaders of political parties. On this point, which is the second dealt with in the *réquisitoire*, the Procureur-Général is quite pitiless:—

"Anarchy," he exclaims, "is nothing new; it is simply a new name for an old thing—the defiance of all law. . . . The anarchists are simply vulgar malefactors. . . . Anastay* attempted the life of two of his fellows, and he was sent to the scaffold. Ravachol attempts the life of ten or twenty. You can hardly sentence him to a lighter penalty, simply because he pronounces this barbarous and senseless word 'Anarchist,' whereas Anastay died in silence. From the social point of view the crime of Ravachol may, indeed, be considered the greater, because the more dangerous; but morally the two men are equal, because they are both murderers. . . . Look to it! If you establish a difference between the one and the other, if you mark this difference by a difference of penalty, you will have sapped the foundations at once of justice and of society by declaring that there are two classes of criminals—those who murder under cover of a phrase, and those who murder without any phrase at all (*ceux qui tuent avec épithète et ceux qui tuent sans épithète*); and this illogical distinction will be exploited by the malefactors, who will make bold to infer from it that you, who are judges, admit the negation of all justice, by admitting the claim of anarchy."

The Procureur-Général proceeds to explain the exact position of Ravachol's crime before the law.

"What we have to deal with is the organisation of crime—crime which is crime under the common law. . . . Now, under our system of unrestricted liberty, every one has a right to say what he pleases, write what he pleases, discuss everything under the sun, so long as he keeps to ideas, not acts. I do not say whether it is well or ill that it is so, but so it is. We require no man to give account for his opinions, be they what they may. The anti-social party has therefore been free to put itself forward, and propagate its views without restraint.

"But, last March, the overt acts of Ravachol and his colleagues proved that there had sprung from the ranks of this so-called 'school' a group of men who dealt not in words, but in murderous acts. The authorities at once undertook the task, not only of punishing committed crime, but of repressing the organisation of crime. Was this illegal? Some people seem to forget that the Penal Code provides for the punishment of associations of malefactors formed for the purpose of committing crime. Let me remind them that Article 265, and the following articles, are formal and valid; and that a band of conspirators prepared to act are liable to imprisonment, quite apart from the actual crime punishable by death. Wherever, therefore, a group of men are united together under a concerted agreement for the preparation of a crime, they are open to prosecution, even where no outward act has been put in execution.

"Such is the law. We shall apply it rigorously. This may calm the anxiety of the public; for by this means, God helping us, we shall forestall many a crime, by seizing those who are organising it."

Later on, in a most important passage, M. de Beaurepaire explains the reason for the method of procedure chosen by the "*Parquet de*

* Anastay, it may be remembered, was the non-commissioned officer who murdered Madame Delliard last winter, and whose execution created such an extraordinary sensation throughout France.

Paris"—the choice of a Paris verdict instead of that of the Department of the Loire, and of a public trial in place of an ordinary trial at common law. He answers here the questions that must have risen in many minds, not in France only, as to the wisdom of the course adopted:

"You have now before you, gentlemen of the jury, all the elements of your decision. Public opinion had, indeed, already laid them before you. It had done more; it had practically prejudged this horrible affair. From the first moment it demanded an immediate sentence, as in a case of *flagrant délit*. It was our duty to resist this demand, and to wait until full light had been thrown upon the circumstances of the case. But no sooner had we obtained complete evidence than we did what was required of us, and laid the whole case before you in its frightful unity, without waiting for the details of crimes and offences committed elsewhere, so that the jury of the Seine might protect Paris by sentencing those who had conspired against Paris.

"There are some, it seems, who reproach us for having followed this rigorous logic. But with what reproaches would they not have overwhelmed us if we had acted otherwise! We should have been accused of needlessly prolonging the trial (*étirer l'affaire*), and perhaps of postponing it from fear. 'Are you waiting,' they would have said, 'till half the city is blown up, when you have had the proofs and confessions in your hands for more than a week? . . . Was it necessary, in order to convict the dynamiters, to collect a number of remote and subsidiary charges, to bring fifty or sixty witnesses from Monthison, and to take over from the magistrates of the Loire cases which had already been properly committed to them?' They would have said worse. They would have said, 'It must be because you know your own indictment to be insufficient, that you try to back it up with charges of another kind. If it is only with the help of these auxiliary charges that you can convict Ravachol, you must abandon the prosecution of the others, who have no hermits of Chamblès to be accountable for.'"

But perhaps the most important of all the issues of this great trial is its bearing on the imminent reform of the criminal law. The whole force of the existing law was brought to bear on this case, and it failed. To whatever special cause that failure may be attributed, it has, at any rate, set up a precedent which has rendered some further strengthening of the law against criminal conspiracy a matter of greater urgency than ever. Another point, of even greater moment, is that which concerns the discipline of the troops. A clause relating to incitement to crime in the army is to be inserted in the new Bill soon to be brought before Parliament. This is one of the most necessary measures of legal reform, and has already been too long delayed. For the sake of the public safety, the offence of "provocation to indiscipline amongst soldiers of the army" must be one of the very first to be dealt with, and its stringency and efficiency must be largely increased.*

*It was a curious coincidence which placed the same magistrate at the head of both the famous trials of 1889 and 1892. M. de Beaurepaire was, on the occasion of the Boulanger case, in July 1889, called by the Minister of Justice to his present position, in order to draw up the indictment against the notorious officer around whose rebellious standard half of the once patriotic aristocracy of France was gathering:

"This," says the leading law-officer of the State, "must henceforth be borne in mind by all and let every self-styled 'Anarchist' take heed to it that, as all crime is equally liable to punishment, so is all incitement to dereliction of public duty. The criminal who incites soldiers to desert the ranks and to assassinate their officers, and the criminal who induces professional robbers and murderers to attempt the lives of magistrates, are alike amenable to the extreme penalty of the law."

It will be seen how unwaveringly, from first to last, the plea of "Anarchism," as an excuse for crime, is set aside by the Procureur-Général. He clears the moral atmosphere of all such fogs, and puts before the jury a plain issue, stripped of all disguises. And he then appeals to the sense of personal responsibility in every member of the jury, and charges each to do his duty to his fellow-citizens and to his country.

The jury of the Seine refused, as we know, to find a verdict "in accordance with direction of Court"; and the strongest outburst of indignation witnessed in France for a long course of years was the result.

It is more than likely that other juries may to a certain extent redeem the discredit cast upon their class by the "twelve burghers" of the metropolis;* and the firm and courageous example set by both the magistracy and the bar, in their unflinching acceptance of their responsibilities, may yet bear fruit in the country.

But how about the moral responsibility of the nation for the crimes fostered and encouraged by its own habits of life and thought? Is that accepted?

It is undeniable that a strong feeling of collective responsibility has been awakened by the outburst of anarchy throughout France; but we have to examine the peculiar character of that responsibility—whence it proceeded, and to what results it may or will probably tend. A single glance backward will suffice to show the "*serpente ment divin*."

From the "original sin" of Bonapartism sprang the inability to understand the virtues of peace or the merits of a civilian system of

and, after having swept the country of its most dangerous military offender, he again found himself charged with the conduct of the prosecution for the Government against the Anarchist hordes banded against society and the law. The two insurrections were really of the same character—both were in the most distinct degree *Anarchical*, the proofs alike of the same disorder in a portion of the public mind; and the danger to the country was nearly equal in both instances. But two *facts* served to prove in either case how much the same need for reform existed. At the very outset a similar cause of conflict arose between the civil and military authorities, for it was self-evident that Boulanger should have been referred to a court-martial, as was Marshal Bazaine. But the point most important of all to note is the necessity for the very law reform now contemplated in the matter of "*incitement to indiscipline in the army*." The omissions that struck all observers in the Boulanger trial of 1889 (and probably the Procureur-Général more than any one!) must never be allowed to occur again; and it may be hoped, after the present impending reforms are carried, can never do so. In this respect the Boulanger trial was a great precedent for the Anarchist trial of last April; and it was not without significance that it had to be conducted by the same hand.

* The jury at Montbrison has already done so, and Ravachol's debt to the law and to society is now paid. There the jury showed no sign of flinching from its duty.

law and justice. From the fraud and falsehood of the Second Empire came the incapacity of sane judgment, and of the perception of the supreme value of abstract truth. Of licentiousness was born that repudiation of all restraint which has culminated in the reckless worship of barbarous crime. But, with the excesses of crime threatening an entire race, and uniting all in view of the possible victory of unbridled lawlessness—of the untamed passions of the savage—the reawakening of the protective forces of civilisation becomes at last inevitable.

France is probably on the verge of this return to a better condition. The first signs of a purer atmosphere around are to be seen in the spiritualisation of thought, especially amongst her youth. But the final and clenching proof of her awakened conscience will rest on her acknowledgment of her responsibility in the past. Words have been in the past the undoubted suggesters of evil and criminal deeds; they will have to play their part in the impulse towards atonement in the future. A certain consensus in favour of the repression of crime is visible now in the public mind of France—visible even among the least moral of her journalists; but it remains to be seen whether these more material methods, or the spread of purer doctrines of morality and faith, are the truest measures of redress. The declaration by a leading writer of the *Figaro* last month, that “the entire criminal jurisprudence of France must be reformed” (“notre jurisprudence criminelle toute entière demande à être reformée”) is a very sweeping profession of faith; but, as is natural to the somewhat narrow and formal habits of the journalistic mind, it appeals rather to the action of the Legislature than to any spread of better feeling in the nation itself; and these appeals to mere legal prescription, to obligations laid down by the authority of the Penal Code, are after all little better than a disguised presentment of the “force” that is regarded as superseding the “right.” They represent the action of justice “under compulsion,” and leave the moral recognition of virtue untouched.

Far be it from us to underrate the importance of such reforms as shall make the law clear, efficient, and respected. All good citizens must look with eagerness for the carrying of such reforms. Yet we may watch with a still intenser interest the progress of that deeper and more inward reformation which shall purify the essence of the soul itself, and bring it into willing subjection to the highest law.

“The good one thinketh, good may do;
For God will helpe him thereto.
For was never good work wrought
Without beginning of good thought;
Ne never was wrought none evil thing,
But evil thought was the beginning.”

S. B. DE BURY.

IN DUTCH WATER-MEADOWS.

IN these materialistic days it is at the bidding of the poet only that the shadow of the sun-dial moves backwards. If the more glaring the improbabilities in the face of which the miracle is performed, the greater the genius of the worker, among the greatest of the poets and poems of recent days must be Goldsmith and his "Deserted Village." Sweet Auburn, with its garden-flowers growing wild, and Bitterns returning to nest in spots where once villagers had danced and talked local politics, is as real to most of us as Charing Cross, though we know well enough that as "wealth accumulates," trim gardens, instead of running to waste, push out in every direction. It is the Bittern which is giving place to man, and not man to the Bittern; and if we want to see anything of these and other waders which only a generation ago were common in England, we must turn our backs on home, and look to countries where unreclaimed land is, in proportion to population, greater than it is with us.

Slowly or quickly, the same process of extermination is going on everywhere. The Dodo and Great Auk have disappeared. The Ground Parrot, the Kiwi, and the Bison are disappearing. The northern half of Texel, not long since the chief of European breeding stations for long-legged birds, is drained and ploughed, and is Eerland—"Egg-land"—no longer in anything but name.

But places are still, under good guidance, to be found where the shadow seems to have stood still, and where—as in Prospero's Isle—the air in spring and early summer is "full of noises, sounds and sweet airs," as if all the electric bells and flutes in the world had taken flight together, and where the intruding listener's ears are all but boxed with the wings of indignant Peewits and Redshanks. It was in such a spot that we found ourselves on the 3rd of June.

We had crossed by Rotterdam and spent an afternoon in the Museum at Leyden, inspecting, under the guidance of Dr. Jentink, the Director, some of the most precious of the treasures there. A

duck and other birds believed to be unique, or almost unique, examples of extinct species; the Pigmy Hippopotamus from St. Paul's river; the Banded Bush Buck, unknown until Herr Büttekoffler lately brought it from Liberia, excepting from two imperfect skins—one of them made up into a native African hunting-bag—from which had been evolved and fairly accurately figured an undiscovered antelope; the rare Flat-nosed, Two-horned Rhinoceros; a Great Auk in good preservation; a huge and almost perfect *Epiorthis* egg, bought from a Frenchman for a thousand guilders—in our money about £80—something less than a third of the price paid not long ago for an Auk's egg sold by auction at Stevens' rooms.

After a five o'clock *table d'hôte*, with a *menu* to remind us that we had crossed the Channel, a *water souchet* of perch with resplendent fins, served with boiled parsley, chicken with *compôte de fruits*, &c., we had made the most of the remaining hours of daylight by driving out beside canals and ditches glorified by a golden sunset, and through copsés ringing with the songs of Ictarine Warblers and Nightingales, to see a Stork's nest, the pride of a neighbouring village. It was on a cartwheel on a high pole in a meadow, near the church, carefully fenced in. Both birds were at home. As we came up, the female, who was "sitting," lifted her head for a minute, and, coming to the conclusion that we were harmless, settled down again. Her mate rose and sailed slowly round the meadow, to return again very soon, and when we drove off stood on one leg, a feathered St. Simeon Stylites on his column, sharp cut in purple shadow above the trees, beside the low-spired tower, against the evening sky.

Storks are becoming much less common in Holland than they were a few years ago, and though occasionally we saw a stray bird or pair, this, and one other of which a passing glimpse was caught from the train, were the only nests we saw.

We had steamed next day in a spanking breeze from Helder, the Portsmouth of Holland, across the Dutch Solent, through a fleet of Texel trawlers, which lifted at one moment their heavy bows clean out of the water, and the next moment dipped until half hidden in clouds of spray. We had spent a quiet night in the cleanest and sleepest of little inns, and—after an early breakfast in a room looking out on a miniature square paved with bricks on edge, in deep shade, excepting where dotted with the few specks of almost tropical sunshine which found their way through the foliage of twenty-nine closely planted lime-trees in full leaf, resonant with the notes of warblers and starlings—had been driven with a pair of fresh horses for some miles along the top of a wall like the back of a knife, on the one hand the sea, on the other, apparently at lower level, ditches and meadows.

* A figure of the Banded Bush Buck, with horns and hoofs judiciously hidden by foliage, as neither of the skins had heads or legs, was published in 1841 in the "Zoologia Typica," by Louis Fraser, naturalist to the Niger Expedition.

From the top of the wall we had dropped down suddenly to an inland country, to be reminded that the sea was not twenty yards off, as every now and then the sails of a fishing-boat showed over the green banks which we skirted.

For another mile or two we had jolted along a cart-track, till, our coachman having lost his way, we were brought to a full stop by a ditch and rail. At last we had succeeded in finding and introducing ourselves to the agent, who, with the kindness almost invariably shown by the Dutch to strangers, had given us leave to wander at will over the land under his charge.

It was a "polder," a wide tract comparatively lately reclaimed, intersected in every direction by ditches at right angles; in parts dry and cultivated, in others, on the seaside especially, still in a half swampy state.

It was here, where the deep green of the grass was in places broken with sandy strips and muddy inlets, and in others bright with thrift and white and yellow blossoms of different kinds, that the birds and nests of which we were in search were most plentiful. The air was filled and the marsh and meadows alive with noisy Red-shanks and fairy-like Terns, the "Common" and the "Lesser." Oystercatchers, affected with the usual low spirits of their race, lolled about in disconsolate attitudes, or rose with a melancholy piping as we came too near them; and, where the grass gave place to pale-coloured mud, Kentish plovers, elsewhere rare, looking more like little balls of living sand than birds, trundled themselves at a great pace out of our way along the water's margin.

For these and many others, any of which would elsewhere have been worth a special pilgrimage to see, we had no eyes to spare.

We were in one of the chief of the few remaining summer homes in Western Europe of the Avocet, once common, now practically extinct, in England.

One of the last of our old-established colonies was at Salthouse, on the Norfolk coast, and was, according to tradition, destroyed in the first half of this century for the sake of the birds' feathers, which were in request at the time for making artificial flies.

No one who has only seen an Avocet stuffed can form any idea of the grace of outline and motion of the living bird; nor of the bewildering permutations and combinations of its zebra stripes of black and white.

For half a moment, as it settles, the bird is still, and you see two distinct horseshoes of jet on a snowball. Before the roughest sketch is possible the position of the restless wings shifts and the horseshoes meet and open into a double heart, one inside the other. It rises, breast towards you, and you see a bird, pure white excepting at the wing-tips, which look as if dipped in ink. It turns sharply off,

with the everlasting "Kiew! kiew!" and you seem to be looking, not at a bird, but an overgrown "Bath-white" butterfly.

At last you have had one quiet before you long enough to be satisfied at least that the tail is black, and are hurriedly scratching a sketch accordingly, when the black flies up on the tips of the wing and the bird is off, turning towards you a tail of the purest white.

They were very plentiful, and wonderfully tame. We must have seen something like fifty on the one corner of the polder, to which they seemed mainly to confine themselves, and where we found both eggs and young birds.

As we lay for luncheon on our macintoshes spread on a patch of thrift, not far from the water's edge, the old birds played and fed close by us, swinging sideways, their slender turned-up beaks—like strips of bent whalebone—splashing visibly at times with the strokes, and ran bent forward through the water, sometimes breast-high, with a quick, jerky, and rather laboured step, the position of the body and action suggestive of a long-legged, paddling child in a great hurry to get a shrimping-net on shore.

The neck, as the bird ran or fed, was commonly drawn backwards with a curve like the droop of the dewlap of a cow. The young birds, of which we caught two in different stages of growth, mimic their mother's steps as they run, and could be identified by this even without the fascinating little baby *nez retroussé* which makes mistake impossible. One, a little striped puff-ball, which could not have been many hours out of the egg when we found it, feigned desperate illness rather too well, and was all but pocketed as past all hope of recovery. But when left alone, unobserved as it supposed, on the grass for a few minutes, rose quietly, and after creeping slowly through the stalks for a foot or two, reached a sandy "grip," when it set off running at a pace miraculous for so small a creature.

The legs of the old birds are bare for some inches above the joint, which is very prominent, and are of a silvery grey, not many shades removed from Cambridge blue, and are more slender than in the pretty picture in Lord Lilford's book.

In flight the legs are tucked tightly under the tail, of which, when the bird is in the air, they seem a part. The body is exceptionally flat, so much so that an Avocet flying looks as if it could have no stomach.

In spite of their slender make they are courageous, and if offended fly at more stoutly-built birds. A couple of days later, on another marsh, we watched for ten minutes or more one of them vociferously attacking a Black-headed Gull, who—perhaps because it had been sucking eggs, and conscience had made a coward of it—was evidently very anxious to shake off its pursuer. The Avocet circled upwards

like a Falcon, and swooped with a scream again and again at the Gull from above, never, so far as we could make out, actually striking it, as the scarcely heavier Richardson's Skua would have done if offended, but swerving sharply to the right or left when within a foot or so of its enemy.

Not far from the flowery slope on which, "reclined in rustic state," we sat to lunch and meditate, was a ditch rather wider than some—one of the arteries of the polder. The mud of successive cleanings had been thrown out on the side nearest to us, and had dried into a bank a little above the general level. It was what in old days was known in the Fens and Broads as a "hill"—a gathering-place of Ruffs, birds which once, like Avocets, were common in England, and are now scarcely less rare.

More than once we counted nineteen or twenty of these curious birds together on the hill, and many others constantly came and went. Much has been written of the fights of Ruffs, which—unlike most, if not all, the rest of their class—do not pair, but are, like Pheasants and Barndoor Fowls, polygamous.

But, perhaps because questions of precedence had already been settled, or perhaps because it was not until towards the afternoon of a hot day that we found them in any numbers, we saw nothing ourselves to justify their distinctive epithet, "pugnax."

Every now and then one of the party rose, bowed, and pointed his beak at a neighbour, who acknowledged the compliment in the same manner. The two, to borrow a phrase from *Punch*, "flashed their linen," ruffling their frills to make them show to the greatest advantage, bowed a second time, and settled quietly down again. There was occasionally a little momentary excitement, as another of the privileged circle dropped in, looking as he flew with ruff closed like a little pouter pigeon, but nothing like quarrelling. Everything was done with quiet decorum, and the general effect was more that of a select club window in St. James's Street on a June afternoon than of a duelling ground.

No European bird, probably, varies in colour to anything like the same extent as the Ruff. Of the many we saw no two were nearly alike in plumage. One that we watched from close by with a glass was noted as having a chestnut ruff with a black face. Another had an almost pure white ruff and chestnut back. A third had a white ruff, broadly tipped with black, and a back of the sandy dun of a little ringed plover. A third had a ruff of black and white in diamonds, like a shepherd's plaid. Two were, or appeared to us to be, ruffs and all, whole coloured, the one a neat uniform slate grey, the other cinnamon. Another, a great beauty, had a ruff of the darkest glittering purple shot with blue. The eggs of the Reeve are smaller and more highly polished than those of the Redshank, which they generally resemble, and are commonly more richly and uniformly spotted. The age at

which the Ruff in a wild state justifies his name and dons his Elizabethan collar, is a little doubtful; but there is not much doubt that it is not until he is at least two years old.

Our attention had been so much occupied with the larger and more obtrusive birds, that we had not much time left for the little birds. But among many which elsewhere would have been remarkable were a pair of Blue-headed Wagtails, with breasts of vivid yellow, and a third Wagtail almost pure white. The last was in company with a female of the ordinary "pied" species, of which it was probably an accidental albino variety. We saw it twice at an interval of an hour or two, at the same spot, beside a ditch where it probably had a nest.

To the south of our polder lay a narrow tract of sand-hills which, seen through the shimmering heat from the dead level of the old sea-bottom, looked like a distant mountain range. It was a pleasant change, after having been scolded for hours in shrill tones in every key, to climb the first ridge and drop into another world. Excepting when every now and then birds, singly or in pairs, passed overhead, the noisy tribes of the flat lands and ditches were left behind, and not a sound was to be heard louder than the gentle rattle of the dry bent as it moved in the breeze, the trill of one or other of the little warblers, which in summer-time are commoner, perhaps, in Holland than anywhere, or the song of a distant lark in a sky the faint blue of which blended perfectly with the pale browns and yellows of sand and bleached grasses.

As we sat among the sand-hills enjoying the calm, three hares, smaller and darker than our own lowland hares, followed a few minutes later by a fourth, passed within ten yards without noticing us.

Our first day in Texel was past and gone, a pleasant recollection only. A second and a third, as pleasant, followed, to fly as fast.

In a slushy water-meadow, eight or nine miles from our first hunting-ground, we stood in the middle of colonies of the Black and "Common" Terns, which bred in sociable company with Godwits and Black-headed Gulls.

We had wondered at the courage of the slender Avocets when man or bird approached their nests. They were cowards compared with the little Black Terns, which, as we stooped beside their eggs, dashed at us with the recklessness of Skuas.

They are beautiful birds as seen from below, with slate-grey wings and bodies of shining black, shorter and smaller, but proportionately stouter than their forked-tailed cousins, the Common Tern.

The nests of the Godwits, of which we found more than one, unlike those of the Avocet, which lays its eggs in a bare hollow of trampled turf, were thickly lined with dry grasses.

The birds themselves—"which, by-the-by, were once," writes Sir Thomas Browne,* "accounted the daintiest dish in England, and, I think,

* On "Norfolk Birds," vol. III of Works. Bell.

for the bigness, of the biggest price"—with their long beaks, were conspicuous and unmistakable at almost any distance, in their bright summer dress of brownish red and white. The female, as with the hawk, is the larger bird.

In the deep blue water of an irregular natural pool, in striking contrast to the formal artificial ditches of the drained lands, we counted at one time ten separate species of water birds together, and not unfrequently had five or six kinds in the field of the glass at one time. Nearer home we crawled through copses hedged with tall green reeds, to watch the Ictarine Warblers, seldom seen in England, but here common. The capricious Nightingale, plentiful almost everywhere on the mainland opposite, is, we were assured, almost if not quite unknown in Texel.

It is always interesting to trace in every-day life survivals of old ideas and customs underlying modern thoughts and habits. It is not often that the old and the new are to be found in such grotesque conjunction as in the head-dress of the well-to-do Dutch farmer's wife of to-day. But when family jewels and old lace come into collision with fashion, Greek meets Greek, and neither gives way in a hurry.

The picturesque polished silver head-plates under the pretty cap of fine lace or blue silk gauze, and gold face ornaments which may have formed part of the "Ladies' Subscription Fund" towards the cost of flooding the country for the relief of besieged Leyden, or have been buried for safe keeping in the days of "the Spanish Fury," are still to be commonly seen in Sunday wear, but scarcely ever now without a vulgar parody of a Paris bonnet of a year ago like a mocking imp straddling on the top.

The blue gauze cap is worn only by Roman Catholics. The same distinction of creeds is marked also by the colour of the awnings of the family carriages, which, with their high carved tail-boards, look like Old World ships placed, stern foremost, on wheels. It is a fairly safe assumption, though less universally true than was once the case, that the farmer's wife and daughters who look out at one as they drive by from beneath a white hood, are Catholics—from beneath a black hood, Protestants.

But time is short. Almost before we can realise what it is that we have been looking at, another slide is in the lantern. The bright greens and pinks and blues and yellows of the Dutch polders, and the softer tints of the sand dunes behind, fade on the sheet, to rearrange themselves in more sombre tones. The windmills and heavy pyramids of straw thatch on stunted walls—farmhouses and barns in one—"dissolve," and give place to shops and clubs.

The changing scene has shifted once again to London.

T. DIGBY PIGOTT.

FICTION AND FAITH.

THE aspiration which sets the composition of a nation's songs above the enactment of its laws has made familiar, through a trite quotation, the idea that some of the truest history of mankind may be found in the realm of the imagination. Whatever we think of Achilles and Hector, Homer remains an interpreter of the life of Greece; while the "Arabian Nights" afford us a glimpse at the East which no speculations about Aladdin have clouded or enlarged. An important phase of European life is made more intelligible by such a knowledge of Don Quixote as is possessed by an ordinary reader even without finishing the book; and "Pilgrim's Progress" holds a clue to the meaning of our own civil war. We might carry on our illustrations into the realm of biography. John Henry Newman has left us two pictures of his Oxford life, a fiction and an autobiography, and it is the first which tells us most; even the letters lately given to the world, full as they are of life and interest, seem to us to throw less illuminating gleams on his own youth than his undergraduate novel does. And it would be felt by many persons with less claim upon the world's attention than the great English Cardinal, that if they were to give the world what their lives afford of deepest interest, it must be in the form of fictitious narrative. There is much truth which could not possibly be expressed in any other form.

We have chosen our illustrations mainly from works of genius; it would be obviously impossible, in turning to the past, to select any work of fiction which was not a work of genius. Genius is the dialect in which alone the voice of one age can reach the ear of another. But the principle holds good when we descend to a lower level. While the fiction of the day is accessible and intelligible we may gain as much in accounting for that popularity which records the complacency

of the crowd in listening to an echo of its own more resonant feelings and beliefs, as in attending to the accents which will reach posterity. Perhaps in some ways we may gain more. Genius brings in its own individuality to complicate its representative power; there must be a high degree of talent to give out characteristic specimens of passing thought, but there need not be anything more. A study of contemporary fiction as a *résumé* of the desires and aspirations of the hour would have been complicated twenty years ago by the influence of an exceptional character and career; to-day our only difficulty is that of selection from a rich variety of popular fiction, clever and vivid enough to reflect all that is conspicuous in the faiths of the day, and not sufficiently original to obscure the representation with any colouring of its own. At least a reviewer intent on literary interests would be puzzled to choose a single representative; but from our point of view we are led naturally towards a typical specimen. And Mrs. Humphrey Ward's work is the more instructive for a reader who seeks to understand these popular faiths because, with all its vivacity and cleverness, it is essentially second-hand.

We use the word "faiths" in the plural with a sense of strangeness, but also of necessity. When a tree has been cut down, many green shoots surround the truncated stem, and seem in their manifest growth and wealth of foliage to replace with richer life the central column whose trace they often hide. In like manner, when the central growth of faith is arrested, the rising sap of instinctive trust floods many lesser convictions, which for the same reason seem more real. Faith in man and faith in Nature are no alternatives to a larger faith, but when that larger faith is lost they will show a more unquestionable development for the time. Is there no Father in Heaven?—then let us turn, with added sympathy and fervour, to the service of the brother on earth. Is there no influence breathing from the unseen with mystic power on our lives, and yielding to our fervent aspiration a response visible in earthly achievement?—then let us make the most of that love which confers on weakness a claim beyond anything that strength can enforce, and records its meaning in every new birth into this world. Is there no power behind Nature?—then let us try whether a reverent observation of every natural phenomenon may not supply a spring of enthusiasm and hope sufficient to efface the blank left by the disappearance of a Creator. The faith in human righteousness which emerges in modern democracy, the new belief in those impulses which join man to woman, the enthusiasm for natural law inspired by science—all these animate the literature of the hour; and writers and readers who contrast the untested hopes they inspire with the failures of a traditional faith, naturally feel as if death were exchanged for life.

Mr. Froude has somewhere remarked on the opposite associations of

the word *Hecretic*, and noted how the term marking for one set of readers an object of recoil and a limit of legitimate interest, indicates for another group the growth of those ideals on which the future is to set the stamp of victorious fertility. The remark has special significance for the present hour. Orthodox Christianity, as it was understood in the past, bent back the impulse of youthful sympathy and judgment in a curve so violent that a touch which releases it to its natural position gives out momentum easily mistaken for strength; or rather popular feeling, already released, is so violently impelled in this direction that every touch which influences its direction seems to increase this momentum. The thousands of readers attested by the money and fame of which Mrs. Humphrey Ward has made noble use, have welcomed in her books, unsullied by anything offensive, and unconfused by anything constructive, a sympathetic record of what they feel their emancipation. The ruins of an abandoned creed give picturesqueness and dignity to any fictitious representation of incident and character; there are some who find it unsatisfactory to treat these ruins as a mere background for love-making or business, but more who want them for that, and for nothing else.

In some respects Mrs. Humphrey Ward may be regarded as the heir of George Eliot. "Robert Elsmere" is a name as well known in our day as "Adam Bede" was thirty years ago, and we could hardly cite another name from fictitious literature of which as much might be said. All the new faiths of our time were present in George Eliot's novels—as much more vitally present, indeed, as genius is stronger than literary skill and clever invention—but for that very reason, much less nakedly the cause of their importance. The new idea of evolution was in then set forth in fiction for the first time. But it is never the first exposition of an idea which brings it out most clearly. Mrs. Ward is as much the populariser of Evolution in fiction as George Eliot was its originator. She comes at a moment when the idea has become a commonplace, but when it still keeps the prestige of boldness and originality which, like the glow of sunset, radiates from those qualities most effectively just after they have vanished. Some of her applications of this idea are not helpful to artistic achievement, the way in which her readers are informed about all the antecedents of her *dramatis personæ* has been noted as tiresome, and we are among those who feel it as illegitimate an application of the methods of biography to fiction as that of the photograph to painting. But the conception which originates it—that the present grows out of the past—while it gives a certain dignity to these fictitious creations, also links them to every discussion and interest of the hour, and appears to guarantee their relationship to science. We see in the works of both George Eliot and Mrs. Ward, in common, indeed, with that of every writer of the last

forty years, but nowhere else to the same degree, the result of this new point of view on the whole method of fiction. George Eliot once told a friend (laughing at herself as she did so, it is true) that she always made a study of the physical geography of any scene in which she intended to locate her *dramatis personæ*, and much of the extreme popularity of her books may be traced to something connected with this kind of endeavour. They required more effort to take in than is readily given by the average novel-reader, but they also supplied, within the background left vague and shadowy by elder writers, a *resemblance* of surroundings, a wealth of detail, a variety and definiteness of character, which to a great extent made up for the atmosphere of arduous thought, and gave their readers, in a glorified form, some of the enjoyment of looking in a shop-window. This richness of background is what people miss in turning back to the selective ideal of the past; they do not know what they lack, but they find something dull in the representation, as compared with what they have been taught to expect. It seems so much less like life. It is much less like what most people see in life. Sir John Millais shows us much more of what most people look for than Sir Joshua Reynolds did. The movement with which Sir John was connected in his youth was an emergence of just this demand into art on its strongest side, it was a revolt against a tradition that had become merely conventional, and a claim that art should go straight to Nature. Such a demand was, however unconsciously, a preparation for the new era of science. Pre-Raphaelitism was a familiar phenomenon in 1849; Evolution was not an obvious influence for another decade, and nobody supposes the first produced the second. Nevertheless any one who has watched the growth of ideas and measured the approach of a new conception by a dawn of new influence on all allied thought and feeling, and some not obviously allied with it, will have no difficulty in tracing such a process here. The new influence of science touched art before it touched literature, or, at all events, the touch was more obvious; but, in truth, between 1850 and 1859 this influence was active in both regions. It would be an interesting excursion to illustrate it from the early works of Miss Yonge, as compared with her forerunner, Miss Sewell, but we must allow ourselves no excursions. We will content ourselves with noting the reflection of scientific accuracy in the elaborate detail of fiction as an act of homage to the new faith in Nature, and pointing out Mrs. Ward as one of its best exponents.

Perhaps on the whole her popularity is most important as a token of the new spirit of reverence for plebeian man, as shown in modern democracy on its best side. We remember the remark being made on the appearance of Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South," that it was a refreshing change to find the hero of a novel allowed to give any attention to those interests and pursuits which in actual life occupied

the chief attention of most men. That was said nearly forty years ago, but no novel illustrates the change so well as "David Grieve" does. Every reader of the book must rise from its perusal impressed by a sense of its author's honest matter-of-fact respect for what is generally called *business*. There is real enjoyment in all the details of a bookseller's view of books, a spirit and clearness in all the detail, a solidity in the background, which gives us a feeling of surprise that a lady in her position can have learnt so much of the circumstances. The book reflects, with singular faithfulness, both the passing fashion and the abiding faith of modern democracy. With the exception of a brief visit to the house of an earl, we live altogether, during its perusal, among the non-genteel classes. Our hero has been a farmer's lad and becomes a bookseller; one of the more original figures in the *dramatis persona* keeps an eating-house, another has been a village schoolmaster. Of course these strata of society have been explored by writers of fiction before; it is to them that we owe the brightest gems in the work of Sir Walter Scott, to go no further. But the spirit of his delineation was remote from everything that would suit the taste of our time. It was not less sympathetic, it was not less truly human. But it was animated throughout by an assumption, which modern democracy abhors, that social classes are ultimate divisions of humanity. That a man or a woman was "a peasant," was a fact almost as unchangeable to the great writer as the fact that he or she was Scotch or English. We cannot recall, in all his pictures of life, a single instance (unless Effie Deans is to be reckoned such an one) where the barrier between class and class is crossed, or the distinction between them blurred. The fact itself was much less common in his time than in ours; a member of Parliament then meant a man of fortune. But the change we would point out is that it was less desired. In the sense in which we ordinarily use the words "looking down upon others," no great dramatic writer ever less looked down on the lower classes than the creator of Jeanie Deans; but still there is no doubt that they were to him the *lower* classes. It is in the change from the *lower* classes to the *poorer* classes that we discern the influence of the new faith on the literature of the hour. There is nothing about David Grieve either exceptional or typical of a class. He is not, as in so many pictures of plebeian heroes, a man of genius, the recognition of whom in that character carries him into a higher sphere, as it did Robert Burns; nor is he a picturesque, shabby, enthusiastic book-hunter, speaking his own dialect, and sharply marked off from genteel life by the characteristics of his class, as Scott would have painted him. He is simply a specimen of a north-country tradesman gradually developed into an everyday English gentleman. Nothing could express more exactly the aspirations of democracy in this year of grace 1892.

We turn to another aspect of the new faith in humanity when we remind ourselves that humanity is dual. It is a strange thought that the best thing in the world, and the worst, are both called by the name of *love*—that life's purest joy and bitterest misery alike find their focus in an emotion which, while we have been taught to believe it the least inadequate clue to the nature of the Creator above, we must recognise also as common to us with the creatures below us. We should have thought, perhaps, that that relation in which man becomes a creator would never have failed to raise him into some conscious participation with the divine nature—that this central sacrament of all life would have been unapproachable, save in moments of holy awe and supreme love. The thought must convert itself to hope. When men and women in claiming the titles and function of parentage recognise its vast responsibilities, look along the vista of the ages and shrink from originating endless perils as keenly as from enduring momentary suffering, then all that is worst in the woe of life will lie behind us. A prospect which none who believe in God can contemplate without a prayer!

We contemplate it now, however, in connection with the endeavours of those who believe only in man. If they have not helped their generation towards this common goal it is not for want of attention to the problem involved in the endeavour to reach it. The very word *problem* is significant of a change. It takes us from the realm of art to that of science. It exchanges the endeavour, enjoined by art, to select typical fact, for that enjoined by science to collect relevant fact. We have traced this change in another direction; we have seen how the artist in this new atmosphere looks into his background and covers it with detail, turning every suggestion into description or narrative, and leaving nothing inchoate. It is a cognate impulse which in larger matters refuses to contemplate a realm of silence. Girls in the schoolroom are ready to discuss matters which their mothers shrink from recognising, and their grandmothers did not understand; and a representative novel of the hour must touch on ground which a generation ago would have excluded it from popular perusal. We have intimated our own view, that in general the loss of reticence is a disadvantage to art. But there is no doubt that it gains largely in artistic possibilities by dropping this particular form of reserve. Merely to be at liberty to put into words feelings and thoughts which average experience suggests on such a subject, seems to endow the world of fiction with new force; and here again Mrs. Humphrey Ward has profited by the exactly most favourable moment for using a new liberty. The episode, of truly Parisian flavour, which narrates David Grieve's connection with a young artist in whose lineaments we trace a careful study of Marie Bashkirtseff was not possible yesterday, will not be audacious to-

morrow. No other part of the novel, therefore, has so much resemblance to the work of genius. Until the hero takes his unconscious and final farewell of the woman for whose sake he has forgotten all that is most sacred to him of duty, the reader turns the page enchained, elsewhere he has not the slightest difficulty in closing the volume. The power felt in this lurid glimpse depends only partially on the vividness of its colour and the strength of its light and shade. We are moved not so much by anything individual as by the rush of forces generated in the rebound from a discarded ideal—forces more potent for the moment than the spell of genius or the voice of discerned truth.

David Grieve's Parisian experiences have all the vividness and vigour that comes with a new liberty of expression given to impulses that have always been potent and have long been silenced; they have also the interest which results from lively conceptions of character and of picturesque detail. Those who can see no more than this in Mrs. Ward's annexations from the French frontier will perhaps question the wisdom of making them, but her admirers do see more than this. She has cheered the hearts of moralists, we are told, by adding her imprimatur to the marriage service. We must allow that the addition to that antiquated document brings the weight which comes from a fearless study of both sides of the question. Beside her lurid glimpse of lawless love hangs a picture of conjugal fidelity and nursery bliss which might be the popular picture at an exhibition, and the contrast apparently is supposed a triumph for virtue. We must be thankful for small mercies. While the faith in Man insists that strong impulse is its own justification, that passionate volition means innocent action; while the faith in Nature, as it is reflected in science, claims that knowledge shall be gained here as elsewhere, by unfettered experiment, the very fact that the orthodoxy of the past had associated itself with monogamy sets that institution at a certain disadvantage with the orthodoxy of the future. At such a crisis those who still feel the unity of the family bound up with the cause of civilisation ought not, it may conceivably be urged, to be too nice in scrutinising an alliance, cognisant of license, which chooses law. We are unable to respond to this view very heartily. In contemplating the two pictures which give us David Grieve as lover and husband, we cannot (as we ought, if we should give it a decided welcome) feel the moral value of the latter unquestionably in inverse proportion to its artistic power. An ideal culminating in a marriage of tepid affection and diverse aim seems to us a return towards all that is narrow in the ideal of the past. In assuming that choice confined within the limits of a single and lifelong companionship cannot offend against the laws of sexual morality, the old view was not only unsatisfactory from the point of view of those to whom purity

had no more than a numerical meaning, it was inadequate for its own object. If marriage is to be no more than this, license will be as victorious in the future as it has been in the past.

"Thou shalt have one wife only, who
Would be at the expense of two?"

(so we may vary Arthur Clough's new version of the Decalogue), is not an inspiring Evangel. We might be thankful even for this gain, indeed, if to preach were to secure it, for no doubt there are things worse than the low English ideal of marriage. But an ideal will never be victorious while it is timid. The sense of responsibility must be kept alive within the relation of man and wife if it is to guard it from without. The alliance with a low and frivolous nature resulting from the complacency of compassionate good-nature and gratified egotism may be, for a lifetime, exclusively respected, but it will foster tastes that in their ultimate development lead far from monogamy. Not till men and women trust for their union to a spiritual bond can we venture to hope for that true marriage which shall make the family a unity and start a renovated race.

Judged by this test, it must be owned that Mrs. Ward's novels are not much more encouraging to the moralist than they are inspiring to the critic. But in choosing her work as an index to the convictions of the many, while we fail to draw from it any contribution to a high moral stimulus, or to discern in it any other kind of originality, we concede to it a high place on the large range of the second-hand. It is full of life, and it owns allegiance to an ideal of duty. If that tribute seem a poor thing, it must be remembered that it is made to one who has had thousands and thousands of readers. To have put before such a multitude anything that can be called thought—to have brought home to so many the power of unselfish aims and the dignity of steadfast labour—this is not a contemptible achievement: it is indeed one which has been reached by very few contributors to literature within their own lifetime. We are not concerned with the exact amount of literary power which such an achievement involves. We have scrutinised it as an index to that popular faith which is far more important than individual talent, but we end by repeating that the talent which can be thus selected implies no small responsibility, and no trivial power.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

INFLUENZA :

ITS ORIGIN AND MODE OF SPREADING.*

OUR knowledge of the origin of specific contagious fevers, such as small-pox, measles, and scarlet fever, is as yet very inadequate ; nor can it be said that we know much more about the primary source of influenza. It may be looked upon as certain that influenza is a contagious disease, owing, in the first instance, to the development of a bacillus, which was recently discovered by Pfeiffer, of Berlin, and which grows first outside the human system ; while under the influence of certain conditions, with the nature of which we are as yet not fully acquainted, this bacillus increases and multiplies to such an extent as to become the efficient agent in causing influenza. But where does this bacillus originally hail from ? And why does it only breed every thirty or forty years ?

According to Tessier, influenza grows on Russian soil, and when not actually raging, it is at least always smouldering there. He traces the origin of the distemper to the peculiar mode of life of the people, who dislike fresh air, and are locked up in over-heated rooms or hovels ; to the flatness of the ground, its consequent bad drainage and sodden condition when the thaws of spring set in ; to the abominable dirt allowed to accumulate everywhere in farmyards and villages ; to the rivers which suddenly rise and overflow their banks, and on falling leave a putrid mud behind ; and, finally, to the strepto-bacillus, which is fond of breeding in this mud. Unfortunately this theory does not explain why, seeing that such conditions as here described always exist, grip appears epidemically only at long and irregular intervals. Moreover, similar circumstances are met with in other countries, and yet do not seem to give rise to epidemics of influenza.

* In this paper the word "grip" is used as synonymous with influenza, and the word "gripped" means a person suffering from influenza.

Another theory of the origin of at least the recent epidemics of grip is that which attributes it to the inundations which took place in Manchuria and other parts of China in 1888 and 1889. It was stated at the time that about a hundred thousand inhabitants had perished in the floods, while vast numbers of drowned cattle and uprooted trees had contributed to form a focus of decomposition sufficient to poison the atmosphere of the whole country, and thus to create an epidemic. The fine yellow mud which was left after the evaporation of the water during the heat of summer was said to be carried up to the skies in such masses as to obscure the sun; this mud contained spores which were disseminated by the winds all over the surface of the globe, and thus engendered grip. It was also argued that, while we speak of "Russian influenza," the Russians call the same disease the "Chinese cold," and are unanimous in tracing its origin to China. This hypothesis is, however, controverted by the fact that China, so far from being the first to suffer by the epidemic, only began to be affected after the English mail-steamer had arrived in Hong-Kong in January 1890, having cases of influenza on board, as had also the American mail transports, which arrived there in January and February 1890.

A third hypothesis is that brought forward by Harries, who ridicules the idea of a bacillus imported from Germany, and is convinced that the recent epidemic of grip was caused by the tremendous eruption which occurred at the volcano of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, in 1883. An enormous quantity of dust was then shot up into the air to a height of twenty-four miles; and Harries has calculated that this dust might have taken as long as six years and three hundred days, that is, nearly seven years, to fall to the earth again. He thinks that this was the cause of the remarkable sky-glows which were witnessed in 1889, and also of the epidemic of influenza! Harries believes that his theory will explain the failure of the usual prophylactic and therapeutic treatment of grip, but he will probably find few persons willing to follow him into the mazes of such wild speculations. It has been shown by a writer in *Nature* that the atmospheric waves produced by that great eruption travelled completely round the globe in twenty-four hours in a direction from east to west, and in thirty-five and three-quarter hours in the opposite direction. The dust from Krakatoa was carried westward at the rate of about seventy-five miles an hour, or round the world in ten days. If, therefore, this dust were the cause of the epidemic, the influenza should have been prevalent at once, and not have taken six or seven years to break out. Another reason for rejecting Harries' hypothesis is that influenza does not prevail in the vicinity of Vesuvius or Etna or the Lipari Islands, where volcanic eruptions on a small scale are constantly going on; and if Krakatoa dust were really the

cause of it, influenza ought to have been prevalent everywhere long ago.

A further suggestion which has been thrown out is that the influenza epidemic may have been owing to a similar disease which sometimes attacks horses and other domestic animals. There is no doubt that both at St. Petersburg and London the outbreak of the epidemic was preceded by the prevalence of what is known as "influenza" or "pink-eye" amongst horses, which is rather common where large numbers of horses are crowded together in stables. Yet it is notorious that horses suffer more or less from "pink-eye" almost every year; and that the epizootic of 1889, which preceded the epidemic of grip of the same year, was a comparatively slight one, while highly destructive epizootics have occurred in recent years without being followed by an epidemic of grip in men. Influenza in horses would also seem to be a distinct malady, resembling, but likewise greatly differing from, human influenza. It does not seem to be communicable from the one species to the other. Persons having to do with horses have not been earlier or more severely affected by grip than others, and in many places where grip has recently raged there has been a complete absence of "pink-eye" in horses. This question, however, still remains in suspense, and can only be satisfactorily settled by bacteriological investigation, which, as far as I am aware, has not yet been carried out. If Pfeiffer's bacillus were found to be the exciting agent of "pink-eye" in horses, the identity of that complaint with human influenza would have been established, but clinical facts point to the existence of a different bacillus for the "pink-eye."

The suggestions that domestic pets, such as cats, dogs, and caged birds, breed the disease, or that migrating birds have brought it to England, or that it has been imported by Russian oats, hardly deserve mentioning.

While, therefore, the origin of influenza remains unknown to us for the present, we have a large amount of precise and valuable information about its mode of spreading. Indeed the way in which this disease begins, pursues and finishes its career, is so peculiar, and so evidently under the control of certain definite laws, that it seems difficult to misunderstand them. Yet even now we hear much of an "air-borne miasma or contagion," just as in former years plague, cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, and even hydrophobia, were believed to be caused and spread by morbid atmospheric conditions.

The evidence which has gradually accumulated with regard to grip's mode of spreading, seems to me irresistibly to point to the conclusion that influenza is a contagious disease, which, when it has once commenced, easily spreads from one person to another, in the same way as measles, small-pox, or scarlet-fever—viz., either by actual contact

or by "fomites," that is, infected materials, such as clothing, or goods of any description which may have become imbued with Pfeiffer's bacillus. With regard to its progress, grip follows the established lines of human intercourse, and spreads at about the same pace as men are in the habit of travelling at those times and places where it becomes epidemic. It has nothing to do with meteorological conditions; advances independently of climate, season, wind or weather; and affects large masses of the population at the same time, for the following reasons:—

1. Because it has a very short period of incubation—viz., about two days.

2. Because men are exceedingly susceptible to infection by this particular bacillus. And,

3. Because the bacillus is propagated not only by persons who are ill in bed, but by many people who have the complaint in a mild form, and therefore continue to move about and pursue their ordinary avocations, thus forming focuses of infection for all those who may happen to come in contact with them. Germs or spores of the bacillus may remain undestroyed for a considerable time, and may, under the influence of favourable conditions, lead to fresh multiplication of the bacillus, and therefore to fresh outbreaks of the disease.

Influenza, then, follows, and always has followed, the great highways of human intercourse, the well-trodden routes of commerce and traffic; and the rate at which it has travelled has been in direct proportion to the rapidity of the means of communication which happened to prevail at any such times. Thus, when people were in the habit of travelling on horseback, in coaches, and in sailing-vessels, the speed of the epidemic was proportionately slow; its tour round the world took several years to accomplish. At present, when we are using fast steamers and express trains for locomotion, this round is accomplished in double-quick time. Yet even in the recent epidemic of 1889-90 it was shown that in Central Asia, where the means of communication are comparatively undeveloped, the rate of progress resembled the pace of a horse; while, as soon as the epidemic reached a great railway station—Moscow—full railway speed was at once attained. Another important fact is that in the German army grip required, in 1833, three *months* for infecting the largest garrisons from east to west. In 1889-90 the same malady took only about three *days* for invading the whole of the largest garrisons, and about five weeks for affecting all those which suffered, including the very smallest and those situated in out-of-the-way places.

Let us now take a short glance at the progress of the epidemic of 1889-90-91, and the peculiarities which they have exhibited.

The epidemic commenced, as Heyfelder has authoritatively informed us, at Bokhara, in Central Asia, in May 1889. This observer

pened to be at Bokhara at the time, and was told that there had been a bitterly cold winter and a rainy spring. The inhabitants having, on account of the severe cold, been obliged to spend their money rather on fuel than on food, were depressed in health from want of nourishment, and the severe fast of Ramadan further reduced their strength. All of a sudden influenza appeared, killing large numbers of the natives, while all the members of the Russian legation, as well as the Russian officers, soldiers, and other Europeans were ill in bed, and no one was there to nurse the patients. The first cases which were observed appeared to belong to the nervous form of grip, while after a time catarrh of the respiratory mucous membrane was added to the nervous symptoms. Heyfelder found that those who lived in the basements and ground floors of houses fell ill before those living in the higher storeys, and that the cases were most numerous in schools, barracks, and similar institutions. Those Europeans who were able to do so left Bokhara as soon as they possibly could, travelling westwards along the stations of the Central Asian Railway, for change of air and in order to get better food and nursing, and took the disease with them. The ordinary caravans, which are in the habit of travelling from Bokhara eastwards, were the means of spreading the distemper along the various post-stations, and it thus became distributed in different directions over wide tracts in Siberia, and was found, in the beginning of October, at Astrakhan, in European Russia. In the desolate regions of Central Asia grip required fifteen weeks for travelling over a distance of 1600 miles. Thus the epidemic reached Gsaljan, in the Caucasus, only on October 25, sparing not a single dwelling-house there, while in Tomsk, where it was called "Siberian fever," it was present on October 17. Influenza was about the same time announced to have arrived at Sebastopol, Kaluga, Vilna, and Moscow. But after it had reached Moscow, from where there is quick railway communication with St. Petersburg and the rest of Europe, the distemper began to spread in a very different fashion. Clemow has stated that the first cases occurred in St. Petersburg and Cronstadt in the beginning of November, while Drasche maintains that grip was already epidemic in St. Petersburg about the latter part of October, that the disease reached its height in November, and ceased in the beginning of December. Anyhow, it spread from St. Petersburg by rail to Berlin, Cologne, and Paris, while ships took it in another direction to the German ports of the Baltic, such as Dantzic, Stettin, and Kiel, from where it was taken in a few days to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. About the same time Vienna was invaded, and became a great focus for further infection. In Germany the provincial towns were affected after the capital had taken the lead, and the soldiers were allowed to go on furlough for the Christmas holidays carried the disease everywhere into the smallest villages. From Cologne grip

was taken on to Brussels, which handed it on to the whole of Belgium and Holland. A ship which left Amsterdam about that time for the United States took the malady there, where it located itself first in the Eastern, and afterwards in the Western States. It appeared in Central America in January, and in South America in February 1890. To the latter part, however, grip was also taken directly by a ship which left Bordeaux for Buenos Ayres. From Paris it spread to the interior of France, and also to England. The first scattered cases occurred in London in the middle of December; the epidemic began about Christmas 1889, and reached its height in January 1890. In the large provincial towns it attained its climax in February. Scotland was infected about the middle of December by a crew from Riga, which put into Leith, the port of Edinburgh. In Ireland influenza prevailed generally in the first week of January, reaching its maximum at the end of that month and in the beginning of February.

From Vienna the disease spread further to the Balkan States and Constantinople, where it arrived about Christmas, while smaller places in the interior of Austria were subsequently infected. From Constantinople it went to Athens in a few days, and thence proceeded to Italy and the northern coast of Africa, Fez, Tunis, &c., and to Spain. The islands in the Mediterranean, such as Corsica and Sardinia, were affected somewhat later than the mainland. In another direction grip travelled from Constantinople to Persia, and from there to India. In February, however, it had already been noticed amongst the troops at Lucknow, and was by the middle of March epidemic at Lucknow, Bombay, Benares, and Meerut, while at Calcutta it became rampant in April.

There is no record of any previous epidemic in Ceylon; but on January 30, 1890, the troopship *Himalaya* arrived from Plymouth with nineteen cases of influenza on board, while there had been one hundred and forty cases during the voyage out. A few days afterwards the first cases of grip occurred in the pilot-boatmen employed in the harbour of Colombo, and who had gone on board ship; and a post-office clerk who was engaged in sorting the mails was also laid up. From Colombo it travelled to the planting districts, affecting the labourers in the tea and coffee plantations; while in places up country the distemper commenced among the small traders in the bazaars, and spread from them to estate labourers and villagers who came to make their purchases.

To Hong-Kong grip was brought in January by the English mail steamer, which had some cases of influenza on board. It spread gradually in China, attacking half the population of Pekin and other towns, business being in consequence almost at a standstill.

Bowie, who has given an interesting account of the progress of influenza in East Central Africa, found that in Blantyre and its neigh-

bourhood influenza had never within the memory of the oldest native inhabitants appeared in an epidemic form. The natives were much frightened about it, calling it a new disease and a white man's complaint, but not one of theirs. He ascertained that in every instance grip preferred the longer but easier route by water to the shorter overland route as the crow flies and the wind blew—in other words, the epidemic followed the route of the greatest traffic, and not the most direct route through the air. Every other fact connected with it also pointed to personal, and not to aerial, conduction.

In Japan an epidemic of grip commenced in February 1890, reached its climax in April, and died away towards the beginning of the summer. In March the disease had reached New Zealand, and ten or fourteen days afterwards it was in Melbourne and Sydney. From there it spread to South Australia, and later on to Western Australia, and the epidemic had therefore completed its tour round the world in considerably less than twelve months.

In all these outbreaks it has been noticed that the epidemic progressed in the northern hemisphere in a direction from east to west, that is, contrary to the prevailing surface winds, and from north to south, while in the southern hemisphere it travelled from south to north. In every country the capitals and important provincial centres were first attacked, and a direct importation into the smaller country towns and villages could in many instances be traced with great certainty. In consonance with this it is interesting to find that in the French and German armies the largest garrisons were likewise always first affected, and that the smaller stations were only invaded after some time; the direction which the epidemic took being in general from north-east to south-west. The stations in Germany which were last of all affected were those situated anywhere on the extreme boundaries of the country, either towards France or Russia, and in out-of-the-way places.

In the German army a number of garrisons remained altogether unaffected by the epidemic, more especially in Silesia, and in places which are at the greatest distance from the principal direction which the epidemic took. In Parchim, where the 18th regiment of Dragoons was stationed, the civil population was infected, but the regiment escaped. The barracks of this regiment are situated at a distance from the town, in a completely isolated position, and open towards all sides. The soldiers had no intercourse with the infected civil population. The wives and children of the non-commissioned officers who lived in the barracks were spared, while cases of grip occurred in three families of non-commissioned officers which resided in the city of Parchim. Again, a company of Fusiliers quartered in the elevated Cyriaxburg, near Erfurt, was spared, while in the Martini barracks, which are situated in the middle of the town, in

which the other companies of the battalion were quartered, grip spread through all floors and rooms indiscriminately.

I now proceed to report a number of authenticated individual cases, showing that grip spreads by contagion. Some of these occurred in the German army, others in the civil population of England, France, and Germany; and perhaps the most interesting of all are those which happened among the caretakers of Swiss mountain resorts, who are during winter more or less completely isolated from the rest of the world.

In Pasewalk, a small place in Pomerania, where there had previously not been a single case of grip, an officer arrived from Berlin gripped. The staff-surgeon who attended on him, and his orderly, next fell ill. Then followed the wife and child of the surgeon, and a friend of theirs, who was generally with them. After that a regular epidemic commenced.

In Belgard, where the disease was likewise imported from Berlin by an officer, his aide-de-camp became gripped on the third day. In a few days the other inhabitants of the same house followed suit; then the staff-surgeon took the disease, and finally grip broke out in the residence of the commander of the garrison, which was opposite to the house first infected.

In Colmar two regiments, the Dragoons No. 11, and Infantry No. 112, were stationed in different barracks. The civil population and the dragoons had suffered for some time, while the infantry regiment had been spared. One Sunday morning men of both regiments met in church, and after that the epidemic broke out in the infantry regiment as well. I might add dozens of similar instances which are given in the Official Report on Grip in the German Army.

In many of these small epidemics it was noticed that the disease spread in the barrack from room to room, and indeed from bed to bed. Every man caught it from his nearest neighbour, and the more crowded the dormitories the more numerous were the victims of influenza. While in some cases old hospital patients were spared when fresh cases of grip were admitted into the same wards, it was, nevertheless, noticed that in most cases not only the old patients, but also the nurses and attendants, became affected soon after cases of grip had been admitted. The cavalry and horse artillery suffered more than the infantry, probably because the horsemen get more heated during their practice, and are thus more liable to catch cold, which is believed to predispose to influenza.

The following are a few striking instances of evident contagion which have occurred in the civil population:—

A lady residing in the neighbourhood of Paris went with a friend into the *Magazin du Louvre*, in which influenza had broken out, and

bought, amongst other things, a fur collar for her coachman. She returned the same evening to the country. This was on a Friday. Both ladies got influenza two days after, and each occasioned a small epidemic in her circle. The one living in Paris gave it to her brother, who fell ill on the Sunday, to her husband, who got it on the Monday following, a maid and a little girl had it on Thursday, and the same evening another servant was taken. The other lady, who lived in the country, gave the fur collar on the Saturday to her coachman; on Sunday she was taken, while the coachman became gripped on the Monday. On the Wednesday the lady's child was taken; on the Friday its nurse; on Saturday a maid, a footman, and another nurse had it; the next Sunday another child got it, and only the master of the house and the cook escaped.

Mr. Windsor, of Manchester, has described a similar small epidemic which occurred in his own house, and where it was quite clear that the malady was directly transmitted from one patient to another, and that no person caught it in any other way. It was brought into the house by a charwoman, who assisted the housemaid in cleaning. Three days afterwards the housemaid had it; two days afterwards a lady companion, who had attended to her; two days subsequently the mistress of the house; four days afterwards, the master, and two days afterwards another lady, who had been staying in the house, were affected.

A most convincing tale is told by M. Proust:—A French mail steamer left St. Nazaire for Vera Cruz on December 2, 1889. On departure the health on board was perfect. On December 5 she stopped at Santander, and took up a first-class passenger coming from Madrid, where influenza was then raging. This man showed all the symptoms of the disease on the 6th. On the 10th the medical officer of the boat was laid up with it; on the 12th a steward suffered, and then a regular epidemic broke out, affecting 201 out of 436 persons on board.

Antony has observed a similar occurrence at the Hospital Val-de-Grâce, in Paris. A few patients suffering from influenza were admitted and distributed in a ward, somewhat at haphazard, amongst other patients whose cases were comparatively mild. One to four days after admission of the new comers, eleven of the old patients had caught the influenza. Eight other patients who had been isolated, on account of their illness being of a more severe character, escaped. Similarly Bäumler found that a lady who arrived in Freiburg from Paris brought grip there; and when a patient suffering from it was admitted into a ward where there were other patients, some of these latter got it a day or two afterwards, and very frequently just the one suffered whose bed was opposite to the gripped patient.

The case of the training ships at Brest, as related by Daugny de

Déserts, is likewise remarkable. There are three such ships stationed at Brest : *La Bretagne*, *Borda*, and *Austerlitz*, lying near one another. On December 11, 1889, an officer on board *La Bretagne* received two large boxes from a Paris house. He opened them himself, took the things out, and had influenza three days afterwards. The next and following day his wife and three servants were laid up with it. These were the first cases which occurred at Brest. On December 14, when still ill, this officer went on board *La Bretagne* and spent a day and night there. On the 16th an aide-de-camp had it, on the 17th a regular epidemic broke out on the ship, affecting from twenty to forty-five men per diem. Of a crew of 850, 241 suffered. All the officers and sergeants who had it and were allowed to go ashore communicated the disease to their families. The chief interest of the case, however, lies in this, that *La Bretagne* was the only one of the three training ships which suffered. There was not a single case on board either the *Borda* or the *Austerlitz*, although all three were lying close together. An "air-borne miasma or contagion" would surely have been able to spread over such a short distance as from *La Bretagne* to the two sister ships.

Tueffert, when speaking about grip's mode of spreading in Switzerland, mentions that while Neuchâtel, Le Loc, Chaudefonds, Biel, and Berne had many cases, Montbéliard remained free. A native of the latter place then visited, on December 9, an influenza hospital in Paris, and fell ill with grip on returning home on the 13th. On the 17th his two daughters, on the 19th his son, on the 20th a friend of the latter, on the 21st the father of the friend, and on the 23rd the brother-in-law of the latter were affected. On the same day the wife of the first patient and three other relations fell ill with it. In the meantime, however, the disease was brought to the place independently, by two merchants who had been staying in Neuchâtel and Solothurn, where grip was then raging.

With regard to the question of contagion a peculiar interest attaches to outbreaks of grip in certain isolated small communities, and it is to these that the partisans of the "air-borne miasma" have generally pointed triumphantly as proof of their assertions. Thus Ruhemann states that the stream of malaria in the atmosphere must be enormously high, as the highest mountain-peaks were affected by it equally with the lowlands. In Switzerland grip was not only found in the plains and along the railway-stations, but also in the ice-bound and deserted summits of the Alps. This delusion has been finally dispelled by the careful investigations of Seitz, which have thrown an entirely different light on this matter, showing that we cannot be too careful in making a detailed examination of such cases before drawing our conclusions from them. It is perfectly obvious, from Seitz's researches, that the caretakers of the mountain resorts in

Switzerland, which are deserted during winter, became gripped, not through that wonderfully "high cloud of air-borne miasma" which has been supposed to traverse the atmosphere, but simply by contagion from one person to another.

Seitz has satisfied himself in numerous instances that these caretakers are in the habit of descending from their mountain fastnesses at stated intervals into the valleys below, most generally on Sundays, partly in order to carry their milk and butter into the lower regions for sale, and partly to relieve the tedium of their solitude and to visit their friends below. That such places as the Hospice, on the top of the Julier Pass, which is nearly 7000 feet above the sea-level, should have suffered from influenza is easily accounted for by the circumstance that a diligence runs there day by day, and may thus carry not only mails and passengers, but also microbes. But matters are different with other places which are during the winter entirely shut off from the world. With regard to Davos, it was shown that a visitor arrived there gripped on December 12, 1889, in order to spend the winter at that place. He at once infected the whole community. This case was described at the time, with full details, in the *Schweizer Correspondenzblatt* by a reliable authority.

On the Grimsel no living soul had arrived during December 1889. The caretaker of the Hospice, which is 5600 feet above the sea-level, went down into the valley on December 21 to see his master, who lived in Guttarmen, and who was then lying ill of grip. He returned to the top of the Grimsel, had grip two days afterwards, and gave it to his fellow-caretaker, who was living there and had not left the place.

There is an observatory on the Säntis, 7500 feet high, where everybody remained well, because nobody went either up or down during the duration of the epidemic. Between December 19, 1889, and January 31, 1890, there was absolute separation from the rest of the world, and not a single case of influenza occurred.

What happened on the St. Gothard, 6312 feet, clearly shows that not only gripped people, but healthy persons, and also objects—"fomites"—which have been in contact with the sick, may become carriers of Pfeiffer's bacillus. There are two caretakers stationed during the winter on the top of St. Gothard. One of them went down in January to Airolo, which is a railway station, and where everybody was then gripped. The man returned the next day, and remained well himself, but on the ninth day afterwards his fellow-caretaker, who had not gone away, developed a severe attack of influenza. As the incubation of the malady in other cases is so much shorter, this appeared at first sight puzzling and inexplicable; but on closer investigation it turned out that the man who had gone down into the plain had, on his return, taken off his Sunday clothes and

hung them up in the bedroom, which was common to both men. His clothes remained there for a week in contact with the Sunday clothes of the second man, who put his own on the next Sunday. On the Tuesday afterwards he was gripped!

On the Eggishorn, 6600 feet, the caretaker was spared; but, after having gone down to his home in the valley, where, out of seventy inhabitants, forty-six were down with influenza, he became gripped on the third day.

On the Riffel-Alp there are two caretakers, who were in the habit of going down to Zermatt on Sundays for a change. On January 12 they visited a friend who was gripped. One of these men took the disease the second day and the other the third day.

In the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, 7400 feet, there were twenty-two inhabitants, of whom twenty-one had grip. The first to become affected was the Prior, who had most to do with the travellers and the correspondence after him the rest of the community suffered.

On the Righi Kulm, 5400 feet, there was a small settlement quartered for the winter. They had all been in perfect health until an artist arrived amongst them from Lucerne with grip, and then all the people, one only excepted, became gripped. Similar occurrences happened on the other stations of the Righi. *Sapienti sat.*

Dr. Parsons has mentioned some interesting particulars which he has ascertained with regard to similarly situated persons—viz., deep-sea fishermen and lighthouse-keepers, who, by their occupation, are for long consecutive periods almost or entirely debarred from communication with the rest of the world. It results from his inquiries into this matter that both classes of the men just mentioned have been exempt from influenza, with the exception of a few cases contracted ashore, or by communication with others.

The objections which have been brought forward against the contagious theory of grip are easily answered.

1. In the first place it is stated by the partisans of the "air-borne miasma," that the disease spreads more rapidly than human beings can travel. Colin, indeed, has gone so far as to state that the infection travels with the rapidity of light or electricity, which is, of course, arrant nonsense; but what I have stated above, when describing the progress of the recent epidemic, utterly refutes the notion that grip travels even twice as fast as express trains do. The first cases occurred in St. Petersburg in the latter part of October, in Berlin on December 2, in Paris on the 5th, in Munich on the 10th, and in Brussels on the 11th. Any one who will consult the continental Bradshaw may convince himself that human beings can travel much faster than that. The transmission of the distemper across the ocean was also slower than the ordinary rate at which mail steamers proceed; for the epidemic took six weeks to reach the United States, while

New York can be reached from St. Petersburg in less than a fortnight by rail and steamer. It took rather more than two months to reach the Cape, three months for South America, four months for India, five months for New Zealand, and ten months before it appeared at St. Helena and Mauritius. All these places may be reached by the ordinary routes in half the time that was taken by the epidemic.

2. In the second place it is stated that influenza commences suddenly, and that whole populations are struck down as it were by a lightning stroke. This idea has been already refuted by the late Sir Thomas Watson, who stated fifty years ago that, "although the general descent of the malady is very sudden and diffused, scattered cases of it, like the first droppings of a thunder shower, have usually been remembered as having preceded it." In fact, careful inquiry has shown that before the outbreak of the epidemic, or pandemic, there were always preliminary cases from which infection was contracted. In connection with this it should be remembered that the period of incubation is very short, and that in some cases the attack is so slight that it may be easily overlooked. In London there was, before the recent epidemic at Christmas, 1889, a succession of isolated cases for about three weeks before large masses of the population became affected, and the same observation has been made in the other European capitals.

3. It is further asserted that, if influenza were really contagious, every one ought to have it. Those who say so apparently forget that not every one is struck down with scarlet fever, which is universally admitted to be a contagious disease, even if fully exposed to the infection. Some persons, and even whole families, appear to have the power of resisting any contagion. I know three generations of a family resident in London, not a single member of which has had either measles, scarlet fever, small-pox, chicken-pox, whooping-cough, or diphtheria. On the other hand, it has been shown that persons occupied out of doors are generally the first affected—for instance, the bread-winner, who goes out to business or work, is attacked before the wife and children; and going out means, as Dr. Parsons has well remarked, more frequent opportunities of coming in contact with infection than one would have when staying at home. In the suburban districts around London the first cases were generally among the men who went to business in town every day, their wives and families being next attacked, and the locally employed population of tradesmen and artisans later still. Medical men and nurses have greatly suffered, and railway and post-office officials have often been the first to be affected, as was the case at Brighton, Dorchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Reading and Swansea.

4. It has been stated that in many instances influenza has occurred without any source of infection being known, and that it must, there-

fore, have been owing to atmospheric transmission. This objection may be met by pointing to similar cases in admittedly contagious diseases, such as small-pox and scarlet fever, which it is often impossible to trace to a previous case. Yet no one will for that reason assert that in such instances the virus has been created *de novo*. Again, it must be remembered, that many cases of influenza are so mild as to escape detection. People during such times feel chilly, become easily fatigued, have a slight cough and sore throat, are disinclined for work, lose their appetite, &c., but have no real feverish attack, and soon recover their usual health. Such persons, however, may at the time be carriers of Pfeiffer's bacillus, and are able to hand it on to others. Immunity is, indeed, as Metschnikoff has remarked, very frequently only "recovery which is taking place from the very onset of the disease." Persons, therefore, who are going about at a time when influenza is prevalent, have numerous chances of coming in contact with unrecognised cases of the malady.

The contagion theory of grip finally explains the fact which has so frequently been observed, that in public services and establishments, more especially in large drapery houses, such as the Louvre in Paris, &c., where large numbers of persons are employed in enclosed spaces, the cases have been more numerous than where people have been employed in small establishments or in the open air. With the aid of the same theory we can also readily understand why, in institutions, more especially boarding-schools, where the people are brought much into intimate communication with one another, the epidemic has spread more quickly, prevailed more largely, and reached its end sooner than in others, such as prisons, lunatic asylums, convents, &c., where the inmates are habitually kept more secluded from each other.

Those cases which it is impossible to account for by personal contact with a gripped patient may probably always be explained by conveyance through "fomites." I have already mentioned an instance which occurred in the case of a Swiss caretaker; and there can be no doubt that Pfeiffer's bacillus may be sent by post, conveyed by merchandise, and occasionally by domestic pets.

A German officer, stationed in Germersheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, received a parcel from a Russian town in which grip was then raging. Soon after he had opened it he became gripped, and his family followed suit. Such an occurrence explains those few cases where ships' crews have been affected suddenly at sea, without having touched grip-stricken ports or received patients on board, no doubt through articles which had previously become impregnated with Pfeiffer's bacillus having, at some time during the voyage, come in contact with the crew, and thus caused an epidemic to break out. Parsons states that the postmaster at the village of Paignton con-

tracted grip from a foreign letter, and caused a local epidemic to break out in that village.

Since December 1889, influenza has always been more or less with us, falling and rising again alternately, but never disappearing altogether. While in the first epidemic of Christmas, 1889, chiefly men of outdoor occupations, and the frequenters of churches, theatres, concert-rooms, schools, and colleges were affected, grip has subsequently selected the stay-at-home people, and any that it had previously spared. Those endowed with particular susceptibility have had the disease twice, or even three times, while others with little or no susceptibility have escaped altogether, however much they may have, in one way or another, come in contact with Pfeiffer's bacillus. On the whole, however, a certain average degree of immunity has been established in the community. In addition to this, a considerable number of aged, weakly, and tubercular persons have been cut off; and I therefore consider further outbreaks of extensive epidemics of grip in the immediate or near future to be highly improbable. While I know it to be unsafe to be a prophet, I would nevertheless venture to predict that the present generation is not likely to witness again such outbreaks of influenza as those of Christmas, 1889 and 1891.

JULIUS ALTHAUS, M.D.

INTEREST AND LOYALTY IN CANADA.

THE recent assemblage in London of representatives from numerous commercial organisations throughout the British Empire gave an opportunity for the expression of views of great practical value. The exchange of sentiments, especially among the delegates from the colonies, and again between these and the representatives of British interests, was important, because hardly by any other means could it be ascertained whether or not a common ground of action could be secured. The result was to reveal the widest divergence of opinion on questions of trade policy, specially between the two greatest colonies, Australia and Canada, while among the British delegates there was a division of opinion almost as marked. Perfect unanimity was apparent in many details of commercial reform, but so far as indicating the possibility of a closer commercial union between the colonies themselves, and between them and Great Britain, the convention had no practical result. It had one effect, however, and that was to reveal an intense loyalty to the mother-land, which, in view of the enormous areas represented, the widespread and varied interests concerned, and the vast population interested, numbering 350 millions, was a testimony of the highest character to the wisdom and success with which the government of the British Empire is administered.

The importance to civilisation that this government should be maintained the world over wherever it now existed appeared more impressive than ever, for upon its maintenance in one quarter of the globe, seemed dependent its existence in another. Although there was no common ground discovered for a union of commercial interests, there was an abounding evidence of the closest and most perfect political and moral union of which it is possible to conceive. This was intensely interesting to the students of affairs in North America,

where a possible disintegration of the British Empire is not uncommonly accepted as possible, especially in that vast stretch of territory between the Atlantic and Pacific, over which Great Britain still mildly rules. It is needless to say that, of all the delegates present, those from British North America were the most intensely loyal, and that there was the slightest tendency towards a separation in that colony was most truthfully represented to be utterly improbable.

Nevertheless, in the discussion of the relations hereafter to exist between Great Britain and her colonies, there seemed no realising sense whatever of the tremendous sacrifices which Canada is called upon to make in order to maintain the line of demarcation, which completely cuts her off from the great growth in the other half of the continent. Before the world the comparison is always inevitable between the retardation within the Northern and greater half of the continent, isolated by its British connection, and the progress of the Southern half, freed from that connection, wherein a material wealth has been created, at which all the world wonders. Compelled as Canada is to confine her trade to the products of narrow latitudes everywhere the same, or with Great Britain, 3000 miles away, she is growing so slowly as to excite surprise and apprehension; while within actual sight a commerce exists, the greatest on earth, in which she has neither part nor lot. This commerce breaks like a huge wave along a border line of unparalleled length, and rolls back upon itself, the literal example of which is found in the shipping of the Detroit River, flowing in front of a small portion of Canada, bearing upon its bosom a tonnage exceeding that of London and Liverpool combined, in which Canada has hardly a dollar's interest.

The material advantage to Canada from an obliteration of the barrier between herself and the nation of forty nations directly alongside, and the resulting development which within her borders would equal that which has already taken place within the Southern half of the continent, is the measure of the sacrifice that Canada makes to maintain her connection with Great Britain. It is fair to say that up to this time these sacrifices have been cheerfully borne on one side, and equably on the other, for with the utmost liberality on the part of the Imperial Government, Canada has been left to work out her own destiny.

Yet there was a consciousness sufficiently apparent in the congress, that in the continuous struggle between the sentiment of loyalty on the one hand, and material advantage, nature and geography on the other, the latter might in time prevail. This consciousness found its expression in the effort made to compel the congress to recommend a change in British policy so desperate as to threaten its vast foreign trade, in order that the colonies should have a preference. This recommendation was, however, voted down two to one. Another

evidence that the contest in Canada between sentiment and interest has already begun is found in the exodus of her people to the United States. This exodus includes one or more representatives from almost every family in the Dominion, and implies a proportionate personal annexation to the United States of male adults to which there is no parallel, except that which depopulated portions of Ireland in her worst days. Should an equal desire for material advantage be found to exist—and does it not exist?—among farmers, fishermen, lumbermen, miners, and shippers, whose interests are all menaced by continued isolation from the natural market which the United States afford, it will be admitted that the sentiment of loyalty to Britain will be under a strain too tremendous to contemplate with contentment in view of its possible failure. For the result of that failure would be the loss to Great Britain of her nearest and largest colony, comprising in area no less a proportion than forty per cent. of her empire! Such a loss is viewed with dismay in England, for it might realise the fear expressed by Dalton McCarthy, the wisest of Canadian Tories, that it would reduce Great Britain to a second-class power and initiate a disintegration that would seriously set back civilisation.

To obviate such a dire possibility there is, however, one way which the recent congress did not permit to be discussed, and that is to make such a commercial bargain between the United States and Canada as will completely obliterate the barrier between them commercially, leaving both to occupy their present political status. That this can be done with the United States there is no doubt, for it exactly fulfils both the new reciprocity policy of the Republicans, and is in exact accord with the Free Trade doctrines of the Democrats. When Canada is ready to accept an offer of a market with sixty-five millions in exchange for a market of five millions, a business arrangement can be made between the two countries that will completely prevent a desire for a change in her political condition, because there is no argument on behalf of that change except the commercial or material advantage to be gained. When all the material advantages possible to political union are secured by the simpler and earlier commercial union, which is immediately possible, Canada will be secure for all time to Great Britain.

The argument that the allegiance of Canada to Great Britain must be lessened by an intimate commercial relation with the United States finds its complete refutation in the condition that prevailed at the cessation of the reciprocity treaty in natural products between the two countries for ten years up to 1866, on the termination of which Canada was far more loyal under the high degree of prosperity which that treaty rendered possible, than she is now with the barrier between the two countries gradually getting so high as to threaten almost a total cessation of intercourse. Prosperity, contentment, and

rapid development, which in Canada would follow the obliteration of the McKinley Bill along the whole northern border of the United States, is not likely to lessen the loyalty of Canadians; and if their loyalty is likely to be affected by such a condition, the sooner England ceases to rely upon it the better.

What was to be hoped from the congress recently held in London was some expression of opinion by the British representatives as to the consequences of a discrimination against British manufacturers, and the real loss to them should exclusive Free Trade between the United States and Canada be attained. This loss at best must be excessively small, for the total exports to Canada do not exceed three per cent. of the total exports of the United Kingdom. Even if it were much greater it would be but a mere bagatelle compared, first, with what Canada suffers from isolation and loss of population: and, second, it would be turned immediately into profit should the development of Canada be at all proportionate with that of the United States. This is proved by the following table, showing the increase in trade between the two countries in fourteen years preceding 1889, a comparison which makes the vociferations of loyalty from Canada seem almost ludicrous if that loyalty is sufficiently sincere to find expression in the shape of profit to Great Britain:

Great Britain's Trade		1875.		1889.		Increase.
With Canada	...	£20,000,000	...	£21,500,000	...	£1,500,000
With United States	...	91,000,000	...	144,000,000	...	50,000,000

Five millions of loyal British subjects in Canada increased their trade with Great Britain in fourteen years a paltry million and a half, while sixty millions of supposed commercial enemies in the United States increased it fifty millions sterling, indicating that each Canadian increased the trade six shillings, while each American increased it sixteen shillings!

The gain to Great Britain by the closest possible relation between the English-speaking people that together hold the continent of North America in common is beyond estimate. Her investments, the profit from which immensely exceeds the profits of her trade, yield now a net return from Canada of £7,000,000, and from the United States of £40,000,000. These would be immeasurably improved, while the opportunity for the employment of more capital in development, which would be certain to occur, and the increase of trade from the growth that would follow would enlarge the area of opportunity, such as would occur nowhere else in the British Empire. Although the congress did not discuss the question of unrestricted reciprocity between Canada and the United States, because of its supposed disloyalty, it is in Canada naturally a burning question, and, were it only an economic and not a political question, a vast majority would vote

for it. Hence, notwithstanding that it was so perfectly ignored, it is certain to have an important bearing on the relations hereafter to exist between Great Britain and her greatest of colonies.

In the policy of unrestricted reciprocity is found not only all the elements of the earliest and greatest prosperity to the three great parties concerned—viz., England, the United States, and Canada—but in its adoption will be found a more certain perpetuation of the presence of Great Britain on the continent of North America than under existing conditions appears to be promised, for a continental commercial unity has all the elements of material advantage of a political union, which is unnecessary, undesirable, and would be rendered thereby impossible.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

THE COMING REVOLUTION IN TACTICS AND STRATEGY.

THE probable course of the next great war will be largely affected by a revolution in tactics which I believe to be inevitable. Should this belief prove correct, that Power which first grasps the true conditions of the new departure and translates them effectively into practice will thereby be likely to gain such an advantage as in the arduous and difficult coming struggle may easily prove decisive.

I am afraid that my views on the vital question of the present conditions of the attack and defence, as governing the tactics of the future, will be regarded by many as extreme. Nevertheless, as the course of future wars will be so largely influenced by these conditions, it seems desirable to have the courage of one's convictions, and to state these views for what they are worth.

In my judgment, then, an absolute revolution in all our present established systems of tactics and strategy has been slowly brewing for many years past, and has now culminated in, and been determined by, the last invention of smokeless powder; so that, assuming smokeless or practically smokeless powder to be employed in the next great European war by both sides, this revolution, involving an entirely new departure in tactics, will be clearly manifested as inevitable by the result of the first few days' actual fighting.

The ruling condition and key-note of this great change in all our present tactics is this—that the balance of advantage as between the attack and the defence, which has long oscillated between them with a general preponderance to the side of the attack, has now gone over decisively to the side of the defence.

I can only here summarise briefly the causes and the probable consequences of the change. These are :

1. The great improvement in range, accuracy, flatness of trajectory, and rapidity of fire of small arms ;

2. And the corresponding improvement in range, accuracy, and rapidity of fire of the artillery, together with the immense increase in the destructive effect of its shrapnel.

3. The growing number, complexity, and variety of modern auxiliary appliances for war.

It will be objected at once by many that the attack gains also by the above improvements. The answer is—Certainly it does, but not in anything like the same proportion. Every improvement in the range and accuracy of small arm fire is bound to tell in favour of the man who is standing or kneeling in a trench on the defensive, or posted in a ditch and firing through the roots of the hedge with only, at the outside, his head and shoulders exposed, and that only while actually firing, and who can fire quietly, deliberately, and continuously, with practically unlimited supplies of ammunition—as against a man who has to advance in the open with his whole body exposed, and who can only fire, if he fires at all, intermittently, in the intervals of his advance.

Similarly, every improvement in the range and power of guns is bound to tell in favour of the artillery on the defensive, who can choose at leisure suitable sites, generally concealed or screened, for their guns, measure and note their ranges all round carefully in advance, establish depôts of ammunition in convenient sheltered nooks or field magazines, close to the guns, &c. &c.—as compared with the artillery of the attack, who have to traverse ever longer and longer distances under the enemy's shell fire, with their own guns limbered up in column of route, and who must experience ever greater difficulties in bringing their guns into effective action as the enemy's guns grow longer ranging and more accurate.

“ But,” it is argued, “ we had in 1870, and in other recent wars, guns and rifles representing at least as great an advance upon those used, say, in Napoleon's days, as our most modern types do upon those used in 1870–71. And similarly, in Napoleon's days, guns and muskets were used which represented just as great an advance upon those used a century earlier ; and so on, if we still go further back. How is it, then, that the increased power of the defence which, as you say, results from improvement in weapons and projectiles, did not show itself in all these various past eras, side by side with the successive improvements in firearms ? ”

This is a very fair objection. The argument which it represents is most forcible, and has, as I think, led astray many otherwise most capable and excellent writers. At all events, it is an objection which must be answered. And the answer, if we probe the subject to the bottom, is conclusive. It is this :

Ever since the first invention of gunpowder there have been, century after century, continual improvements in firearms. These improvements, one and all, have tended primarily and essentially in favour of the defence. But there have always, up to the present, been certain great counterbalancing advantages on the side of the attack which have enabled it to hold its own, and more than hold its own, so that, generally speaking, the attack has been the more winning game. Those counterbalancing advantages are now disappearing, and the result must inevitably be that in the next great war the undoubted and now unbalanced advantages of the defence will strongly assert themselves, and the pendulum will swing strongly over to the side of the defence.

This, if true, is a very important statement. To establish its truth we must look a little further into the subject. What, then, have been the great advantages of the attack, as established by the experience of the past?

I answer—The directing power of the individual mind and the personal will, by which offensive combinations, duly proportioned in power to the work to be done, could be directed on an adversary's position, or on any required point of an adversary's position. Thereby the power of the attack was concentrated on a given locality, while that of the defence was still necessarily scattered and dispersed over a wide area. Hence the attack was too strong for the defence at the actual point of contact. The advantage thus gained was successively improved by suitable combinations, still directed by the same controlling mind, and the enemy's defeat and flight was the result.

Let us imagine Napoleon sitting on his charger on a commanding knoll, giving him a good view of a battle-field, wherein his troops are just entering on the struggle. Battle-fields were comparatively small in those days. We all know how almost disappointingly small the field of Waterloo now looks, to those of us who have visited it with modern ideas in our heads. Consequently, the great leader could overlook all, or the most important parts at least, of the area of the coming struggle. His trained eye would recognise, by the little puffs of smoke, the exact situation and progress of the skirmishers preceding his divisions, and the general number and disposition of the enemy would be indicated by corresponding puffs of their smoke. Similarly for the enemy's batteries: the number and disposition of their guns would quickly become apparent. Here we have all the conditions necessary to enable a master-mind like that of Napoleon to conceive and carry out, there and then, a comprehensive plan for the discomfiture of his enemy. He takes advantage of his own strong points whatever they may be, whether preponderance in artillery, infantry, cavalry, or favourable conditions of intervening ground, or makes an unexpected combination of all these various elements, so as

to bring an overwhelming concentration of power upon his adversary's weak points.

It has been said above that these ruling conditions in favour of the attack which, so far, have been strong enough to counteract all the progressive improvements tending primarily on the side of the defence, are now disappearing. How is this? This brings us to another great modern improvement.

4. Smokeless powder tends very strongly in favour of the defence. It conceals the number and disposition of the defending troops from the assailant. It heavily discounts, if it does not altogether ruin, the value of his artillery preparation. It leaves him in the dark, and thereby prevents him from undertaking bold combinations and concentrations of force against predetermined localities. At the same time it destroys his initiative, and renders all his operations slow and tedious, by compelling him to feel his way cautiously. Thereby invaluable time is secured to the defence, which can now rearrange its dispositions, to meet the altered conditions which the progress of the attack may involve, to an extent which, in all former times, since the first invention of gunpowder, was quite impossible.

I shall not enlarge upon this. I believe that every instructed officer who reflects upon the conditions introduced by smokeless powder, and the concealment of the real disposition of the masses which it renders possible, will agree in the above statement. I pass on at once to another great modern innovation.

5. The enormous increase in the number of troops which in future will be brought into the field, and the immense extent of ground which they will cover, tend strongly in the same direction, and are still on the side of the defence. This vast development in the extent of the terrain will put it out of the power of any one mind, or any central authority, really to direct and control the operations towards a predetermined end.

Let us imagine Napoleon once more present to direct the operations under modern conditions. He is no longer sitting on his horse surveying the field, and sending gallopers off as required to convey his orders to his division leaders just below him, as the varying fortunes of the struggle may require. Instead of this we find him sitting in a house remote from the field of battle, possibly just within hearing of the great guns, and trying to direct the operations. Many lines of telegraph and telephone converge upon him, and he is in continual receipt of messages from every quarter, which he localises and interprets by aid of a large map spread out before him. Probably he moves little figured strips of paper about on the map to show where all his various corps are at any given moment. He has, let us say, a dozen *corps d'armée* under him, who are all engaged, or potentially engaged, according to his orders, in the general struggle.

Each of the many messages from the twelve corps leaders is coloured by his own personal equation, according to his individual temperament, whether sanguine or otherwise, and must be so interpreted. And most of the twelve messages, supposing he sends at any given moment to know how they are all getting on, are based upon very imperfect information, which may very easily turn out to be diametrically opposed to the real facts of the case, and will probably be corrected by fresh messages a little later, after the Commander-in-Chief has made his disposition to meet the first reported facts.

For each of the corps leaders again is very much in the dark. Owing to the smokeless powder, he cannot see with any certainty the number and disposition of the enemy's batteries, or the position of his masses. It has been reported to one of them by one of his division leaders, that that division is getting on very well and pushing the enemy before it. No sooner has he reported this to the Commander-in-Chief, and made his own local dispositions for following up the success, than the same division leader reports that he has been suddenly overwhelmed by concealed forces of the enemy, and is in urgent need of reinforcements. The corps leader sends what reinforcements he has available, and finding, after a further interval and personal inquiry on the spot, that things look very serious, he telegraphs to the Commander-in-Chief. The latter thereupon has to choose between modifying the dispositions which he ordered an hour before, and which are now in full process of execution, or leaving the corps leader to fight it out as best he can. And so on, and so on. Is it not perfectly clear, on the face of this situation, that Napoleon has lost the conditions on which his great tactical successes formerly depended? They have slipped from his grasp, and passed into the hands of numerous corps and division leaders, who may or may not be equal to the situation, so far as their fraction of the fight is concerned.

The Commander-in-Chief may now, no doubt, direct the general strategical combinations wisely and well. And he may give good general advice to the corps leaders, resulting from his more broad and adequate perception of their general position. Beyond this he can do nothing. He has lost all real control over the progress of the fight in any given locality.

There is nothing really novel or unforeseen in all this. It was clearly understood by the trained military perception of the sagacious Jomini: "*Plus les masses mises en mouvement sont nombreuses, plus le pouvoir du génie est subordonné aux lois imprescriptibles de la nature.*" This means that the greater the masses of men brought into the field, and the greater the extent of ground comprised in the operations generally, the more will the issue of the struggle depend, not upon the individual mastery of war possessed by any one man, but upon

the net resultant of the varying capacities and varying fortunes of a number of semi-independent corps and division leaders, and upon the capabilities of the various fractions of the force which they represent.

But, before we pass on, I desire to point out another separate aspect of this question of the comparative advantage of numbers in coming wars.

As the number of combatants and the perfection of weapons increase, the relative advantage is always and everywhere on the side of the defence, assuming the attack to be numerically the stronger.

This, I repeat, is a principle which, though probably denied by no one, is not sufficiently brought forward at this critical period of modern progress. It should be taught in all our text-books and military schools, and form part of the fundamental axioms of war, which every cadet should learn by heart, and, just now especially, it is very important. There is no excuse for ignoring it as is constantly done. For the reasoning on which it is based is well within the comprehension of any intelligent private.

Thus, suppose one man in the open armed, let us say, with a sword, is pitted against two equally good men similarly armed. The two men have then, evidently, an enormous advantage over the one man, especially if he stands on the defensive. He feels this instinctively himself, for, if he be a bold fellow, he will instantly quit his defensive attitude. He will make a sudden rush at one of his assailants to try to overcome him, if he can, before the other one can help him.

Now take away their swords, and give them all three repeating rifles, and put them, say, 500 yards apart. The chances of the one man against the two men are enormously improved. He will not now quit his defensive attitude. On the contrary, he will lie down or take cover if he can, and throw upon the enemy the onus of attacking him. And he will have a very fair chance of polishing off one of them by a fortunate bullet as they advance. He will then be on equal terms with the survivor.

Again, get twenty men armed in any way you please against ten men. The odds are still two to one. But the ten men are evidently in a far better position than was the one man against two. The reason of this is that the potential or possible points of contact, which at first were concentrated in the one single man, are now multiplied by ten, and in war, as the area of the possible points of contact increases, the relative gain or loss involved in any one point diminishes, and there is more opportunity for retrieving the fight elsewhere. Thus, if one or two of the ten men are cut down, or shot down, according to the weapons you gave them, the remainder may, if they are lucky, retrieve the fight. They are in a far better position

after the loss of one or two of their comrades than the one man would be if a bullet or a sword-thrust had disabled his arm or his leg.

Now, go to the other end of the military scale, and set a million of men, armed with all the latest improved material of war, against half a million similarly armed.

The number of possible points of contact has now multiplied enormously. The general in command of the half million takes up a commanding central defensive position twenty miles long. He occupies it strongly, but he retains in hand large masses, whole armies, wherewith he can undertake large operations against any selected part of his enemy's forces. He can even afford to sacrifice large numbers of his men, a whole *corps d'armée* if necessary, in order to secure some important position, whereby he can roll up his adversary's extended line.

The enormous relative advantage of his position, as compared with that of the one man against two men, is the measure of the importance in war of the principle here under consideration. And I once more urge that this principle, as applied to modern war, is now strongly reinforcing the side of the defence, which already, apart from this, was getting much too strong for the attack.

The great advantage of the defence, when established in only an ordinary shelter trench, was clearly exhibited in the American war, and pointed out by General Wright with the utmost candour, when reporting his enormous losses, and summarising his experience in the attack of the weakly manned defensive lines of the Confederates. Rifles, since then, have been greatly improved. My general argument is also strongly fortified and supported by the high authority of our official manual of Infantry Drill. Therein it is laid down by authority that a very great superiority of numbers is necessary for the attack on an enemy occupying shelter trenches. Our drill-book is here well up to modern progress, at the date at which it was compiled, and considerably in advance apparently of the opinions of many writers on this subject.

"But," it will be again objected by the numerous and determined advocates of the offensive, "there will still and always remain 'the great moral advantage of the attack,' which no improvements in weapons can take away."

This idea, I think, is based upon a fundamental misconception, and is at variance with all the proved facts of human nature. But it is so rooted and widespread that it is necessary to examine it in detail.

Let us suppose that a man armed only with his fists is required to make an attack upon another man who stands on the defensive armed with a sword. With whom rests the moral advantage? Clearly, with the man armed with the sword, who knows that he has nothing to do but remain where he is, and can run through his enemy at any

moment as soon as he closes with him. Whereas the unarmed man knows that his chance is desperate. Is there then any special virtue in the sword, or in the defensive attitude which for the moment it represents? To answer this, let us suppose that the same man with his sword is told to stand on the defensive against an assailant who is armed with a gun. With whom now rests the moral advantage? Clearly, with the man with the gun, who can shoot down his opponent whenever he likes. The "moral advantage" has instantly taken wings and flown when a stronger man appears upon the scene.

But let us take higher and better ground. In all great questions when we wish to inquire into the probable course of the unknown future, it is desirable to approach the matter in the light of the proved experience of the past. Now the Romans were the great fighting race of the ancient world—just as good, and in many important respects far better, soldiers than we are now. What then was their idea as to the moral power of the attack or the defence?

When they had been thrice overthrown in three tremendous battles by the great Hannibal, let us consider the experience of Rome's fourth and last great army. That experience is crucial, for on it the fate of Rome and the history of the world depended.

The Romans dare no longer take the offensive against Hannibal, having three times consecutively found it a disastrous failure. Nevertheless, they followed him like his shadow. They dogged his footsteps wherever he went. They kept him always in sight, and encamped night after night, close to him, near enough to find out immediately if he made a move. And this, not once or twice, but day after day, week after week, all the year round. Why? How came the Roman soldier to sleep peacefully through all those long weary months, with the dreaded Hannibal—the arch enemy of his race—who had cut to pieces the three preceding armies of Rome, close to him every night? The answer is clear. The Romans were supported and cheered, one and all, officers and men, in that most prolonged and desperate of all the struggles of mankind, by the great moral power of the *defensive*. Without this support it is not too much to say that they could not have endured the strain. For they passed their lives all day in anxious watchfulness, ready when on the line of march, at the shortest notice, to close up their ranks and take up their defensive position. It was only at night, when their strong camp had been duly formed, or by day, when they chanced to occupy very commanding and favourable ground, that they felt themselves safe, and could rest and cook their food.

But the Romans, though brave and warlike, were not professors of scientific war like Hannibal. Let us turn, therefore, for instruction to the great captain himself. This great leader of men and past-master of the art of war, was, as is well known, very anxious to finish his

work. He had thrice overthrown the best armies of Rome with tremendous slaughter; but the fourth, and the last, still remained there before his eyes. He continually challenged them to a fight in the open, but they persistently refused, and always, when he threatened them, stood on the defensive. How is it, then, that he allowed them to dog his footsteps continually? Why did he let them perpetually insult him by encamping every night close to him, and within easy reach of him? Again the answer is clear. He was restrained and curbed by the great moral power of the "defensive." He was ready and anxious at all times to attack, but he dared not attack the Romans standing in their own chosen positions on the defensive.

The sum of the matter then is, that there is no inherent moral advantage or disadvantage in either the attack or the defence. Moral advantage is a purely subjective thing, depending upon the prestige of the victories of the past as influencing mankind's forecast of victories to come. And it rests with either the attack or the defence according as the balance of advantage in recent experience has happened to turn to one side or to the other.

Moral advantage therefore always ultimately follows, but often lags considerably behind, the real balance of material advantage. It should be discarded altogether by the practical soldier. For, to him, it is the most deceitful of all guides. It entangles him in a pernicious web, representing the exploded traditions of the past, and thereby blinds his eyes to the realities of the present. It prevents him from appreciating at their just value those actual conditions upon which coming victories or defeats must really and essentially depend. It is for soldiers to examine those existing conditions without prejudice, one way or the other, and deal with them wisely and well, knowing that when, by so doing, they have gained their victories, the "moral advantage," for what little it is worth, will quickly come round to their side.

The moment it is clearly recognised and universally admitted, as it will be, in my judgment, after the first week of fighting in the next European war, if not sooner, that the defence is at present beyond all question the winning game—that moment will the moral advantage pass over to the side of the defence. And there it will remain unless, or until, by the progress of war in the future, fresh methods of attack have been worked out which are proved to be too strong for the defence. The pendulum of "moral advantage" will then once more incline to the side of the attack.

"But," it may be again objected, "such a revolution as you here suppose, cannot occur all at once and *per saltum*. Excellent rifles and long-ranging guns were used in the last wars. How is it that this coming 'revolution' did not then show itself?" The answer is, It did show itself, and very plainly too, to the observant eye, but

special conditions in these wars prevented it from gaining the attention which it deserved. The well-known slaughter of the Prussian Guards on the slopes of St. Privat showed the danger of attacking in the open against modern weapons. But the fact, which will not occur again in the next war, that the Germans, largely outnumbering the French, were generally enabled to attack them both in the front and flank, and thereby gained victories, has been unjustifiably pushed to an unwarrantable conclusion—namely, that the attack, numbers apart, is necessarily and inherently stronger than the defence. The defence of Plevna again, by the Turks, against the repeated attacks of the Russians, and some of the Turkish victories in Armenia, established the same conclusion of the great advantage of the defence.

Even in recent wars, then, the defence was getting very dangerously strong. But now, as I contend, it has not only grown far stronger in itself, but the two superadded conditions of the increased scale of the fighting and the smokeless powder, especially the latter, together with the coming universal introduction of machine guns, have united to give it in the next war an absolute and unquestioned superiority. I mention the machine guns, which are now inevitable, because, as I think, they will be very largely employed in the coming wars, in order to maintain and fortify, with the least number of men, the defence of the neutral zone, of which I will speak directly.

I will now return to and re-state my main position, which is briefly this :

The recent immense development in the range, rapidity, and accuracy of fire, whether of artillery, rifles, or machine guns, and the new conditions introduced by smokeless powder and the great increase in the probable number of the combatants in future engagements, have united to render impossible an attack made by the advance of troops in broad daylight and in the open upon an enemy of approximately equal strength occupying a defensive position. And where there is a great and even an enormous superiority of numbers on the side of the assailant, such attacks will not in future be resorted to or considered justifiable, except in special cases, where ulterior objects may demand a great and exceptional sacrifice of life in order to gain possession of a specially important position.

Suppose a single *corps d'armé* to have taken up a fairly good position where it can neither be turned nor outflanked, or—which comes to just the same thing—suppose it to have other corps in support of it on either side in an extended position occupied by large forces, and suppose that individual corps to have three hostile corps opposite to it and available to attack it. The superiority of the attack is then three to one. Then I say that in the wars of the future no general in command of the three *corps d'armée* will dream of attacking the

single corps in front of him by any such methods as have hitherto been practised—that is, by marching his men and guns in broad daylight against it. Spite of his great superiority of force, and of his position as a general of the attack, he will not think himself justified in such an advance without special and peremptory orders from the Commander-in-Chief, which will only be issued in very special cases. He will *respect the neutral zone* as a matter of course, and would be forthwith deposed from his command if he did not.

What, it will be asked, is the “neutral zone,” and why should he respect it?

The neutral zone is the storm-swept zone representing the effective range of infantry and machine-gun fire, which, in common with such writers as Commandant Nigote on this question, I think will in future interpose between any ordinary well-established defensive position anywhere and the forces of the assailant. In ordinary cases that zone will be respected by both sides, and neither party will attempt to cross it by manœuvring troops, in any formation whatsoever, in the open in broad daylight. Nor will night attacks, as I think, be generally resorted to, at least after a little further experience, when the simple measures necessary for meeting them have been established. And no superiority of numbers, I say, will be held to justify such an attempt to storm the enemy's position, whether by day or by night, except in very special cases as above, on account of the immense sacrifice of life which such an attack, even if successful, must necessarily involve.

For, of course, it must be remembered that in war there are victories that are very little better than defeats. If it costs, to storm a given position, the lives of a number of men equal to, or greater than, the whole number of the defenders of that position, then it is clearly not worth the while of any general to undertake such an operation, unless there is some compelling cause, such as the fact of that particular position covering a bridge head or defile, the possession of which may be essential to the entire force, so that the Commander-in-Chief has given orders to capture it at any cost.

Again, it will be observed that I have laid no stress here upon any question of tactical formations for the attack. For, indeed, I think that all present or proposed tactical formations stand equally condemned so long as they depend upon sending men in the open, against the fire of men on the defensive, who are covered by shelter trenches, or by favouring ground, and largely protected thereby. I do not therefore stop to discuss any of the proposed modifications in attack formations, whether by advancing in successive lines of men in single rank and covering the same front, as advocated by General Clement and others, or by any other formation. The present fire of infantry and artillery is so sweeping and horizontally grazing

to great distances in its general effects, that any general who attempts to send men in the open against troops on the defensive is in this dilemma, that, if he sends a line of men unsupported, they will be crushed, and effect nothing for want of supports; but if, to avoid this, he sends supports or reserves, in any formation whatsoever, near enough behind them to render them any really efficient aid at the critical time, these second and following lines will practically catch as many or nearly as many bullets as the front line, so that instead of one line only being destroyed, they will all be destroyed together. If any officer does not concur in these views, I shall not here give statistics of the number of bullets which can be sent into a given number of dummies at target practice in a given time, whether by infantry or artillery. Nor shall I argue at length, as may most justly and properly be argued, that in future wars the absence of smoke will cause the defenders of any given position, or at least a part of them, to bring up their shooting much nearer than has ever yet been done to the standard of peace practice. For, being unobserved by the enemy, and unhampered by smoke, whole sections of the defence probably, in future, will escape any appreciable loss by the enemy for hours together, as his attention will be directed elsewhere. The nerves of the defenders in these sections will then gradually tend to calm down, and they will improve greatly in accurate shooting as seeing that, while they can hit the enemy, the enemy never seems to hit them.

I will only ask any opponent of these views to visit the infantry and artillery at practice, to note the result of their fire, and then to consider in what sort of formation he would propose to send a force to attack another force, posted in position on the defensive, behind shelter trenches or favouring ground anywhere.

It will probably be said by some that my views here are novel and revolutionary—that an invader, at all events, cannot afford to lose the prestige of the attack by letting a weaker enemy beard and defy him, but must continue, as of old, to go straight for him whenever and wherever he finds him.

My answer to this is—"Of old" the best generals did nothing of the sort; nor are my views in the least novel. On the contrary, they are as old as mankind. It is only in comparatively modern days that the practice, justified no doubt, and called for by the then existing conditions, has arisen, of going straight for your enemy wherever you find him. Such tactics are only justifiable when you have a fair and reasonable chance of beating the enemy. The moment any decided advantage rests with him in his then position, the laws of war demand and require that you should respect that position for the moment, until you can make fresh combinations against him to remove your present disadvantage. I have illustrated this in the case

of Hannibal, who patiently allowed the Romans to beard and defy him through long months, while he was waiting every day for a chance to catch them on the line of march, or at a disadvantage. Where Hannibal leads the way we may be well content to follow.

It is however, apparently, very unlikely that such views as these will find any general acceptance. So many excellent officers and capable writers—such as General Clément, who has recently examined this question in the *Journal des Sciences Militaires*, or Major Allason, of the Italian artillery, who has published a pamphlet on it—seem unable to admit that there is any impending revolution in tactics to annul what they cling to as the “moral force” of the attack, that it cannot be expected that views so diametrically opposed to the prevailing current of thought hitherto should prevail. That minority of officers therefore who agree with me must be content to await the experience of the next great war to justify or to explode our views as the case may be. We can only ventilate our opinions just for what they may be worth. My conviction is that the first few days of large scale fighting in the next great war will effectually settle the whole question. When a few enterprising and ambitious generals in command of divisions have followed the old lines and the tactics which, on the German side, proved so successful in the war of 1870, when, confident in the *morale* of their troops and desirous of giving them a fair chance to distinguish themselves, they have pushed them forward in the open, in any pet attack formation which they may most fancy, against a well-posted enemy on the defensive, and when they have seen, as some of us think they will see, their divisions cut all to pieces and reduced to a complete wreck in half an hour, then, if our diagnosis prove sound, they will retire much sadder and wiser men, and it will soon be universally admitted that such attacks in the open, in any formation whatsoever, are quite impracticable.

H. ELSDALE.

PROVINCIAL HOME RULE.

EIGHT years ago this REVIEW published an article I wrote advocating Provincial Home Rule for Ireland. That proposal was a sketch partly drawn from recollections of the conversation of Lord Russell, and partly from experience of the good, and also of the disadvantages which had been shown, in the working of Canadian institutions. The main point set forth was that liberty is safe if local powers be delegated to areas so limited that the authority of the central Parliament can, at all times, easily enforce respect for liberty. On the other hand, experience, notably in the United States, and partly also in Canada, had shown that if Home Rule or autonomy be given to communities which are large relatively to the whole country, liberty is not safe, because the common-sense of all cannot hold in check the faction spirit of a section, if that section be numerous enough to make the central power "think thrice" before "coercing" it. "Coercion" is a cry that rallies not only pity, but practical sympathy. It is one very easy to raise. If the facts are not fully known, and the evil of the past is not well recognised, the present "discipline" is apt to be always considered too severe, as we see in the dislike often shown to carrying out a sentence of the law even on atrocious criminals. The argument, "You can always put them down," is one that is theoretical. Practically, it takes a great deal to put in motion the "putting down" machinery. When it is used, the "putting down" is apt to be unusually severe. It is far better to have the political machine so organised that "putting down" is altogether avoided, by the simple expedient of making it almost impossible that any wrong should arise to be "put down." This can be done by the easy device of not creating your difficulty. Your difficulty will be created if you raise it in the form of a separate

community taught that it is almost independent, and of sufficient size to warrant the conclusion that its independence ought not be narrowed but widened. Especially will this difficulty be created for you, if you make the line of cleavage between you and the separated community one of race, language, religion, or ancient "nationality." Then, indeed, your difficulties will not be "put down" by saying, "We can put them down," or by asking, "Are we not 35,000,000 to 5,000,000?" We don't want to be perpetually dancing a war dance around our beloved Home Rulers. We are not "spoiling for a fight," and the possible employment of troops in dispersing insurgent bands, or occupying part of what we obstinately still consider part of our own country, does not seem to Union men a profitable exercise of strength.

Experience does not cheer us on in the paths of setting up, in order that we may enjoy the theoretic sense of power in putting down. Other countries have found that once you dislocate to the degree of organising large sections under separate governments you have trouble. Witness the results of State sovereignty in America. Witness the weakness of Norway and Sweden. Witness the paralysis for action of Austria, unless Hungary chimes in with the desires of the German population. Our own cousins have been manufacturing plenty of new constitutions in various parts of the world since the beginning of this century, but nowhere have they repeated the mistake of State sovereignty, but have uniformly strengthened the central government in each land, wherever such strengthening was geographically possible. No English-speaking Government outside of England would dream of setting up another national existence "with an executive proceeding therefrom" in its own area of government. The happiness of repeating the phrase, "We can always put them down," does not commend itself to their notice.

One Power, one Government, is the motto they take as the hinge of success. You cannot undertake any concerted action if you have always to consult a weaker Siamese twin tied to you. "We are over-governed in having so many governments," say some colonists, speaking of the provincial governments which survive Federation in Canada and still have separate existence in Australia. They represent distinct communities founded of old in countries widely scattered. Now at the Cape, as well as in these other cases, we see the people giving more and more power to a central government, knowing that if they are to be a Power among other Powers, the motto must be one Power, one Government.

If you give part of your Empire a Government coinciding in race distinction, or "nationality," you find yourself hampered, a Government of Canada would find itself hampered with Quebec, were it not that the Quebec French prefer our ways to those of the United

States, under whose rule they would now inevitably fall if the Imperial tie were sundered. This preference for Canadian, or British rule, as an alternative only to rule by the United States, keeps at present the French Home Rule idea to the regions of modesty and common-sense. They know that their Province cannot become a Power, although a few theorists among them would like to see it assert itself as such. They know that the United States would never allow a separate Power astride of the St. Lawrence consisting of Frenchmen, any more than it allowed the mouth of the Mississippi to be dominated by another branch of the old French colony, the Acadians of Louisiana. Their loyalty and content spring from causes wholly peculiar to their position in America. Sundered from the old country of their fathers, they have the proud consciousness that from their ancestors came the army which conquered Saxon England. Their own defeat at Quebec was largely balanced by such victories as that at St. Foy against Murray, and their subsequent story contains the record of their hearty co-operation with British troops against American invaders. In short, their military sympathies, as well as their own good sense, counsel them to leave things as they are. They are in the enjoyment of Provincial Home Rule, although not of national separate government. It would probably be the beginning of trouble to them were they ever to depart from this moderation. Their Church is singularly exempt from any temptation to act except on the side of law and order; for it is, speaking comparatively to other institutions in the Province, a Church rich enough to forbid the temptation to truckle for pay. The difference between them and the Irish is that their clergy can lead them towards good in a land where dwells the memory of their own success in battle, and where they are bordered by no sea inviting to separation, but by the ever-increasing populations whose speech is foreign to their own, and whose religion is viewed with dislike by them. Some day these French Canadians may cause in America the "Nationalist" trouble we have here, but the separation in feeling from the neighbouring people of English tongue is less easy to maintain than it is in an island such as Ireland. The so-called French difficulty and the supposed Irish difficulty will for long yield those problems which in other similar cases have yielded to the firm upholding of central power, together with a true delegation to local authorities of rule which shall administer justly the laws governing the whole. French Canada gives another lesson to those who would surrender their own responsibilities in the United Kingdom; for the main cause which renders Canada feeble, regarded as a separate commonwealth, is the dual character of its central Government. Where three French members of a Cabinet composed of ten members, and sixty-four M.P.'s out of 280, must be consulted on national action, the result cannot fail to be uncertain.

There is scarcely a French Canadian who would not desire Canada to be wholly French. There is scarcely an English-speaking Canadian who does not sigh that his country is not an Anglo-Saxon homogenous nation.

It has often been pointed out that whereas in the Colonies the separate communities delegated their power to the Federal Government, with us the central Government has to delegate its authority to local bodies. If these bodies be made so large that they can call themselves "national," it makes no difference in practice whether your government once given away be called a delegation or a surrender. The size of the separated section may be so great that, short of civil war, its practical independence is secured, and the word "delegation of power" becomes a farce, and the phrase "surrender" becomes the only appropriate description.

In Ireland a "delegation" of government to the whole country is subject to the further absurdity that the leaders of your nominated delegation say they won't act as your delegates—that they will not be subordinate. "Minor" or "less" relatively to you, in point of size, say they—Yes—but subordinates or "delegates," no!

A fossil animal has lately been found in California, which seems to have perished because it "was too clever by half." It had two brains! One was in his head, the other at the base of its tail. The tail was a long tail, and the second brain, placed with a probable view to curtail its action, was a large brain, and must have held even greater ideas than the brain in the head. No other beast like this beast has hitherto been found, and it is supposed that Nature refused to make another, recognising her failure to please anybody in giving birth to this one. It is difficult to say precisely how it perished. Geologists are at variance. But one western geologist suggests that the second brain did not like to be sat upon, and so the creature perished. A double brained political machine—that is, the United Kingdom with a double national brain, would share the same fate. No brain likes to be sat upon, and if there are two brains one must be sat upon. Then follows extinction of the United Kingdom species.
Q. E. D. !

True Provincial Home Rule—that is, honest local energy working in definite limited areas, is, on the other hand, like the serviceable nerves that tell the central brain where the shoe pinches, or when the lungs require more air.

The present attitude of the Protestant people of the North of Ireland shows what is the result of the infamous conspiracy entered into to subordinate all interests to the capture of the Nationalist vote. The wanton and wicked attempt to surrender all power in Ireland, and then to make a loyal part acquiesce in this surrender, is at once the policy of a coward and a bully. If, as we have shown, the so-

called delegation fails, because no Nationalist in Ireland will act as your delegate, it is manifest that you have surrendered your rule in that country in vain, and that they who recognise this fact in Ulster, and therefore declare that they are still your subjects, and not the subjects of a Dublin Parliament, are logically perfectly in the right. You cannot hand over a government, if they who are to be handed over, and they to whom you desire to hand them over, alike repudiate your kind offices.

The plan sketched in this magazine in 1884 would have avoided all this absurdity.

But it is true that no one really cares for such a solution. The Loyalists are content, they say, as they are. The Nationalists call it "a crude and deceptive and inadequate plan." Well and good; let us wait until it be taken as a solution. There is no special hurry except in the minds of enthusiastic Irish reformers. If local powers be honestly desired, it will serve. If they be not desired, there is no more reason for adopting it in the future than in the past. It has satisfied other countries, although it may be true it would not answer in a country where nothing seems to answer to any calculation. In any case, whether some such plan be ultimately adopted or not, the first necessity towards such honest local government is to veto the plan which can mean only power to act independently of all Imperial influence.

One question finally. Are we always to believe that what suits other people in local government will not satisfy Ireland? Are we to believe that they are such an exceptional, privileged people that what is sauce for the European and civilised goose is not sauce for the Irish gander? We all know that the Irish are not only an affectionate and clever race, but that they once led the van in civilisation. Why should they now not be able to use well what has been used well by others, their inferiors? We have heard very bad language used by Nationalist leaders about things English. Nothing can measure the contempt expressed for British ways and thoughts. To listen to most of the Nationalists, it would ill beseem them to sit down with an Englishman to dinner. But are we to believe all this talk of hatred? No, we don't. Their English friends tell us we should not. Why, then, should we believe the other talk we hear from them—that they would never be satisfied with Provincial Home Rule?

LORAIN.

JOHN KNOX :

IN A SERIES OF HISTORICAL SONNETS.

AFTER Wallace and Bruce and their brave compeers, Scotland owes her character for manly self-reliance and independence to no name more than that of John Knox. And yet it is to be feared that his name, after the lapse of centuries, is not so potent now to stir the Scottish heart as the name of the great patriot who stained the stream of the Forth with English blood in the reign of the first Edward, and the royal soldiers who drove the second Edward in hasty flight from the little burn of Bannock to beyond the Tweed. Why is this? There are causes which have operated strongly, and more strongly with the years, to defraud of its due supremacy in the Scottish mind the name of John Knox. The first is religion, than which, where it does not succeed in being the key-stone of national unity, no cause acts more powerfully in distorting the features of the noblest characters, and clouding the aspect of their brightest deeds. Though the great heart of the Scottish people in the sixteenth century was decidedly Presbyterian in polity and anti-sacerdotal in principle, there were not a few persons in the upper classes who favoured Episcopacy as a sort of ecclesiastical aristocracy, and who were more ready sometimes to shake hands with a Roman Pope than with a Scottish Presbyterian. In the age when the courage and intelligence of Knox, in the face of all danger, freed them from the yoke of sacerdotal dominion, these ecclesiastical aristocrats were few, and their principles did not loom largely in the public eye; but as the years advanced, and the Stuarts, both in Scotland and England, showed a decided tendency to mould Scotland on the Episcopal type, it became more and more fashionable for the hunters after Court favour and their servile followers to speak disparagingly of the great apostle of Scottish Protestantism, and to refuse the reverence that was naturally due to

him as the Luther of the Scottish Reformation and the liberator of the nation from the tyranny of a foreign priesthood. In the next century, when the Stuart kings had paid the penalty of this unholy alliance of bishop and king to crush the last remnant of free Bible study in Presbyterian Scotland, an enemy of a very different description appeared, working in the same direction with very different weapons. This was the literary men in the flat age of the Georges, with no sympathy for religious heroism in any shape, and with whom it was a sufficient reason for ignoring Knox that he was possessed of a sacred earnestness which made him a Scottish representative of St. Paul, and a popular power which made him as much a sacred name in Scotland as Luther was in Germany. Add to this cooling process of a heartless philosophy, such as that of Hume, the sympathy which a certain class of literary sentimentalists naturally felt for the unfortunate Mary—the wrong woman certainly in the wrong place—and you will see at a glance how it was that our great religious reformer was gradually shorn, at least in certain influential quarters, of his true representative honour; for that he is a typical Scot, in his independence of mind and his sacred fervour, his intelligent piety and his manly courage, there cannot be a moment's doubt. A third cause which contributed not a little to the depreciation of this truly great representative man was the sad fact that in Scottish schools and universities, where the hopeful youth of the nation were painfully crammed with a formal array of grammatical rules about Latin and Greek, anything like a patriotic inculcation of national history was not to be found. In the faculty of Arts, history in general, and specially Scottish history, is a blank; historical memory died out; and in the minds of our educated Scotsmen, the curious fancies or the soulless science of the present, usurped the place which in all systems of national education properly belongs to the inspiring memories of the past; and, to crown all, from the degradation into which the Scottish University teaching had fallen from the neglect of the middle schools, young men of the best hope and promise were sent, in increasing troops, to Eton and Oxford, whence, after a due course of Episcopal indoctrination, they returned to their native country, venting a sceptical sneer at Jenny Geddes and her Presbyterian stool as a myth, and John Knox, with his manly firmness in face of the seductive smiles and pitiful tears of a crowned beauty, as a savage and a barbarian. Such is history: here a glorified record more truthful than the true, there a flaunting robe of lies covering the wretched fragment of a fact.

Knox was born in the year 1505, twenty-two years after Luther saw the light in Germany, and just in time to receive as a young man of twelve a baptism of fire from the theses which the great Saxon Reformer kindled at Wittenberg in the year of grace 1517. The

exact place of his birth was long debated between the village of Gifford, a few miles south-east of Haddington, and the town of Haddington itself, at a house near the Gifford gate, the locality now supported by the most recent authorities * This, of course, is assumed in the following verses :

I. BIRTH.

Prise me in battles, blood shed from the green
Of subject lands, raised by rapacious hands,
Our fight there is that serves our noblest need
His for free manhood's right who stoutly stands,
By thine its undimmed, unsundered by smiles
Thy prise, brave Knox, who for our human right
To be ourselves feared not the treacherous wiles
Of priestly craft or despots lawless might
Thou art a mount in pine that to the sun
Thine forth its branches and defies the storm,
Let others gaze at Rome in piles enormous,
Hold of proud Cæsar, I to Haddington
Pierce my steps his cradle and his home
Who burst the hated bonds that bound free souls to Rome

Knox, as a young man, had the advantage of a liberal education, the best the age could furnish, in languages, philosophy, and theology, under a well-known Professor Mair, or Major, in the University of Glasgow. After finishing his student career there, he delivered public lectures in the University, and at the perfect age of twenty-five years, or a little before it, took orders as a priest. Being touched, however, by the noble moral contagion of the age, and feeling strongly the rottenness of the Church at that date, he did not enter into the active service of the Church, but contented himself with the useful, though less ambitious, work of acting as a teacher to young men preparing for the University. In this capacity his two principal patrons were Douglas of Longniddrie, and Cockburn of Otmaston, well-known stations in the vicinity of Haddington; and after some years he removed with his youthful charge to St. Andrews. He was thirty-seven years old when he made an open profession of Protestantism. In May 1516 Cardinal Beaton, the haughty lord of the castle whose ruins are still seen on the north cliff at St. Andrews, and who, in the name of the Pope as God's viceregent, had murdered Hamilton and Wishart, was paid back in his own coin, and assassinated by stout men who did not acknowledge the right of an insolent priest, at Rome or St. Andrews, to commit wholesale murder of all men who preferred to hear the gospel of peace direct from the mouth of the Saviour than as translated and perverted through the mouth of a self-authorised interpreter. Knox was now safe to take up a residence with his pupils within the very walls which had so long hung up sentence of outlawry and treason on all who were guilty of the crime of reading the Bible otherwise than as interpreted by Rome,

* See the article "Gifford," in the "Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland." 1885.

and praying to the Father of spirits in direct spiritual communion without the intervention of priests. To this early stage of our Reformer's life, before he appeared as a recognised evangelist of the reformed faith, and when Scottish Protestantism was fermenting silently on the memory of Hamilton and Wishart, rather than shouting loudly in the thunder-voice of Knox himself, the following sonnet refers :

II. ST. ANDREWS.

All hail, St. Andrews ! Andrew gave thy name,
But Knox, and Wishart, and young Hamilton stamped
Thy fame on Scottish hearts. When Popery ramped
Rude o'er the land, loud-glorying in her shame,
Tracking her path in blood, then had we been
Slaves to the fancies of a prideful fool
Beyond the Alps, had not these three foreseen
The coming carse, and hurled the Romish rule
From Scottish hearts ; brave hearts, who, when the fire
Of priestly hate enswathed our martyred youth,
Uprose in tempest of indignant ire
Against the murderous crew, who for God's truth
Sold lies, and in the holiest of names
Gave Scotland's holiest manhood to the flames.

Patrick Hamilton, our proto-martyr to Protestantism, born just a year before Knox, had sealed his testimony by his death of fire and faggot in the year 1528 ; and Wishart, the next precursor of our thundering Jove of ecclesiastical reform, shared his fate in the year 1546, shortly before the bloody Cardinal's death. These dates will show that Knox's separation from the then Mother Church of Christendom was no sudden flash of conviction, such as tells dramatically in the life of not a few famous apostles of Christian truth, but a gradual growth from the seed sown by his martyr predecessors. It was not till the year 1547 that he accepted a formal call to be the minister of the congregation of the church of the garrison at St. Andrews, at the time when, after the death of the bloody Cardinal, he and other men marked for martyrdom by the dominant Church found a refuge in the castle of their assassinated persecutor. To this comparatively late date of his public appearance among the expectant martyrs of the age the following sonnet refers :

III. ST. ANDREWS.

"Slow was thy growth--all goodliest growth is slow--
Thou noble Knox ! Let fools despise thee ; I
Am what I am from thee, and boast to know
The fountain-head that, when the land was dry,
Flowed forth from Knox, and to a mighty stream
Of fruitful breadth outspread. Him Wishart first
Touched with divine contagion to redeem
His soul from bonds of priest-made law, and thirst
For strength direct from Christ's free quickening grace ;
Thence stage by stage he grew, till in yon tower
That tops the cliff he saw Christ face to face,
And his whole manhood swelled with re-born power ;
And as when Jove makes clear the sultry air,
He thundered, and all felt a voice from God was there."

But the extreme modesty and self-distrust which he displayed when first invited to come forward as a public preacher in the garrison church, as given in McCrie's "Life" (Period II.), deserves special commemoration, and here I give it in verse :

IV. ST. ANDREWS.

No babbler he, with eager lust to show
 His might of speech, like some loud-thundering Jove,
 Before admiring men, who hotly strove
 In holy war against the Romish foe
 To make him captain of the preaching clan ;
 But he, with drooping head and reverence low,
 While down his cheeks the hot tears freely ran,
 To their beseechment answered sadly, No !
 Then home he went ; and in his private cell
 He prayed and wept, and wept and prayed again,
 Till to his heart a voice came, strong to quell
 All doubtful fears, and pleasure bring from pain :
 "Go forth ! and I, who went with Paul, will go
 With thee, and lay the prideful Pontiff low."

Only taken along with this incident will the electric power of the *perferendum ingenium Scotorum* in Knox be properly understood. With the greatest minds strength grows out of weakness, as the huge tree out of the little seed.

Of all the incidents in the Scottish Reformer's life, the one which to me decidedly stamps him as a great man is that which, in the eyes of no small number of his depreciators, is put forward in the front of his offences—viz., his behaviour to Queen Mary. During the long period that elapsed between his deportation in the French galleys in 1547, and the formal entrance of the young Queen into her Scottish capital, in the year 1561, Knox, a homeless wanderer from place to place in France, in Germany, in England, and in Switzerland, had ample opportunity of knowing what were the intentions and the plans of the great Popish party with regard to Protestantism. They had bound themselves by an oath, and on their own sacerdotal principles were bound to bind themselves, to leave no stone unturned to root out what they deemed the most damnable of all heresies. With whatever pious horror the conservators of the public health would look on a druggist who systematically sold arsenic for medicine, with the same justifiable vengeance were the bearers of a divine commission for the salvation of souls bound to persecute and to hound to the death a form of Christian faith which, in their opinion, poisoned the soul and led to the perdition of those who entertained it. On these principles of masterful sacerdotalism, coupled with a belief, universal in that age, that Church and State were one, and that wherever the Church lifted its voice to curse the State must lift its arm to strike, the fair young Frenchified Queen entered, and could not but enter on her sphere of social action in Scotland as a God-commissioned agent to do everything

in her power to wash her subjects clean from the taint of such a damnable heresy; and, though she had sense enough to keep her intentions at first as much as possible in the background, yet they were certainly there, rooted as firmly in her nature as the graceful birch tree in the hard granite rock, and only the more dangerous because masked for a season, and trusting rather to the charms of a seductive smile and a fair face, the special armour of her sex, than to the sword of sharpness and the hangman's rope, which, as a last resort, she was entitled to use. Knox knew this, and, like every brave man, appeared before the lady armed with that freedom of speech which belongs to the true prophet, and that manly courage of the Christian soldier when called on to contend with what St. Paul calls principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. And this is what the calumniators of our great apostle of religious freedom call rudeness; on which it is enough to remark that there is not a prophet in the Old Testament, nor an apostle in the New, that might not be denounced on similar grounds as rude and unmannerly with equal justice. The details of Mary's intercourse with Knox will be found in McCrie (Period VII.) Their general type and character we attempt to give thus:

V. EDINBURGH AND QUEEN MARY.

Well spoken, Knox! A woman's pleasing face
 Hath conquered many, but not moveth thee;
 Sooner may Jove from rebel Titans flee
 Than thou from God's truth make a backward pace
 To win a woman's smile. A woman, yea,
 A queen, a lovely queen, a lady crowned
 With beauty more than jewels, and cinctured round
 With pomp of courtly splendour, strong to sway
 The stoutest heart. But not of courtly stuff
 John Knox was made, with smooth discourse to glide
 Into a woman's honey-grace, and hide
 Stern truth from men, because its touch is rough
 To dainty souls. "I dare not shape," quoth he,
 "My tongue to lies; God's truth I leave with thee!"

Another grave impeachment of our brave Protester comes from the æsthetical side, to the effect that, as a perfect Vandal, he pulled down recklessly the walls of the most beautiful temples for divine worship, and trampled their graceful decorations in the dust. These accusers forget two things: first, in the moral world, as in the physical, at recurrent periods, tempests and earthquakes arise, which will do their rough work in spite of all that dainty spectators may say; and again, that, though images in themselves carry no harm, and in these days of enlarged intelligence may be tolerated and enjoyed in all churches, whether Protestant or Popish, in those unreformed days they were so intimately connected with superstitious imaginations and debasing ceremonial that their disappearance under the rough hand of popular

wrath did a moral good which largely outweighed their æsthetical harm. The student of history will search in vain for any proof that Knox gave any formal command for these violent outbursts; only, as a philosopher, in the circumstances he might well have made the pleasant remark, that in some cases "to pull down the rookery is the best way to get rid of the rooks."

VI. AND VII. PERTH.

Fair city where the regal rolling Tay
Invests the broad skirts of thy meadow green,
And, northward far, huge Bens in grand array
Look on the fruitful splendour of the scene,
I love thee well; for here much love to me
Flowed from friends worthy of so fair a home;
But chiefly in thy storied streets I see
Brave Knox, who shook the pride of purple Rome
With thunder voice in thee! "Dum not," he said,
"God is a juggler to turn blood to wine
By mummery of words, or flesh to bread;
Nor that dumb idols in a painted shrine
Can help thy need. Pray to the living God,
Who smites the proud, and lifts the lowly from the sod."

He spoke, and every heart beat with a new
Pulse of long palsied truth. Him to defy,
A hooded monk a gilded curtain drew
From the shrine's face, and to the general eye
A pomp of jewelled images displayed.
U'rose a boy, and, as brave boys will do,
A pointed stone flung at the gay parade;
And forthwith stone on stone, with loud halloo,
Flew from the fevered throng; and, like a troop
Of soldiers eager for a glittering prize,
With vengeful glare and with unpausing swoop,
They stormed the shrine. "Not wise," said Knox, "not wise
Was this wild rush; but when the rooks no home
Can find in Perth, one waits for them in Rome!"

One main cause of the disparagement of our great Reformer, as hinted above, is the matter of Church government, the antagonism of Episcopacy and Presbytery, which unfortunately in Scotland, in not a few districts, separates classes which in a healthy state of the body social ought to act harmoniously together. Of course all questions relating merely to the form of Church government are secondary matters, not in any wise affecting the vitals of the Christian Church as the great divinely appointed instrument of social regeneration; and in the mortal struggle which Luther initiated in Germany to free the Christian conscience from the arbitrary despotism of the Pope, bishop and presbyter had a common interest to assert the rights of the individual conscience in contest with sacerdotal infallibility. The appeal to the Bible, as the religion of Protestants, of course led Knox and other protesters to examine carefully what indications might lie in the written word in favour of an aristocratic government of the Church by gradations of rank, or of a democratic form on the principle of equality; and as the indications of apostolic practice in this matter

are few, and by no means laid down in an imperative form, Knox had a full right to conclude from the language of St. Paul in his Epistle to Titus (i. 5-7) that bishop and presbyter were only different names for the same functionary. The other party had an equal right to plead the long succession of the three orders of bishop, presbyter, and deacon, both in the Greek and the Latin Church, through a period of nearly 1500 years, to the age of the great Saxon Reformer. So far, with reasonable judges, there could be no offence. There is no reason to suppose that Knox was opposed to Episcopacy absolutely as a matter of principle, but he certainly rather inclined to Presbytery; and if he did on some occasions express himself strongly against the aristocratic side of the question, it was because Episcopacy in those times was supported not always from any conscientious conviction of its divine right, but from a desire to keep the bishoprics and their revenues in the hands of certain influential persons for their own selfish purposes, to the great detriment of the Church and the educational establishments of a Presbyterian country. How deeply this was felt by the Church is evident from the resolutions passed by the Assembly at Perth in 1572; and if Knox, in face of this ignoble conduct in a worldly-minded nobility, might have been tempted occasionally to use severe language against the whole system of the three orders, nothing could be more pardonable. You wish bishops, he naturally said, to use their revenues for yourselves, and their names to give a fair colour to your despotism; we would rather abolish them altogether as a punishment for your servility, and as a fund for such necessary expenses as belong to a reformed Church and school establishment. Some outbreak of this kind, natural to his noble mind, when brought face to face with such baseness and selfishness in high places, I have endeavoured to express as follows:

VIII. BISHOPS OR PRESBYTERS.

Bishops and priests! No, no! I choose to stand
 On brotherhood of equal man with man,
 Like holy Paul, what time he gave command
 To the brave elders of the Gospel clan
 In great Diana's city to pursue
 Their work with godly care.* Nor Pope I find,
 Nor bishop there; and to his pattern true
 I shape my doing; not to pomp inclined
 Of mitred heads and flaunting skirts, to catch
 The gaze of gaping fools, and where I go
 Behind my prideful coming to attach
 An idle rabble itching for a show.
 God's truth shines like the sun that rules the day,
 And scorns all gilded trappings for display.

Such an indignant burst of what now, in this hour of quiet retrospection, we might call extreme ecclesiastical democracy or radicalism,

* Acts xx. 17 and 28. Here the word which appears in our version as "overseers" is the same as that which in Titus i. 7 is translated "bishops."

was greatly justified in the days of Knox, by what bishops had done in past times, and were doing then, and were forward to do in the century immediately following, when, in significant approval of King James's motto, "No bishop, no king," they lent themselves to stamp the name of God on the infamous conspiracy of the Stuarts to crush freedom of conscience, and to persecute with sword and faggot and the hangman's rope all the noblest manhood and the purest saintship of our country.

One scene remains; his death. Tossed through a stormy life at home and abroad, with sorrows of heart that touched him more than any mere bodily privations in French galleys or elsewhere, he had, shortly before his death in the year 1570, a smart shock of apoplexy, which left him a weakened man. He lived to hear the murderous news of the massacre of the Protestants in France on St. Bartholomew's Day; and after beholding James Lawson, sub-principal in the University of Aberdeen, nominated as his successor in the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, on November 26, 1572, he resigned his breath into the hands of his Creator at the age of sixty-seven years.

IX. DEATH.

Weary and worn and willing to depart,
 But worn, thank God, with worthy work, I lie,
 With one warm prayer breathed from my failing heart,
 That as I lived and strove, so may I die
 For Scotland's good. When prince and priest combined
 To mar her Gospel march, and choke her breath.
 I thank His grace who mailed my purposed mind
 With manful faith that takes the sting from death.
 And now farewell, land of my love, for thee
 A troubled time I see, and may not hide,
 Faction and feud, and dark conspiracy,
 Hatred and lies, and battle's bloody tide;
 But fear them not, march bravely on, and be
 True to the God whose truth gave strength to me!

And now I hope every real Presbyterian Scot and every large-hearted Catholic-minded Episcopalian will be prepared to say with me:

X. FAREWELL.

Bless thee, brave Knox; my soul feeds on great men,
 Not on far-wandering spheres or curious dust,
 But on a strong arm braced with truth, as when
 Thy weighty stroke broke through the gilded crust
 Of priestly creeds, and bared the lie within.
 Be thou my guide. I take my stand on thee
 As on a rock, and when the blastful din
 Of billows smites the cliff, I stand on thee.
 On Knox I stand, and glory in his name
 Who made the Scot wise by pure Bible law,
 And brought the Popish jugglery to shame
 With words that stirred the soul with holy awe.
 Let mitred priests lord it o'er feeble flocks,
 I stand a freeman when I stand on Knox.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE MORAL OF THE ELECTIONS.

ANY explanations will be given of the failure of the Liberal party to regain its old ascendancy in Great Britain. Local and temporary reasons have doubtless been influential in causing the gain or loss of particular seats. But serious students will seek a more fundamental cause for the unwelcome result. And in this connection it will be useful to quote a significant passage by a far-sighted critic of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of 1880-5 :

"James Mill and his school had two characteristics which have not always marked energetic types of Liberalism, and perhaps do not mark them in our own day. *The advanced Liberals of his time were systematic, and they were constructive.* They surveyed society and institutions as a whole ; they connected their advocacy of political and legal changes with theories of human nature ; they considered the great art of government in connection with the character of man, his proper education, his potential capacities. *They could explain in the large dialect of a definite scheme what were their aims, and whither they were going.* . . . Is there any such approach to a body of systematic political thought in our own day ? We cannot say that there is." *

The absence of a systematic and constructive creed, which seemed to Mr. John Morley in 1882 so ominous for the future of the Liberal party, has, in 1892, brought its own Nemesis. For the first time within a whole generation, neither the magic of Mr. Gladstone's name nor the shibboleth of "a great historic party," has succeeded, after a long spell of Tory rule, in regaining the allegiance of the great mass of the British electors.

But, to be more precise, the invertebrate condition of the Liberal party at this moment arises, not so much from a lack of political doctrine, as from the presence of two mutually exclusive economic creeds.

* Mr. John Morley, in a review of Bain's "Life of James Mill," *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xxxi. p. 503 (April 1882). Italics added.

For if we examine the present constitution of the party we shall find within it two distinct and antagonistic sections. On the one side are the older men who, like Mr. Alfred Illingworth, "stand where they did in 1880," but have not always Mr. Illingworth's honesty in avowing it. Now, in 1880, the Liberal party was essentially individualist in principle, and was living upon the remnants of the political reputation of the Manchester school. A vague belief in the saving grace of non-intervention abroad and *laissez faire* at home was vitalised only by a practical programme of the extension of the franchise. To the rising desire for social reform, it presented no more hopeful solution than the economic negations of Nassau Senior and Fawcett.

It is true that it had inherited a long tradition of destruction of old abuses, but it was weak on its constructive side. Here it unconsciously included a few collectivist features, notably in the matter of elementary education. But the social ideal of the older Liberals, which received its last popular expression in the celebrated "unauthorised programme" of 1884, was essentially of individualist type. The object of all the social reforms proposed by Liberal spokesmen of that date, authorised or unauthorised, was to enable the artisan to become a small capitalist and the labourer a small landowner. "Three acres and a cow" in the country had its analogue in schemes of leasehold enfranchisement in the town. As an alternative to the existing order of squires and captains of industry, we had offered to us a millennium of peasant proprietors and small masters. Visions of social reform, as entertained by Liberal statesmen, began and ended with setting free the exceptionally thrifty or exceptionally able workman to rise out of his class. In fact, the instinctive hostility of the Liberal capitalist to the collective control over industry aimed at by trade unions and factory legislation, was only one indication of their entire misconception of the dominant aspiration of the trade union leaders, who sought, not to enable a few men to rise out of their class, but to raise the social condition of the class itself. But it is needless to describe the self-complacency with which the Liberal capitalist delighted in reminding the working man of all the future possibilities of self-advancement, when land should be "free," food cheap, and industrial competition unrestricted. The epics of this faith have been written by that unconscious corrupter of youth, Mr. Samuel Smiles, and are fresh in the memories of most of us. During the twelve years that have elapsed since 1880, this section of the Liberal party seems unfortunately to have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. Its political formula remains to-day, as it was then, that "the best Government is that which governs least."

Meantime, however, the half-unconscious political strivings of the working class organisations have found increasing expression among

the younger politicians in the Liberal ranks. It has become more and more plain that the facts of industrial life are "dead against" the realisation of the individualist ideal of each man becoming his own master. The industrial revolution, with its aggregation of production into ever larger enterprises, has rendered it practically impossible for the workers themselves to own the instruments with which they labour. It has become obvious that five-sixths of the population of Great Britain must continue to be hired servants, dependent on the owners of capital and land for leave to earn a living. At the same time the spread of economic knowledge has made it plain that even the most virtuous artisan cannot dodge the law of rent, and he is therefore left face to face with the grim fact of this colossal tribute levied by ownership upon the industry of the nation, without any obligation on the part of the recipient to render any social service in return. It is the growing understanding of this Ricardian "law of rent," oddly enough, which has revolutionised London politics, and has caused the hostile indifference with which the artisan in other industrial centres is coming to regard the old-fashioned Liberalism of his employers. The outcome of this new ferment is the formation of an incipient collectivist section within the ranks of the Liberal party, to which now belong the great bulk of the younger men, the new-born London party, and the principal officials of the Labour movement.

The economic creed of this section is directly antagonistic to the older faith. Its aim is not the subdivision of property, whether capital or land, but the control or administration of this by the representatives of the community. It no longer demands the land for the labourer or the mine for the miner, any more than the school for the school-master or the sewer for the sewer-man. It has no desire to see the Duke of Bedford replaced by five hundred little Dukes of Bedford, under the guise of enfranchised leaseholders; but prefers to assert the claim of the whole community to the land, and especially to that "unearned increment" of value which the whole community creates. It has no vain dream of converting the agricultural labourer into a freeholder farming his own land, but looks to the creation of parish councils empowered to acquire land for communal ownership, and to build cottages for the labourers to rent. Its town Utopia is that of Mr. Chamberlain's successful early career, though not of his political programme—unlimited municipalisation of local public services, and a wide extension of corporate activity. London in particular has caught up the old Birmingham cry of "High rates and a healthy city," but with a significant difference. Our modern economists tell us that the first proper source of public revenue, for a growing city built on private land, is the annual tribute which the owners of that land are enabled to levy upon the industry of the inhabitants. Hence the new demand for the special taxation of urban land values, which is still

so little understood by most of the Liberal leaders, that they fondly imagine it to have something to do with the division of rates between house-owner and occupier. It is coming to be remembered, in short, that Bentham himself, the great father of Radicalism, urged that taxation need not be limited to the supply of funds for the bare administrative expenses of the State, but that, wisely handled, it also supplied an admirable means of gradually equalising private fortunes.

The young Radical is, in fact, an empirical Socialist of a practical type, whose face is turned away from the individualist ideal of his fathers, and is now looking hopefully towards a period of ever-increasing collective action. He is, however, generally no Utopian, and realises that it is impossible all at once to take over the administration of the land and capital of the community. Where direct public administration is still impracticable, the public interest has therefore to be secured by collective control of the conditions of labour, in order to prevent the standard of life of the workers from being degraded by private greed. And hence it is that the extremely valuable mantle of Lord Shaftesbury, despised by the older Liberals, is now the joint heritage of the collectivist Radicals and the Labour party. Eight Hours Bills, practicable and impracticable, are the order of the day, and Mr. Sydney Buxton's drastic proposals for the annihilation of "sweating" excite the undisguised horror of the older Liberal capitalists. And since all this regulation and supervision of private enterprise is burdensome and expensive, the presumption of the younger Radicals is distinctly against individual profit-making where it is possible to dispense with it, and their political formula might almost be summed up in the phrase that "the best Government is that which can safely and advantageously administer most."

Now, there is much to be said in support of either of these two schools of political thought. We owe a great debt of gratitude to the older Radicals of the individualist type. Their splendid zeal for social reform as they knew it shines out like a beacon of encouragement amid the clouds of the darkest age of national degeneration. Their destructive work was admirable, and the bracing educational effect of their vigorous political thinking stands in marked contrast with much of what is called statesmanship to-day. At any rate they had a political faith in which they believed with all their hearts, a political principle which guided their footsteps when the way was dark. On the other hand, the collectivists of to-day, with an equally fervent faith, claim to have on their side, not only the political science of the time, but also the experience of the last fifty years. A political party might do well with either creed, but will never find it possible permanently to combine what are two mutually destructive theories of social life. The present position of the Liberal party, as

exemplified, for instance, in the heterogeneous Newcastle programme, is that of an almost equal poise between the two faiths, and betwixt them, Gladstonianism, pure and simple, has fallen to the ground. This, as it seems to me, is the chief moral of the General Election.

It is worth while examining the broad lines of the electoral results from this point of view. The Liberal downfall of 1886 represented a sudden loss of confidence in Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. The Liberal party was rent asunder. Whole sections of the middle class stood aloof from the polling booths. The agricultural labourers lost in a moment their new-born faith in political regeneration. The town artisan dropped all his enthusiasm, and London, in particular, went cynically hostile. In the six years which have elapsed every device has been used to rally the doubting legions, excepting always the device of a frank and consistent adoption of either political faith. The individualists in the party have been steadily retreating before the collectivists, but the retreat has not been a rout. The result, as we now see it, is that success has followed the Liberal flag just in so far as that flag has waved over a collectivist programme. In one quarter alone have we completely recovered the ground of 1885, and in that one quarter alone has the collectivist side of the Liberal party completely triumphed over its individualist competitor.* In London Liberalism the "London programme" has, notwithstanding Home Rule, simply swept the field, and every London Liberal candidate stood pledged to a far-reaching programme of municipal Socialism which had not a single representative in the last Liberal Cabinet.

The rural counties have done next best for Liberalism, but the Liberalism here was again essentially of the collectivist type. The drastic revolutions in village government and rural economy to which the Liberal party is now committed, go far beyond the utmost visions of the extreme Radical of 1881, but their significant feature is the utter casting out of individualism from amongst them. We hear no more of peasant proprietorship, and candidate after candidate has found himself obliged to relinquish that panacea in favour of the communal ownership of the soil, and the communal building of the labourer's home. A largely unconscious collectivism will as certainly be the guiding principle of the future parish councils, as it was of the new municipalities created fifty years ago.

On the other hand, if we turn to the quarters in which the dominant type of Liberalism is still individualistic, we see exactly the opposite results. The wind which has stirred the dry bones of London Liberalism has seldom yet penetrated into the Liberal caucus of the

* This change has taken place within four years. In 1888 the apparent hopelessness of Liberalism in London on the then programme was described in a pamphlet by the present writer, entitled: "Wanted, a Programme."

provincial town. The local rulers of provincial Liberalism are in the main the same prosperous manufacturers and successful employers of labour who piloted the party to victory under the old flag. And accordingly in the industrial centres of the North of England there is no sign of Liberal rally. Unlike London, the result of the elections in Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and generally throughout the West Riding, is not "as in 1885," but "as in 1886." Birmingham and the Midlands have seen no sufficient reason to desert Mr. Chamberlain's Radical programme for the inconsistent and hesitating "Gladstonianism" which was all that the Liberal party in those parts offered in exchange. The fundamental difference between the Liberalism which alone finds favour in London and that which still passes current in the larger provincial towns, could not be more graphically marked than by the difference in the election results. Nor do these come as a surprise to close observers. Inquiry among trade-union secretaries and other working-class leaders in Lancashire and Yorkshire would long ago have revealed a very startling disbelief in the Liberalism which was being "run" by their employers, and an utter refusal to take any trouble to secure a triumph for the little capitalist oligarchy in each town which was choosing the candidates and dictating the programme. And, finally, the open opposition of the Scotch official Liberals to the admission to the ranks of the Scotch members of even a single Labour representative has inflicted a direct loss upon the party of three seats, besides co-operating with the Disestablishment question to prevent the gain of many others.

It will be unnecessary to support this general view of the electoral results by many particular instances. The returns of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley are personal defeats for mere Gladstonianism, as significant as they were unexpected. The dwindling Liberal majorities at Leeds sound a note of warning to Sir James Kitson and Mr. J. S. Mathers. The lesson of Newcastle and Gateshead, Hexham and Stockton will not be lost on Dr. Spence Watson. Mr. R. D. Holt will recognise that it is of no use to attack Liverpool Toryism with a merely "Gladstonian" programme. Lancashire Liberalism needs overhauling, and if we are ever successfully to attack Birmingham an entirely new line of battle must be chosen. The Labour revolt on the north-east coast and in the West Riding has actually "flared up" only at Middlesborough and Bradford, but its effects are to be traced in a far-reaching working class indifference to party which is a significant new feature in the politics of these parts. In Scotland, it will be noted that official Liberalism failed to maintain the seat which, even in the depths of 1886, Mr. Cunninghame Graham's Socialism wrested from the Tories.

And if we turn to particular sides of the Liberal programme, the contrast is no less striking. The fissure between the individualist

and the collectivist in the Liberal ranks comes out most obviously on the land question. It is significant that the only Liberal seat lost in London was that of Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, the President of the Leaseholds Enfranchisement Association. All but one or two of the London Liberal candidates had expressly discarded this plank in the Newcastle platform; and it was noteworthy that Devonport, which suffers even more than the Metropolis from landlord rapacity, gave a brilliant victory to Mr. E. J. C. Morton, a determined collectivist opponent of the policy of converting leaseholders into freeholders. If we turn to the wider and more theoretic aspects of the question, we see a similar result. The pet organisation of the individualist Liberals was the Free Land League, with its ideal of peasant proprietorship. Now nearly a score of avowed "land nationalists" enter the House of Commons, whilst the members of the Free Land League have been defeated in all directions. In North Dorset indeed, Mr. Arthur Arnold, the chief exponent of the benefits of "free land," actually failed to retain a Liberal seat. Many candidates were wise enough to put quietly in the fire the posters distributed by Mr. Arnold's society, but these were conspicuously displayed in support of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's candidature for North Leeds, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone's majority sank from 2250 in 1886 to 353 in 1892. In London, again, by far the largest majorities were secured by Mr. John Burns and Mr. Keir Hardie, who stood as avowed Socialists, and by Mr. Sydney Buxton, whose views are really scarcely less collectivist than theirs. On the other hand, Mr. Broadhurst, the typical working-class leader of the old individualist type, and Sir Horace Davey, who regards the very idea of land nationalisation with horror, simply gave away working-class constituencies to opponents whose views were less rigidly antagonistic to the aspirations of the artisans. In Scotland, Mr. Gladstone himself sacrificed a Radical seat by his obstinate support of Mr. C. S. Parker, a moderate Liberal of the old school, who was standing for Perth in open defiance of the local Liberal Association. This, by the way, contrasts oddly with Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of the candidates elsewhere who were ignoring the local party organisation. But then not even the most daring flight of imagination could include Mr. Parker among Labour candidates, for whom alone official Liberal reprobation seems to be reserved.

The case of Perth, indeed, is curiously typical of the whole position. The failure to the Liberal party in so many places to regain its majority has been due, as at Perth, to a divergence between the older and newer sections of the party. Only in a few instances have there actually been duplicate candidatures. But where the individualist section has been exclusively in command, there has usually been, as in the North of England, no Liberal rally. The general adherence of

the leaders of the party to the older faith has deprived them of the magic of leadership, and seriously damped the party enthusiasm. On the other hand, Sir Charles Russell's exceptionally collectivist programme won for him, in South Hackney, the only personal triumph which the electoral battle has yielded to any member of the front Opposition Bench. Generally speaking, the piebald character of the results reflects an equally piebald complexion of the party opinions. The Liberal electors have been appealed to in a Babel of inconsistent tongues, and they have not unnaturally given an incoherent response.*

Liberalism stands now at the parting of the ways. It is obvious that the present divided counsels can bring nothing but defeat. Patch up our quarrels as we may in the face of the common enemy, we go to battle seriously weakened by the fundamental breach in our own ranks. The time has come when there must be a deliberate and final choice between the two schools of thought. The Liberal party will never again stir widespread popular enthusiasm until it finds its own soul, and puts on the armour of a genuine political faith. We must once more become, to recur to Mr. Morley's pregnant words of 1882, systematic in our thought and constructive in our proposals. Above all, we must arrive at a common agreement as to what are our aims and whither we are going.

Now there are two alternative courses open to us to achieve this result. We may, in the first place, decide to harden our hearts to the young men amongst us, and raise again the drooping standard of economic individualism. This would involve an immediate purge of the party programme, into which all manner of fragments of collectivism have lately been inserted. The "Extension of the Factory Acts" (involving, as the authorised leaflet now tells us, the legal responsibility of employers for the homes of their out-workers), must of course be omitted. London must be left to sink back into the slough of Toryism from which the Liberal attack on ground rents has rescued it. The future parish councils must be rigorously debarred from collectivist experiments with the property of the landlords. There

* It is beyond my present subject to do more than refer to the recrudescence of electoral corruption which has marked this campaign. Election petitions have gone out of fashion; and, in reliance on this fact, systematic use appears to have been made of the power of the purse by at least one threatened interest. The "Election Fund" of £100,000, said to have been raised by the brewers and publicans, is an ominous new feature in English politics. We are at present in the very honeymoon of Democracy, and have yet to learn to what base uses it may be turned. It behoves us to resist the beginnings of American political evil, and it might well be considered whether a small Royal Commission should not be created to inquire into this fund, and the way it was applied. Such a Commission as that which sat upon the Metropolitan Board of Works, with power to send for books and papers, would, even if no ulterior action were taken, be a useful warning to corporate evaders of the Corrupt Practices Act. Some of the purposes of the Fund were legitimate enough. The very effective "brewers' posters" which were so well displayed in the Northern towns were fair political argument. But there is a good deal of evidence of wide-spread corrupt practices, and much that points to their systematic organisation from a centre. A Royal Commission would be the best means of stopping any growth of this department of "the new electioneering."

must be no more coquetting with the legal restriction of the hours of labour, whether among railway men or miners. And though a strict adherence to this revival of our old creed would leave our social policy somewhat negative and barren, we might be able to regain our virility as a party by a fervent adhesion to the old doctrine of self-help, and the bracing effect of industrial competition. Moreover, a few positive proposals would still remain to us, all in the direction of setting free the man of superior capacity to join the ranks of the capitalists, either as a peasant farmer, or as a shopkeeper who has enfranchised his leasehold. And by the very slightest use of the collective organisation, we might even, through a scheme of National Insurance, enable the exceptionally thrifty man to secure a pension in his old age, at the partial cost of his less fortunate brethren.

Unfortunately the positive proposals of the individualist creed have already been annexed by Mr. Chamberlain, whose persistent and far-reaching influence in the Midlands is plainly due to his possession of a constructive programme of his own, which he has known how to impose on Lord Salisbury's Government. It is, indeed, a policy admirably adapted to serve as the last bulwark of the propertied class, and we may yet see it consciously taken up as the creed of modern Conservatism. For what better bodyguard could the Duke of Bedford desire than a circle of enfranchised leaseholders, or the Duke of Devonshire than an increasing number of that steadily diminishing class, the Cumberland "statesmen"? And how could our successful capitalists more cheaply "insure" their wealth than by bribing a select few of the more energetic working men with old age annuities subsidised by the whole community?

But Mr. Chamberlain's priority in this field, and Mr. Balfour's philosophic readiness to accept any harmless redistribution of the crumbs of wealth among the aristocracy of labour would not be a worthy reason why Mr. John Morley should desert the teaching of Professor Fawcett. Far graver difficulties stand in the way of any Liberal reversion to a consistent individualism. It is no small drawback that the bulk of the Liberal party are rapidly ceasing to believe, in any such creed, and that both parties have long since left off acting upon it. The whole of the constructive social legislation of the last fifty years, in spite of the professions of both political parties, has been almost entirely collectivist in character. We may continue, but should find it hard to reverse, this tendency to a constant growth of public administration and a steady increase of legislative control over private enterprise. And it would be impossible for Liberal leaders to overlook the fact that the avowed intentions of all the Labour organisations, whether inside or outside the Liberal party, are now deliberately collectivist in character. The citadel of individualist Liberalism is being besieged on all sides by the Labour

forces. No observer can ignore the powerful assault of the miners, now being imitated by the ubiquitous railway men. But even in Tory Lancashire the United Textile Workers Association knows how to secure, by political pressure on both parties alike, exactly what increased stringency of legislative control it sees fit from time to time to impose on Lancashire employers. And if we look to another aspect of collectivism, we note that it is now many years since land nationalisation became almost a standing annual resolution of the Trade Union Congress, whilst a fierce resentment of private ownership of mining royalties has just thrown all Durham into a flame. In short, any attempt by the Liberal leaders to "stand where they did in 1880" would mean the shrinking up of their party into as impotent a parliamentary "group" as the little knot of "National Liberals" in the German Reichstag.

But we may always rely on the political sagacity of Mr. Schnadhorst to prevent any such disastrous contingency. In truth, the swing of the wage-earners towards a vague Socialism is already far too strong to permit of any overt contradiction. The practical choice for the official Liberals is not whether they will revert to the individualism of their youth, but whether they will lead a reasoned systematic collectivist movement, or humbly accept the spasmodic and empirical Socialism into which their party is steadily drifting. It is somewhat undignified for prominent statesmen to be perpetually pleading ignorance of industrial problems as an excuse for not taking steps towards their solution. And this virtual abdication of intellectual leadership is fraught with great dangers to the commonweal. Mr. Gladstone observed a few years ago that he was afraid that we were on the eve of a time of political quackery. But if the trained intelligences of the medical world persistently refused to study our diseases, it would not be wonderful if quacks stepped in to give us their diagnosis and undertake the treatment. If the Durham miners to-day are shouting for such an economic absurdity as the *abolition* of mining royalties, it is the fault of those who long ago recognised the need for a revision of this private monopoly of an essentially national property, but who took no steps to direct public opinion towards proper reform. And, in another field, serious public injury may result from the now inevitable limitation of the hours of labour in highly organised trades if the problems of the sweated industries, with their unprotected home-workers, are not at the same time effectually grappled with.* The nominal leaders of the Liberal party

* The ordinary capitalist use of "foreign competition" as an argument against restriction in particular trades may be groundless enough, but there is little doubt that through the operation of the "law of comparative cost," we do run some risk of seeing any unduly hampered industry replaced by a free and "sweated" trade, unless this is dealt with in a corresponding way. To transform Leeds from a great engineering centre to an emporium for the manufacture of low-class clothing for export would not be a desirable accompaniment of the conversion of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers to "a four-hours' day."

will incur a grave responsibility if they permit the collectivist movement to go on without either effective opposition or real intellectual guidance.

So much for the possible alternatives to a frank acceptance of the collectivist ideal. Supposing, however, that our leaders are prepared to rise to the occasion, and place themselves at the head of the growing legions of social reformers, what steps should they take? The final abandonment of such obsolete survivals as "free land" and leasehold enfranchisement would be the first outward and visible sign of their inward and spiritual grace. For the statesman, instead of constructing ladders whereby a few might escape from the social degradation of the masses, would deliberately set himself to consider, with all the aid of political science and economic investigation, how the resources of the community could best be used to raise the standard of life throughout the whole nation. Practical constructive proposals would once more be the outcome of systematic thought, and a definite and consistent programme of social reform could be laid before the electors. To such political reconstruction two practical objections present themselves. It will be urged that all this, in the rough and tumble of Parliamentary business, is a mere counsel of perfection. Moreover, Home Rule stops the way.

And here I should like to reassure the faint-hearted reader who has all along been conscious of a sneaking fear that this elaborate explanation of Liberal losses is beside the mark, and that the Ulster Convention had more to do with Mr. John Morley's defeat at Newcastle than his opposition to the Labour movement. Doubtless many members of the lower middle class, with their anti-Catholic bias and supreme belief in "the proprieties," are still terrified at the prospect of Popish ascendancy, and offended at the lack of political decorum exhibited by the Irish factions. But, if I may be allowed to encourage the timid Home Ruler, I would assure him that very little intimacy with working-class organisations is sufficient to dispel the idea that the virtual collapse of Liberal enthusiasm in the north country and other industrial centres, is due to any misgiving as to the educational effect of democratic self-government on the Irish race. To the Newcastle engineer or the Middlesborough ironworker Home Rule appears, in most cases, no less a "past issue" than it did to the London artisan during the County Council election.

In a sense, indeed, we may regard Home Rule as the cause of our misfortunes. What has lost us working-class votes is no theoretic objection to Irish self-government, but a daily increasing suspicion that the Home Rule question is being used by Liberal landlords and capitalists, not to say by Mr. Gladstone himself, as a means of staving off the far more deeply reaching social reforms which would otherwise have to be taken up by the Radical party. It is unnecessary to

refer to the successful way in which Mr. Chamberlain has harped on this string. But the able speeches of the great apostle of the Midlands would have been less convincing if they had not unfortunately been seconded by men high in authority in the Liberal party, whose one idea it has been to insist that the thoughts of Liberal statesmen must be exclusively occupied with the Irish question. In short, what we have to combat in the working-class electorate is not hostility to Home Rule itself, it is a growing fear that the Liberal leaders are using the pretext that "Home Rule stops the way" as a cloak for their fundamental lack of faith in the possibility of social reform by legislative action.

But the Irish Question cannot be pushed on one side, and it must therefore be made clear that it is possible to deal with it without altogether abandoning English social reform. Now without presuming to map out a detailed Parliamentary programme for the next two years, it is perhaps permissible to suggest a practical way of combining the immediate purpose of Mr. Gladstone with the wider aims of his collectivist followers.

The obstruction to a Home Rule Bill may well destroy the best part of the session devoted to it, and the action of the House of Lords may then force a dissolution sooner than we should like. But if the Liberal leaders should really determine to carry out a programme which would enlist all the collectivist forces under their banner, it is quite possible to make arrangements which will enable this to be done without delaying the Home Rule Bill by a single hour. Assuming that this great measure must devour most of the Parliamentary time of 1893, what is there to prevent a preliminary Autumn Session in 1892?

The Home Rule Bill would, of course, not be introduced in such an Autumn Session, and Mr. Gladstone, indeed, may well require both rest and consideration before embarking upon his Herculean task. But whilst the Premier is recruiting his strength and preparing his Bill, his colleagues might be left to carry out those parts of a general collectivist programme with which he does not aspire to deal.

The more the idea of an Autumn Session is looked at, the more it will commend itself to those who are convinced of the importance of overtaking at least some of the arrears of legislation before again appealing to the electors. A brief session in October and November might well be devoted to two of the most important of these, both of which are of the greatest political urgency. A short and practically non-contentious "Bill to Amend the Local Government Act," in the direction of freeing the London County Council from its absurd legal fetters, ought to be rapidly pressed through its second reading, and referred to a Grand Committee for detailed elaboration. At the same

time, the House itself might grapple with the "Registration and Conduct of Elections Bill," which will, of course, include simultaneous polling, payment of election expenses, second ballot, and the "recognition of the principle of payment of members," whatever may be meant by that Gladstonian phrase.

If there is one change in the law, above all others, which Liberal members are bound to get made before another dissolution, it is this amendment of the registration of voters and the machinery of elections. But the registers, which will be in force up to the end of 1893, are already being prepared, and if the new Registration Bill is delayed even until next year's session, it will not be easy to bring the new system into operation before Midsummer 1894, at the very earliest. Meanwhile, every bye-election under the present arrangements will be intensifying the resentment of the ordinary citizen at the unholy juggle now played with his vote, and his anger against the Government, which undertook "ages ago" to remedy his grievance. Moreover, if the Bill be deferred until the Home Rule session, the two Houses may be in sharp conflict over Irish legislation by the time it reaches the House of Lords. Any contentious reform would then inevitably share the fate of the larger measure. Candidates and party managers would find, as in 1884, a general election once more upon them without any of the long-promised electoral reforms actually in operation. On every ground it is important that the necessary adjustment of our electoral machinery should be made in an immediate Autumn Session. Nor is the way at present clear for the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, even in the session of 1893. The *Daily Chronicle*, which has during this campaign brilliantly seized the position of leading Liberal organ in the press, has very properly drawn attention to the absolute necessity of first repealing Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act, before submitting the Home Rule Bill to the House of Commons. It would be impossible to invite the English Liberal-Unionists and the representatives of Ulster to transfer to an Irish National Government those exceptional powers of administrative and police tyranny now vested in Dublin Castle. The first Irish business of the Cabinet must therefore necessarily be the repeal of the Coercion Act, and this, with various incidental administrative reforms, may well take up the whole available time of the new Chief Secretary during his first session. All the more necessary is it, therefore, that a preliminary Autumn Session should at once clear away this and other public business before grappling with the Home Rule problem.

It must not, however, be supposed by those who dwell in the high places of Liberalism that either registration reform or the freeing of London will be accepted by the common man as any adequate instalment of the collectivist programme. Both these measures,

urgent and important as they are, fall under the class of reform of constitutional machinery, and tinkering of the constitutional machinery no longer win the vote either of the working man or of the shop-keeper. A further opportunity for carrying into effect collectivist principles will, however, be at hand. Let the Home Rule Bill devour of the 1893 Session as much as it may, there must always be time for a Budget, and much will depend upon its character. Nothing has done more harm to the Liberal reputation for sincerity than the unfortunate failure of the Cabinet of 1880 to carry out any one great fiscal reform for the benefit of the common people. The Liberal Government of 1892 will be largely judged by its first Budget. Nor is this popular judgment unfair. Mr. Goschen, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to some extent dependent on the existence of a surplus. His Liberal successor will be subject to no such limitation. For the great reforms of taxation, to which the Liberal party is committed, have nearly all the inestimable advantage of making their own surpluses. It is not necessary to have a balance in hand in order to be able to increase the Death Duties, to reform the Land Tax, to graduate the Income Tax, or to obtain some contribution from ground values, mining royalties, or the unearned increment. Any one of these reforms, if grappled with in the serious intention of shifting the incidence of taxation, would enable an immediate abolition of the tea duty and the other taxes on food, as well as provide the absolutely indispensable financial relief for the London ratepayer and the necessary funds for the payment of the members of a new Parliament, in case this should unexpectedly come into being before the end of the financial year. Indeed, it may well be that the only practical way of carrying payment of members in this short-lived Parliament is by inserting the necessary item in the estimates, and providing the amount in the first Budget. The financial proposals of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer will therefore be diligently scanned by the Radical working man eager for the fulfilment of this particular pledge.

A Budget of this kind, dependent as it is upon no accidental surplus or deficit, can, if the Cabinet really wish it, be at once put in hand, but the task will certainly not be undertaken unless it is seriously meant by the actual leaders. Any ordinary Chancellor of the Exchequer will shrink, if he can, from what Coleridge called "the intolerable toil of thought," and take refuge, as happened between 1880 and 1885, in the inglorious ease of pennies up or down in the Income Tax. But in the Liberal Government finance will have to be recognised as a very important part of Cabinet politics, not to be abandoned to the chance vagaries or indolence of the particular Minister who may happen to be in charge of the Exchequer.

Lack of Parliamentary time may stand in the way of much further legislation, though facilities can certainly be given to private members

to pass an Eight Hours' Bill for miners and railway men, and also the special amendment of the Factory Acts required to put down sweating, which now stands first on the list of social reforms advocated by the million co-operators. Nor need the House of Lords be left in idleness whilst the Commons are busy. But with a short existence before them, the Liberal party must mainly be preparing themselves by inward searchings for a life to come. They must be ready, when the time comes, to appeal to the country on such a systematic and constructive programme of social reform as that for which Mr. Morley was yearning in 1882, and which is now offered only by the collectivist creed. The "division of labour in politics" (to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase when heckled about "sweating") unfortunately seems at present to keep the Liberal leaders busy over just those parts of their programme in which the working man is not interested. This absorption will have to give way to at least a working acquaintance with such inglorious details as the need for a Ministry of Labour and for the reorganisation of the Factory Inspection Department; the abolition of the doctrine of "common employment" and the amendment of the law of conspiracy; the feasibility of universal old age pensions (which is mainly a matter of finance); the thorough reform of the Poor Law; the taxation and public regulation of mining royalties and way-leaves; the grant of facilities to local bodies freely to acquire land for all public purposes; the wide extension of local corporate activity in the interests of the poorest class; and the manifold problems which will be presented by the municipilisation of the village.

To sum up, the task of the Liberal statesmen is at the present time not merely to frame a Home Rule Bill, but to occupy themselves in forming out of the vague and frequently inconsistent Socialism of their constituents a systematic collectivist programme to be put before the country in 1893. It is, however, obvious that any such programme would be worse than useless unless it were the outcome of a genuine conversion to the collectivist faith. To ask Mr. Gladstone, for instance, to out-trump Mr. Chamberlain's National Insurance by Universal Pensions, would indeed be a degradation of politics, unless we could first convert Mr. Gladstone to the doctrine of the moral responsibility of the community for the well-being of its aged workers. There is no hope of true leadership of the working class from politicians who are still under the dominion of the old individualist ideal. But with the abandonment of a worn-out creed, the ugly precepts of self-advancement and "rising out of your class," would give place in the speeches of our statesmen to a more generous advocacy of the religion of public service. Social honours would be reserved, not for the successful employer of sweated labour, or the wealthy appropriator of other men's inventions, but for the faithful official of the community.

whether his service had been rendered to a trade union or a co-operative society, to the municipality, or to the State. Our whole educational system, from the Elementary School to the University, would teach the energetic and ambitious young man to seek advancement, not in becoming the proprietor of a successful business, but in rising to high office as the faithful servant of his Parish or County Council.

And the political moral of the elections is that no complaisant acceptance of new shibboleths will serve our end. If the Liberal party is once more to become a great "instrument of progress," of the collectivist programme must be the expression of an earnest desire for social equality, and a genuine belief in industrial democracy. For Bentham and James Mill a fervent faith in merely political freedom sufficed. But that, fortunately for us, is, through the vitalising spirit bequeathed by those giants, now a past issue. The problem of our own time is to secure for the whole community not political but economic freedom. We must frankly recognise that our task is to convert, by the aid of the English genius for representative self-government, a political into a social democracy. In this way, and in this way alone, can the Liberal party equip itself once more with a systematic and constructive political faith, and learn to "explain in the large dialect of a definite scheme what are its aims and whither it is going."

SIDNEY WEBB.

THE GENERAL ELECTION AND AFTER.

THE General Election which has just been concluded has been one of the most stoutly contested electoral battles of recent times. In 1868 the Liberals swept the board. In 1874 the Conservatives won chiefly through the disaffection of the Nonconformists. In 1880 the Gladstonians swept the Jingoës out of the field. The election of 1885, the first under which all male householders voted, was fought almost in the dark. There were two Liberal programmes in the field, the authorised and the unauthorised; both were subsequently shelved for a brand new Home Rule programme, of which no one had heard or read during the election. In 1886 the Unionist victory was due almost entirely to Liberal abstentions, and it has not been till this year that the two parties have really had a straight stand-up fight all along the line. The result is extremely interesting. It has disappointed many expectations, and confounded many calculations. But this is the first of the General Elections in which the whole electorate has been polled out. There has been no skulking in the tents as in 1874 and in 1886. Each side has done its level best. The net result has been considerably disappointing to many an ardent politician and political meteorologist; but it may be accepted by all as a remarkably faithful register of the present balance of national opinion upon the political issues of the hour.

The General Election has followed the excellent rule of recent years, now being gradually hardened into a Constitutional principle, by which the rival parties succeed each other alternately in Downing Street. The great doctrine of swing-swang—one side in, the other side out, and *vice versa*—has so many advantages that it will not be surprising if it should become an accepted article of our unwritten Constitution that the Opposition must always carry a General Election. Parties, like

two elevens in the cricket-field, will then each have their innings in turn, except on those rare occasions when an Opposition has done so exceptionally badly as to practically compel Ministers to serve a second term. By this means the country always has at its command an alternative Cabinet of experienced administrators. The Opposition is always steadied by the consciousness that it will soon be called upon to undertake the responsibility of Government, and Ministers are always more on their good behaviour than they are apt to be when they can calculate confidently upon a second or third consecutive term of office. Much also may be said for the arrangement which secures to men, exhausted by six years of the heavy collar work of administration, a corresponding period of comparative leisure. The strain of a double term would under present conditions be too much for most constitutions, and if we want to have the Empire well administered, we ought not to break down the health of those who have to administer it.

The only serious objection that can be taken to this pendulum theory of the working of our electoral system is that it tends to destroy the premium offered by the old plan for success in the government of the realm. If every Cabinet is to be doomed to extinction at every General Election, whether its record is good, bad, or indifferent, the great incentive to well-doing will be weakened, if not destroyed.

It may also be argued that if every General Election is a foregone conclusion, electors will lose interest in the polls, and a heavy blow will be struck at the chief security for good government, the keen attention which citizens take in the election of their rulers. The answer to these objections is not far to seek. Even if the Government always goes out, the desire to minimise the majority of its successor will always be sufficiently potent to make an administration anxious to do its best. As for the electors, there is always the local and personal interest in their own particular elections which is not seriously affected by the question of a change of administration, and the sporting interest in the election is not materially diminished if the question to be decided is not the colour, but the dimensions of the majority. Certainly the recent election tells strongly in favour of this argument. Never has any election been more hotly contested, never have so many millions come up to the poll; but seldom or never did any Government go to the country with a greater certainty of defeat. The only question was the amount of the Gladstonian majority. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, after a very careful study of the bye-elections, arrived at the comfortable conclusion that the majority would be 94. The *Times*, after a careful study of the local conditions in each constituency, calculated that Mr. Gladstone would have a majority of 48. There was no electoral prophet who ventured to anticipate a majority for Lord Salisbury. We all knew that

Mr. Gladstone would have a majority. But that did not in the least lessen the interest in the struggle or the excitement which was generated in the constituencies.

With the general result of the late elections no one can quarrel, although there are probably few who would not wish that, in some details, the polling had been different. Lord Salisbury's Government has received its dismissal, but it departs with all the honours of war.

The equanimity with which this result is regarded even by Conservatives is due to the growth of a very sensible estimate of the comparative importance of many of the party issues, and at the same time to the steady approximation of both parties to the same general principles of policy and of administration. There is no longer an old Tory party, because there is no longer any but a democratic constituency. In old times the Tories could always rely upon the aristocratic element in the constituencies to hold the democratic flood in check. Now there is nothing left in the nature of a check—only the House of Lords, which is assuming, somewhat unexpectedly, a position of greater influence than Radicals deemed possible twenty years ago. Hence, although Home Rulers and Unionists call themselves by different names, they all play to the same gallery; and, apart from the mere shibboleths of the caucuses, there is very little difference between the programmes of the rival candidates. No one advocates any other policy but that of peace, social legislation, and reform. The quondam Jingo party makes it their chief claim for a renewal of confidence that for six years Lord Salisbury has kept the Empire at peace, and that the tranquillity of the East has not been disturbed by a single misunderstanding with Russia. In social legislation, Sir John Gorst is more advanced than Sir W. Harcourt. In the democratising of local government, Mr. Ritchie is quite as advanced as Mr. Morley. The old taunt that the Tories have found the Whigs bathing and have run away with their clothes is no longer a taunt. The Radicals are only too glad to facilitate this appropriation of their wardrobe—which is conspicuously displayed and not in vain upon the margin of the advancing tide.

It would be unjust not to recognise the service which the Liberal Unionists have rendered in permeating the Conservative ranks with Radical principles. However much the schism in the Liberal party may be deplored, it has almost been a pure gain from the point of view of Radical progress. The Liberal Unionist weakened the Radical party, but he has utterly destroyed root and branch the old Toryism against which the Radical party was organised to fight. The value of this automatic political brake was curiously illustrated by the summary check which the Free-trading Liberal Unionists placed upon the Protectionist tendencies of Lord Salisbury. The only party which profited by the Hastings manifesto in favour of retaliation

was the Gladstonian. The Home Rulers were able to exhume the big loaf and the little loaf from the obscurity to which they had been relegated, and Birmingham mournfully attributes the loss of twenty-five seats to the resurrection of this time-honoured weapon of party warfare. As the net result, the Prime Minister's appeal was summarily silenced, and the country was assured that the Unionists were as zealous Free-traders as the Radicals.

After these preliminary observations, we come to the general outcome of the appeal to the country. There are some salient features which leap to the eye at once. There are others not so conspicuous, which may be found to be more important. Taking the former first, they may be summarised as follows :

1. The personal discomfiture inflicted upon the two great champions of Gladstonian Home Rule, in the elections of Midlothian and of Newcastle.
2. The signal demonstration of the ascendancy of Birmingham in the Midlands, afforded by the capture of Liberal seats at Wednesbury, Walsall, Wolverhampton, and Lichfield ; and the signal failure of all the Gladstonian assaults upon the Unionist stronghold.
3. The utter collapse of the Parnellites, who will not number more than nine members in the new Parliament.
4. The sweeping majorities by which the miners everywhere carried the candidates whom they supported, even when, as in one notable instance, their nominee was a man whose candidature has been denounced as an outrage on the moral sense of the country by all the leading representatives of British Christendom.
5. The appearance for the first time in the House of Commons of a Labour group, nominally Liberal, but primarily pledged to subordinate the Imperial and general interests of the nation to the demands of a class.

These are on the surface. Every one has seen them and commented on them. Nor can there be any dispute about the fact of their existence.

The more serious questions, as to the significance of the polls, are less easily dealt with.

Men will differ intensely according to their temperament and interests as to what the election proves. But there are certain things that stand out clearly enough.

1. The political balance, self-command, and resolution of the Irish Home Rulers, which enabled them to retain all but four of the eighty-five seats they held in 1886, notwithstanding the split. The practical elimination of the Parnellite contingent is equally notable.

2. The comparative indifference of the English electorate to Home Rule. Here and there there was enthusiasm for the Irish cause, but Home Rule had gone off its old form. Electors voted for it as a duty, but they did not hanker after it. The Irish split, the revelations of Committee Room 15, the Ulster Convention, all combined to make it difficult to get up steam about Home Rule.
3. The success of the Liberals was greatest where Home Rule was pushed least. We got back to "as in 1885" in London, where the contest was chiefly on the London programme; in the mining districts, where the labour question was foremost; and in Wales, where everything was subordinated to Disestablishment.
4. The heaviest polls of the Unionists were taken where opposition to Home Rule was made their chief battle horse, notably in the Midlands, in Newcastle, in Midlothian, and in Leeds.
5. In contrast to Ireland, Scotland has displayed all the electoral faults from a Liberal point of view. She has thrown away seats by encouraging divisions. She has reduced Liberal majorities, and she has failed to return to the standard of 1885, by 11 seats. Whether this is due to the effect which the appeal of Ulster has had upon the United Presbyterians, or whether it must be attributed chiefly to the increasing alarm of the Kirk at the approach of Disestablishment, remains to be seen.

The science of political meteorology or the art of prognosticating the result of a General Election from a scientific analysis of the bye-elections, has been somewhat discredited by the General Election. According to the all but unbroken sequence of 120 bye-elections, or one-fifth of the whole House, we were to have been "as in 1885," that is to say, we were to have a majority of 170, including the Irish. Instead of the polls bringing out this result, we have only a majority of 12. It was admitted, however, by the experts that no data existed for estimating the growth of a Liberal revival in the Midlands, and the more cautious prophets contented themselves with a majority of 100. We have not half that. Yet the bye-elections were not reversed. We only lost three of the seats that we had won, and as we regained Doncaster, the result at the General Election was practically in 120 constituencies the same as it was at the byes. The following table shows the result of the voting of 1892 as compared with the way in which the seats were divided in 1885, in 1886, and at the dissolution :

GREAT BRITAIN.

1885.		1886.		Dissolution.		1892.	
*Liberals.	Cons.	Liberals.	Unionists	Liberals.	Unionists.	Liberals.	Unionists.
335	232	192	375	217	350	276	291
<hr/> 567		<hr/> 567		<hr/> 567		<hr/> 567	
Lib. maj.	103	Un. maj.	183	Un. maj.	133	Un. maj.	15

ENGLAND.

246	219	126	329	145	320	197	267
<hr/> 465		<hr/> 465		<hr/> 465		<hr/> 465	
Lib. maj.	27	Un. maj.	203	Un. maj.	175	Un. maj.	71

WALES.

27	3	23	7	26	4	28	2
<hr/> 30		<hr/> 30		<hr/> 30		<hr/> 30	
Lib. maj.	24	Lib. maj.	16	Lib. maj.	22	Lib. maj.	26

SCOTLAND.

62	10	43	29	46	26	51	21
<hr/> 72		<hr/> 72		<hr/> 72		<hr/> 72	
Lib. maj.	52	Lib. maj.	14	Lib. maj.	20	Lib. maj.	30

IRELAND.

85	18	84	19	85	18	80	23
<hr/> 103		<hr/> 103		<hr/> 103		<hr/> 103	
Home Rule maj.	67	Home Rule maj.	65	Home Rule maj.	67	Home Rule maj.	57

TOTAL FOR THE THREE KINGDOMS.

420	250	276	394	302	368	356	314
<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>	
Lib. & H. R. maj.	170	Un. maj.	118	Un. maj.	66	Lib. maj.	12

This shows pretty clearly how things stand. Instead of "as in 1885" all round, it is only in Wales, Lancashire, and London that we are up to the standard, as the following figures show :

1885.		1892.	
Lib.	C.	Lib.	C.
Wales . . .	27 3	28 21	
London . . .	25 36	25 36	
Lancashire . . .	19 39	23 35	

Elsewhere, however, we are much below the 1885 standard. Scotland has only a Liberal majority of 30 instead of 52, Ireland of 57 instead of 67, while in English boroughs we are 16 below the standard, and in English counties we have not come up to the mark by 32. The following list of constituencies which have changed

* Mr. T. P. O'Connor, for convenience of classification, is included throughout as a Liberal. He was elected as an anti-Gladstonian in 1885, as a Parnellite-Gladstonian in 1886, and as an anti-Parnellite Gladstonian in 1892.

sides at the election is interesting, the comparison always being made between the result in 1886 and the result in 1892 :

Seats gained by Liberals in 1892 which were held by Unionists in 1886 :

ENGLAND.

Boroughs.	Counties.
Boston	U. Beds, N., Biggleswade
Bradford, East	Cambs, W., Chesterton. 1885, C.
U. Bristol, North	" N., Wisbech *
U. Burnley *	U. Cheshire, Northwich *
Camberwell, North	Cumberland, Egremont. 1885, C.
Coventry. 1885, U.*	U. Derby, E., Chesterfield
Devonport (2). 1885, C.	U. Devon, N., South Molton.*
Durham City. 1885, C.	U. " N.W., Barnstaple
Finsbury, Central	U. " W., Tavistock
U. Grimsby	U. Durham, S.E.
U. Hartlepool *	" Houghton-le-Spring
Hereford City	Essex, Maldon
Hull, East	Gloucester, Mid, Stroud
U. Islington, West	" Gloucester †
Kensington, North. 1885, C.	Lancs., N., N. Lonsdale. 1885, C.
Lambeth, Kennington. 1885, C.	" Accrington
" North. 1885, C.	" Darwen. 1885, C.
Lincoln City	U. " N.E., Rossendale *
Monmouth District	" S.E., Middleton
U. Newcastle-under-Lyme	" Eccles. 1885, C.*
Newington, West. 1885, C.	" S.W., Ince. 1885, C.
" Walworth. 1885, C.	Leicester, Mid, Loughborough
Oldham (2). 1885, one C.	" S., Harborough *
U. Peterborough. 1885, C.	Lincoln, W., Gainsborough
I.U. Portsmouth (2)*	" E., Louth
Reading. 1885, C.	" Spalding. 1885, C.*
Salford, N. 1885, C.	Norfolk, Mid
Southampton (1). 1885, C.*	" N.W.
Southwark, Bermondsey	" E.
St. Pancras, North*	Northampton, S. 1885, C.
Stafford	Oxon, Mid, Woodstock *
Stockport (1). 1885, C.	Somerset, N. 1885, C.
Tower Hamlets, Bow & Bromley	" Frome
" Limehouse. 1885, C.	Suffolk, N.W., Stowmarket *
" St. George's. 1885, C.	" S.E., Woodbridge
West Ham, North	U. Wilts, N., Cricklade
" South	" E., Devizes. 1885, C.
Whitehaven. 1885, C.	U. Worcester, N., Oldbridge †
Yarmouth. 1885, C.	Yorks. E. Rid., Buckrose. '85, C.
	U. " N.W. Rid., Skipton
	U. " S.W. Rid., Colne Valley
	U. " " Doncaster

* Seats won on bye-elections, and held (except Woodstock and Doncaster).

† Gained by conversion and held at General Election.

WALES.

BOROUGHs.	COUNTIES.
Carnarvon District*	Radnorshire. 1885, C.
Pembroke District	
U. Swansea District	

SCOTLAND.

BURGHs.	COUNTIES.
U. Ayr Burghs *	Argyllshire
U. Falkirk District	U. Ayrshire, South
U. Glasgow, St. Rollox †	Dumbartonshire. 1885, C.
U. Greenock	U. Forfarshire
U. Inverness District	U. Inverness-shire
	Lanark, Govan. 1885, C.*
	U. Roxburghshire

Seats gained by Unionists in 1892, which were held by Liberals in 1886 :

ENGLAND.

BOROUGHs.	COUNTIES.
Barrow ‡	Dorset, North
Newcastle (1)	Northumberland, Hexham.
Nottingham, W.	Stafford, Lichfield
Rochester †	Wilts, S., Wilton.* 1886. C.
Scarborough. 1885, C.	
St. Pancras, West	
Stockton	
Walsall	
Widnesbury. 1885, C.	
Wolverhampton, W. (1) 1885, C.	
York (1)	

WALES.

Montgomery District

SCOTLAND.

U. Glasgow, Camlachie	Lanark, N.W. 1885, C.
U. Edinburgh, W. †	
Perth	
U. Wick District	

IRELAND.

U. Belfast, W.	Dublin County, South
Dublin City, St. Stephen's Green	Fermanagh, N.

The following is a list of the seats which the Gladstonians ought to have won, but which they did not. *Per contra*, however, it will be seen from the entry C. 1885 in the preceding list, that we have won many seats to which on the 1885 standard we had no right.

* Gained at bye-election and held.

† Gained by conversion and held.

‡ Gained on bye-elections.

Seats held in 1885, which we lost in 1886 and did not regain in 1892 :

ENGLAND.

BOROUGHs.	COUNTIES.
Barrow	Bucks, Mid, Aylesbury
Bath (1)	Chester, Macclesfield
Bury	" Hyde
Bristol, S.	Cornwall, Truro
Chelsea	" Bodmin
Chester	" St. Ives
Clapham	Cumberland, Penrith
Dudley	Derby, W.
Grantham	Devon, Totnes
Hastings	" Torquay
Ipswich (2)	Dorset, E.
Islington, E.	" S.
" S.	Essex, S.W., Walthamstow
Kidderminster	Gloucester, S., Thornbury
Nottingham, S.	Hereford, Leominster
Penryn and Falmouth	" Ross
Salford, W.	Hunts, S., Huntingdon
" S.	Lanes., Stretford
Salisbury	" Prestwich
St. Pancras, E.	" Southport
" S.	Salop, N., Newport
Stepney	" Mid, Wellington
West Bromwich	" S., Ludlow
	Somerset, E.
	Stafford, Leek
	" W.
	" N.W.*
	" Handsworth
	Suffolk, N., Lowestoft
	" S., Sudbury
	Warwick, Nuneaton
	" Stratford
	Wilts, N.W., Chippenham
	" Wilton*
	Worcester, Droitwich
	" E.
	Yorks, Richmond
	" Ripon

SCOTLAND.

BURGHs.	COUNTIES.
Edinburgh, West*	Ayrshire, N.
Glasgow, Central	Dumfriesshire
" Tradeston	Lanark, Partick
	" S.
	Peebles and Selkirk
	Perthshire, W.
	Renfrewshire, E.

* 1886 U., but members later converted to Home Rule.

It is difficult to explain why certain seats were won and others were lost. But it may be noted that the influence of the Press, much discredited at the last election, is reasserting itself. The victory of the Unionists in the Midlands is erroneously ascribed to Mr. Chamberlain. He helped, no doubt. But the victory is not his. It was won by the *Birmingham Post* before he opened his mouth. The victories in the Midlands are almost co-extensive with the circulation of that excellent exponent of the Unionist cause. In like manner, the loss of the seat at Newcastle-on-Tyne was the doing of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, Mr. Cowen's paper, which has at last succeeded in gratifying the dearest wish of its proprietor's heart. The fall of the Liberal majority from 52 in Scotland in 1885 to 30 in 1892, as well as the diminution in the majority in Midlothian, would seem to indicate that the daily droppings of the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald* are beginning to wear away even Scottish granite.

In England, we won all the seats Mr. Schnadhorst marked for his own, but we did not calculate to lose any. That we lost so many is due, it is loudly asserted, chiefly, if not entirely, to the electioneering fund at the disposal of the publicans. A purse of £100,000, it is said, was raised by the brewers to protect their property from confiscation. It may be so, or it may not. One thing is certain: the adoption of "No Compensation" as the rallying-cry of the Liberals under pressure from the teetotallers has practically postponed any effective dealing with the licensing question for an indefinite period. *Plus* reasonable compensation, local option is a proposal with which it may be safe to coquet. *Minus* compensation, it simply places the whole wealth of the brewing interest at the disposal of the candidates who are against the direct veto.

The more confident before the Election are the most crestfallen now. The Parnellites boasted that they would capture 50 seats, and expected to get 20. They have managed to retain 9. The Gladstonians, strong in the rule-of-three and the bye-elections, confidently calculated upon a minimum of 94 and a possible maximum of 170. They have come out with a majority of 42, including 9 Parnellites and 4 Labour Members, whose allegiance to the Liberal Party which gave them their seats is yet to be proved. The Socialists were going to do great things, and their leaders breathed out threatenings and slaughter against all who would not bow the knee to Baal. They sacrificed three or four Liberal seats, returned John Burns, Keir Hardie, and Mr. Wilson of Middlesboro'; but they could not carry Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who is left outside the House, and they failed in Bradford even to give the seat to the Unionists. The one party that was threatened with absolute extinction has returned with diminished numbers, but with heightened prestige. There were 78 Liberal Unionists returned in 1886. There will be 46 Liberal Unionists in the new House,

Mr. Chamberlain's horn is exalted on high, for the Unionist quadrilateral in the Midlands is at present impregnable.

The Election leaves many things undecided, but it settles one thing, and that beyond all dispute or gainsaying. Mr. Morley is not likely to repeat his belated lament over the abandonment of the clause which excluded the Irish Members from the House of Commons. Mr. Morley is not in a very enviable position to-day, with all the Irish at his back. But where would he have been if, cursed with the burden of a granted prayer, the Home Rule Bill had been carried, and the doors of the Imperial Parliament had been barred against the Irish contingent? He would have been in a hopeless minority, and the Home Rule experiment would have had to be worked out with a Nationalist Ministry in power at Dublin, and a Unionist Government, supported by a solid working majority of 15, established in power in London. It is to be hoped that, after this Election, the Liberals everywhere will regard the man who proposes to exclude the Irish from Westminster as a worse enemy of Home Rule than Mr. Chamberlain himself. The Gladstonians cannot get along without the Irish, and the proposal to cut off their left wing on the eve of a long and difficult contest will remain on record as the most famous illustration of the occasional failure of the instinct of self-preservation in British statesmen.

At the same time, the absolute dependence of the Gladstonian party on the Irish contingent links the Liberal party indissolubly to Home Rule. Whether Home Rule be deadweight to be carried or an addition to the initial velocity of the machine, the Liberal party is wedded to it for better or for worse. The only difference that the Election has made in this respect is that the balance of strength, as shown by the polls, will dispose our Irish allies to be much less exacting, and much more alive to the necessity for going one step at a time than they would have been if the Home Rulers had swept the country. They have got to face the fact that there is against them in England a solid majority of 71 votes. Even when the Welsh and Scotch contingents are summoned up, Great Britain shows a net majority of fifteen against Home Rule. That is good enough to negotiate on; it is not good enough to fight on. For in this campaign the Liberals have heavy odds against them. The House of Lords commands the situation. The Peers are to the Unionists what Generals December and January are to the Russians when threatened with invasion. Until we can put a British majority into the field in favour of Home Rule, it is idle to talk of a revolutionary agitation against the House of Lords. What the British Electorate wants to do is to get the Irish difficulty out of the way, so as to be able to carry out its own programme and to attend to its own affairs. To suggest that everything must wait until, as a preliminary

to passing Home Rule, we have ended or mended the Peers, would indicate a hopeless lack of appreciation of the forces which are operating in the constituencies. The Liberals have got to do something more practical to justify their professions of zeal for the welfare of the people than to paste up the Home Rule Bill in order to get up a row with the rival bill-sticker who is certain to cover it up with the Lords' Veto. This necessity the Irish, who by nature are the shrewdest of politicians, will not be slow to recognise, and to see that it will entail upon them and their leaders some degree of self-sacrifice.

The first measure of self-sacrifice that will be required at their hands will be the offering up of one or more of their leaders on the altar of office. The Liberal Government, which owes its existence to the Home Rule contingent, ought to break at once and for ever with the attempt to govern Ireland by an English or Scotch Chief Secretary. One of the Irish leaders must either volunteer or be nominated by his colleagues for immolation in the cause of patriotism. If Mr. Sexton, for instance, could be induced by representations, let us say from Archbishop Walsh, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. T. M. Healy, and Mr. M. Davitt, to accept the Chief Secretaryship with a seat in the Cabinet, to prepare for the establishment of Home Rule, the first step would be gained. If Mr. Sexton, with the aid and support of the Viceroy, proceeded to bestow the spoils of Irish administration upon the men who, under Home Rule, would govern the country, the next step would be taken, which would convince the Irish priests and peasantry better than any other measure that the English Liberals really mean what they say when they talk about placing the government of Ireland in Irish hands. They tried to do it by the short cut of the Home Rule Bill of 1886. They were headed off. They tried again at the recent Election to secure a heavy enough majority to enable them to take a similar short cut. They failed again. The only thing left to be done, and done at once, is to place the administration of Irish affairs in the hands of the men who, under Home Rule, would be the Ministers of Ireland. This would not of course be a substitute for Home Rule. It would be merely a paving the way for the fullest possible recognition of Ireland's rights to national independence within the limits of the British Empire. It may be replied that the Irish patriots dare not accept office from a Saxon Government, and that such a policy would be fatal to the existence of an Irish national independent party. But circumstances alter cases. Irish patriots, for the welfare of their country, cheerfully accept imprisonment; why can they not accept the heavier yoke of responsible administration? And as for the danger that such a policy would carry to the independence of the Irish national party, the sufficient answer is that it is worth while to change your tactics if you can capture

the citadel. To be heroically independent in the trenches is of course an alternative policy, but the wise general who is offered the opportunity of leading his troops in triumph into the beleaguered fortress, would not choose to remain in the trenches. He would keep his troops on a war footing, with a distinct organisation and an independent policy ; but he would accept the offer.

Whether or not the Irish display sufficient self-sacrifice to endure the obloquy of accepting the positions from which they can govern their country in their own way—although *pro tem.* under the existing constitutional conditions—the offer ought to be made. Mr. Sexton may or may not be the person to be sacrificed ; but it is evident the cause of Home Rule will not be won unless some patriot consents to share the fate of Iphigenia.

There is another moral which is only less obvious than the necessity for offering the Irish the opportunity of governing their own country. That is the importance—nay, the absolute necessity—of recruiting our Cabinet from the colonies. The time is coming when an Imperial Cabinet which does not contain a representative of Canada, Australia, and South Africa, will be as unusual as a Cabinet without a Lord Privy Seal or a Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The problem of decentralisation, which lies immediately before the new Administration, is one on which the advice and experience of colonial statesmen would be invaluable. They have spent their lives in settling the very problems with which the new Cabinet will have to deal. Why should we not avail ourselves of their experience, and at the same time proclaim to the world in the most practical fashion that Home Rule is adopted, not for the purpose of disintegrating, but of consolidating the Empire ? By a fortunate coincidence, an eminent Canadian statesman has been returned to the House for South Longford. Here we have the very man ready to hand for Cabinet rank, and if it is sought to balance the Canadian by an Australian, Mr. Dibbs might be made a peer or provided with a seat. Certainly the *personnel* of the Gladstonian front bench is by no means so strong as to render it immaterial whether or not the new Cabinet receives fresh blood from Ireland, Canada, and Australia. To all the taunts and the comments about Separatism, the most effective reply would be to point to the first really Imperial Cabinet which has ever been entrusted with the government of the Empire.

The part taken by the Labour party in the elections, especially the success of the miners in all parts of the country, points directly to the creation of the much-talked of Ministry of Labour, for which, by good fortune, the Liberals have an ideal candidate in the person of Mr. Burt. Mr. Burt is the oldest working-man member in the House ; he is president of the Trades Union Congress ; he is the representative of the best Miners' Association in the country ; and he is, besides,

a man who would be an invaluable addition to any Cabinet. Even the fanatics of the eight-hours day would not object to see Mr. Burt, the pitman, formally installed as the Right Hon. Thomas Burt, M.P., member of the Cabinet of her Majesty's Ministers, as head of the Department of Labour.

But even when all this is done—when Ireland has a Nationalist Chief Secretary, when labour has its representative in the Cabinet, and when Canadian and Australian statesmen contribute their American and Antipodean experience to the common store of Imperial administrative skill—the Gladstonians will still do well to seek for fresh recruits elsewhere.

But where can they be found? Let us go back to 1885. When Mr. Gladstone found himself confronted with a Conservative Government in power, but a Conservative Government which, even with the aid of the Irish vote, could only just equal the forces under his command, he did not hesitate in deciding the course that ought to be taken. He wrote when the first news of his determination to propose Home Rule was under discussion, stating that he hoped the Conservative Government would recognise the altered position of affairs, and act accordingly. He authorised the statement in December 1885 "that he could only approach the subject in a practical manner if he were the responsible Minister of the Crown: he will do nothing at present. He looks to the Conservative Government to take such action in the matter as they may deem necessary in the interests of the State and the welfare of the commonwealth. If such action should require negotiations, either with Mr. Parnell or with the leaders of the Liberal party, it is hoped that her Majesty's Government will not shrink from taking proper steps to do their duty in this matter. As far as Mr. Gladstone is personally concerned, he is convinced that he is bound at the present moment neither to act nor negotiate, but to ponder deeply and carefully all the details of the legislation which will be necessary to give effect to the constitutionally expressed opinions of the Irish people."

Now, why cannot Mr. Gladstone take a similar course to-day? We have the same condition of things reproduced, with a difference. The constitutionally expressed convictions of the Irish people are as clearly made known as they were before. Without the assistance of the Home Rulers no Government can exist. This was as true in 1885 as it is to-day. But to-day there is a new element in the case. An immense majority of the Welsh members (28 to 2) and a majority of 51 to 21 of the Scottish members have declared their concurrence in the demand which the Irish have put forward by 80 to 23. The adverse majority in England has been pulled down from 203 in 1886 to 71 to-day, and even that majority would be almost wiped out if the 32 Liberal Unionists were to change sides. The situation,

therefore, is exactly one in which a bold and far-seeing Conservative Ministry could intervene with effect. The Conservatives, as Mr. Gladstone recognised, have certain obvious advantages in dealing with this question. If Mr. Gladstone were to offer them his hearty support, as he did in 1885, he would undoubtedly be playing a patriotic part and making an offer which Lord Salisbury might find it very difficult to refuse. Even if it came to nothing, it would pave the way for negotiations with the Liberal Unionists.

There will, of course, be a wail of execration at the suggestion, but it is idle to ignore the fact that Mr. Chamberlain in the new House holds the key of the position. From Birmingham and the appendages thereof he dominates the field. If at the next General Election it is possible to dislodge him, well and good; let us wait till then. But if, as every one knows, Mr. Schnadhorst himself does not entertain even a ghost of an expectation of capturing the Birmingham quadrilateral, why should not an attempt be made to come to terms with its commander?

Mr. Chamberlain, it will be said, is Judas—"with apologies to Iscariot." Mr. Chamberlain may, with more justice, compare himself to the Radical Apostle Paul, who has been engaged, much to the scandal of his narrow-minded Judaising brethren, in preaching the true faith *in partibus infidelium*. In his own eyes, he is the Radical apostle to the Gentiles. What these, who correspond to the apostles and brethren that were in Judea, have to learn is that there is no truth in the dogma that except ye be converted after the manner of Gladstonian Home Rule, ye cannot be saved. We are to learn that if a man believes in Municipal or American Home Rule he shall be saved even as we. Mr. Chamberlain is a patriot; and if he should be described as a somewhat self-seeking patriot, that in no way lessens the chances of an arrangement. Mr. Chamberlain himself is fully persuaded in his own mind that no man more entirely free from the last temptation of noble minds ever trod the floor of the House of Commons. But for that circumstance, the reversion of the Liberal leadership, which is within his grasp, would be a prize sufficient to overbear many scruples. Apart, however, from personal considerations, what could appeal more powerfully to the patriotic mind than an opportunity of substituting the American Home Rule that unites for the Colonial Home Rule that disintegrates, such as Mr. Gladstone is now in a position to offer Mr. Chamberlain? Dr. Dale, who in many respects is one of the most influential men in Birmingham, has declared himself in favour of American as against either the Colonial Home Rule of 1885, or the perpetuation of the present system under which two-thirds of the Irish representatives are returned to protest against the maintenance of the existing Union. If Mr. Chamberlain be of Dr. Dale's mind, the way of compromise is so plain and easy that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

It must never be forgotten that it was not Mr. Chamberlain's fault that the Home Rule Bill was not read a second time. In 1886, twice over, he approached the Government with offers of compromise. Even when they were rejected, he and some forty or fifty members of his party were strongly in favour of allowing the Bill to be read a second time by their abstention from the division, in the belief that before the measure came again before the House it would have been so remodelled as to render it possible for Imperialists to vote for it. That statesmanlike course was abandoned under the influence of a Unionist, who made an impassioned appeal to all his friends to show no mercy, but to throw the Bill out on the second reading. That passionate uncompromising devotee of the Union is now the Home Ruler, Sir George Trevelyan, who is regarded by all the devout as one of the elect. Mr. Chamberlain, who was then over-persuaded against his better judgment, need only return to his former position to have the ball at his feet.

It is sometimes asserted that Mr. Chamberlain, like Mr. Cowen, is animated by a personal feeling of pique or of jealousy of Mr. Gladstone. Those who know him best ridicule the accusation. There are no grounds of personal antagonism which would divide the Liberal leader and his natural successor. As for the lovers' quarrels between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Morley and Lord Rosebery, they are but passing squalls which would be forgotten the moment the concordat was arranged. In the country there would be some considerable mis-giving, but after all even the most resentful Radical may reflect that Mr. Chamberlain is in every way preferable to Sir William Harcourt as the next leader of the Liberal party.

Is there, then, any fatal antagonism of principle? No doubt, if all the possible contingencies were drawn out on paper it would be impossible to find any two statesmen who would agree in advance upon the solution of all conceivable problems. But upon the practical next step it would not be difficult for practical statesmen to agree. Of course, if the Irish persist in crying for all or nothing, they will get nothing, and we can only wish them joy of their choice. But if they are willing to take what they can get to-day, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, there ought to be no difficulty in arranging a *modus vivendi*. All that is wanted is a rearrangement of the political perspective. Mr. Gladstone has always said that he would propose nothing for Ireland that he would not be prepared to extend to other parts of the United Kingdom. Mr. Chamberlain would probably reverse the order, and give to the United Kingdom what he is willing to extend to Ireland.

Mr. Chamberlain, it will be said, wishes to restore the Heptarchy. Mr. Chamberlain, it may be replied, sees that the American State system supplies us with invaluable hints as to the necessary decentralisation of our Constitution. The promotion of the *rapprochement*

between the American Republic and the British Empire cannot better be pursued than by the attempt to graft the federal principle upon the English chaotic and paralytic centralisation system.

The London County Council, with four millions of subjects, is working out the problem of municipal Home Rule, without raising even an alarmed suggestion that the County Council will dismember the Empire. If similar bodies of a similar size were established with extended powers throughout the three kingdoms, much greater elasticity would be imparted to our system of Government, at the same time that local parliaments would everywhere be created upon whose shoulders the central Government could unload many of its burdens. Ireland, Scotland, and Wales would each form natural local units of decentralised administration. London, Lancashire, and Yorkshire would also become cantons, or States. The four Northern Counties, the Eastern Counties, the Home Counties, the West Midlands, with Mr. Chamberlain as their chief, the East Midlands under Lord Spencer, with Wessex and Cornwall, would be a rough but practicable division of the land into manageable administrative units not dissimilar to American State.

Of these cantons and States, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Yorkshire, the four Northern Counties and the Eastern Counties, judging from the recent elections, would be Liberal; while Lancashire, London, the Home Counties, the West Midlands, would be as decidedly Conservative. Wessex and the Eastern Midlands would be the pivot States.

There can be no doubt about the fact, that if we are not to break up the Empire, we must Americanise our Constitution. Mr. Gladstone dimly sees this. Mr. Morley is groping towards it. Why should not Mr. Chamberlain boldly face the situation, and abandoning his perilous sojournings among the tents of Kedar, return to the Liberal party in order to enable them to carry out this great ideal?

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF HOME RULE AND FEDERATION.

I HAVE been invited to write something upon Home Rule and British Imperial politics from the point of view of an American, whose opinions regarding the organisation of the other half of the English-speaking world take colour, naturally from his every-day familiarity with the working of federal government in his own half. As an American I believe in Home Rule for Ireland as a matter of course. It is a question in which Americans feel a warm interest, and about which they agree with an absolute unanimity. Out of our population of sixty-five millions there has occasionally emerged some solitary, eccentric person who has taken the view that Irish affairs ought not to be transacted in Ireland, and who has, perchance, thought it a mark of superior independence of judgment to sympathise with the Conservatives in England. But these individual cases only serve to make more apparent the amazing unity of American opinion on the Irish question. It would be superfluous to add that a few Americans who have attempted to purchase social consideration in London by professing antipathy to Home Rule are not to be taken into account at all. We have lately witnessed four great party conventions in this country. The two principal ones formally expressed the sympathy of America for Ireland's Home Rule aspirations. I should have expected to search in vain if I had tried to find among the one hundred thousand intelligent men who attended these four gatherings from every nook and corner of the Republic a single one who did not believe in Home Rule for Ireland with a belief so cordial that he would have been glad of a chance to vote for Mr. Gladstone. There is, indeed, no other public question now pending anywhere in the world upon which Americans are so fully and positively agreed.

The nature of this determination of public sentiment in America does not seem to me to be at all well understood in England. Let us suppose, for the moment, that the fact is admitted to be as I state it. The reasons for the fact remain to be ascertained. And here let me declare that none of the reasons I have been accustomed to hear assigned in England have much, if any, validity. There are Gladstonian Liberals in abundance who suppose that we in America favour Home Rule chiefly because both of our great parties feel obliged to curry favour with our own Irish vote. There are others who say that they perceive that the Irish question will always play an annoying part in American politics until it is eliminated from British politics, and that Americans are for Home Rule because they seek their own peace and comfort. Others there are—and they are chiefly Tories—who declare bluntly that America hates England, and is, therefore, always abetting Home Rule with money and expressions of encouragement, because America desires to witness the first great step towards the crippling and dismemberment of the British Empire. Still others, and they, too, are numerous, think that Americans regard the Home Rule struggle as a controversy between England and Ireland, in which Ireland is the “under dog”; and that they sympathise with Ireland just as in other days they sympathised with Poland and Hungary, the feeling being the more intense because America once had its own struggle against England for nationality and freedom.

However any of these motives and feelings may incidentally affect the American endorsement of Home Rule, they are not the main grounds for the unanimous belief in the cause for which Mr. Parnell's name once stood, and with which Mr. Gladstone's has become identified. No Americans desire, or anticipate as possible, the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. They do not hate England, or wish her any harm in her home affairs—though they do hate the insolent and ignorantly insular tone of a certain section of Englishmen, the tone occasionally held by certain of the London newspapers particularly; and I submit that this hatred does my countrymen great credit. In fact, they love England fervently as their own original home. Their support of Irish Home Rule carries with it no thought of animosity towards England, for they uniformly think that the measure will be of great benefit to England; and they believe that, for the first time in the history of the two islands, there will exist, as an effect of it, a real and solid union.

The reason why Americans favour Home Rule is simply this: They have realised in their own political system the strength of that happy adjustment of centripetal and centrifugal forces that we call the “federative balance.” Ask any American what he means by Home Rule, and he will reply, that measure of local sovereignty and autonomy that the American Constitution leaves to each of the

constituent States of the Union. It is the sense of reasonableness and fair play, guided by the practical knowledge of federal government in the United States, that has always made Americans so perfectly sure that they favoured Home Rule for Ireland. As to the rightful destiny of the lost provinces of France, or the solution of any other great question of European controversy, Americans have misgivings because they are not sure they understand all the bearings of the problem. But they have no misgivings at all about Home Rule. They know that Ireland, whether or not she would manage her domestic matters in an ideal fashion, would manage them far better than they could possibly be managed by any outside authority, just as they know that California, or Massachusetts, Texas, Iowa, or any other of the forty-four sister States, can attend to ordinary home matters much more satisfactorily than any legislative chamber or executive authority at Washington.

America learned two great lessons as a result of her original struggle with the mother country, and they are embodied in two documents whose truths have made this country great, free, and strong. The lesson of personal liberty and the right of communities to self-government found expression in the Declaration of Independence. The second lesson was that which was given a noble embodiment in the Constitution of 1787, under which we still live—the lesson how to organise an imperial republic, capable of indefinite expansion, without sacrifice of the private liberty and the rights of local self-government that had been so magnificently expressed in the Declaration of 1776. Am I phrasing mere Fourth-of-July commonplaces in thus extolling the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution? By no means; for I am addressing Englishmen, the fate of whose Empire hangs upon their learning and applying the fundamental principles of those two documents, which, as yet, they have never firmly grasped.

The American people have lived up to those principles faithfully; with the result of an imperial unity and a firmness of political structure unequalled among nations or empires in any period of history. The accident of territorial contiguity, let it be observed, is not the cement that binds together the parts of the American republic. The cement is a product arising out of the intense affinity of the three principles of (1) perfect Home Rule in all matters of local concern; (2) perfect and indissoluble union in affairs of general or imperial concern; and (3) a universality of citizenship. The original States kept no hegemony, and manifested neither jealousy nor sense of superiority towards their colonies. The original thirteen were comprised in a narrow territory between the Atlantic seaboard and the Alleghany mountains. When they united their fortunes, they made over to the Union, as a common possession, their claims to unoccupied territory west of the mountains. They might, on approved British

principles, have held this territory as a provincial appanage in which the American pioneer would become something less than an American, something more than an aboriginal Indian, but nothing whose status could be exactly defined. But they put no stigma either of permanent or of temporary denationalisation upon their own hardy and brave sons who cleared the forests of Ohio and Kentucky, and settled the prairies of Illinois. They encouraged the pioneer settlements to form their own governments on good models, and welcomed each new commonwealth, as fast as possible, to a full place of honour in the Union of States. Meanwhile, the colonising spirit was carrying adventurous Americans beyond the Mississippi into the domain of the French, and, in 1806, the American Government effected the so-called "Louisiana purchase," thus acquiring a vast new empire between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, from the Gulf to the British possessions on the north. New Orleans and its adjacent settlements had constituted a French colonial dependency, ruled by officials sent out from Paris. The United States might have continued indefinitely or for ever to hold Louisiana as a territorial dependency under colonial governors sent from Washington. But nothing was further from the American spirit and purpose. The French colony was at once welcomed into the Union as a sovereign State. It retained its French law codes and all its wonted local customs and methods, and in addition to a Home Rule that its parent country had never allowed it, this French colony rose to the dignity of an integral and authoritative membership in a great World-State—a position it could never to this day have attained under the French system. Subsequently, as fast as the conditions of growth and orderly settlement would allow, the remaining parts of the Louisiana purchase were organised as self-governing States, and admitted to the Union, thus bringing into the galaxy such a row of stars as Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota. Meanwhile, there had come an opportunity to buy Florida from Spain. That colony, which might otherwise have remained until this day the victim of the humiliating and despoiling colonial system of the Spanish Government, was quickly lifted to the splendid position of an American State, with every right and privilege enjoyed by Massachusetts or Virginia, and with representation in the Federal Senate equal to that of the greatest of the old States. The withdrawal of Texas from Mexico, and its admission as a State in the Union with remarkable privileges, and with the possibility of ultimate subdivision into several States, followed in its turn. Then came the war with Mexico, the conquest of California, and the acquisition of another great area. Nothing could have been more untrammelled, distinctive, and indigenous than the growth of California as a self-governing American commonwealth has been, while playing a full part in the Federal Union. For years after their

admission as States, California and Oregon were far more remote from the seat of national government than British Columbia, Tasmania, and Cape Town are to-day from Westminster.

The test of war came, at length, over the question of the extension of slavery into the new States. The seceding States were conquered, and the Union was preserved. The British, or any European Government, would have held the subjugated region under military occupation, with some kind of colonial status, for at least a century. The region would have been Irelandised under Coercion Acts and military occupation. But Americans had faith enough in the principles of Federation and Home Rule to restore the recreant States, almost before the smoke had cleared from the battle-fields, to full authority as sovereign members of the Union; and not only has experience fully justified the confidence thus shown, but it has also made it clear as daylight that even those comparatively slight obstructions erected out of a prudential distrust of States lately in rebellion were needless and mischievous. There are no stauncher members of the Union than the Southern States, and there could have been no shrewder or more statesmanlike sagacity than that shown by Mr. Lincoln in his desire to restore those States without delay and without any embarrassing conditions to their full membership in the Union.

Recent admissions of new States into the Union have been in firm adherence to the policy originally entered upon. As rapidly as pioneer settlements have acquired anything like the requisite numbers and stability, the temporary territorial governments have given place to permanent State organisations, and the new States have been duly admitted by Congress to the Union. Thus, since President Harrison's accession to the White House there have been added to the previous thirty-nine the five new States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and Washington. At their great conventions this year both leading parties declared themselves in favour of the earliest practical admission of the few remaining "territories."

One could well wish that a thousand discerning Englishmen of the political faith that so strangely arrogates to itself the name of "Unionist" could have attended the recent Republican Convention at Minneapolis and the corresponding Democratic Convention at Chicago. They might have learned concretely what Americans mean by Home Rule and Federation, and why they all espouse the Irish cause as a matter of course. The delegates from the original States to the Republican Convention were obliged to make a journey of from 1000 to 1500 miles, and they met upon the boundary line between the old "North-Western Territory" and the French purchase of 1803. The delegations were arranged by State groups upon the floor of the Convention Hall, each group under a standard bearing the name of its

State. The convention had to name candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, to adopt a "platform" of party policies and principles, and in general to awaken enthusiasm by oratory and by the interchange of greetings and views. There, under conditions of perfect equality, were the delegates from the old States of the East, from the re-admitted States of the South, from the agricultural States of the Mississippi valley, from the mining States of the Rocky Mountain region, and from the States of the Pacific coast. Utah, the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Idaho, New Mexico, and Arizona, though not yet admitted to the Union, and therefore not qualified to participate in the Presidential election, were all welcomed as a matter of courtesy and good-neighbourhood to full representation in the convention, and they had their share of influence in the nominations. Even distant Alaska was given a place, and her representatives had exactly the same status in the carefully organised delegate body as those of any State of the Union. The convention not only thus recognised all the "colonial" districts that remain in a state of "tutelage," but it recommended by unanimous vote that, so long as they continued in this temporary condition as dependencies, their governors, judges, and all other officials should be selected for appointment by the Executive Government at Washington from among their own actual residents; and, further, it was unanimously declared that these dependencies should all be made States of the Union as soon as their conditions of inhabitancy and stability would permit.

Besides the official body of delegates and alternate delegates at Minneapolis, numbering nearly two thousand men, there had come as spectators and as participants in the parades and general enthusiasm, twenty or thirty thousand more from every part of the country. The great Convention Hall provided seats for some fifteen thousand persons, while the "Wigwam" at Chicago, in which the Democratic Convention was held, seated twenty thousand. These two vast audiences were composed of men from every locality where the American flag floats in token of sovereignty—all of whom were in the Convention upon the one common plane of American citizenship. In what other country does the game of national or imperial politics bring together such masses of representative citizenship? For purposes of purely local law-making and administration, these men belonged to half a hundred separate States as distinct from each other as Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland; while, for purposes of the larger government of a World-State, they were more homogeneous, and much better acquainted with one another, than the men who come together at the annual meetings of the British Liberal Federation.

As I sat a spectator in these two conventions, I realised as never before the majestic strength of our simple system, that rests upon the basis of the individual political equality of all American citizens,

the right of autonomy of every local community, and the right of each commonwealth to an equal place with all the rest in the ordering of the central or imperial authority. We are not anxious at present to extend our territory in any direction; but we know exactly what we would do with new territory if we should acquire it. If Canada fell to our lot, nothing would be simpler than our mode of assimilation. The Canadian provinces would become States in our Union like any other States, and native-born Canadians would be at once eligible to the office of President of the United States, while all the citizens of that estimable group of colonies would, after generations of waiting, suddenly find themselves possessed of a country. As I witnessed the activity of the Dakotas, of the new-fledged Oklahoma, and even of the arctic Alaska, in these great conventions, I wondered how our Canadian neighbours must feel to be excluded from participation in the big political game on either side of the Atlantic; and I pondered not a little upon that curious reversal of justice, of common sense, and of political sagacity that the United Kingdom exhibits in stripping of their imperial citizenship all those Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen who show courage and enterprise enough to go out and build up the British Empire.

We hear a good deal of boasting about that wonderful British Empire upon which the sun never sets, and which holds sway over some three hundred millions of human beings. But I confess that if I were an Englishman I should not take much pride in the so-called "Empire" as it now exists; and I am very sure that any American, if he were a British subject in any part of the Empire outside of the United Kingdom, would think that the huge affair was on very pernicious lines. If having an "empire" means the acquiring of control over the territory and government of people of other races who happen for one reason or another to be weak, I can see nothing in that to be so ardent about. The United States could before this time have had an "empire" that would have included many islands in all the seas, the absolute whole of North, South, and Central America, large parts of Africa, and portions of Japan and Corea, if our people had cared to subjugate and govern other people, and play the part of a dominant race. They have, indeed, created an empire, but they have done it in a totally different way. They acquired Spanish Texas, California, and Florida, and they have developed these regions into great, free, self-governing communities of men who speak the tongue of Shakespeare, and live under the forms of Anglo-Saxon society and law. They have transformed the French "Louisiana purchase" into a dozen noble States with nearly fifteen millions of prosperous and enlightened inhabitants, who are using their own English tongue, and enjoying all of their own political privileges.

The kind of "empire" that England ought to be most proud of,

she does not yet fully possess. It would be an imperial expansion of England comparable to that of America. It would be an empire consisting of self-governing groups of Britishers, in which each individual one of "God's Englishmen" would have rights as extensive as any of his fellows, and in the central ordering of which each autonomous group would be as influential, in the proportion of its numbers, as any other. An empire spread all over the world, which the stay-at-homes in the original nest of the race think to manage without the participation of the stirring folk who are building up the acquired regions, is bound together by ropes of sand. The turning of a compact, enterprising little United Kingdom into a limited liability company, so to speak, for the purpose of running an "empire," may answer well enough if its main ends are to supersede the old East India Company in exploiting Asia, to maintain Hong Kong as a trading post, to acquire territory in Central Africa, or to protect bondholders in Egypt. But if a British empire is intended to be the central and high organisation of a group of British communities, somewhat as the German Empire is the central organisation of a group of German States, then it is high time that the United Kingdom were waking up to a sense of the rights of individuals and communities. When Bismarck welded together the present German Empire, he saw clearly—for he had studied the development of America—that he must rest his structure upon the individual political equality of all Germans as regards representation and influence in the Imperial Government, and for the rest must leave to each German State the ordering of all its own internal concerns. Upon this principle, the German Empire—objectionable as is the too great dominance in it of one State—is capable ultimately of the absorption of the German parts of Austria, and perhaps of Holland, Denmark, and still other territory.

There is not the slightest symptom of disintegration in the federated American commonwealth, and it can, in the course of time, admit Canada on the north and Mexico on the south without any danger or serious embarrassment. But the British Empire stands before the world in the garb of a perpetual candidate for dissolution. It apparently expects Australia to drop away from the parent stem like a ripe peach. And it would seem to have no thought for Canada except the ultimate transfer of the Dominion to the American Union. As for South Africa, that fruit is less mature; yet apparently the United Kingdom supposes, as a matter of course, that, a few decades hence, an Anglo-Teutonic federated republic of South Africa will detach itself from European political connection. For, surely, Englishmen can reason; and the logic of the existing situation can mean nothing else than the loss to the British Empire of those outlying parts which have become the home of masses of men of British origin.

So far as their local affairs are concerned the colonies certainly have sufficient autonomy. Indeed, they have quite too much. No "empire" that had itself well in hand would permit its parts to set up hostile tariffs against one another. But the Britons of the colonies, enjoying Home Rule to a surfeit, lack the other two essential rights—namely, they possess no imperial citizenship, giving them personally as high rank, in the political sense, as the Britons of the United Kingdom enjoy, and their communities have no voice or place in the Imperial Government.

Some decades ago England fairly awoke to the discovery that her manufacturing and commercial interests had at length much outgrown in importance her agricultural interests, and that it would be good business policy to import food, cotton, and other raw products as cheaply as possible. Hence the abolition of the Corn Laws, and the repeal of an outgrown protective system. The attempt, forthwith, to idealise this purely local and highly sensible piece of business policy into a universal cult of Free Trade was a singularly typical instance of "profitable godliness," and one the delicate humour of which has always appealed to practical statesmen in other countries. But if at that time England had been content to be less universal, and more imperial in her view, she would simply have enacted and secured perfect Free Trade between all parts of the British Dominions, and at the same time she would have given to Canadian and Australian Britons exactly the same political status in the Empire as to Yorkshire or Welsh Britons.

Do Englishmen ever pause to think what would have been the invigorating consequences of such a policy? We Americans are constantly told by Englishmen, in a tone of superior wisdom, that we do not know what is for our own good, and that our protective policy cripples our growth. But English statesmen and economists seem never to have been able to understand what a small affair English Free Trade is when compared with the Free Trade that we Americans practise. There is no traffic in all this world that is comparable in vastness of volume, and in variety and completeness, with the trade that is carried on within the imperial domain of our Federated Republic. Our trans-oceanic trade is important, but it is a mere trifle when compared with our domestic traffic. Ours from the first has been an imperial policy. As we have grown in population and territory, we have cared successfully for every part of our domain. Do Englishmen think our protective system has been selfish? I am fully prepared to retort that the verdict of the future student of economic history will be that the British system, which has failed to care for the interests of the Empire, because there seemed to be more profit for the manufacturers and merchants of the home island in dispensing with an imperial economic policy, has been a

far more selfish and narrow system than the American, which has, at least, had a continental scope. We shall outgrow our present temporary tariff policy within two decades; but inasmuch as it has been a uniform and harmonious policy, it will have left our economic life in a well-equalised and well-unified condition.

Suppose the British Empire had adopted an imperial economic policy, together with a political system that would have extended the imperial franchise and imperial representation to the Greater Britain. Under those conditions, the British half of North America ought at the lowest calculation to have had 15,000,000 prosperous inhabitants by this time, and I do not think 20,000,000 is an extravagant estimate. Instead of this the number is less than 5,000,000, and it is not growing at as fast a rate as the population of England itself. A finer race of men never colonised any region than those who settled in Manitoba. But see how the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Montana have grown, while the Canadian North-West is stagnant and despairing. Australia, and other parts of the "Greater Britain," have made interesting progress, but it has all been gained in spite of the British connection rather than by virtue of it, and it should have been three times as great as it is. Australia ought to be deemed just as inalienable a part of the British soil as Kent itself; and every Australian ought to be held just as responsible for a share in the management and the fate of the British Empire as any citizen who happens to keep his domicile in the mother island.

The most prominent Democratic candidate for the American Presidency this year, next to Mr. Cleveland, was the Governor of Iowa. The Republican candidate comes from Indiana, the People's Party candidate from Iowa, and the Prohibitionist candidate from California. Not one of the candidates except Mr. Cleveland belongs to one of the original States of the Union. All the others are from the portions of our domain which England, under like circumstances, would have kept to this day as "colonies," with no intelligible political status—in the Empire but not of it, like the Indian "nations" in our Indian Territory, which are self-governing, but have no part in our Union, and are somehow imbedded in our imperial body politic without rights, without duties, without responsibilities, and without opportunities.

If Americans were to take the contract for reorganising your British Empire they would lose no time in telegraphing for the strong men of both Canadian parties; for Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Hofmeyr and the other empire-builders of South Africa; for the experienced and staunch politicians of the Australasian States, and for Englishmen everywhere who were actually engaged in maintaining British supremacy. After a conference, they would draw up certain tentative proposals and call an Imperial Convention to draft a final scheme of

Federation. This scheme should provide for a true Imperial Parliament to take over from the existing local parliament of the United Kingdom all imperial business. It would place the navy, the army, and the postal service upon an imperial basis. It would establish absolute Free Trade between all parts of the Empire, although it might allow certain parts to maintain differential tariffs against non-British countries. It would allow Ireland Home Rule as a matter of course—subject *not* to the United Kingdom, but to the British Empire. As for Scotland, if the loyal Scots should very greatly desire to continue the present plan of taking all their purely Scotch affairs of State to Westminster to be disposed of by a Parliament composed chiefly of Englishmen, they ought not to be debarred from the exercise of a privilege that would seem to all the rest of the world an expensive and annoying hardship; unless, as would seem likely, the Englishmen should refuse to be bothered, and should tell the Scotch to take their linen home to their own laundry.

Any large task has its difficulties; but the organisation of the British Empire upon a permanent basis would be a less difficult task than Bismarck's in organising the German Empire. It would all grow out of the primary admission that British soil is really and truly British; that an acre over which the British flag flies in South Africa or Australia is just as sacredly British as the acre on which Westminster Abbey stands; and that a Britisher is in the fullest sense a Britisher wherever he lives under the flag. The trouble is that you do not take your Empire seriously. You float your colours over distant regions without facing all the moral responsibility that such a solemn act should entail upon a Christian nation in this age of the world. When you assume to make a region British in name, it becomes your duty to make it British in fact. If the United States had taken the responsibility of appropriating Australia, they would long ago have justified the act by making the Australian provinces full-fledged members of the Union, and Australia would have been just as much a part of the United States as New York. New England to-day is as truly a dependency of California or Illinois as either of those States is a dependency of New England or New York. You will not have Briticised Australia or Canada until those regions can feel that England is just as much a dependency of theirs as they are dependencies of hers. Yet until you have done this, you will not have taken your Empire seriously, and you will not have begun to play your full part in the work of promoting the influence and heightening the destiny of the English-speaking world.

Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, and Slavs would pour into your great unoccupied territories, and become moulded and fused into one people under British ideas and

institutions, if those territories had any assured part or place in a strong, permanent, Empire. But, as matters stand, your own emigrants have preferred to come to the United States, where they were certain of citizenship for themselves and for their childrens' children under the agis of a great government. In this marvellous century of migration from older to newer regions, you have deliberately persisted in a policy that has driven away from your allegiance millions of your best men and women, and your own vast, fertile territories remain unoccupied. Your colonial and imperial system, measured by its easy possibilities, has been the most colossal of failures. And now, when the first step towards clearing the situation for entrance upon a large and worthy imperial policy is so simple, so safe, and so obvious, in its principles, the whole world looks on in amazement at the silly sophistries and the dense stupidities that do service as arguments against allowing the Irish people to manage purely Irish affairs in Ireland. An Irish parliament would have dealt less radically with the Land question than the British Parliament has already done. A full, generous measure of Home Rule settles for ever the loyal place of Ireland in the British Empire. Far from shaking the integrity of your Empire, Home Rule for Ireland will remove the chief dangers that threaten such integrity. For such Home Rule, which of course must be granted without the exclusion of Irish Members from the general British Parliament, would inevitably pave the way for the admission of full Australian and Canadian delegations to the Imperial Legislature, which would commit "Greater Britain" irrevocably to the doctrine of the Empire's permanence and unity. On the other hand, if the blind statesmanship that refuses Home Rule to Ireland, and at the same time allows Canada and Australia to enjoy Home Rule without imperial representation, should continue to prevail, not only is Greater Britain likely to withdraw at a convenient moment, but even Ireland itself might falter in its loyalty at some time of crisis. We do not want Ireland, yet obviously we could make her very comfortable and happy as a State in our Union. And in the nature of the thing it is not easy to see why the American flag might not float over the Emerald Island with as much propriety as the British flag in territories contiguous to our border. Moreover, there might be much moral justification for our reception of Ireland in the fact that we should at once give that community a place in a rational system of political organisation, and promote its general welfare and progress, whereas, without Home Rule, it must remain in a distraught condition. Our mission in Ireland would be the same as England professes in Egypt—to pacify, restore, and bless. But we could have no object in undertaking this necessarily expensive annexation of Ireland, except the welfare of humanity and the progress of the English-speaking communities of the world; and the people of the

British Islands ought themselves to rise to a conception of the British imperial possibilities that yet remain after all these years of neglect, and begin accordingly to set their house in order by giving Ireland a generous, not over-conditioned, measure of local autonomy.

Blood is thicker than water. Most Americans are of British origin, and they are devotedly attached to ideas and possessions that are our common heritage. They rejoice in the exploits of a broad-visioned kinsman like Mr. Cecil Rhodes. They have the kindest interest in the development of the English civilisation of the Australian continent. They do not wish to see the dismemberment of the British Empire, and they would respect and admire the statesmanship of a leader in England who should attempt the real knitting together of that Empire. With such an Empire they would have no occasion for controversy. The frictions that have endangered the relations of Great Britain and America in recent years have grown out of the mischievously anomalous political situation of Canada. A unified imperial economic system might soon lead to a reciprocity treaty between the two English-speaking federations that would hasten the advent of the universal Free Trade that all intelligent Protectionists anticipate and desire.

I might, perhaps, claim to have studied Irish questions on the ground as fully as the average English journalist—from Drogheda-on-Boyne to the Giant's Causeway, and from Dublin to Cork, Killarney, and the Shannon's mouth; and yet, I can pretend to no more than a very casual and imperfect knowledge of Ireland. In like manner I might assume to know something of the British colonies, especially Canada; while I have tried diligently to study English politics, on the ground and in books. In nothing else, indeed, are American students more carefully instructed than in the political and constitutional history of England, and in the theory and working of the British Constitution. Nevertheless, I have not assumed to write these pages with any air of intimate knowledge; and I am ready to confess almost any degree of ignorance regarding British affairs that could be charged against me. Let such ignorance be regarded as a prime qualification for the present purpose. I should never have dreamed of writing upon the British Empire from an inside standpoint. How does the British Empire look to an average American, at his distance and with his limited knowledge of details? What is the general impression that he and his countrymen entertain? Those were the questions that I have tried to answer, with all frankness. Rightly or wrongly, Americans certainly do regard the opposition in England to Home Rule for Ireland, as due either to the narrow self-interest of cliques and classes, who fear that one just reckoning may lead to another, or else to stupid prejudices, and to such insular lack of aptitude for the large modern forms of political organisation as

threatens sooner or later to cause the break-up of the Empire. To all American on-lookers the self-styled Unionists are in fact the dis-unionists.

It is no lackadaisical union-at-will arrangement that Americans would favour, however, if the task of adjustment were theirs. The Empire should be paramount, and the Confederation should be absolutely indissoluble. Such an Empire can only rest upon a universal and equal imperial citizenship extending to the remotest corner of the British dominions, and an autonomy in constituent groups and communities limited only at the points where it might encroach upon interests imperial in their range.

ALBERT SHAW.

THE GROWTH OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

THE Labour Commission is drawing to the close of its long inquiry. It has now gone over every branch of labour except agriculture, examined more than 130 different witnesses, and produced a body of evidence of great historic value as an exhibition of the present conditions of work and workpeople all over the United Kingdom. For though the precise task of the Commission was the investigation of trade disputes in order to see whether Parliament could do anything for their prevention or settlement, that investigation necessarily opened up to view the whole situation and circumstances of the successive industries. It has been thought useful to state some of the chief results briefly without discussion: and of those results none are more interesting than those relating to the more immediate task of the Commission, the treatment of trade disputes. There has been during the last twenty years a remarkable growth in all parts of the kingdom of the institutions that make for industrial peace—the Board of Arbitration, the Joint Committee of Conciliation, and the sliding scale. This direct organisation of peace is only twenty-six years old. It was in 1866 that Mr. Mundella started for the hosiery trade the first Board of Conciliation ever established in this country; and it was in 1869 that Sir Rupert Kettle started for the manufactured iron industry the first Board of Arbitration; the Board of Conciliation, trusting for a settlement entirely to the full interchange of views between the representatives of the parties face to face—"the long jaw," as it used to be called—while the Board of Arbitration made additional provision for binding reference to an umpire in case the "long jaw" failed. The practical fortunes of the two principles are curious. Mr. Mundella's Board has itself died, but its principle has been very widely adopted, and it has therefore many successors. Sir Rupert

Kettle's Board still exists ; its operation has been all along almost perfect ; it has made strikes in the manufactured iron trade as extinct and almost as practically inconceivable as duelling ; yet it stands virtually alone. It has never been imitated in its exact features, though very recently arbitration boards of a different class have been established in a number of industrial centres. The reason given for the dissolution of the Hosiery Board of Conciliation is very extraordinary. Mr. J. Holmes, president of the Midland Counties Hosiery Federation, said the last meeting of this Board was held in 1884, when some of the men had struck, not for a rise of wages, but—strange as it may appear—for a reduction, and the refusal of that reduction was the end of this Board. The circumstances are so peculiar that it is well to quote the witness's own account of them :

"In a country village about five miles from Leicester, where the hand-frame-making socks men had determined that they would have some work, they made an agreement that they would take the work out at a 7½ per cent. reduction. The men in the town felt that they were sold, and, as a result, they thought that they might get some of the work, so they offered to work at a 5 per cent. reduction. As the result of that, some of the employers said, 'Well, if you do, we will simply take it to Oadby.' So the workpeople of our town said, 'If you do, we shall strike till you share the work, or else put us on the same level.' So they struck for a 7½ per cent. reduction, to be put on the same level as those in the country ; and the fact was, the employer said, 'I do not want to give a reduction. I can afford to pay the price.' And yet they all thought the men in the country would take the work out, because they could get it for less ; and the men in the town agreed to have the same price, or else they would get no work. . . . That [he added] was the last meeting of the Board, and I believe that had something to do with the prevention of those periodical meetings."

There is still something not very intelligible about this matter, and it is a pity the Commission, which has gone with considerable prolixity into things much less interesting, has not succeeded in making so curious a circumstance clearer. But it appears that in Leicester, at any rate, the Board, though no longer formally existing, has still left behind it the practical habit of employer and employed meeting and composing their differences. Mr. Holmes was able to say that, though not formally reconstituted, "practically we exist as a body, and if any dispute arises there is no difficulty in the two sides meeting and adjusting their differences before a strike takes place. The result is we have met on several occasions and rearranged prices without any strike at all." But in Nottingham, where the men have been earnestly trying to revive the Board for the last three years, the employers, according to the evidence of Mr. S. Bower, of the Nottingham Hosiery Trades Union, are opposed to its revival, because, he states, "they cannot trust each other. They say, if they were to agree to a Board to-

morrow, the next day some of the members would run away from the arrangement." Out of fifty employers consulted only four favoured the revival.

In the manufactured iron trade there are two boards of arbitration on Sir R. Kettle's principle—one from the North of England, and one from the Midland Counties. Evidence was given of the operation of the former, by its chairman, Mr. W. Whitwell, ironmaster, and by Mr. E. Trow, general secretary of the Iron and Steel Workers' Association; and of the latter by Mr. R. Hingley, M.P., and Mr. W. Aucott and other representatives of the workmen. This is a trade in which (as Mr. Hingley stated) violent disputes and strikes used formerly to be very prevalent, because it is peculiarly subject to great fluctuations in consequence of irregularities of demand and frequent technical changes; and indeed, during the very period of this experiment in conciliation, it was undergoing one of the most trying of these changes—the change from iron to steel, in consequence of the Bessemer process, which has reduced the number of puddlers by two-thirds in the last sixteen years. But since the establishment of these Boards, in the north of England in 1869 and in the Midlands in 1872, there has been nothing whatever in the nature of a strike in the former district, and only one strike in the latter, and even that one was too insignificant to deserve the name; for, as Mr. Hingley explained it, it was only a small discontented section of the men who repudiated one of the awards of the Board of Conciliation; but, finding themselves strongly condemned by the rest of the trade, eventually gave way. Strikes, and even the very disposition to strike, seem to be thoroughly stamped out in this industry. Mr. Trow speaks of them as if they were matters of settled impossibility: "We cannot have a strike in our district: our rules do not allow of it." And he says in another place: "If you will search the pages of history you will not be able to find in those pages any parallel case where any system adopted has been of so much advantage to the workmen, to the employers, and the trade of the district, as arbitration has been to our workmen in the north of England." Mr. Aucott describes their former state as one of incessant antagonism between master and men, the peace of the district being constantly broken and impaired by ill-considered action on the part of a few employers who would not treat with their workpeople; but now, he said, "we have got rid of all that." Mr. Hingley was not less emphatic on the part of the employers in his testimony to the same purport. Asked whether employers could now carry on their industry without fear of interruption and danger of strikes, he said: "Yes, we have ceased to fear anything of the kind."

The puddlers are described by one of their own witnesses as by no means an intelligent trade; "if a man was intelligent," said he, "he

would not be a puddler;" but they seem to have successfully solved the difficult problem of industrial peace, and it is therefore well to know what their arrangements are. They have three institutions of peace in their trade: the Board of Conciliation, the Board of Arbitration, and the Sliding Scale. The Boards are a little differently constituted in the two different districts. The North of England Board is not composed, like the joint committees of so many other trades, of representatives of the employers' association on the one hand and the operatives' association on the other, but of one employer and one operative from each firm or works that chooses to belong to it and subscribes to its rules and funds; and it has therefore no fixed number of members. At present it has twenty-four members, there being twelve works represented; but in 1874, before the introduction of the Bessemer process, it had as many as seventy members, there being then thirty-five works represented. Twenty works have been given up altogether since then, and apparently about three have withdrawn from the Board. There are, however, many other works in the district which have never joined the Board because their owners are averse to their workpeople knowing anything about the business of the firm, but which nevertheless always regulate their wages by the Board's rates, and send voluntary donations to the Board's funds. Practically, therefore, the rate of wages in all works in the whole North of England and Scotland is governed by this Board, though it actually consists of representatives of only twelve firms and their workpeople. It meets twice a year for the settlement of general wages questions, but it appoints for local questions a standing committee of five of the workmen's representatives and ten of the employers, five only of whom, however, can take part in the proceedings at one time, the greater number of employers being allowed in order to secure better attendance, since employers have generally more competing engagements than workmen. This standing committee meets whenever required, generally once a month. Several of the works, too, which are unconnected with the Board have a local joint committee for settling their own differences.

For the purpose of arbitration in local questions, when the standing committee is unable to come to an understanding, the Board has a standing referee—since 1883, Mr. David Dale, chairman of Section A of the Labour Commission—and for arbitration in general questions, when the Board itself cannot agree, it chooses an arbitrator when the occasion arises, and has always chosen a person outside the trade, and always, except twice, it has chosen only a single arbitrator, usually some well-known public man—Sir Rupert Kettle, Judge Hughes, and for a number of occasions now, Dr. Spence Watson. Many of the trades represented before the Commission have manifested a strong aversion to entrusting the settlement of so important a question as the rate of wages to a "one-man arbitration," and many

more have manifested an even stronger aversion to the outside arbitrator, who is personally unacquainted with the technicalities of the trade, and whose only idea of a settlement, it is alleged, in consequence of his unavoidable ignorance of the subject-matter, is always merely to split the difference. But this North of England Board of Conciliation and Arbitration has, since its origin in 1869, made sixty general wages settlements, of which as many as twenty were referred to arbitration, and experience has never shaken the faith of either employer or employed in the aptitude of the sole and outside arbitrator.

The Midland Iron and Steel Wages Board has seven counties in its jurisdiction. At present forty-two firms (owning seventy or eighty distinct works) are in full membership with it, and eighty other firms are in informal alliance with it, guided by its settlements, and contributing to its funds, but having no say in its management. The Board consists of twelve employers, chosen by the forty-two firms in full membership, and twelve operatives, chosen by an electing body of forty-two operatives, which is itself elected by the workpeople—one from each of the forty-two firms. It differs therefore in constitution from the North of England Board in being a secondary elective body, but there is an agitation on foot at present for the abandonment of that plan and the adoption of the North of England plan of composing it of one employer and one operative from each of the firms adhering to it. Mr. Aucott explained the reason for this agitation to be that the thirty employers who were not personally present at the arbitrations of the Board, and had therefore only imperfect knowledge of the facts, were sometimes dissatisfied with the Board's decisions, and he represented this difficulty as being so great that the Board would be certain to be dissolved sooner or later unless it were removed. The actual presence of the parties is the life of conciliation, and though eighty-four would make a very big Board, it would meet only twice a year, and leave most of its work to a committee. Another peculiarity of the Midland Board is that it has a permanent or standing arbitrator for general disputes, as the North of England Board has for local questions alone. Mr. Hingley thought a permanent arbitrator better than a merely occasional one, because he was known to be always there in reserve; at any rate, he said, the plan had invariably worked with satisfaction in their district. He is always, too, a man outside the trade itself. Mr. Chamberlain was their arbitrator for some years.

In many trades there is a great belief in conciliation, but a great dislike to arbitration. Many think "the long jaw" sufficient to remove all difficulties, and make both parties in the end see eye to eye; but the members of the manufactured iron trade are most decided in counting conciliation incomplete and of very uncertain efficacy without the reference to arbitration in case of disagreement. Employers and employed were equally emphatic on this point. They

thought the knowledge of an appeal to arbitration being in reserve was absolutely essential to successful negotiation at the Conciliation Board. This right of appeal might seldom be used, but in their opinion it must always be there, otherwise, though things might not go so far as a strike, there would be constant worrying and keeping up of a contention. "I think," says Mr. Trow, "if we had conciliation and had not had the power to refer to arbitration, that we could not have agreed." There would always be a stop, and then we should not have got justice, and the employers would not, because it would be a give-and-take system." Mr. Aucott, too, considered the arbitrator indispensable: "I do not think we could do without him;" and Mr. Hingley said he could not recommend the formation of Boards of Conciliation without the provision for reference to arbitration, because otherwise an agreement might very often not be reached. Their general feeling seemed to be that arbitration had two special merits. First, it secured that every quarrel actually terminated; and second, it generally secured a speedier termination of it, because the mere knowledge of its existence as a last resort shortened the palaver of conciliation, and induced the parties to make the compromise themselves which would presently be made independently of them.

Two rules contribute greatly to the smooth working of the system: one forbidding any suspension of work at any place under the jurisdiction of the Board before the cause of dispute has been submitted to the consideration of the Board; and the other, making the Board's decision retrospective, so as to take effect from the date of the raising of the point. Work is continued pending the settlement, and neither party ever thinks of interruption. If the Board's decision is in favour of a rise of wages, then the employers pay up the unpaid arrears; and if it is in favour of a reduction, the men pay back the excess they have received. Mr. Trow said the employers never hesitated to continue paying the old rate of wages during the pendency of the cause, though they had only the honesty of the men to trust to, and there had been only one case in which the men had ever shown any objection to pay up the difference in conformity with the award of the Board. To enforce the Board's award on unwilling sections of the masters or of the men, they had no sanction except fines and expulsion, but the fear of expulsion gave great authority to the Board, because both parties felt that the Board was worth too much to them to risk expulsion. The Trades Union had lately expelled 400 members at Middlesborough who refused to abide by an award of the Board. This power, Mr. Trow said, had hitherto proved sufficient, but both he and Mr. Aucott asked for the endowment of the Board by law with certain compulsory powers for enforcing its decisions, though they were unable, under cross-examination, to explain very satisfactorily what they meant. One thing was clear—they would

have nothing to do with State arbitration or a State-appointed arbitrator. "I say," said Mr. Trow, "let Parliament mind its own business. We know better what man to select for an arbitrator than Parliament does. We do not want them to foist upon us an arbitrator." But while he would leave the parties free to appoint any arbitrator they chose, he would make it compulsory on them under penalties to choose somebody, to submit the question to him for decision, and also (though here he did not explain the how) to abide by that decision. This, he said, would practically make it necessary to compel unorganised trades to organise themselves for the purpose of appointing an arbitrator, if for nothing else, and to compel the non-unionists in the organised trades to join their respective unions. Mr. Hugh Bell, one of the largest employers in the trade, on the other hand, while admitting he would like to see the Board endowed with some means of enforcing its decisions, if it were possible to give it such a power, said he could not see it to be possible. On the whole, however, it appears from the evidence of Mr. Hingley that there was far more trouble before the Arbitration Board came into existence than there is now with the unreasonable section of the employers and the unreasonable section of the operatives who stand out against any compromise that may be accepted. It is not more force but more reasonableness that is effectual here, and these Boards themselves have been a liberal education in reasonableness to the trade in which they exist. Mr. Hingley said that the habit of meeting together on terms of equality at the same table had been "an education for both sides." Employers, he said, now took up a much less arbitrary position than they did before, and the men were much less suspicious and unreasonable and much more amenable to their leaders, so that disputes never reached the acute stage in which they generally had their whole being formerly; and, besides, the concert of the reasonable majority of the employers with the reasonable majority of the men succeeded generally in keeping the unreasonable minorities of both in some control and subjection. Mr. Whitwell gives equally decisive testimony to the remarkable influence of the Board of Arbitration in the cultivation of a reasonable spirit. "The effect of the Board of Arbitration," he says, "has been most satisfactory. The relations of workmen and their employers seem to be entirely changed. There is much more feeling of sympathy and respect than ever existed before, and this feeling has extended from the works of members of the Board to the other works. There is very much more reason than there ever used to be formerly." So much so, indeed, that more disputes are now settled at home without going to the Board at all than were settled at home before its establishment, and all in consequence of the growth of habits of reasonable consideration and mutual forbearance, which have been bred through the

Board. Many people feared that the existence of a Board of Arbitration to which disputes could be brought would have a tendency to multiply disputes; but Mr. Whitwell assured the Commission that that was very far from being their experience in the manufactured iron trade. In fact, as Mr. Hingley stated, most of the troubles of their trade, before the institution of the Arbitration Board, arose from nothing else but the practice of employers settling the rate of wages from time to time at their pleasure without any consultation with the employed, and from the extreme reluctance the employers always entertained to receiving the men and discussing the question between them; and when employers overcame this initial reluctance to persuade their inferiors, then other difficulties were found very usually to melt away of themselves in the first process of discussion. The evidence before the Commission would lead us to look for the solution of the only remaining difficulty that is alleged to attach to the arbitration scheme—the danger of occasional and partial disobedience to the award of the Board—only in a further growth of the same spirit of reason and fairness which has removed the rest.

This difficulty has been met in some trades by special devices. For example, a small industry, the nut and bolt trade—which is still only in the state of transition from the domestic workshop to the factory system, and is attended with sweating and other complaints usual to that transition state—has pushed ahead of more advanced industries, by establishing, in 1889, a Wages Board, with a guarantee fund of £1000—£500 subscribed by employers and £500 by employed—to be a means of support for men who struck against an employer who refused to abide by the Board's award; and Mr. Juggins, secretary of the Midland Counties Federation, mentioned that at the last strike which occurred in the nut and bolt trade, the employers paid as much as £550 for the support of the men who were out on strike. Apparently the employers, on their part, would not derive any corresponding benefit from this guarantee fund for the enforcement of the award on a recusant section of the workpeople. But the Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilding Society has struck out a most interesting and novel development in this direction. It guarantees the good faith of its members, and undertakes to compensate employers for their default. This important society was established in 1834, and has a membership of 37,300 in the United Kingdom, constituting 95 per cent. of all the mechanics engaged in the industry—virtually the whole trade, for the other 5 per cent. are men of indifferent character or skill, so that it enjoys a position of exceptional strength. Its affairs are governed by an executive council of seven, who must be members of ten years' standing and past officers of the society. They are elected, not by the entire membership of the society, but only by the Tyne and Wear branches, and they all live in that

district; but they settle disputes even in Scotland and Ireland, and indeed they seem to exercise without any demur a singularly absolute and autocratic authority. Other trades unions resort to fines and expulsion when their members violate arrangements made for them by their union, but that is only a matter between the union and its members. This society engages with the employers for the fulfilment of the labour contract by its members, and for compensation in case of violation. At Hartlepool a vessel was lately being built in a hurry, and the men employed upon her thought it a good opportunity to strike for an advance of two shillings in the teeth of the agreement under which they were working. The ship-building firm immediately wired to the executive council of the trades union an account of the situation. The council wired back at once, asking them to pay the advance in the meantime, and proceed with the work, because they knew the vessel was needed in a hurry, and they did not wish to cause any delay; but when the vessel was finished the council compelled the men who struck to refund the money, and then sent a cheque for the amount to the firm that paid it. Then, if a member of the society contracts for work and leaves it in an unfinished state, or makes a bad job of it, or a job not according to contract, the council will order that member, under pain of fine or expulsion, to complete the work or rectify it, and if the employer has incurred any loss through the delay or the wrong work it will make that loss good to him. Three members not long ago left a contract unfinished which it cost the employer £10 to complete, and the society paid him the £10, and then compelled the three members to indemnify them. Another of their members undertook to build two boilers in the Isle of Wight, and made a bad job of them through hurrying. The employer complained to the society, and the society despatched one of its agents to inspect the work. He reported the complaint to be just, and estimated the loss at £5, for which the council immediately sent the employer a cheque. This undertaking of pecuniary responsibility for the engagements of members extends, it will be observed, to all engagements, and not to conciliation awards alone; but it was adopted, Mr. R. Knight, the general secretary of the society explained, as a fresh provision for peace, because it was believed that it would produce more confidence in the society on the part of the employers, and this result, he said, it had certainly produced. The success of the measure was admitted to be largely due to the exceptional strength of the society, and the remarkable and willing acquiescence of the members in the autocratic control of the council, so that it is doubtful how far it admits of general imitation. Mr. Lindsay Wood and Mr. F. Stobart, who gave evidence on the mining industry on behalf of the Durham coal-owners, desired the imposition by law of this pecuniary responsibility on the parties

to a trade settlement, because they thought it very unlikely that associations would assume the responsibility of their own motion as this society has done; but they were obliged to admit that the responsibility could not be enforced on an association which had no funds, because it would be idle to think of imprisoning 50,000 workmen.

The difficulty which, if it did not kill the Conciliation Board of the Hosiery Trade, at all events prevents its resuscitation now—the competition of the outside employer who refuses to conform to the awards of the Board, is no difficulty at all in the manufactured iron trade, where the workmen's organisation is so powerful. The Midland Wages Board, as Mr. Aucott stated, simply came to an agreement that if any employer whatever refused to conform, the trade union would call out his men, and the other manufacturers would refuse to sell him goods, as they used formerly to do in similar circumstances, to enable him to supply his customers during the strike, and keep his trade, an employer going so far as to say, "We will lay down new mills, and employ his men, and sweep him out of the trade." It need hardly be said they have never required to resort to such extremities; their schedules have been accepted by all.

In the two Iron Trade Boards, the organisation of industrial peace sprang into the world perfect but sterile, and there is no systematic provision for arbitration in any other important industry, or of an important character in any industry. Resort is not infrequent to arbitration improvised for the particular occasion, and regular arbitration boards are sometimes formed even in unlikely quarters. For example, Scotland is usually much behind England in all matters of industrial organisation, and the bakers are behind other trades; but the Scotch bakers in the Aberdeen district have not only a joint committee of conciliation (five employers and five workmen), but a provision, in case of this committee failing to agree, for arbitration by a court of five representatives of the Trade Council and five representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, who choose an independent chairman; and the system has been found so effective in obviating one or two recent strikes, that the trade is now considering the question of establishing a National Conciliation Board on the same basis.

But the lower form of the organisation of peace—if, indeed, it is lower—the board of conciliation without any binding reference to arbitration, has attained more extensive vogue. Mr. Mundella's parent Board, though it has perished prematurely itself, has left a flourishing posterity of joint committees. Even these, it is true, are mainly confined to the two great industries of mining and cotton manufacture. Many trades and many localities are still destitute of the primary institutions which are the necessary basis for systematic conciliation—the trade union and the employers' association; for the

first step in the effective organisation of peace is the effective organisation of war. In some most important trades these primary institutions are still new, and they have not yet outgrown their youthful delight and confidence in war. In others, though the employers have overcome their dislike to confer with their own men, they still refuse to treat with the union. Even in a great organised trade like the engineers there is no permanent body of conciliation, and it is only in some towns, and only within the last few years, that when a dispute occurs the employers' association will hold communication with the trade union on the subject. Mr. Whittaker, an official of the Amalgamated Engineers in Lancashire, said there would be far fewer ruptures in their trade "if employers showed a better desire to meet us and discuss these questions across the table"; and he himself would like to see a court of conciliation for such differences, with a reference, in case of disagreement, to a court of arbitration; but the subject had never been mooted yet in the trade. On the other hand, Mr. Glennie, an official of the same body in Tyneside, had no faith in arbitration, and but little in conciliation boards. He thought they would not result in preventing strikes, "for this reason, that the employers as yet, when we have met them, have devoted their intelligence and their ability to framing agreements which will take away from us with the left hand what they give us with the right"; and he strongly advocated, as the result of his experience of dealing with the employers' association, that if a Conciliation Board were established it should have an independent chairman, because the only good of a Conciliation Board was to put a check on unreasonable action by means of argument and reason; and an independent chairman, though he had no casting vote, was always able to bring a certain pressure of reason to bear on the parties sufficient to secure an understanding. A trade in which ninety per cent. of the men belong to unions ought surely to have less distrust in its own strength. The experience of the ship-builders is different. Their relations with their employers have during the last twenty years been continuously improved in association with the growing strength of the trade union, so that, though they have no permanent system of conciliation, the purpose seems practically to be served as well by the more rudimentary expedient of occasional conference with the employers' representatives. "A month's notice," said Mr. Knight, "is given on either side, and then we interchange views at our first meeting, and if a settlement is not arrived at we understand each other better than when we met. We then adjourn for a few days, when we meet again, and generally succeed in adjusting our differences at a second or a third conference, and when both parties are satisfied that under the circumstances they have got the best terms possible, the settlement is faithfully carried out on both sides." They have had no general strike in the trade in the North of

England for fifteen years, and they have spent only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of their income on dispute benefit in the whole kingdom during the last eleven years. Even this was spent not on disputes proper, but on stoppages caused by delays in fixing prices for piecework necessitated by the technical changes that are constantly taking place, and that kind of stoppage is now avoided altogether in some districts through an agreement to continue work as usual pending settlement, on condition of the settlement operating retrospectively, so that a ship is sometimes at sea now before the price is fixed for plating her. There were virtually no complaints from this trade. Mr. Knight said they had succeeded through their organisation in securing larger wages than most other trades, and in suppressing systematic overtime except in repairing work; and while they would welcome an eight hours' day, they were opposed to it being forced on them by Act of Parliament. "I speak," he said, "from long experience of the organisation that I represent here to-day, and I say that we can settle all our differences without any interference on the part of Parliament or anybody else."

Joint committees were established in the mining industry in Northumberland in 1872, Cleveland in 1873, and about the same period in Durham. They exist also in the collieries of South Wales, South Stafford, and South Yorkshire, but not in those of Scotland, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, North Stafford, or Lancashire; although in most of these districts there exist both coal-owners and miners' associations, who arrange disputes when they arise by a friendly conference of their respective representatives. In South Wales and South Stafford the joint committee (eleven owners and eleven miners in South Wales) deals both with local and with general or county questions, but in Northumberland and Durham and Cleveland it deals with local questions only, general questions, such as the greater settlements of wages and hours of work, being decided by friendly conference between the representatives of the workmen and the general body of the owners, or a special committee of the owners, chosen for the case in hand. Mr. W. H. Patterson describes the constitution of the Durham joint committee. It consists of four sections—one for miners, one for cokemen, one for enginemmen, and one for mechanics—and each section sits separately, and is composed of six representatives of the owners' association (the same six in all the sections) and six representatives of the trade union of the trade dealt with in the section. The County Court judge sits in all as chairman, and has a casting vote. In other counties the joint committee is similarly constituted, except that it is not divided into sections; and that in Cleveland, South Wales, South Stafford, and South York the chairman has no casting vote. In Northumberland the committee began without the independent chairman, but it has now adopted that principle, choosing

the county coroner; while in South Stafford the joint committee (or wages board, as it is called there) began in 1883 on the principle of having an independent chairman, who should have a casting vote, and be virtually arbitrator; but it was dissolved in 1884 because the men refused to accept the chairman's decision, and was revived in 1888, without the independent chairman and the casting vote; and it is reported by Colonel Cochrane, the present chairman, to have worked satisfactorily since. Their only difficulty had been with a section of the miners, who have held aloof from the board; but even these have lately fallen in with its decisions, though not recognising its authority. In questions requiring local investigation, the joint committee, both in Durham and in Cleveland, refers the matter to the arbitration of one or two referees from each side, with power to choose an umpire and make a final decision. In Cleveland the joint committee has prevented any strike under its jurisdiction since 1874; and in Northumberland, according to Mr. Young, work has not been suspended for a single day at a single colliery by the workmen attempting to resist the committee's decision. Indeed, in both of these districts the joint committee has been a most satisfactory and successful tribunal, but considerable complaint comes from Durham. The men complain of the great delay of the committee in deciding cases, and the owners, especially Mr. F. Stobart, of the growing disposition of the men to repudiate awards, to strike without referring the disputes to the committee at all, and to ignore the authority of their own executive. These complaints chiefly occur in connection with the miners' section, which is overburdened with work. In the enginemens' section, which has only twenty cases to decide in the year, there is no delay and no repudiation, and Mr. Lambton said it had brought "untold blessings" on both employers and employed. The Northumberland joint committee has only sixty or eighty cases to decide in the year, so that it can decide them without any delay. The amount of its work is limited by two circumstances: it has a rule that no wage question can be brought before it by the workmen, unless the particular work is 5 per cent. below the standard average, nor by the employer, unless it is 5 per cent. above it; and there is a growing tendency of late years to settle questions at home, without bringing them to the joint committee at all, due to the fact that the workmen now understand the principles on which that committee adjusts wages. Cleveland, again, is a much smaller district than Durham, so that fewer cases naturally come up for settlement there; and Mr. Hugh Bell thinks another circumstance in favour of the success of its joint committee is that the Cleveland owners' association is a more compact body, with a correspondingly greater community of interests and unity of action. Besides, what is very important, its awards are made retrospective if necessary, so that delay is of less consequence; and their adoption of

this rule would of itself remove much of the existing dissatisfaction with the Durham committee. The disputes come largely from a few collieries only, and that shows, as Mr. Bell suggests, that they could be easily settled at home, if the owners of those collieries tried as earnestly to do so as other owners, though Mr. Stobart is disposed to throw the blame mostly on the local working-class leaders, some of whom rather like going to the joint committee, he says, because they get paid a shift for going. In all the mining districts alike both masters and men are averse to referring general or county settlements of wages to arbitration. In local questions they can afford to lose an award, but the men distrust it even on local questions in some places (Cleveland, for one, according to their own representative, Mr. Stong). This distrust of arbitration on the part of the men is said by another of their representatives, Mr. Toyn, to arise from the fact that the decisions have always gone against them in any arbitration they have had in the trade, and Mr. Hugh Bell explained that it was likely arbitration would always go against the men, when it was a question of an advance of wages, because the owners always give an advance before arbitration is necessary.

In the cotton trade differences are settled by conference between the standing committee of the masters' association and the standing committee of the men's trade union, and their frequent meetings have brought perfect harmony into the trade, and virtually abolished strikes in the factories of members. The weaving branch of the trade has since 1881 had a special joint committee, smaller in number than the two standing committees, for the purpose of conciliation, and both Mr. Birtwistle, who represented the men, and Mr. Rawlinson, who represented the employers, speak very decidedly of its good results. It had dealt with thirty disputes which might have ended in strikes, and settled them all amicably except one. Nineteen out of twenty strikes that now occur in the cotton trade occur in factories whose owners do not belong to the association, and they are generally caused by a refusal to pay the list prices agreed on by the standing committees or the joint committee. The weavers' joint committee is composed of equal numbers from the masters and men's associations, without an independent chairman, and it settles general as well as local questions. The cotton operatives are strongly opposed to arbitration, because, as Mr. Maudsley explained, they find it always goes against them, and because arbitrators generally either merely split the difference or proceed on the assumption of a certain standard of profit—usually 10 per cent.—being necessary for the employers. The employers do not seem to have generally any better faith in it. Mr. Rawlinson mentioned a case where the men asked for arbitration and the masters declined it, and he said the employers as a rule objected to making the conditions of their trade subject to the opinion of any person but

themselves. Few cases, however, occurred where the joint committee or the two standing committees failed to agree. The general result in the cotton trade is, as Mr. Maudsley says, the most complete understanding between masters and men, and the remarkable absence of serious complaints. The representatives of the men were satisfied they were now receiving the highest wages the state of the trade allowed, and felt that they had the power, through their unions and conciliatory committees, of obtaining a rise when an improvement came in the market.

The woollen industry is much more rife with complaints, as it is much behind the cotton industry in the organisation of conciliation, and indeed in trade union organisation also; but it is chiefly in the woollen districts that the example of the London Chamber of Commerce and trades council has been followed, and a general Conciliation Board for all trades in a district constituted of equal numbers of representatives from the local chamber of commerce and the local trades council. Boards of conciliation on these lines were founded in Leeds in 1890, in Bradford and Leicester in 1891, and one is in course of formation at Halifax. They are too recent to enable us to judge of their results. The Leeds Board has settled two disputes satisfactorily; but Mr. Marston, its vice-president, thinks it would answer better if it were subdivided into a number of separate boards, one for each trade, so as to ensure the settlement of the question by men of adequate technical knowledge. The Leicester Board is intended mainly as a court of appeal. It was established by the Mayor, and Mr. W. Tyler explained that in Leicester, though the shoe trade and the building trade have conciliation boards of their own, sometimes these boards have been unable to agree, and the Mayor's idea was to prevent a strike in these circumstances by an appeal to a sort of superior arbitration court.

Sliding scales have been very extensively tried in the mining and iron industries during the last fifteen years. They prevailed in the coal-mines of Durham from 1877 to 1887, in those of Northumberland from 1879 to 1887, in those of North Lancashire from 1885 to 1888, in those of South Staffordshire from 1877 to 1882, and again from 1888 to the present time, and in South Wales from 1876 to the present time. In 1875 a sliding scale was established at one Leicestershire colliery, but it only lasted six months, and another was in 1887 imposed by the owner on a Lanarkshire colliery without the consent of the men, and cannot therefore be considered a fair experiment. In the iron mines of Cleveland sliding scales prevailed from 1879 to 1887, and in the iron-smelting trade they still exist and are in high favour in Cleveland, Durham, Wales, though they have been abandoned in Cumberland and Lancashire. They are all founded on the same principle of regulating the rate of wages for a fixed period by a certain

ratio to the price of the product, as ascertained from the employers' books by accountants sworn to secrecy; except that in the iron mines it was regulated by the price of pig-iron instead of ironstone, because some of the largest firms never sent their ironstone to market at all, but converted it into pig-iron themselves. This system appears in all cases to have been finally given up at the instance of the men, who thought (1) that the original basis was too low, or (2) that the scale was too slow in rising, or (3) that its steps were not close enough to the rise in the quoted prices, that is to the price of the product on the exchanges, as distinguished from the ascertained selling prices on the masters' books. But the men's representatives continued to express approval of the principle of a sliding scale, if only its details could be satisfactorily contrived, and the masters, with one or two exceptions, were strongly in favour of it, though, it ought to be mentioned, some of the earlier scales were terminated at their instance. Mr. Hugh Bell, in regard to the men's objections, said it was possible, with some precautions, to make as serviceable a scale from the quoted as from the ascertained prices, because he looked on it in any case as not a scientific, but only a good haphazard way of regulating wages so as to avoid practical disputes; and that the apparent slowness of the rise was only the natural result of the circumstance that most of the output of the mines was contracted for at the lower rates, and that there were always few scales at the top prices. He thought, moreover, one of the causes of the greater success of the system in the iron manufacture than in mining was the prevalence in the sales of the former trade of the contrivance of "double jumps"—a double rate of rise at a particular step, so as to give the men a substantial benefit of the rise earlier, and a double rate of fall at another step, so as to enable the masters to preserve their trade. But this double-jump principle, in which he professed himself a great believer, had been introduced into the last of the Cleveland mining sliding scales, without succeeding in saving it. The men still felt it did not rise rapidly enough.

Although the sliding scale has been abandoned in these important districts, the rate of wages is still determined on the ordinary sliding scale principle of a ratio to prices. In Durham district it is now fixed by arrangement between the owners' association and the workmen's federation board, and the price is calculated, not on the net average prices ascertained from the employers' books, but upon the quotations in the public market. And in Northumberland, Mr. Weeks said negotiations were at present afoot for establishing a new wages committee, which should settle the rate of wages from time to time on the old sliding scale principle, but with somewhat more elasticity, taking into consideration not only the price of coal, but the state of the labour market and other circumstances. It should be, in fact, a sort of living sliding scale, without hard-and-fast rules, but following

certain unwritten and understood principles. This seems devised to meet one of the common objections of the men to the scale system, that in a rising market they could squeeze for miners more wages out of the masters than the sliding scale gave them ; but of course, as Mr. Bell said, this was balanced by the corresponding fact that in a falling market the masters could always lower their wages below the sliding scale rate. He thought this a good result. "The ideal sliding scale," he says, "would produce for the men working under it rather better wages than they were entitled to at its lower end, in return for rather smaller wages at its higher end."

JOHN RAE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AS A THEOLOGIAN.*

SOMETIMES one hears a rumbling of thunder in the distance without leaving one's daily tasks or sallying forth to watch the storm. That has been my case in regard to the controversies in which for the last five or six years Professor Huxley has held the lists against all comers. The *Nineteenth Century* did not come in my way, and I thought that I could form a fair guess as to the course things were taking, and that I could afford to wait until it was possible to read the articles in connected sequence. The opportunity has now been given for this by the reprint of the Essays in a handsome and convenient form.†

The theologian who takes up a book of Professor Huxley's will, of course, do so with somewhat mixed feelings. He must be prepared for hard hitting, which he knows will fall mainly upon his side of the question. But if he can put up with this, he may expect to find no little compensation in the terse and trenchant formulating of points which will be a real help to him in his own thinking.

How far will the present volume meet these expectations? To some extent I think it will meet them, but on the whole I confess that I find it disappointing. To say that it is Professor Huxley's is to say that it is trenchant; no one can complain of any deficiency in this respect. To say that it is Professor Huxley's is also to say that it must contain some good formulating of points. But, perhaps, it is due to the form in which the articles first appeared that there is a good deal of diffuseness and repetition. The whole might with advantage

* "Essays upon some Controverted Questions." By Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

† It ought, perhaps, to be explained that I have thought it better to confine myself to Professor Huxley's volume, and that I have not read the papers which he criticised or which were written in reply to him, except the concluding chapter of "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture."

have been compressed into just half the space. But, apart from this, it seems to bring out into more prominence than I had anticipated some of the limitations of the author's mind and methods.

Looking at the book as a sign of the times, there are some ways at least in which it may give us cause for congratulation. One aspect of it in particular is highly satisfactory. It would seem as if the long-standing feud between theology and science was at last practically ended. It is at least at an end generally and in the abstract, though of course individual men of science and individual theologians may still fall foul of each other on occasion. The essay entitled "An Episcopal Trilogy" is now five years old, and it marked at the time the striking contrast brought about in the course of a quarter of a century. That Professor Huxley should have nothing but compliments to exchange with three representatives of the episcopal bench preaching at a meeting of the British Association was evidently a surprise to him. It is only justice to add that he meets the bishops as frankly as they meet him. We may take it, I think, that the *concordat* has been signed and sealed. Certainly the last five years have shown no disposition to disturb it.

But if this is so, may we not put aside, as really out of date, not a few denunciatory pages which have no longer any object? "The cleric," we are told, "asserts that it is morally wrong not to believe certain propositions, whatever the results of a strict scientific investigation of the evidence of these propositions. He tells us that 'religious error is, in itself, of an immoral nature' " (p. 453). The quotation is from Dr. Newman's essay on "Development." But I doubt whether Dr. Newman himself would have written quite the same words in his old age. In any case, I should greatly doubt whether many could be found to echo them now. May we not consider all this past and done with, and spare ourselves any further heartburnings on the subject?

I would go a step further, and ask whether it would not be possible to bring about something of a similar *modus vivendi* with the Agnostics? Professor Huxley gives us an interesting account of the origin of the term, which he himself invented. One is glad to see that the editor of the New English Dictionary was aware of this. He refers to a letter of Mr. R. H. Hutton's, but now we have it from the author himself:

"When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist; a materialist or an idealist; a Christian or a free-thinker; I found that the more I learned or reflected the less ready was the answer. . . . So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'Agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'Gnostic' of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things about which I was ignorant. . . . To my great satisfaction the term took, and when the *Spectator* had stood godfather to it, any suspicion in the minds of respectable people that a

knowledge of its parentage might have awakened was, of course, completely lulled" (pp. 351-356).

The term Agnosticism is Professor Huxley's choice to describe his own opinions; and he has drawn up a list of other terms, all but the last of which ("free-thinker") he expressly repudiates. One of the essays (No. V.) is a direct reply to a writer who had charged him with materialism. I was quite prepared for this, because I remember with equal pleasure and gratitude reading many years ago the article on "Descartes" in "Lay Sermons and Addresses," in which Professor Huxley laid down his own creed on that point. To one who is no professed philosopher that article has done duty for much philosophy ever since. The consciousness of this makes me feel a certain sense of sympathy with all this side of Professor Huxley's opinions; so much so that I am tempted to think that a very little more might bring us into harmony. Perhaps I ought not to speak for others, because I do not know how far my own notions on these points might find acceptance, but at least the gap does not seem great which separates them from the position taken up by Professor Huxley. Here, for instance, is the way in which objections often brought, or supposed to be brought, from natural science are disposed of:

"Every one of the speculative difficulties which beset Kant's three problems—the existence of a Deity, the freedom of the will, and immortality—existed ages before anything that can be called physical science, and would continue to exist if modern physical science were swept away. All that physical science has done has been to make, as it were, visible and tangible some difficulties that formerly were more hard of apprehension" (p. 229).

And then this proposition is expanded in more detail:

"The student of Nature, who starts from the axiom of the universality of the law of causation, cannot refuse to admit an eternal existence; if he admits the conservation of energy, he cannot deny the existence of an eternal energy; if he admits the existence of immaterial phenomena in the form of consciousness, he must admit the possibility, at any rate, of an eternal series of such phenomena. . . .

"So with respect to immortality. As physical science states this problem, it seems to stand thus: Is there any means of knowing whether the series of states of consciousness, which has been casually associated for threescore years and ten with the arrangement and movements of immeasurable millions of successively different material molecules, can be continued in like association with some substance which has not the properties of matter and force? As Kant said, on a like occasion, 'If anybody can answer that question, he is just the man I want to see. . . .'

"Lastly, with respect to the old riddle of the freedom of the will. In the only sense in which the word freedom is intelligible to me—that is to say, the absence of any restraint upon doing what one likes within certain limits—physical science certainly gives no more ground for doubting it than the common sense of mankind does. And if physical science, in strengthening our belief in the universality of causation and abolishing chance as an absurdity, leads to the conclusion of determination, it does no more than follow the track of consistent and logical thinkers in philosophy and theology, before it existed or was thought of" (p. 230).

So far, good. But I confess that I should like to carry the discussion on these points a little further, on premisses with which I know that Professor Huxley would agree.

All sure knowledge is knowledge of states of consciousness and nothing more. The moment we step outside those states of consciousness and begin to assign a cause to them, we pass into the region of hypothesis or assumption. The first effort of thought is to distinguish between "self" and "not-self"; but neither of the "self" nor of the "not-self" have we any true knowledge; we do not even know that they exist, much less how they exist or what they are. We might as well call the one *x* and the other *y* as give them the names we do. And if this holds good for a process of thought which seems so elementary, much more must it hold good for others which are more remote. When we call things about us and give them names, as Adam is described as doing, what we really name is only the states of our own consciousness, not the things themselves. Judged by the standard of strict logic, the world which we inhabit is a world of visions, of phantasms, of hypothetical existences, and hypothetical relations. All thought and all the objects of thought are at bottom pure hypothesis. Its validity is only relative. The propositions which we call true are not true in themselves. When we call them "true," all that we mean is that to assume them gives unity and harmony to the operations of the thinking mind.

The belief that we can trust our memory, that one state of consciousness is like another preceding state of consciousness, that the Ego is a centre of permanence, that Nature is uniform, and that what has happened to-day will also happen to-morrow—all these beliefs stand upon the same footing. They are "working hypotheses," assumptions which enable us to think coherently; we cannot say more.

The different assumptions no doubt vary in the degree to which they are necessary to the process of thinking. Some are absolutely indispensable and underlie the whole fabric of mental construction; others extend only to part of that fabric. Still they, too, contribute something to the whole. They are stepping-stones by the help of which we cross the morass and join one path to another.

We do not say that the belief in God possesses quite the highest degree of necessity. It is possible to get on without it. But we do say that it possesses a high degree; that in certain departments—and those by no means recondite departments—of speculation and practice, we get on far better with it. In the lives of numbers of persons it bears a very large part. And it has borne so large a part, so far back in the world's history, that consequences from it have been established among the mental habits of the race in such a way as to be almost ineradicable. Men act on the belief in God without

knowing it; and the action of logic is so slow that it might be subtracted for some time without its loss being felt.

All this does not amount to proof that the belief in God is a valid belief—a belief, that is, which ought to be entertained. The proof of this may best take the form of a concrete example. But as one of Professor Huxley's essays, to which I hope to come shortly, gives just such an example, I will leave the prosecution of this argument for the present.

I must, however, before returning to it, say just a word on the subject of free will. I would ask leave here to supplement the remarks which have been quoted above by a sentence from the earlier essay on "Descartes":

"When they [the Materialists] go further than I think they are entitled to do—when they introduce Calvinism into science, and declare that man is nothing but a machine, I do not see any particular harm in their doctrines, so long as they admit that which is a matter of experimental fact—namely, *that it is a machine capable of adjusting itself within certain limits.*" *

The italics are mine. The concession seems to me an important one, though I confess that I do not exactly see how it is to be reconciled with one of the *dicta* in the later volume:

"The essence of that which is improperly called the free-will doctrine is that occasionally, at any rate, human volition is self-caused—that is to say, not caused at all; for to cause oneself, one must have anteceded oneself which is, to say the least of it, difficult to imagine" (p. 231).

Is not the older phrase about the machine "adjusting itself" open to precisely the same criticism? Has the writer changed his mind between the two books? I suspect that it is not that, but only the old story, which is quite as true of free will as it is of nature, that when expelled at one door it comes in at another.

I, too, am something of an Agnostic. And the ground on which I am most inclined to take refuge in Agnosticism is just this of free will. It passes my comprehension to know how the will can be free. I cannot find any flaw in Professor Huxley's reasoning on this head. I shrink myself from using such a phrase as "uncaused volition." To me, too, it conveys no intelligible meaning.

But for all that the will *must* be free. If the wording of the proposition be disputed, I am not prepared to contend for it. Let it be called *x*, for want of anything better. But, by whatever name it is called and however it is defined, and, when defined, however it is justified, there is *something* by virtue of which man is a responsible-being—treated as such by his fellow-men, and liable (we may suppose) to be treated as such by other Beings, if there are any. That is the main point, which neither Professor Huxley nor any one else can

* "Lay Sermons, &c.," p. 372 f.

overthrow. We must in the end come back to the conclusion stated a century and a half ago by Bishop Butler :

“ And therefore, though it were admitted that this opinion of necessity were speculatively true, yet, with regard to practice, it is as if it were false, so far as our experience reaches—that is, to the whole of our present life. For the constitution of the present world, and the condition in which we are placed, is as if we were free. And it may perhaps justly be concluded, that since the whole process of action through every step of it, suspense, deliberation, inclining one way, determining, and at last doing as we determine, is as if we were free, therefore we are so ” (“ Analogy,” Part I. chap. vi.).

Observe the good Bishop’s wise reserve. “ It may perhaps justly be concluded,” is all that he will say. The opinion of free will does not rise above a hypothesis. It exists only for the “ practical reason.” But in the sphere of the practical reason, and as a hypothesis, it is as necessary as the law of causation itself. In other words, it is as binding upon man as if it were absolute truth.

The essays in this volume fall into three main groups, which, however, have a tendency to run into each other. There is one group on Agnosticism in the abstract; another group on the Cosmogony of Genesis and the Deluge; a third, the principal subject of which is the miracle of the Gadarene demoniac. On the first of these groups I have spoken; the second I do not propose to touch. On its leading topic it seems to me that exactly the right thing was said by Dr. Driver in an article in the *Expositor* for January 1886, and I would rather refer to that article than attempt any fresh discussion of my own. The subject is one which is, I think, by this time pretty well understood.

Somewhat outside the three groups is an essay entitled “ The Evolution of Theology.” This essay is described as “ an anthropological study,” and it is explained that in it “ theology is regarded as a natural product of the operations of the human mind under the conditions of its existence, just as any other branch of science, or the arts of architecture, or music, or painting are such products ” (p. 132). Practically, the essay is a sketch of the history of religious ideas in Israel, with a detailed statement of parallels furnished by savage religions for some prominent features in the Books of Samuel. By way of appendix, some four pages (pp. 203–207) are devoted to an outline of the course of Christian history down to the present time. The centre of gravity, however, is thrown mainly on to the earlier period. For this, as is natural, recourse is had to critical authorities, and an imposing list of these is given in the notes on pp. 137, 189. But I am afraid it is too evident that in these historical inquiries the Professor is off his proper ground, and he is betrayed into some very loose writing, in which all sorts of incongruous ideas are mixed up

together. A conspicuous instance is given in the last of the two notes referred to. We are not, of course, surprised that the account of the Exodus and of the wanderings in the wilderness of Sinai is rejected. In support of this position reference is made to the works of Reuss and Wellhausen, and especially to Stade's "*Geschichte des Volkes Israel*." The next eight pages are devoted to speculations as to the way in which either Moses himself, or the later representations of his history, may have borrowed prominent features in the religion from Egypt. Naturally one supposes that there is some connection between these views and those of the eminent critics whose names had just been mentioned as general authorities for the whole subject. I do not happen to have Reuss by me, but both Wellhausen and Stade are directly opposed to the theory which would explain the Mosaic religion by Egyptian influences. Wellhausen writes thus :

"Moses gave no new idea of God to his people. The question whence he derived it therefore need not be raised. It could not possibly be worse answered, however, than by a reference to his relations with the priestly caste of Egypt and their wisdom. It is not to be believed that an Egyptian deity could inspire the Hebrews of Goshen with courage for the struggle against the Egyptians, or that an abstraction of esoteric speculation could become the national deity of Israel." *

(Compare this especially with p. 194 of the essay.) Stade is equally emphatic :

"People, especially Egyptologists, have often amused themselves by the supposition that Moses carried over to Israel elements of Egyptian theology. This supposition is devoid of all real foundation (*jeden realen Hintergrundes bair*). One could not tell what the ancient Hebrews should have borrowed from the ancient Egyptians. What has been alleged to be so borrowed is in part altogether alien (*von Haus aus fremd*) to the ancient religion of Israel, and only was developed in it by degrees, and that, too, spontaneously, and in part is of no importance in it (*spielt es in ihr keine Rolle*)." †

It would be easy to confirm this judgment from other leading authorities.‡ There is, in fact, a strong set of critical authorities in the opposite direction to that which Professor Huxley has followed.

Going back to the substance of the essay, I do not wish to dispute the analogies which are produced—*e.g.*, to the witch of Endor, the use of teraphim, ephod, &c. One who approaches the subject as Professor Huxley does was sure to lay stress on these. But did they constitute the whole or the really characteristic part of the religion of Israel in that age? Let it be remembered that we are speaking of the "evolution of theology," and that the state of things at any given time must have its antecedents. We descend the stream from two to three centuries, and what do we find? Professor Huxley shall speak for us :

* "History of Israel and Judah," p. 22.

† Stade, "*Gesch. d. Volkes Israel*," i. 129.

‡ Dillmann on Ex. xxxii. 4; Robertson Smith in *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, 1887; and in the main Kuenen, "*Religion of Israel*," i. 276 ff, though admitting some influence from Egyptian morals and a few details such as urim and thummim.

"All the more remarkable therefore is the extraordinary change which is to be noted in the eighth century B.C. The student who is familiar with the theology implied, or expressed, in the Books of Judges and Samuel and the First Book of Kings, finds himself in a new world of thought, in the full tide of a great reformation when he reads Joel, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, and Jeremiah" (p. 198).

It is true that the prophets put forward some new ideas, but the essence of their teaching is not new. The broad lines of Israel's religion were traced before it came down to them; there is no real break, no abrupt change. If the prophets assert the claims of morality, it is not as a new thing; they only remind the people of duties which it is assumed that they well knew.

But what is the source of all this? Whence did the prophets get their high and pure ideal? Professor Huxley in his better moments is not unjust to the religion of Israel. Here, for instance, is some generous testimony:

"The Bible has been the *Magna Charta* of the poor and of the oppressed; down to modern times, no State has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account, in which the duties so much more than the privileges of rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and in Leviticus; nowhere is the fundamental truth that the welfare of the State, in the long run, depends on the uprightness of the citizen so strongly laid down" (p. 52).

And here again:

"The Puritanism of a vigorous minority among the Babylonian Jews rooted out polytheism from all its hiding-places in the theology which they had inherited; they created the first consistent, remorseless, naked monotheism which, so far as history records, appeared in the world (for Zoroastrianism is practically di-theism, and Buddhism any-theism, or no-theism); and they inseparably united therewith an ethical code which, for its purity and for its efficiency as a bond of social life, was and is unsurpassed" (p. 199 f.).

"Again, all that is best in the ethics of the modern world, in so far as it has not grown out of Greek thought or barbarian manhood, is the direct development of the ethics of old Israel. There is no code of legislation, ancient or modern, at once so just and so merciful, so tender to the weak and poor, as the Jewish law; and if the Gospels are to be trusted, Jesus of Nazareth himself declared that he taught nothing but that which lay implicitly or explicitly in the religious and ethical system of his people" (p. 455).

Of course, I perfectly understand that Professor Huxley regards all this as a natural and spontaneous product of the prophets and of other leaders of Israel, for which he would give them full credit; though it is perhaps worth noticing by the way that they themselves would have entirely repudiated such credit. If they had put forward their teaching simply as their own, they would themselves have attached no importance to it, and it would have made no impression. They spoke throughout with the strong conviction that what they said was not their own, but that it was put into their mouth by a

Power outside themselves. This conviction of theirs assumes a very remarkable amount of particularity. It is not an isolated experience, but common more or less to all the prophets whose writings have come down to us. It does not seem to take its rise out of mere *naïveté*. It goes along with a good deal of introspection; not that the prophets deliberately set about to analyse their own sensations, but quite incidentally they tell us a number of details about the way in which the peculiar inspiration of which they were conscious came to them. I know that Professor Huxley would feel that he was able to explain all these phenomena, and that he would set them down to a kind of hallucination. From his standpoint, he cannot do otherwise. And these are not the only phenomena which he would have to describe by some such term, but a great number of other phenomena belonging to the religious life would have practically to come under the same category.

But when we have reached this point, it is impossible to help asking whether the alternative explanation is not possible—whether there may not after all be some better account of these experiences than mere hallucination. Those who start with the hypothesis that there is an active Intelligence, which created and which governs the world, find it easy to bring all this group of phenomena under that hypothesis. And the result is at least a very great convenience in thinking. Professor Huxley and those who go with him seem to have an arduous task before them. Of course they can cut the knot at any moment by saying that they do not understand, and do not care to understand; but if they stop short of this, and once begin a scientific explanation of the phenomena, the formula of hallucination will doubtless carry them some way, but after a time, as the line of facts which have to be brought under it lengthens, they must surely begin to feel that it has a very great deal to bear. Will it stand the strain? No doubt the “law of parsimony” is good. We must not invent hypotheses without a cause. But, on the other hand, it is no less wrong to refuse to admit a hypothesis which really does serve to clear up the process of thinking. And this hypothesis that there is a “living” God is no new one, but is rather so ingrained in the mind of the human race that it is more difficult than we imagine to get rid of it. Does not this go far to prove that the belief is a natural, and if natural also an indefeasible, part of the intellectual outfit of mankind?

Agnosticism, I cannot but think, is not a proper basis for a philosophy. It may come at the end of an exhaustive discussion, but it should not bar the way at the beginning. It is a last desperate remedy when all others have failed; but we may well let it remain at the bottom of the chest until all other remedies have been tried and found wanting.

The more I study some parts of this volume of essays the more I wonder that Professor Huxley should have thought it worth his while to write them. This is especially the case with all that large section which turns round the miracle of the Gadarene demoniac. In regard to this, if Professor Huxley had thought well to give us his views on the pathological aspect of the question—if, for instance, he had discussed the cases quoted by Mr. Sadler* from the "Mental Pathology" of Dr. Griesinger—we should have studied what he said with respectful attention. But as it is he seems to throw away all the advantage which is given by his own special knowledge, and to descend on to ground where he is not only not stronger but decidedly weaker than many men who would be far inferior to him in general intellectual force. Strange to say, this seems to have been done quite deliberately :

"I believe that there is not a solitary argument I have used, or that I am about to use, which is original, or has anything to do with the fact that I have been chiefly occupied with natural science. They are all, facts and reasoning alike, either identical with, or consequential upon, propositions which are to be found in the works of scholars and theologians of the highest repute in the only two countries, Holland and Germany, in which, at the present time, professors of theology are to be found whose tenure of their posts does not depend upon the results to which their inquiries lead them" (p. 110).

And again :

"I have been careful to explain that the arguments which I have used in the course of this discussion are not new, that they are historical, and have nothing to do with what is commonly called science, and that they are all, to the best of my belief, to be found in the works of theologians of repute" (p. 468).

It is true that there is something added to this. Professor Huxley has told us many times over, and with much emphasis, that he does not himself believe the demonology of the Gospels or the incidents in which it is involved. Perhaps this was hardly necessary. I suspect that few of his readers would have done him injustice on that score.

There is also another point which has perhaps some novelty, though logically it seems to make much of the rest of the argument superfluous. Professor Huxley has expended a good deal of space on the question of the date and origin of the Gospels, but he takes care to guard himself against being supposed to attach too much importance to this. He will not admit the common assumption that "what contemporary witnesses say must be true, or, at least, has always a *prima facie* claim to be so regarded." He believes himself to have proved that "where the miraculous is concerned, neither considerable intellectual ability, nor undoubted honesty, nor knowledge of the

* In the Appendix to his "Commentary on St. Mark," London, 1884

world, nor proved piety, on the part of eye-witnesses and contemporaries, affords any guarantee of the objective truth of the statements, when we know that a firm belief in the miraculous was ingrained in their minds, and was the presupposition of their observations and reasonings " (p. 167).

It will be seen that this is really a short and easy method. In fact, to say truth, the argumentation of nearly all that part of the volume with which I am dealing is of this short and easy character—far too much so, I cannot but think, for true science. It would surely have been well if Professor Huxley had kept more in mind a distinction of which he is aware, though he makes but little use of it. "When a man testifies to a miracle, he not only states a fact, but he adds an interpretation of the fact. We may admit his evidence as to the former, and yet think his opinion as to the latter worthless" (p. 402). Most true. But the distinction here so clearly laid down is constantly confused throughout the argument. It ought to have dictated the whole course of the inquiry. The first thing to be done was to ascertain as exactly as possible what were the historical facts. Not until it was known what the facts really were could the further question of their interpretation be approached at all satisfactorily.

But if a serious attempt was to be made to determine the facts, it would have to be upon very different lines from Professor Huxley's. A writer who thinks that he has got a short cut to truth naturally will not take much trouble over more circuitous methods. There is just the same loose writing in the essays which deal with the New Testament as in those which deal with the Old. Thus, in one place we are told that "there is no proof, nothing more than fair presumption, that any one of the Gospels existed in the state in which we find it in the Authorised Version of the Bible, before the second century, or, in other words, sixty or seventy years after the events recorded. And between that time and the date of the oldest extant manuscripts of the Gospel, there is no telling what additions and alterations and interpolations may have been made" (p. 341).* In another place (p. 490 ff.) we find a general acceptance of a position like M. Renan's, who began by placing the first two Gospels about or before, and the third Gospel not long after, the year 70 A.D.; while at his latest and most advanced stage, he believes our second Gospel to have been written about the year 76, our first Gospel about the year 85, and our third Gospel about the year 94. There is a great difference between dates like these and "not before the second century."

* In this sentence Professor Huxley forgets that the resources of the textual critic are by no means limited to MSS. Besides MSS., he has versions, two of which (the Latin and the Syriac) are probably as old as the second century, and two more (the great Egyptian versions, commonly called the Memphitic or Thebaic), at least older than the oldest MSS., while the Gothic, and perhaps the Ethiopic, are coeval, and the Armenian nearly coeval, with them. Then, besides the versions, he has also a multi-

I do not say this because I am content with M. Renan's dates. It may be true that our Gospels in their present form are not demonstrably very much earlier. The *terminus ad quem* of Synoptic composition seems to me to be fixed by our third Gospel, which in its turn is fixed by the date of the Acts; and as I cannot but think that there is still, in spite of all the hypotheses on the subject, a decided preponderance of argument for attributing that work to an actual companion of St. Paul, this date would be nearer 80 than 91 A.D.*

But the important point is less that of the date of our present final redactions of the Gospels than the date when the great bulk of the material which they contain was brought together. I firmly believe myself, and I am convinced that future inquiries will only strengthen the belief, that the original documents worked up in our Gospels cannot be later than the decade 60-70 A.D. Not only does it seem to me that this is the result to which the inquiries of critics, many of them above the suspicion of partiality, are tending, but there is also, I feel sure, a large reserve of detailed argument in the background which has never as yet been set forth systematically, proving that the great mass of the Synoptic narrative must be earlier than the fall of Jerusalem.† It is only by a close and careful examination of those features of the narrative which do not raise debatable questions respecting doctrine or the supernatural that a really scientific conclusion can be arrived at.‡

tude of quotations in the Fathers which prove, at least, the presence in their copies of the sections quoted by them. Under the head of Fathers would be included that remarkable work, the "Diatessaron" of Tatian, of which very considerable remains have now been recovered. (See these collected in a form accessible to the English reader by Professor Hemphill of Dublin: "The Diatessaron of Tatian," London and Dublin, 1888.) Then, further, it must be remembered that in addition to the documents now extant, the critic can infer backwards to the *common original* of these documents, on all points in which they agree. Taking all this into consideration, it seems to me a risky process to assume the existence of any interpolations beyond those for which we have actual evidence. I do not think that they are quite out of the question, but the period of time within which they can have taken place must have been very short indeed.

* I cannot think that the alleged use of Josephus in the third Gospel and the Acts has been at all made good (for authorities, see Holtzmann "Einleitung," p. 374, ed. 3).

† One conspicuous note of time which proves that, if not the whole Gospel precisely as we have it, at least the document which is there being followed must be older than this date is the prediction in Matt. xxiv. 29, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days, the sun shall be darkened," &c. Even in St. Mark xiii. 24, this "immediately" has been dropped: "But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened," &c. The change clearly belongs to the final redaction of the Gospel, and it will not allow even that redaction to be long after the fall of Jerusalem like the "times of the Gentiles" of Luke xxi. 24.

‡ Let me mention just one or two indications to which I believe that attention has not yet been called, and which if they do not exactly prove anything as to the date of the present recension of the Gospels, at least go some way to prove the freshness and accuracy of the recollections which they embody. One is the repeated use throughout the Gospels of *ὁ Χριστός* as an appellative in the sense of the Jewish Messiah (Mark viii. 29, xii. 35; xiii. 21, xiv. 61, &c.). Even in St. Paul *Χριστός* and *ὁ Χριστός* has become almost a proper name. How soon would the older and truer usage be lost when the Gospel travelled beyond the region in which the Messianic expectation lived and the time at which it was still active! Another striking touch of contemporaneity is the allusion to the "Herodians," in Mark iii. 6, xii. 13; Matt. xxii. 16. This party name occurs nowhere else in literature, and has only a parallel in *οἱ τὰ*

Nothing could be further from such a method than Professor Huxley's; he ignores internal indications altogether, unless we are to regard in this light the long excursus into the Church history of the second century of which the upshot at most appears to be that there were controversies in the Apostolic age which may be supposed likely to have left their mark upon the Gospels (p. 488). That, one would have thought, was a consideration which had long ago been estimated at its true value. It seems to be the old Tübingen "Tendenz-kritik" revived. But if so, and allowing fully for any elements of truth there may be in that theory, I think it may be said to be understood that it does not materially affect the historical character of the Gospels.

The fact is that Professor Huxley has not even set the problem before his own mind with any sort of precision. Vague and random denunciations and denials are scattered about in profusion; but such things carry the inquirer a very little way in history. History demands a lighter touch and finer shading. Professor Huxley quotes, it is true, Bishop Butler's famous saying about probability being the "guide of life" (p. 345), but his essays show very little appreciation of it. They oscillate between the opposite poles of emphatic assertion and blank rejection. To say that a proposition is not proved in such a way as to compel assent is with him (not always, but far too often) as much as to say that it is altogether false, and to be repudiated.

In regard to the Gadarene demoniac, the real case I imagine to be something of this kind. The presence of the section in the first three Gospels proves that it belonged to the oldest stratum of Evangelical tradition. This I think, as I have said, must in all its common features be at least as old as the seventh decade of the Christian era. In other words, it must have been committed to writing within some thirty to forty years of the events. Does it follow that it must have happened precisely as it is described as happening? I do not think it does. There are difficulties about it which Mr. Gladstone's ingenious hypothesis hardly removes. The actual migration of the demons into the swine is not a point which I should venture to assert with confidence. An interval of thirty to forty years would not be too short to preclude the possibility of some colouring of the facts by popular belief. How far this colouring may extend I do not think that we have the data absolutely to determine. But a limit appears to be put to our criticism of the narrative by two considerations besides its date. One is what I conceive to be the

¹ *Ἡρώδου φρονήσεις* (Josephus, Ant. xiv. 15, 10). The phrase in Josephus refers to the beginning of the reign of Herod in B.C. 37; and it is not likely that such a dynastic party can have survived long after the death of Herod Agrippa I. in 44 A.D. The delineation of Jewish parties and of the Messianic expectation generally would be among the landmarks of date, as in both respects it could not fail to undergo a change after the catastrophe of 70 A.D.

practical certainty that miracles like the healing of the Gadarene demoniac did actually happen. Putting aside for the moment the explanation of the fact, the fact itself is too well attested. Not only have we numerous express statements in the oldest of the Synoptic documents (Mark i. 23 ff. = Luke iv. 33, ff.; Mark i. 34 = Matt. viii. 16 = Luke iv. 41; Mark i. 39 = Matt. iv. 24; Mark iii. 11 = Luke viii. 18; Mark vii. 29, 30; cf. Matt. xv. 28; Mark ix. 17 ff. = Matt. xvii. 15 ff. = Luke ix. 39 ff.), but in addition to this we have, what is still better as evidence, incidental allusions in sayings which assume the existence of such cases of healing (Mark iii. 22 ff. = Matt. xii. 24 ff. = Luke xi. 15 ff.; Matt. vii. 22, ix. 34, x. 8; Luke x. 17-20; Mark ix. 38 f. = Luke ix. 49 f.). Further, if there is reason to believe that healings of this kind took place generally, there is specially good reason for believing that one of the instances in question took place at a particular spot on the east of the Sea of Galilee. In two out of the three Gospels the scene of the miracle is described as the "country of the Gerasenes" (the reading "Gergesenes" adopted by some editors in Luke viii. 26, 37, appears due to the influence of Origen). In Matt. viii. 20 this is altered to "Gadarenes." The probability seems to be that the original of all three Gospels had "Gerasenes," but that this was misunderstood by the compilers of our present Gospels, who were not familiar with the locality and identified "Gerasa" with the more important city of that name in Southern Peræa. The first Evangelist alone, making use of a little knowledge, corrected "Gerasenes" to "Gadarenes." There is, however, an appropriate place on the shores of the lake which is to this day called *Kharṣa*; and Eusebius ("Onomasticon," ed. Lagarde, p. 216 f.), followed by Jerome, says that a place which he calls "Gergesa" was pointed out in his day on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias. To these may be added another mark of authenticity, which is not without weight, the peculiar word *Ἀγέων* preserved in two Gospels (Mark v. 9 = Luke viii. 30). It is less likely that this strange introduction of a Latin word (strange, but not impossible, in view of the Roman occupation of Palestine) should be pure invention than that it is a reminiscence of something that actually occurred.

For these reasons I believe, for my own part, that there is a considerable base of truth in the narrative, whatever we are to say to the incident of the swine. A certain margin must be left for reasonable difference of opinion. But when we have got thus far, the question still remains as to the nature of the miracle. Does it necessarily imply the real existence of demons? There we come to a point which it is less easy to determine. A writer like Professor Huxley will dismiss the affirmative view offhand. On the opposite side, there will be others who will dismiss the doubt just as peremp-

torily.* If I were cross-examined about it myself, I should speak with more hesitation. Every critic will find some shots hit him between wind and water; and that is my case here. The man of science tells us that he can account for the phenomena of so-called possession. I should ask him if he can be so sure that he has accounted for *all* the phenomena. I should call attention to one of Professor Huxley's more conciliatory passages:

"A man may be an Agnostic in the sense of admitting he has no positive knowledge, and yet consider that he has more or less probable knowledge for accepting any given hypothesis about the spiritual world. Just as a man may frankly declare that he has no means of knowing whether the planets generally are inhabited or not, and yet may think one of the two possible hypotheses more likely than the other, so he may admit that he has no means of knowing anything [positively] about the spiritual world; and yet may think one or other of the current views on the subject to some extent probable" (p. 166).

On the whole there seems to be sufficient reason to believe in the existence of a personal power of evil.* And granting the existence of such a power, it is to me credible that it should be concerned in the phenomena which are set down to possession. Of course it is possible that the Healer placed Himself at the point of view of the persons healed. But the evidence goes to show that He shared the main point in their belief Himself: and so far as He shared it I would share it too.

It will have been seen that I have little approval to give to Professor Huxley's treatment of history. History requires a certain flexibility of mind, and some power of sympathising with habits of thought or feeling that are different from the writer's own. The past needs to be regarded at least with equanimity. It is safe to say that the historian who is always denouncing, does not and cannot understand. In Professor Huxley's case, the strange thing appears to be that no shade of misgiving ever seems to cross his mind that any important elements can have been omitted in his judgments. Instead of following the excellent rule that nothing which has ever moved great masses of men can be wholly without reason, he adopts the simpler but more precarious principle that his own likes and dislikes are the measure of all things, and that anything in which he can see no good must be absolutely condemnable.†

Professor Huxley has but one standpoint—the standpoint of the modern man of science. He is not only modern, but aggressively and

* There is a striking chapter on this subject by a very free critic of the Gospels in "The Kernel and the Husk," pp. 80-96.

† One of the worst examples of this occurs on p. 411, where a prominent movement in our own day is stigmatised as merely "an effete and idolatrous sacerdotalism." The real principle at stake, that of historical continuity, is not a small matter. But this is wholly ignored.

intolerantly modern. His very language admits of no mean. If two narratives differ they are "hopelessly discrepant" (p. 179 as well as p. 424); an error must needs be "prodigious," a divergence "violent," a fiction "monstrous and mischievous." Rhetorical ornament is disclaimed (p. 219), and yet not only are there passages of repellent and glaring rhetoric (pp. 179, 205, 206, 312, 411, 456), but the whole spirit of the book is essentially rhetorical, exaggerated, declamatory.

If we wish to see Professor Huxley at his best we should turn to the famous lecture "On a Piece of Chalk," which is a model of picturesque and lucid exposition. In his more philosophical essays, even where they are polemical, there is often at least the merit of clear and vigorous presentation. But in the treatment of history the polemical interest seems to swallow up everything, and is peculiarly disastrous. It is surprising to find a leader in science so little scientific. He seems to be incapable of seeing more than a single set of causes at work, and those causes seldom bear a less commonplace label than that of ignorance and superstition.*

I cannot forbear giving one example of the treatment of a memorable incident in Church history—the conversion of St. Paul. Professor Huxley wishes to discredit St. Paul as a witness, and he does it thus :

"According to his own showing, Paul, in the vigour of his manhood, with every means of becoming acquainted, at first hand, with the evidence of eye-witnesses, not merely refused to credit them, but persecuted the Church of God, and made havoc of it. . . . Yet this strange man, because he has a vision, one day, at once, and with equally headlong zeal, flies to the opposite pole of opinion. And he is most careful to tell us that he abstained from any re-examination of the facts; 'Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were Apostles before me: but I went away into Arabia' (Galatians i. 16, 17). I do not presume to quarrel with Paul's procedure. If it satisfied him, that was his affair," &c. (p. 424 f.).

Surely all this is exceedingly crude. A brief and summary sketch like the Acts naturally represents the conversion of the Apostle as sudden. So it must doubtless have appeared to those who saw it only from the outside; and so too many another so-called conversion must appear to those who do not know the secret of it. But psychological analysis leads us to question whether changes of this kind are really quite so sudden as they seem. The train is laid long before the spark is applied to it. Some outward circumstance brings the crisis to a head, but it has been preparing for some time in

* Look, for instance, at the survey of Christian history on page 205. What could be more shallow! There is no attempt to discriminate between the proper developments of Christianity and the survival of barbarism in the backward races which succeeded to the heritage of the Roman Empire; and there is equally little attempt to estimate the high and pure devotion to the cause of humanity which Christianity certainly generated.

corners of the brain, of the working of which the man himself may be hardly conscious. All that elaborate self-criticism which we find in the Epistles, all that searching analysis of law and circumcision and outward mechanical obedience, with the demonstration of their inability to produce a real state of righteousness—must we necessarily suppose this altogether subsequent to the conversion? Is it not perfectly legitimate to throw back some of these misgivings to the time before the journey to Damascus? Must not the zeal of the persecutor have constantly brought him into contact with Christians who alleged that their Master, though dead, was risen? And would not each instance of this assertion make a deeper and deeper impression upon him? Most people, when a great change comes over them, refuse to admit the change until they can hold out no longer; then their defences all collapse at once. So was it, we may well believe, with St. Paul. When his own vision came on the top of so many circumstantial affirmations, there was no help for it; he could only surrender at discretion. How far the express statements of 1 Cor. xv. 5-7 were based on knowledge obtained before or after the conversion, we have no means of knowing with any certainty. But it is clear enough from the deliberate and solemn way in which the statements are made that at some time of his life St. Paul did inquire pretty closely into them. In any case, Professor Huxley's sweeping negations are not justified. He will say that I, in my turn, have no means of verifying the hypothetical biography just presented. True, it is hypothetical. The warrant for it is that the construction in which it results is natural and probable. History consists in building up such constructions. But if there is to be such a thing as history at all, a little more patience and a little more penetrating and sympathetic study must go to it than we have any trace of in this volume of Professor Huxley's.

I do not doubt that Professor Huxley himself is only in part to blame. He is repaying to theology the same sort of measure which five-and-twenty years and more ago theology dealt out to him. But controversial methods of this kind are happily becoming an anachronism.

W. SANDAY.

CANINE MORALS AND MANNERS.

IT is always interesting to trace the various habits and attributes of our domestic animals which form the bond of their association with us back to their natural origin. In doing so we can hardly fail to reach some suggestive inferences which bear upon our own early history as well as upon that of the animals we study.

Most of our dumb companions and helpers have become modified by changing circumstances since the partnership began even more than ourselves, and have become partakers with us of the advantages and disadvantages of our civilisation. This is especially so in the case of the dog, man's closest associate and earliest ally. The many who happily respond to his affectionate and loyal service by regarding him as worthy of the consideration of a valued friend, will, it is hoped, follow with pleasure a few thoughts here put forward which have arisen from a study of the habits that now characterise him as compared with those of his wild relatives.

We must remember that although the dog is now our friend, with interests in the main in harmony with ours, he was not always so. The wild dog and wild man might have been chance allies when, for instance, a fatigued quarry pursued by the pack was struck down by a flint weapon, and the greater part of the carcase left to the original hunters; or when a wounded animal escaped its human foe to be followed up and devoured by the dogs. But, as a rule, the interests of dog and man would be conflicting, as is still the case where wild dogs exist, such as the dingoes of Australia, the dholes of India, and the hyena-like wild dogs of Central and Southern Africa.

It must be borne in mind that in dealing with these primitive canine creatures, the word "dog" is used in its widest sense, and must include such animals as wolves and jackals, which undoubtedly share in the ancestry of our familiar domestic breeds.

Probably the partnership first began through small helpless whelps being brought home by the early hunters, and being afterwards cared for and brought up by the women and children. The indifference with which almost all savages regard their dogs seems to negative the idea that primitive man took the trouble to tame and train adult wild animals of this kind for his own purposes. The young dog would form one of the family, and would unconsciously regard himself as such. The reason why he should so regard himself will be discussed later when we come to consider the probable canine view of the relationship.

It would soon be found that his hunting instinct was of use to his captors, for while wandering abroad with them his keen nose would detect the presence of hidden game when the eyes of his savage masters failed to perceive it; and when a wounded animal dashed away, his speed and instinct for following a trail by scent would often secure what would otherwise have been lost. The dog in his turn would find an easier living and a better shelter while associated with man than if he were hunting on his own account, and thus the compact would be cemented by mutual benefits.

Now let us consider why the dog should so readily fall into the position of the companion and subordinate of man. What "stock and goodwill" did he bring into the partnership besides his swiftness and powers of scenting and seizing his quarry? Let us look for a moment at his life at home as apart from his duties while hunting. In the first place, he evidently regards the dwelling of his master as his own place of abode in which he has certain vested interests, and, while he is complaisant and submissive to the regular inhabitants, he looks upon strangers of all kinds with suspicion, and regards their intrusion as an infringement of his rights, or of his rudimentary sense of what is lawful. Although watch-dogs have doubtless been valued for many generations, and their distinctive qualities cultivated by artificial selection, it seems clear that here we are dealing with an original instinct.

The pariah dogs of Constantinople and other eastern cities, which are practically as untamed as their fellow scavengers the vultures, crows, and jackals, and which probably have only in the slightest degree ever come under direct human influence, have the same habit.

Each street is the recognised dwelling-place of an irregular pack, and dogs—and in some cases even men—from other quarters are warned off or attacked if they cross the boundary.

It is said also that the wild dogs of India will drive off a tiger if he strays into the neighbourhood of their chosen habitat. Even tame wolves will, without being taught, threaten a stranger if he comes near their master's house, but will take no notice of the coming and going of the regular inmates.

It would seem therefore that the watch-dog's peculiar virtue is directly traceable to the old instinct for guarding the lair of the pack. And in following this instinct the dog indicates that it is not his custom to act single-handed. The very fact that he growls or barks at a stranger shows that a vocal intimation to his fellows of the presence of a possible enemy is part of his plan. Every one has noticed that the barking of one dog will set off others within hearing, so that on a still night an alarm at one spot will disturb a whole suburb. Although no wolves or wild dogs are known to bark in the true canine manner, it is impossible to imagine that so distinct and almost universal a habit of the domestic varieties can have been deliberately initiated by man. Several instances are recorded of Eskimo dogs, and even dingoes and wolves, learning to bark by spontaneous imitation of domestic dogs. Foxes make a noise very like barking when they challenge one another among the hills at night, and it is not difficult to provoke an answer by imitating the sound under appropriate conditions. It seems probable therefore that the common ancestor of our domestic dogs and their wild relatives, which no doubt lived under somewhat different conditions from any modern feral creatures of the kind, was a barking animal.

As I have already said, the very fact that the dog barks when alarmed is an indication that he is a creature of gregarious instincts, and that he is accustomed to act in concert with others. The sound is a signal to his comrades as well as a threat to the intruder. If this be not so, what can be the meaning and intention of the different tones he adopts according to the nature of the provocation, which are capable of conveying to ears afar off an idea of the measure and nearness of the danger?

Most of our domestic animals, and all which act under our orders and give us willing obedience, are gregarious in their habits when in the wild state. A little thought will show that many of the qualities for which we prize them are dependent upon this fact, and that we are the gainers by turning to our own use the stock of tribal virtues and morals which they bring with them into our service, just in the same way as we gain by appropriating the winter food-store of the bees, and the supply of starch and gluten laid up for future use by many plants. An animal of a troop has perforce certain social duties and obligations, which, as can be shown, are necessary for his own existence as well as for the welfare of the community. He must learn to give and take, and be prepared to follow and obey the members of greater capacity and experience. It is essential that he should be of a peaceable disposition, as a general rule; among his mates so as to preserve the harmony of the band; since a pack of dogs like a house, divided against itself will soon prove its unfitness, and be eliminated according to law. He must also be prepared to

stand by his fellows, defend them or any of them if attacked, and warn them if danger approaches.

Seeing that most wild animals of the canine tribe prey upon quarry swifter and larger than themselves, their common welfare depends upon systematic and intelligent co-operation. A single hound following a trail by scent, will frequently be at a loss; for every now and then it will over-run and miss the line; but when several are together this will seldom happen, and the pace of the pursuit will consequently be much greater and the chance of a meal more certain. In searching for prey it is necessary for the pack to separate, so as to range a wider area, but the instant a "find" takes place it is important that all should be informed at once, so that a united pursuit may be taken up while the scent is warm. Among all hounds and many wild dogs the signal is given by the voice, but, as will be shown later, the dog has another and very perfect method of signalling in addition to this. For the canine tail, when considered philosophically, turns out to be nothing but an animated semaphore, by means of which important news can be telegraphed to the rest of the pack, in much the same way as messages are exchanged between different detachments of an army by the modern development of military signalling popularly known as "flag-wagging."

Of course in hunting all large and swift animals a great deal can be done by strategy, and this involves a common plan of action often of an elaborate kind, and the giving and taking of orders by the leaders and other members of the band respectively. The value of quick perception and general intelligence, as well as of a readiness to co-operate, here at once become apparent, for without these qualities no such combination could be successfully carried out. Again, when the prey is within reach, it often requires the united efforts of the whole pack, acting intelligently in concert, to pull it down. If a number of wolves or wild dogs were scattered over a district, each acting for himself independently, as cats do, large animals such as the elk or bison would be of no use to them as articles of diet, and they might starve in the midst of plenty. But if they combine and act under the guidance of experienced leaders they can at once utilise what would else be, in canine economy, a waste product.

As has been pointed out this needful co-operation at once involves the elements of politics and morals. The obedience of the young and inexperienced to their leaders, and the observance of certain rules of conduct, are a *sine quâ non* of the success of any strategic combination.

It follows therefore that the young of gregarious animals of all kinds, and especially those of this type, are submissive and teachable, and have thus the very qualities we desire in creatures which are to be trained for our special use. In fact, we have here the natural

basis for that docility and readiness to obey which is such a noticeable and invaluable characteristic in dogs as we know them.

They must also be faithful to their fellows in word and deed. A hound which gives tongue when he has no quarry before him (and such canine liars are not unknown, as any huntsman will testify), may spoil a day's hunt and send the whole pack supperless to bed. It is interesting and amusing to observe the evident contempt with which the hounds of a pack regard an untruthful member. His failing becomes perfectly well known, and let him bay as he will, not one of his companions will rush to the spot as they do the moment they hear the slightest whimper from a trusted and experienced finder.

Loyalty to one another is also a virtue which cannot be done without. Thus we see that, however great the emulation between the individual members of the band, while the hunt is on it is kept strictly within bounds, and is subordinated to the common purpose. It is only after the game is captured and killed that contests of individuals for a share of the plunder commence. The very fact that an invitation is given to join in the pursuit as soon as the quarry is started, instead of the finder stealing off after it on his own account, is an illustration of this; and if one of the pack is attacked by the hunted animal at bay or by an enemy, his howls and excited outcry are instantly responded to by all within hearing.

Every one has noticed the uncontrollable power of this instinct when the yells and shrieks of a canine street brawl are heard. Dogs from all sides rush to the spot and immediately take part in the quarrel. The result generally is a confused free fight of a very irregular description, and each dog is apparently ready to bite any of the others. It will easily be seen that this confusion is owing to a disarrangement of natural politics, caused by the disturbing and arbitrary influence of human institutions. If two of the combatants happen to be comrades they will hold together and treat all the rest as enemies. In the wild state the sounds of strife would mean either a faction fight, or a combat with some powerful enemy of the pack, and probably in the former case every dog within hearing would be a member of one or other of the contending parties. By adopting dogs into our families and separating them from their fellows we upset canine political economy in many ways; but still the old loyal instinct to rush to the support of supposed friends in distress is so strong, that a ladies' pug has been known to spring from a carriage to take part in a scrimmage between two large collies.

Among wild dogs the prosperity of the community might be fatally impaired by a lapse of this instinctive loyalty. All who have had to do with hounds know that every pack contains certain individuals whose special talents are invaluable to the rest. Generally one or two of a pack of beagles do most of the finding when driving

rabbits in the furze. and in the case of a lost trail another individual will be, as a rule, the successful one in making skilful casts forward to pick up the line of scent. Another, again, will possess quicker vision and greater swiftness in running than the others, and the instant the game comes into view will cease the more tedious method of following, and dash forward at full speed to seize it.

Among wild dogs pursuing large and powerful game, the need and scope for such specialists would be even greater and more important. If one of these were lost through not being well backed up in time of peril, the whole pack would be the sufferers in a very material degree; for it would often fail to start, or lose during pursuit, some animal which might otherwise have been captured.

The study of this communal canine morality is very interesting when considered along with Mr. Herbert Spencer's theories of ethics. It is here dwelt upon, however, merely to explain on scientific principles, many traits of our domestic dogs, which (as is too commonly the case with those who receive benefits) we are liable to profit by and take for granted.

The great naturalist Cuvier observed that all animals that readily enter into domestication consider man as a member of their own society and thus fulfil their instinct of association. The probable view of the fox-terrier or the dachshund which lies upon our hearthrug, therefore, is that he is one of a pack the other members of which are the human inhabitants of the house.

Most interesting would it be, were it possible, to get the dog's precise view of the situation. The chief bar to our doing so is owing to the difficulty of putting our human minds, even in imagination, within the restricting limits of the canine thinking apparatus. Thus we constantly see, when anecdotes of the cleverness of dogs are told, that the narrator is quite unable, in estimating the supposed motives and mental processes, to get out of himself sufficiently to escape the inveterate tendency to anthropomorphism; and he almost invariably gives the dog credit for faculties which it is very doubtful if it possesses. When we come to consider how few persons have that power of imaginative sympathy with their own kind which enables us to see to some extent through another's mental spectacles, it is no matter of surprise that a human being should generally fail in trying to think like a dog.

Thinking, after all, is, like flying, an organic process, dependent in every case on actual physical machinery; and dissimilarity of brain structure therefore absolutely precludes us from seeing eye to eye, mentally, with the lower animals.

But this structural difference of brain with its inevitable consequences, although it baulks us in one way, comes to our aid in another. As has been said, our custom of ascribing human faculties and modes of thought is an involuntary and invariable one when we

are dealing with the mental processes of other beings. Even when we speak of the supernatural the same habit is manifest, and human passions, emotions, and weaknesses, are constantly ascribed to beings presumed to be infinitely more remote from us in power and knowledge than we are from the dog. Thus we see in the not very distant past, roasted flesh and fruits were thought by men to be acceptable to the gods; doubtless because they were pleasing to the palates of the worshippers, who reasoned by analogy from the known to the unknown. This should teach us to bear in mind that there is, affecting the dog's point of view, almost undoubtedly such a thing as *cynomorphism*, and that he has his peculiar and limited ideas of life and range of mental vision, and therefore perforce makes his artificial surroundings square with them. It has been said that a man stands to his dog in the position of a god; but when we consider that our own conceptions of deity lead us to the general idea of an enormously powerful and omniscient *Man*, who loves, hates, desires, rewards, and punishes, in human-like fashion, it involves no strain of imagination to conceive that from the dog's point of view his master is an elongated and abnormally cunning dog; of different shape and manners certainly to the common run of dogs, yet canine in his essential nature.

The more one considers the matter the more probable does this view become. If we, with our much wider range of mental vision, and infinitely greater imaginative grasp of remote possibilities, the result of our reading and experience, are still bound by the tether of our own brain limits to anthropomorphic criteria when endeavouring to analyse superhuman existences, still more is it likely that the dog, with his mere chink of an outlook on the small world around him, is completely hedged in by canine notions and standards when his mind has to deal with creatures of higher and mysterious attributes.

At any rate, it will not be difficult to show that the dog's habits are generally consistent with this hypothesis. As far as mental contact is concerned, he treats his master and the human members of the household as his comrades, and behaves in many ways as if he were at home with the pack. Thus all the tribal virtues previously mentioned come into play. He guards the common lair and becomes a watch-dog, and by his barking calls his adopted brethren to his aid. He submits readily to the rules of the house because an animal belonging to a community must be prepared to abide by certain laws which exist for the common good. He defends his master if attacked—or, possibly, if not a courageous dog, gets up a vehement alarm to call others to his aid—because he has an instinctive knowledge of the importance of loyalty to a comrade, and because, as has been shown, loyalty to a leader is especially necessary. He is ready in understanding and obeying orders, owing to the fact that, when acting in concert with wild companions, it was absolutely needful that the

young and inexperienced should comprehend and fall in with the purpose of the more intelligent veterans. The same ancestral habits and tendencies render him helpful as a sporting dog, and in herding or driving sheep and cattle. This last employment is very much like a mild kind of hunting, under certain special rules and restrictions, and with the killing left out. It has been observed that the Indian dholes will patiently and slowly drive wild animals in the direction of their habitat during their breeding season before killing them, so as to have the meat close at home; and this could only be accomplished by the whole pack exercising a patient self-control, and by the leaders constantly keeping in check the fierce impulse of the younger members to rush in and kill the weary and bewildered quarry.

The peaceable disposition and readiness to submit to discipline are also tribal virtues of which we take advantage. The dog, when he slinks away with drooping tail when reprovèd, or rolls abjectly over on his back and lies, paws upwards, a picture of complete submission, is still behaving to his master as his wild forefather did to the magisterial leaders of the troop, or a victorious foe of his own species.

Jesse states that when a pariah dog of one of the eastern cities desires to pass through a district inhabited by another pack, he skulks along in the humblest fashion, with his tail depressed to the utmost, and, on being challenged, rolls over, and there remains, limp and supine, submissively awaiting leave to proceed. The same thing can be observed when a large and fierce dog makes a dash at a young and timid one. This expressive and unmistakable method of showing submission is calculated to disarm hostile feelings, and contributes to peace and harmony, and therefore to the unity and prosperity of the body politic.

Although it would seem that the canine imagination from its very feebleness transforms man into a dog, yet, as we should expect, arguing from the cynomorphic hypothesis, it does not stop here. In Darwin's most interesting account of the shepherd dogs of the Argentine, given in chapter viii. of his "*Voyage of the Beagle*," he shows that, by a careful system of training, the herdsmen have taught the dogs to regard their charges as fellows of the same pack with themselves; insomuch that a single dog, although he will flee from an enemy if alone, will, as soon as he reaches the flock to which he is attached, turn and face any odds, evidently with the notion that the helpless and frightened sheep ranged behind him are able to back him up just as if they were members of a canine community of which he was leader. The passage is too long for quotation, but all who are interested in the subject should refer to it.

An instance of the operation of the cyno-morphic idea can be seen in the behaviour of a dog when a bone is given to him. He will generally run off with it to some quiet spot, and is suspicious of every one who comes near him, evidently having the notion that what

is to him a valuable possession is likely to be regarded as such by his human associates. Few dogs when gnawing a bone will allow even their masters to approach without showing signs of displeasure, and a fear of being dispossessed of their property, only consistent with the idea that the bipedal "dog" wants to gnaw the bone himself.

Every one has noticed the elaborate preliminaries which go before a canine battle. Teeth are ostentatiously displayed, the animals walk on tiptoe round one another, and erect the hair on their backs as if each wished to give the impression that he was a very large and formidable dog, and one not to be encountered with impunity. Frequently hostilities go no further than this, and one turns and retires with a great show of dignity, but plainly with no wish to fight.

When we come to analyse these proceedings it will be seen that the ends of battle are often gained in a bloodless manner by this diplomatic exhibition of warlike preparations and capabilities. The primary object of a hostile meeting between dogs (as well as between higher animals) is to decide a question of precedence, either general or particular. Now, if we could only settle which was the best man in any dispute by duels *à outrance*, a great deal of blood would be shed unnecessarily, and many valuable lives lost to the community. The introduction of moral weapons is therefore a great point gained, for injury to one is injury to all. The quick recognition of the superiority of a foe, and the perception of when submission should take the place of valour, is plainly of advantage to the individual, since a pig-headed obstinacy in resistance would frequently lead to elimination. Where in the serious business of life there is an interdependence of individuals associated for common ends, any influence which lessens the severity of internecine conflicts tends to the general well-being. Just as commanding officers have forbidden duels between members of an army in the field, so Nature has among gregarious animals, and especially those of predatory habits, dis-countenanced strife which might weaken the general efficiency of the pack.

Few animals excel the dog in the power of expressing emotion. This power is a sure sign of an animal which is habitually in communication with its fellows for certain common ends. Although probably long association with and selection by man have accentuated this faculty, a considerable share of it was undoubtedly there from the beginning, and was of service long before the first dog was domesticated. It is easy to see how important it is for the general good that the emotions of any one member of a pack of dogs should be known to the others. If, for instance, one of the number should perceive an enemy, such as a snake or leopard, lying in ambush, his rapid retreat with depressed tail would instantly warn the others of the danger.

There are many reasons for the tail being the chief organ of expression among dogs. They have but little facial expression beyond

the lifting of the lip to show the teeth and the dilation of the pupil of the eye when angry. The jaws and contiguous parts are too much specialised for the serious business of seizing prey to be fitted for such purposes, as they are in man. With dogs which hunt by scent the head is necessarily carried low, and is therefore not plainly visible except to those close by. But in the case of all hunting dogs, such as foxhounds, or wolves which pack together, the tail is carried aloft, and is very free in movement. It is also frequently rendered more conspicuous by the tip being white, and this is almost invariably the case when the hounds are of mixed colour. When ranging the long grass of the prairie or jungle, the raised tips of the tails would often be all that an individual member of the band would see of his fellows. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected suggestive of the presence of a fox, but scarcely sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others seeing the signal instantly join the first, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before ever the least whimper is heard. Should the drag prove a doubtful one the hounds separate again, and the waving ceases, but if it grows stronger when followed up, the wagging becomes more and more emphatic, until one after another the hounds begin to whine and give tongue, and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent. When the pack is at full cry upon a strong scent the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view.

The whole question of tail-wagging is a very interesting one. All dogs wag their tails when pleased, and the movement is generally understood by their human associates as an intimation that they are happy. But when we attempt to discover the reason why pleasure should be expressed in this way, the explanation appears at first a very difficult one. All physical attributes of living beings are, upon the evolutionary hypothesis, traceable to some actual need, past or present. The old and delightfully conclusive dictum that things are as they are because they were made so at the beginning, no longer can be put forward seriously outside the pulpit or the nursery. No doubt in many cases, as for instance the origin of human laughter, the mystery seems unfathomable. But this only results from our defective knowledge of data upon which to build the bridge of deductive argument. The reason is there all the time could we but reach it; and almost daily we are able to account for mysterious and apparently anomalous phenomena which utterly baffled our predecessors.

Probably the manner in which domestic dogs express pleasure is owing to some interlocking of the machinery of cognate ideas. In order to understand this better it may be helpful to consider some analogous instances with regard to habits of our own species.

One of the most philosophical of living physicians, Dr. Lauder Brunton, has clearly and amusingly shown that the instinctive delight and eagerness with which a medical man traces an obscure disease step by step to its primary cause and then enters into combat with it, is referable to the hunter's joy in pursuit, which doubtless characterised our savage ancestors when they patiently tracked their prey to its lair and slew it for glory or for sustenance.*

Mr. Grant Allen, I believe, first suggested that our appreciation of bright and beautiful colours, and therefore of the splendours of the flower garden or of the sunset tints in the sky, might be owing to the frugivorous habits of our very early progenitors, to whom the sight of red or golden ripe fruit was naturally one of acute pleasure. Supporting this startling inference (which is perhaps not so far-fetched as appears at first sight) is the very curious fact that occasionally, when we feel an acute thrill of pleasure from looking at a beautiful picture, or sunset, or indeed any harmonious combination of colour which gives exquisite enjoyment through the eye, the salivary glands appear to be automatically stimulated, and "our mouths water" while we look. It is as if the old track of an out-of-date reflex between the part of the eye which takes account of colour and the mouth—proceeding *via* what may be called the "pleasure centres"—were still open in spite of many centuries of disuse.

Another apposite illustration is the delight we derive from all manner of contests of wits and muscles, so that all our games, from whist to football, partake of the nature of strife for the mastery. A game is of course a systematic and recognised method of obtaining pleasure, and if we take a survey of all the most popular forms of enjoyment of this kind, we shall find that none of them are free from the element of that struggle for supremacy which has been a chief factor in the evolution of the human race, especially throughout the ages of barbarism.

Now if arboreal man took delight in discovering and devouring luscious and gorgeous fruits, and savage man in finding and hunting down wild animals, and barbarous man in fighting his rivals or the foes of his tribe—and all these ancient habits leave an impress upon our modern ways of seeking and showing pleasure—we can see that the dog's manner of manifesting pleasurable emotions may be traceable to certain necessary accompaniments of remote wild habits of self-maintenance.

As with man, so with the dog; civilisation has made existence much more complex. The sources of pleasure of the savage man are few compared with those of the cultured and civilised, yet we find that the means of expression which we possess are but elaborations of those existing long before civilisation began. We must, therefore, look at the dog's past history and find out what were his most acute

* "The Method of Zedig in Medicine," p. 5. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

pleasures, and what the gestures accompanying them, when he was a pure and simple wild beast, if we wish to elucidate his manner of expressing pleasure now.

There can be no question that the chief delight of wild dogs, as with modern hounds and sporting dogs, is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and consequences. One of the most thrilling moments to the human hunter (and doubtless to the canine), and one big with that most poignant of all delights, anticipation of pleasurable excitement combined with muscular activity, is when the presence of game is first detected. As we have seen in watching the behaviour in a pack of foxhounds, this is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is an almost invariable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions when in the wild state. Owing to some inosculation of the nervous mechanism, which at present we cannot unravel, the association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows the emotion whatever may call it forth.

An explanation of a similar kind can be found for the fact that dogs depress their tails when threatened or scolded. When running away the tail would be the part nearest the pursuer, and therefore most likely to be seized. It was therefore securely tucked away between the hind legs. The act of running away is naturally closely associated with the emotion of fear, and therefore this gesture of putting the tail between the legs becomes an invariable concomitant of retreat or submission in the presence of superior force. When a puppy taken out for an airing curves its tail downwards and scuds in circles and half-circles at fullest speed around its master, it is apparently trying to provoke its pseudo-cynic playfellow to pursue it in mock combat. It may be observed that this running in sharp curves, with frequent change of direction, is a common ruse with animals which are pursued by larger enemies. The reason of it is that the centrifugal impulse acts more powerfully on the animal of larger bulk, and so gives the smaller an advantage.

Several years ago there was a good deal of discussion of the distinctive peculiarity of the pointer and setter, in the *Field* and other papers. It was suggested that the habit of standing still as soon as game was scented, instead of springing forward at once to seize it, was an instance of the manner in which a natural instinct might be absolutely reversed by training. One of the explanations attempted at the time for this apparent anomaly was, that the immovable position of the dog was comparable to the pause which most beasts of prey make before a final spring. But we must recollect, when considering this theory, that few of the *Canidae* pounce from an ambush suddenly upon their prey after the manner of cats. And although a terrier will stand immovable before a rat-hole for hours together, his

patient, watchful attitude is very different from the rigid and strained position of the pointer or setter; which position also has nothing in it suggestive of crouching, preparatory to a rapid bound forwards, as is seen when a cat stalks a bird, and then gathers herself together before the final *coup*.

Not unfrequently the tail of a young setter when it sets game may be seen trembling and vibrating as if it had a disposition to wag, which was kept in check by the supreme importance of not disturbing the hare or covey. The tail also is held out in full view like a flag, whereas a ratcatcher's dog on the watch at a hole will often droop its tail.

I think that there can be no doubt that the pointer and setter, in acting in their characteristic manner, are following an old instinct connected with an important piece of co-operative pack strategy, although the peculiarity has been enhanced by human training and selection, and the sportsmen with their guns have supplanted, and therefore act the part of, the dog's natural comrades in the chase.

The writer during his boyhood had charge of a small pack of beagles at a South Down homestead, several of which were allowed to run loose at night as a guard against the foxes. Amongst these was an old dog, a part bred skye-terrier, very sagacious, and well known in all the country round as a sure finder when the pack were used to drive rabbits in the gorse.

Old Rattler (what a throng of memories the name calls up!) was the recognised leader of the others, and not unfrequently he would conduct them on a private hunting expedition, in which he served as sole huntsman and whip. Often on a still night his sharp yapping bark, accompanied by the clearer, long-drawn music of the beagles, might be heard among the hills, as they drove a predatory fox from the farm-buildings, or strove to run down one of the tough South Down hares. It soon became evident that this pack had a certain regular system of co-operation, and, like the African wild dogs, well described by Dr. S. T. Pruett, in his recent book, "The Arab and the African," they made a practice of playing into one another's hands, or rather, mouths. Old Rattler would generally trot on ahead, surveying every likely tuft of grass or ling, and exhibiting that inquisitiveness and passion for original research so characteristic of the terrier. On arriving at a small outlying patch of furze he would invariably proceed to the leeward side, so that as the wind drew through the covert it would convey a hint of whatever might be there concealed.

He would give several critical sniffs, with head raised and lowered alternately, and then would either trot indifferently away, or else stand rigid with quickly vibrating tail and nose pointing towards the bush. The other dogs seemed to understand instantly what was required of them, and they would quickly surround the covert. When

they were all in their place, and not until then, the cunning old schemer would plunge with a bound into the furze, and out would dash a hare or rabbit, often into the very jaws of one of the beagles.

By this artifice, which had never been taught them by man, the pack when hunting for themselves would doubtless often secure a meal, preceded by the delight of killing, without the wearisome process of tiring out a hare.

Now it appears to me that this habit of the leader of the pack—a habit which, from its similarity to what has been observed in the case of such widely separated *Canidae* as the dingo, wolf, and hyena dog, is one that is traceable to very remote wild ancestors—is the basis of that peculiar talent in the pointer or setter which adds to the piquancy of a day's shooting and to the weight of the bag.

Let us endeavour to look at the part played by a pointer in the light of cynomorphic theory.

"Ponto" goes out with his pack (often a very scratch one), his comrades walking on two legs instead of four like ordinary dogs, and carrying their tails, or organs of a somewhat similar aspect, over their shoulders. The pack separate and advance in line, he being appointed to explore in the van and to search the turnips or rape for a tell-tale whiff of the scent of game. The covey is detected, but, being a co-operative and loyal dog, he does not rush in and try to catch for himself. He therefore stands and waits for his partners to perform their share of the stratagem. All that he has to do is to show them in an unmistakable manner that there is quarry worth having in front of his nose. The pack advance, he generally taking careful note of their approach, the covey rises, the "tails" of the bipedal dogs explode, and Ponto is rewarded by holding in his mouth a palpitating mass of feathers, with perhaps the stimulating flavour of blood, and by a public intimation that the community or pack approve of his conduct and esteem him, what he dearly loves to be thought, "a good dog."

When we come to consider the very long period during which dogs have been domesticated and under the influence of deliberate selection, it is surprising to find how much in their behaviour they resemble their wild brethren. The rule seems to hold good here as elsewhere, that the outward form is much more plastic to the influence of environment than the character and mental habits which are dependent upon the nervous system. Thus, although the deerhound and pug are so different in external appearance that it is difficult to believe that they are related, yet if we watch them we find that their mental and moral qualities are of a similar cast. The fine grey wolf in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, and the performing wolves recently exhibited in London, when in a good humour, had precisely the same methods of expressing pleasure as the domestic dogs, and

would wag their tails and gambol about in a manner which made one doubt for the moment whether they were not in reality Scotch collies masquerading as wild beasts.

There are many other traits in our domestic dogs suggestive of their ancestral habits, which cannot be dealt with in this article, but which offer a most interesting field for study to every one who possesses a dog and a taste for research in this direction.

In concluding it may be well to notice briefly the chief points of dissimilarity between the wild and tame *Canidæ*. In the first place, there is a general difference of aspect and bearing which it is difficult to describe exactly. The wild animal has an alert independent look which the tame one has lost, chiefly owing to its long-continued habit of dependence upon man. Although, of course, all breeds of tame dogs have been at some time or other deliberately adapted by training and selection for special purposes, yet there seem certain characteristics which have risen spontaneously, or because the parts in which they are manifest are correlated with some others where an intentional change has been brought about. Darwin gives an instance of this in the hairless dogs, which at the same time are deficient in teeth. This question of correlation is one of the most interesting and obscure problems of natural history, and perhaps we are at present a little too ready (with our hereditary tendency to take refuge in an imposing mystery whenever our reasoning powers fail us) to ascribe to it certain phenomena, the explanation of which by the ordinary laws of evolution is not clear.

Most probably the drooping ears of our domesticated hounds and hunting dogs primarily arose from the fact that the savage huntsman, disregarding shape, picked those dogs to breed from which manifested the keenest powers of scent, and that in these individuals the ears were not so much in use as with others. Again, in every litter of whelps, the surly, independent, and ill-tempered brute would always be more likely to be eliminated than those which were confiding and tractable; and so, from age to age, the chief outward traits which distinguish the dog from wolves and jackals would tend to increase.

Finally, the instinct of association has, in the case of the domestic dog, become more exactly fitted to the new conditions of environment. He makes himself thoroughly at home with us because he feels that he is with his own proper pack, and not among strangers or those of an alien race. The wild animal, on the contrary, which refuses to become domesticated, still has the perception that those who would palm themselves off as his comrades are creatures of a different nature. He sturdily refuses to become a party to the fraud, and remains suspicious of their intentions; and, whatever they may do to propitiate him, he keeps on the *qui vice* as against a possible enemy.

EDWARD VI.: SPOILER OF SCHOOLS.

NEVER was a great reputation more easily gained and less deserved than that of King Edward VI. as a founder of schools.

If the ordinary educated person were asked to whom our system of secondary education was mainly due, and who was the founder of most of the grammar schools on which it chiefly rests, he would answer without hesitation, Edward VI. The magnificent foundations of Christ's Hospital and Birmingham Grammar School, and the numerous Edward VI.'s Grammar Schools which stud the country, would rise up before his mind and he would give the credit of them to their reputed founder. Even to those people who credit William of Wykeham with the foundation of our public school system in founding Winchester, and credit Henry VIII. with the cathedral schools such as St. Augustine's at Canterbury, Edward VI. still stands out as *par excellence* the founder of schools and patron saint of industrious schoolboys.

So widespread is this reputation that even such an authority as Mr. J. R. Green, in his famous "Short History of the English People," burns incense before the shrines of Edward VI. and of his father and sister, as the founders of English education. After a strangely exaggerated account of the novelty and originality of the foundation of St. Paul's School by Dean Colet (in which the novelty consisted in introducing Greek, and the originality in handing over its government to a City Company instead of the Dean and Chapter—which, as far as the interests of the school went, was very like substituting the fire for the frying-pan), he says:

"The example of Colet was followed by a host of imitators. More grammar schools, it has been said, were founded in the latter years of

Henry than in the three centuries before. The impulse grew only stronger as the direct influence of the New Learning passed away. The grammar schools of Edward VI. and of Elizabeth, in a word the system of middle-class education, which, by the close of the century, had changed the very face of England, were amongst the results of Colet's foundation of St. Paul's."

The authority for Mr. Green's "it has been said" seems to be Knight's "Life of Colet." Knight says: "Within thirty years before it (the Reformation) there were more grammar schools erected and endowed in England than had been in three hundred years preceding." But even on Knight's statement it is difficult to see how Colet came to be looked on by Mr. Green as the originator of a grammar school movement, since, as Colet's foundation was long after many of the schools named by Knight, the latter, it is clear, did not consider that Colet originated the movement towards founding schools, but, on the contrary, that he was himself following the example of others, and partaking in a general movement already set on foot.

The "true truth" about the matter, is that so far from Henry VIII. or Edward VI. being benevolent founders of schools, they were their spoilers, and instead of being the munificent creators of a system of endowed secondary education, they were its destroyers. In the most favourable cases, the Tudors were reviving, or restoring under new management, an old foundation with the same revenues which it had previously enjoyed before the suppression. In the next class of cases they are, at the best, entitled to the name of founder and the fame of benefactors to the same extent, and no farther, as the Court of Chancery, or the Charity Commissioners, when they frame a new scheme for the administration of a school. In these cases they can at the best only be said to have endowed schools in the sense that a police magistrate, who restores a stolen purse to a citizen who has had his pocket picked, endows the citizen.

In the great majority of Tudor foundations the case is very much less favourable to these royal founders. In most of them the comparison of the police magistrate applies, but with a difference. Outside the limits of a farce, the magistrate, who restores his purse to a pocket-picked citizen, is not the same person as the thief. But in regard to endowed schools, Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and, "after her possible," Good Queen Bess, double the parts. These most "dradde sovereign lords" and ladies, were at once thief (or receiver) and magistrate. They plundered as Sovereigns what they restored as founders. But they plundered with two hands, and made restitution with one hand. The utmost extent of merit they can claim is that of Robin Hood, who, having robbed a fat abbot or a rich "Arch-bushoppe" of £100, gave £1 to a beggar. Occasionally they exercised some judicial discretion in robbing Peter to pay Paul. More often, they only exercised that sort of discretion, which makes the keeper of

a gaming-table give the man he has ruined the price of his railway ticket and of a few days' dinners, to get him out of the way quietly.

Henry's usual process was to confiscate a monastery or a collegiate church, which had kept up education perhaps for centuries, and, pocketing property worth two or three hundred a year (with all its possibilities of unearned increment), restore a property of £5 or £10 a year by magniloquent letters patent under the name of the Free Grammar School of King Henry VIII. Edward VI. followed his example. Only, where Henry swallowed the schools in successive gulps, he swallowed hundreds at one mouthful; and, while Henry did disgorge largely and in masses and intended to disgorge more, Edward VI. disburdened his digestion with parsimony and in morsels.

Mr. Green seems, indeed, to be dimly conscious of the little cause education had for gratitude to the Tudors, when he says "The students at the Universities had fallen off in numbers, the libraries were scattered or burnt; the New Learning died away." But then he adds: "One noble measure indeed, the foundation of eighteen grammar schools, was destined to throw a lustre over the name of Edward, but it had no time to bear fruit in his reign."

What Mr. Green meant by eighteen grammar schools it is hard to say. If any grammar schools are to be attributed to Edward VI., they must be numbered, not by the score, but by the threescore or more. Fifty-one, indeed, is the number given in the chronological list of the Schools Inquiry Commission, but there were certainly a great many more. For instance, the list contains eleven cathedral schools in a bunch, as being founded in 1535, at Canterbury, Rochester, Worcester, &c. These are a majority of the schools attached to what are known as the cathedrals of the New Foundation, those, that is, in which before the Reformation the original "secular" canons had been dispossessed by Benedictine monks, or by "regular" canons. Yet all these cathedrals had kept up schools long before Henry VIII. turned out the monks to put back the canons. Indeed, it is probable that in most cases they existed long before the canons had been turned out to make place for the monks. At Durham we find there were two schools in the convent. There was first the School of the Novices, "six of whom went daily to school within the house for the space of seven years, and one of the eldest monks that was learned was appointed to be their tutor." Beside that, there was the "Almshouse," *i.e.*, Eleemosynary School, a sort of Blue-coat School, where poor boys were boarded "and maynteyned by the whole convent with meate, drynke, and lerninge, in a loft at the north side of the Abbey gates." "The said children went to scoole to the Fermery (*i.e.*, Infirmary) chamber withowte the Abbey Gates, which was founded by the Priors and mayntayned at their cost." These children had the pleasing task, when a monk died, of spending all night with him, "sitting on their knees in stalls, of eyther syde the corpes, appoynted to read

David's psalter all nyght ever incessantly till the said hour of 8 a clock in the morning." In founding the Durham Grammar School, therefore, as part of the re-foundation of the cathedral, Henry was merely continuing an already existing school.

So at Canterbury there was an "Almonry" school, which was a boarding school. In Dr. Shephard's "Canterbury Letters," published in the Rolls Series, we find, in 1332, Queen Philippa writing to the Prior to ask him to take in a scholar recommended by her, which the Prior does, and, in return, hopes the King's purveyors will not steal the provision he had made for the entertainment of himself and company on his journey to London to attend Parliament. Sixty years later, in 1398, the prior and convent give a bond, in a penalty of £100, to the Collegiate Church of Bredgar, or Bradgar, in Kent,—a quaint little foundation of the year before, an early instance of an Exhibition endowment foundation by subscription,—obliging themselves to maintain in the same school two poor scholars, to be from time to time appointed by the chaplain and two clerical scholars of the Collegiate Church. There is some doubt whether this Almonry School at Canterbury is the same as the "School of the City of Canterbury," said to have been founded by the Greek Archbishop of Canterbury, Theodore, about 670, and which, at all events, was ancient in 1259, when its master witnesses a convent document. The old school-room stood within the gate of the abbey, and Sumner, the historian of Canterbury, has published the documents relating to a dispute which took place in 1321 between the head master and the master of the grammar school of St. Martin's (the mother-church of England). This dispute was the subject of a special commission of inquiry from the archbishop. In this inquiry a "special jury of clerics" found that the master of St. Martin's School was by ancient custom limited to 13 "scholars"—that is, "grammar scholars," though he might teach as many as he pleased the alphabet, psalter, and "plain song." The master of Canterbury School had the right of "visiting," personally or by deputy, the St. Martin's School. He usually, it would seem, did so by his deputy, the "usher, or sub-monitor." When this usher visited it, on account of the number of the scholars, "it was the custom for the scholars to abscond" or disappear down to the number of thirteen, just as it used to be the custom for Eton boys in Windsor streets to make a pretence of concealing themselves when they saw a master coming. The Commissioner, however, granted an injunction against the schoolmaster of St. Martin's taking more than thirteen grammar scholars. The master appealed, but the appeal was dismissed. The grammar school which thus triumphantly vindicated its supremacy continued to the Reformation, and Sumner himself describes the old school-house still existing in his day. In founding the "King's School" at Canterbury, therefore, Henry was but disgorging a portion of his plunder to

continue a school which he found in existence, and which had been in existence for centuries.

To appreciate thoroughly how very little the Tudors really did for schools, we have first to realise the extraordinary antiquity of grammar schools. It is a current superstition that Winchester, the oldest of the so-called "public" schools, is one of the oldest of existing schools. But this is an utter delusion. Winchester was only founded in 1385, and though of venerable and hoar antiquity compared with Harrow or Rugby, is a mere babe and suckling beside such institutions as St. Peter's School at York, the cathedral schools of Durham and Hereford, of Canterbury and Lincoln, or the grammar schools of Beverley and Southwell. In founding Winchester the real step in advance taken by William of Wykeham was not that he liberated education from ecclesiastical control, or that he created an entirely novel institution for scholastic purposes, and for those only. On the contrary, he merely followed a prevailing fashion when he founded a collegiate church with a grammar school attached, for all collegiate churches were bound by canon law to maintain grammar schools. The advance consisted in assigning a definite portion of the collegiate buildings for a boarding-school, and making the school a part of the corporate body, and in doing so in an independent foundation, and not in a cathedral or collegiate church already existing, or in a University. His example was followed by some of the first Wykehamists—by Archbishop Chicheley at Higham Ferrers in 1422, by Henry VI., *instigante* Chicheley, at Eton, twenty years later, by William Waynfleet, at Wainfleet, in 1484, and by Archbishop Rotherham, one of the first Etonians, at Rotherham, in 1481, all of whom founded collegiate churches, with grammar schools attached, and with rights of admission to colleges at the Universities. All these, with many more, were swept away by Henry VIII. or Edward VI. except Winchester and Eton, and they were only saved by the skin of their teeth. Higham Ferrers, indeed, was in intention better treated than some. For, while in confiscating the collegiate church or college of Higham Ferrers, Henry got property worth £156 a year or some £3000 a year of our money; in granting it out again to one of his hangers-on—the ancestor of the present Fitzwilliam family, who still hold the bulk of it—he expressly provided for the retention of one master out of the three attached to the college, viz., the grammar master; and directed the grantee to "maintain" him with £10, or about £200 a year of our money. But these foundations, magnificent as they were, are mere mushrooms compared with the school at York, which has enjoyed a continuous existence at least since 1080, when the earliest dignitary of the Cathedral, afterwards and now called Chancellor, was called the schoolmaster, and had to teach school.

Take, again, Hereford Cathedral School. This school celebrated

its five hundredth anniversary in 1881, because it was said that the school was entered on the Bishop's Register as founded in 1381. But on looking at the actual register itself it appears that under date not 1381, but 1385, there is an entry, with the marginal note in Latin: "Grant for Free Grammar School in Hereford." The entry itself, however, shows not only that the grant was not a foundation, but that in 1385 the school was already so ancient an institution that it had fallen into a state of decay which called for the intervention of the bishop, as visitor of the cathedral, to appoint a master in default of the Chancellor of the Church, who ought to have done so.

Of similar antiquity were other cathedral schools and those of the ancient collegiate churches, such as Southwell, Beverley, and Ripon Minsters, St. Mary's, Stafford, Wolverhampton, and the like. At every Benedictine monastery too, as at Evesham, where the school is falsely reckoned of only Jacobean origin: at Westminster, where it is reputed Henrician or Elizabethan; at every Augustinian abbey, as at Leicester (where the master of the grammar school was made a Papal Commissioner in 1230, to assist in trying a case between Thurgarton Priory and a neighbouring parson), there was a grammar school. That is, there either was or ought to have been, for in many cases, alike in Benedictine and in Augustinian houses, in the later years before the Reformation, the schools had fallen into desuetude. But whether they only ought to have existed, or did in fact exist, the monastic schools were swallowed up by Henry VIII. Some of them, such as the cathedral schools and Westminster School, he refounded, as part of the refoundation of the establishment. And he did this amount of good to education in refounding, that in all cases he assigned a definite stipend and subsistence for the master and scholars, where very often only an indefinite obligation existed before. But, he did not make the Grammar school master a member of the governing body, or provide in terms for an aliquot part of the income being paid for the school. The result was that the cathedral schools had, in too many cases, been kept in a state of semi-starvation on the ancient payments of £20 or £30 a year, or a mere nominal augmentation, while the canons, who by the statutes were to receive similar sums, had augmented their own stipends to hundreds or thousands a year. Hence the benefit conferred on education by Henry VIII. was reduced to a slender minimum, even in those cases where he really did restore what he had plundered. In the majority of cases he was a mere destroyer of schools.

Yet though the ecclesiastical, and therewith the scholastic, plunder of Henry VIII. amounted to thousands of pounds where that of Edward VI. amounted only to tens, far more damage was done to education by the son than by the father.

In destroying the monasteries, Henry no doubt destroyed many useful schools, but they were mainly the schools of the country gentlemen

and the rich, who could well afford to pay for their own schooling. And in the case of the cathedral monasteries, as we have seen, the endowments were restored and the schools re-established. In following up the disestablishment and disendowment of the monasteries by the abolition of the colleges or collegiate churches, and chantries, a much greater blow was struck at education, with much less profit to the Crown.

The collegiate churches were great public institutions; their members, the secular clergy, furnished the best part of the judicial, diplomatic, and civil servants of the time; while their prebends, or canonries, and deaneries, or provostries, like the bishoprics themselves, supplied the want of a Consolidated Fund and Civil Service Estimates. They also, with their subsidiary endowments, the chantries, and the other chantries scattered all over the country, were the main fund for the support of education. No form of charitable endowment, indeed, could be less defensible in theory, nor could any form of charity be less beneficial in practice than that of the chantry, pure and simple. To set one, or even two, three, or more priests, educated men, or presumed to be educated, to spend his or their days in singing psalms or saying masses at a salary of £5 a year (about £60 to £100 of our money) for the souls of some one who had "migrated from this light" two or three centuries before, and was, in nine cases out of ten, far more famous by his chantry when dead than he had ever been for his good deeds when alive, was perhaps as great a waste of money as could well be conceived. Already in Chaucer's time the poor priest who

"Ran unto London, unto Saint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,"

was an object of well-merited contempt. And after his time the fashion for founding chantries went on increasing. Every Tony Lumpkin in the country, or successful butcher or baker or candlestick-maker in a town, thought it necessary to have his priest to sing for his soul, and his wife's soul, and his "fader's and moder's soul," and the souls of his sisters, his cousins and his aunts, while under the name of his benefactors, he remembered the souls of every one who had given him a shilling when he was a boy or taught him a trick of the trade when he was a man. The extent to which this had gone is astonishing. In St. Paul's Cathedral there were fifty-seven; in Newark there were thirteen of these chantries in the parish church, and several others in other churches. In Beverley, which, though an ancient archiepiscopal seat and a kind of cathedral town of the East Riding of Yorkshire, was a petty town even in the days of Henry, there were no less than twenty-five "chanters," as they are called in the return of Edward VI.'s Commissioners.

Peter Heylin in his "*Ecclesia Restaurata*" estimates the number of chantries suppressed at no less than 2374, and this estimate is by no

means over the mark. In the county of Lancaster alone, then one of the poorest and most sparsely inhabited counties in England, there are ninety included in the returns of the Commissioners to Edward VI., published by the Chetham Society, and there were many more which were "concealed," and are not included in the list at all, some of which were afterwards swept up in Elizabeth's reign, some of which were resumed by the founders, and some which were quietly appropriated to other charitable uses.

It was probably an unmixed good to abolish the great majority of these chantries, which supported mere living prayer-wheels to extract deceased grocers from the purgatory which they had earned by short weights. But there was a very large proportion of chantry priests who were not mere chaunters. Many of them were in fact curates in the parish church, incumbents of chapels of ease, and chaplains of guilds (the trades unions and benefit societies of the Middle Ages) while a large proportion were masters or ushers of grammar schools.

Unfortunately the certificates of chantries and colleges have not been either printed or calendared. It is impossible, therefore, to form any but the roughest estimates of the exact proportion which chantry schools bore to chantries in general. In Lancashire out of ninety chantry priests there were nine who by the express terms of their foundation deeds kept schools. There were many more who did so, either because they were founded for the purpose, though the purpose was not in terms expressed, or had, in fact, kept school, sometimes by long custom, sometimes merely because they found profit in supplying a demand. Judging by those which were continued by Edward VI., or his successors, we shall not be over-stating the case, if we say that at least ten per cent. of the whole number of chantries were educational endowments.

The Chantries Acts of Henry VIII. (37 Henry VIII. c. iv.) is curious as showing that church plunder was not confined to royalty or laity. It begins with a recital, that donors or founders of the "colleges, free chapels, chantries, hospitals, fraternities, brotherhoods, guilds, and stipendiary priests," have been turning out the incumbents, and re-taking possession, while in other cases the incumbents themselves have been selling or granting fraudulent leases of the lands, and converting the proceeds to their own use. It then unblushingly, because of "the exceeding great and inestimable charges, costs, and expenses" of the French and Scotch wars, vests all the colleges, chantries, &c., dissolved, or sold since 1535, in the Crown, directs that all who have sold them shall pay the money to the King, and enables him to appoint Commissioners to seize the rest to the King's use. The Commissioners were appointed for each county in the same year. A large number of their returns are in the Record Office, though their work was not finished by the time of Henry's death, by which their commission expired. But the Act promised too precious a source of

income to be neglected, and accordingly one of the very first Acts of Edward VI., or rather of the Protector Somerset, was a new Chauntries Act, and the appointment of a new Commission.

This Act was in one way less frank than the "stand and deliver because I want your money" terms of Henry's Act: but was far more outspoken in a religious way, concealing its spoliating designs under the cloak of cant. "The King's most loving subjects," it begins, "considering that a great part of superstition and errors in Christian religion" arise by ignorance of Christ, "and by devising and phantasying vain opinions of purgatory and masses satisfactory, to be done for them which be departed: the which doctrine and vain opinion by nothing more is maintained and upholden than by the abuse of trentals, chauntries and other provisions made for the continuance of the said blindness and ignorance; and further considering and understanding that the alteration, change and amendment of the same, and converting to good and godly uses; as in erecting of grammar schools for the education of youth in virtue and godliness, the further augmenting of the Universities and better provision for the poor and needy cannot" be done "except by the King and his most prudent council," therefore they enact a Chauntries Confiscation Act.

While Henry's Act confiscated everything, without any provision for re-grant, this Act contained express provision that "the same Commissioners, or two of them at least, shall have full power and authority to assign *and shall appoint* (in every such place where guild, fraternity, the priest or incumbent of the chauntry, by the foundation, ordinance, or the first institution thereof, should or ought to have kept a grammar school, and hath so done sithen the feast of St. Michael the Archangel last past), *lands, tenements and other hereditaments* of every such chauntry, &c., to remain and continue in succession to a schoolmaster for ever, for and towards the keeping of a grammar school." Power was also given "to make ordinances and rules concerning the service, use and demeanour of every such schoolmaster, as also by what name or names he and they shall henceforth be named and called."

Now, if this section had been carried out as Parliament apparently intended it to be, by the continuance of all grammar schools with their endowments untouched, the Chauntries Act, instead of being simply a measure of spoliation, would have been an admirable example of constructive legislation, converting to the needs of the time educational endowments which had become out of date, and freeing them from ties and restrictions which were no longer beneficial.

But the measure of re-endowment actually carried out bore about the same relation to that professed, as the endowment of a wife by her husband in the marriage service bears to the actual state of

things. Instead of the Commissioners executing their commission as the Act charged them to do, "beneficially as they would answer before God," they executed it in a spirit of niggardliness. To begin with, only a minority of the schools were restored. Thus, while in Herefordshire the Commissioners of Inquiry report grammar schools at Kynnersley and fourteen other places, all kept by chantry or stipendiary priests, schools were continued only at nine of these. And those schoolmasters that were continued, were continued not as owners of the lands, but only as stipendiaries, receiving a fixed salary of the net annual value of the rent of the lands as ascertained by the Commissioners of Inquiry. As, even at that day, the lands were let at an "ancient and accustomed rent," the "improved value" or rackrent, being made up by fines on the renewal of the leases, the result was a large reduction in the value of the endowment. As time went on, and the value of money fell, the substitution of a fixed stipend for the actual lands meant simply the practical extinction of the school for want of endowment. A fixed stipend of £10 was ample, while even £5 a year was fair pay, for a schoolmaster in the days of Edward VI. But by the days of Charles II. it had become wholly insufficient, and in these days, of course, is nothing.

To take a single case, that of Pontefract Grammar School, called the "King's School." Pontefract, the Yorkshire capital of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a famous castle still strong enough in the Civil War to sustain a prolonged siege by Fairfax, was before the Reformation a town of considerable importance, with a collegiate church in the castle, large parish churches, a good number of chantries, and of course therefore a grammar school. There were also several grammar schools in neighbouring villages. Edward VI.'s Endowed Schools Commissioners accordingly find as follows:—

"Forasmuch as it appeareth . . . that a grammar school hath been heretofore kept in the parish of Pontefract, in the said county of York *with the revenues of the service of Corpus Christi*, founded in the parish church there, and that the schoolmaster there had for his wages there yearly, 59s. 2d., which school is very necessary to continue ;

"And that a grammar school hath continually been kept in the parish of Bolton-upon-Derne, with the revenues of a chantry founded in the church ; And that the schoolmaster there had for his wages yearly £4 13s. 4d., which school is very necessary to continue ;"

[and so on, for other places,]

"We, therefore, the said Commissioners, do signify to you the said Chancellor of the said Duchy of Lancaster, &c. &c.

"That the said grammar school in Pontefract aforesaid shall continue and the schoolmaster there to have for his wages yearly towards his living 59s. 2d.,"

and so on for the rest, charging on the revenues of the Duchy fixed stipends of the masters at rate specified.

Now it is certain that these stipends were the rents at which the lands were let, for a lease is preserved of the "late service of Corpus

Christi," and its lands, from Philip and Mary, in which the rent reserved is 67s. 4*d.*, but the Crown covenants out of the rent to pay a charge of 8s. 2*d.* to the mayor and burgesses of Pontefract, leaving net therefore the stipend of 59s. 2*d.* which the schoolmaster received. In Elizabeth's time an application was made to the Duchy Court of Chancery stating that five other schools mentioned had been neglected because the stipends were not enough to keep the masters; "and forasmuch as the said stipend of £2 19s. 2*d.* is very little and not sufficient to maintain any schoolmaster meet for the bringing up such a great number of youth as be in the same town of Pontefract," and, as all the places mentioned were within eight miles of Pontefract, the stipends of the schoolmasters of the other five schools were consolidated, and ordered to be paid for the school at Pontefract, £25 7s. 2*d.* in all. Two of these were, however, taken back, reducing the stipend of the Master of Pontefract Grammar School to £15 16s. 3*d.* The result was that in 1792 the school was on the point of extinction for want of funds, when George III., recognising the liability of the Duchy to maintain the school efficiently, augmented its income to £30, which was again increased a few years later to £50, and money given towards new buildings as well. Again the school was in abeyance for want of funds till three years ago the Duchy once more increased the stipend of the master to £100; and, by the aid of liberal local subscriptions, the school was reopened under a scheme of the Charity Commissioners, with excellent new buildings, and is now a flourishing school. But had the Commissioners of Edward VI. given the lands and not the mere stipends, the school revenue would have grown with the growth of the town and the requirements of the age, and instead of relying on the intermittent bounty of the Duchy the school would have stood on its own resources and been a perpetual benefit to the community. There can be no doubt about this. For the school at Royston, one of the five schools, was in 1607 restored to the full possession of its lands through Lord Zouche, to whom they were granted by James I. in 1605. The chauntry house in which the chauntry priest lived (he probably kept his school in the chauntry, in the church itself) has always been in the possession of another charity in the town. The income of the school lands (purely agricultural) and chauntry house is now £90 a year, or as nearly as possible twenty times the sum of £4 6s. 11*d.* at which it stood in Edward VI.'s time; and Royston school has always been maintained with fair efficiency. The Pontefract lands being in a coal and manufacturing town would have increased in value in a far larger proportion, and would undoubtedly have furnished an income of at least £300 or £400 a year, sufficient to maintain the school in continued prosperity, instead of its alternating between extinction and a struggling existence.

But Pontefract is infinitely more fortunate than most places. For

the Duchy being the "peculiar" of the Sovereign, and not merged in the general revenues of the Crown, the Chancellor of the Duchy has recognised that the Dukes and Duchesses had a conscience in the matter of grammar schools, and has, therefore, recognised a liability towards them. In many of the schools continued by Edward VI.'s Commission, where private persons have not come to their aid with subsequent benefactions, the schools have perished altogether. Even where the stipends have been paid regularly, they have frequently been found to be so insufficient that they have been misappropriated to national schools and elementary education.

It is not quite clear whether Birmingham Grammar School, or King Edward VI.'s School, as the foundation is now fondly called, is a foundation of the more or less meritorious type; whether, that is, it is one in which the Crown acted as thief with one hand, and policeman with the other; or whether it acted as an Endowed Schools Commission, and applied to educational purposes an endowment for charitable purposes made obsolete by the Reformation. The grant of the property by letters patent of Edward VI., made to leading inhabitants of the town of Birmingham in 1552, bears on its face the evidence that the property granted was the property of a "Guild of the Holy Cross." This guild was founded by burgesses of Birmingham, under letters patent granted August 7, 1392, in consideration (as was usual) of £50 paid to the Crown (over £1000 of our money); so careful was the Crown in those days adequately to tax charities. There is no express mention of a grammar school in the letters patent, nor is there any statement of one having been kept up by the guild, or its chauntry priests, in the report of the Chauntry Commissioners of Henry VIII. or Edward VI. The priests, it appears, acted as curates in St. Martin's Church, and not as chauntry priests pure and simple, twelve almshouse people were kept, the church was supplied with bread and wine, a clock and chimes, while two stone bridges and the highways were kept in repair out of the charity. Lastly, Edward's Commissioners add: "The said Town of Brymyncham y^e a verey mete place, and it is verey mete and necessary that theare be a free schoole erect theare to bring uppe the youthe, being boathe in the same towne and nigh thereaboutes."

This means, no doubt, that the inhabitants petitioned for the regrant of the lands for a school, and it is very, or most, probable that these priests already kept a school; since it was the duty of the Commissioners, not to report whether a school was required where one had not been before, but to report whether a school should be continued where one had been kept before. The guild was in effect one of those town trusts, such as still continue at Sheffield, at Melton Mowbray, and many other places, which kept a grammar school as one of their chief objects of charity and public utility. It is therefore most

probable that a grammar school was kept in Birmingham, described, as it is, as containing 2000 "howselyng people," *i.e.* communicants, which implies a considerable population—5000 at least.

The Commissioners reported the income of the lands of the guild as worth £25 odd net. Out of this the stipends of priests cost £20 6s. 8d., and the rest was spent on the poor and the expenses of the Church. By letters patent in 1552, the Guild or Town Hall (which is not mentioned in the Report of the Commissioners any more than the school), and lands stated to be worth £21 a year were granted to certain trustees for a free grammar school, to be called "the Free Grammar School of King Edward VI." at a yearly rent of £1. And so in consideration of having kindly restored to the people of Birmingham a portion only of their own property—for nearly one-fifth seems to have been retained by the Crown—Edward VI. stands forward as the pious and beneficent patron of education and founder of the great Birmingham Grammar School. Mr. Bunce, the historian of the Birmingham Corporation, indeed appears to think that the Birmingham case was a bad case of illegal spoliation, and that the guild was not even legally seized by the King, because the chauntry priests are not directed by the foundation deed to pray for the souls of the founders, while there is no evidence to show that they actually did so, and that "in order to bring the guild within the purview of the Commissioners the report treats it incorrectly as a purely religious and charitable foundation." But to give the King and his Commission their due, this is a mistake. As Mr. Bunce has shown, Richard II.'s licence in mortmain was to found a chauntry. Even if this had not been so, yet it was, so far as the two priests were concerned, within the terms of the Act, which extended to all payments for the support of stipendiary priests. The Act, too, contains an express clause (s. 9) giving to the King "all fraternities, brotherhoods or gilds," other than craft-guilds and their possessions, and there was no doubt that the Guild of the Holy Cross, as well as the chauntry attached to it, was clearly confiscated by the Act.

The revenues of the school owing to the "unearned increment" arising from the exertions of the people of Birmingham now amount to some £35,000 a year, and under the present scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners afford a secondary education to some 2500 children of the middle and working classes.

But, some may be inclined to say—indeed it has been said—whatever may be the minimum of merit or the maximum of demerit deserved by Edward VI. in regard to the plunder of colleges and chauntries, and the foundation of grammar schools from their spoil; at all events Christ's Hospital is a noble testimony to the generosity of the Prince and the wisdom of his advisers.

This is an even fonder delusion than that of Birmingham. So far as appears, at Birmingham the people did not actually have to buy

back from the Crown their own charitable foundation and public property. In the case of Christ's Hospital, there is reason to believe that not only was its endowment no new endowment, but that the citizens of London had to find large sums of money to buy back the old endowments given for their benefit, which ought never to have been confiscated at all. Christ's Hospital is emphatically a case in which the people did everything; the Crown, the State, nothing. And yet the King stands forward as the pious founder and the public benefactor.

Even in the pages of the latest historian of the Reformation, Canon Perry, in "Epochs of Church History," we are told that "It would be unfair to forget among these selfish graspings that the young King himself showed an altogether different spirit." Mr. Green's eighteen, now "twenty-two grammar schools," are again trotted out, and then we are told :

"Just at the end of his life the King made considerable benefactions to the City of London. He gave the Palace of Bridewell. . . . He dissolved the Hospital of the Savoy, and gave its revenues to the Hospitals of St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew, and Christ Church: the buildings of which on the destruction of the religious houses had been rescued by the City of London from the grasp of the King. *Thus* Christ's Hospital became a noble free school, and the others became institutions of infinite value for the sick and suffering."

This is a misleading account. In the first place, whatever credit, if any, is to be attached to any king for the foundation of Christ's Hospital it belongs to Henry VIII. and not to his son. In the next, it was not founded as a school at all, but as a Foundling and Street Arab Hospital, to which a school was attached, for much the same reason that schools have been attached by the London guardians to their workhouses. In fact, Christ's Hospital is not in its beginnings an institution which reflects any particular credit for mere unselfish benevolence on anybody. It was simply a Poor-law institution, intended to rid the streets of London of the curse of sturdy rogues and vagabonds, on principles which were strictly in accordance with the doctrines of political economy, and would be highly approved by the Charity Organisation Society. It aimed at getting rid of the poor by setting those who were merely unfortunate to work, while making things unpleasant for the undeserving and idle, and by bringing up their children in the way they should go to earn their own living.

The establishment of Christ's Hospital is inextricably mixed up with that of St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's Hospital and the Bridewell. It was part of an organised movement to rid London, and especially the parish churches, of the crowds of poor, some sick and diseased, some mere idle "rogues and vagabonds." Writers like Father Gasquet, in his recent book on "Henry VIII. and the Monasteries," repeating the absurdities of older authors, *laudatores temporis acti*, write as if beggary and vagrancy were a special product of the Refor-

mation era, and were caused by the suppression of the monasteries. This is putting the cart before the horse. In London an Act of Common Council, passed in 1518, before Luther had ever been heard of beyond Wittenburg, and long before the suppression of monasteries had ever been dreamt of by Henry, directed that for getting rid of "all mighty beggars, vagabonds, and all other suspect and evil-disposed persons out of this city, every alderman in his ward shall get two or three persons in each parish to form lists of all persons living on alms, and certify them to the Common Council."

But, while the monasteries and friaries, and especially the latter—those great schools of pauperism and seminaries of beggary—were continually creating new swarms of the poor they were supposed to relieve, any real diminution of beggary was hopeless. We find the Common Council in 1533, before the suppression, vainly trying to abate the evil by the institution of a voluntary poor-rate, directing the aldermen to "weekly depute some honest persons of every parish to gather the devotions of the parishioners, and the same to be delivered at the church doors to poor folk," so as to prevent them crowding into the churches carrying their disgusting sores and infection with them.

Within a very few months after the suppression (August 1540) the City took the first steps which led to the establishment of Christ's Hospital, by entering into negotiations with Henry VIII. for the purchase of the four Friars' churches and houses, Black, White, Grey, and Augustinian; alleging not only their religious advantages, as the largest churches in the City next to St. Paul's, but also their secular usefulness "for the avoiding and eschewing of the peril and contagious infection of plague and sickness." The price they offered for the four was 1000 marks, or £666—i.e., about £13,500—a very fair price for empty buildings, which, except for public purposes, were white elephants of the same kind as the Alexandra Palace would be now.

However, Henry did not think the price big enough. Sir R. Gresham informed the "Court" that the King thought the citizens very "pinch pence" not to come to terms. The Council, however, resolved not to give more, "the charges of the maintenance of the same houses shall be so great." So for five years nothing was done. At the end of that time an agreement was come to, not indeed for all the City had wanted, but for the transfer to them of the Grey Friars, and, instead of the other Friars' houses, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. What price was paid does not appear in the agreement, though after what had passed there would seem to be little doubt a price was paid. By letters patent in January 1547 the transfer to the City of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the Grey Friars' Church, cloisters and conventual buildings, with the whole precinct and all the houses in it, valued at some £50 a year, was legally completed. The Grey Friars was thenceforth to be a parish church called Christ Church, served

by a vicar, with a "Visitor of Newgate," and five other priests of the curate-cantarist type, all of them to be appointed by the City in its corporate capacity.

The Common Council promptly gutted the Grey Friars' Church of all its famous and beautiful tombs, royal and civic alike, stripping down its stall-work, and reducing the dimensions of the nave. In fact, they emulated the Crown and nobility in the work of plunder and destruction, not sparing their own ancestors. Then another step was taken. The sick and old were provided for in the two hospitals of Bartholomew and Thomas. But the young fatherless children, foundlings and orphans, on the one hand, and the dissolute poor on the other, still remained to be dealt with.

It was determined, in concert with the Bishop of London, Ridley, to draft the former into Christ Church, now Christ's Hospital, and to petition the King for Bridewell, a deserted royal palace, for the latter. Accordingly we read in the *Grey Friars Chronicle*: "This year (1552) began the house in London for the poor, the which was some time the Grey Friars in Newgate Market," and "In this month (November) the children was put in the house that was some time the Grey Friars."

From an account given by a contemporary writer named Howes, an official of Christ's Hospital, in a curious dialogue between "Dignity" (representing an Elizabethan alderman) and himself, under the name of "Duty," we gather that the motives of the King in making the grant of Bridewell, and that of the revenues of the Savoy Hospital, to Christ's Hospital were not of the very highest order.

"What [says Dignity] should move the King to depart from so beautiful a house as Bridewell was, so richly garnished, with so great charges, and being so late builded, and to convert the lands of the Savoy to the City?"

"The situation of Bridewell [replies Duty] was such that all the cost was cast away: there was no coming to it but through stinking lanes and over a filthy ditch, which did so continually annoy the house, that the King had no pleasure in it. And therefore the King, being required by the citizens to convert it to so good a use, God moved his heart to bestow it to that use rather than to be at any charge in keeping it up, or to suffer it to fall down, and so not profitable to any. And this I am sure was the reason that moved the King. For at that time it stood void and was daily spoiled by the keepers."

So as to the Savoy. The old Palace of John of Gaunt had been sacked and burned by the mob in 1381, and never rebuilt till the end of Henry VII.'s reign, when he restored it, not as a palace, but a hospital for poor pilgrims, wayfaring men, and soldiers, with a master (a priest of course) and chauntry priests to pray for his soul. But the pilgrims being suppressed, "that house did commonly harbour none other but common rogues and idle pilfering knaves, which they received in at night, and every morning turned out at the gates without meat, drink, or clothing, and so lay wandering all day abroad, seeking adventure in filching and stealing, and at night came, and were received in again."

So the Savoy was nothing but a bad form of common lodging-house and casual ward. Moreover, we learn from Stowe that the first master had embezzled largely. A commission of inquiry held by Sir Roger Cholmondeley, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer (founder of Highgate Grammar School), found that the cost of the hospital exceeded its revenue by no less a sum than £178—*i.e.*, between £3000 and £4000 a year, which had, of course, to be made up by the Crown: "And so," to return to our friend "Duty," "the virtuous prince King Edward had great reason in converting the lands to the City where the poor (and not the priests and officers) receiveth the profit."

Moved by these noble motives King Edward VI. by letters patent, dated June 26, 1552, with a magniloquent exordium of how he pitied "the miserable estate of the poor, fatherless, decrepit, aged, sick, infirm, and impotent persons languishing under various kinds of diseases," and so forth, granted to the City not Christ's Hospital (that his father had already granted for good consideration) not St. Bartholomew's (that his father had also granted), not St. Thomas's (that he had himself sold to them), but his white elephant of a decaying palace of Bridewell, and the mischievous and insolvent hospital of the Savoy. All that he did for Christ's Hospital was to give it the benefit of his name, by directing that the hospitals "shall be named and called the Hospitals of Edward the Sixth, King of England, of Christ, Bridewell, and St. Thomas the Apostle." The mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London were to be called Governors, and were made for the purposes of the hospitals a corporation, with a common seal under the name of "the Governors of the Possessions Revenues and Goods of the Hospitals of King Edward the Sixth, King of England, of Christ, Bridewell and St. Thomas the Apostle."

This incorporation and name were absolutely all the "princely gift" that Edward the Sixth, King of England, gave to Christ's Hospital, in virtue of which he is to be handed down to all time as the founder of one of the greatest educational institutions in the land. In framing the scheme which has just become law for the London City Parochial Charities the Charity Commissioners have incorporated the new Central Governing body, which is to "govern" the possessions, revenues, and goods of the readjusted charities, applied mainly to technical institutes. What an opportunity was lost in this incorporation! If the Commissioners had but directed that the title of these institutes should be the "Polytechnic Institutes of the Charity Commissioners for England and Wales," and appended their own names, they might have built themselves an everlasting fame as munificent founders on exactly the same basis as did Edward VI. in the case of Christ's Hospital.

ARTHUR F. LEACH.

TALENT AND GENIUS ON THE STAGE.

IT is impossible seriously to think over the season of French plays which terminated on the 23rd of July last without a mixed feeling of pleasure and sadness. There is, first of all, a feeling of unalloyed pleasure at the thought that London--and this, too, during the period of mad excitement which we call a general election--should have had sufficient interest still left in art of the nobler order to support Sarah Bernhardt and her Company for seven long weeks at the English Opera House: there is next the feeling of inevitable pain which arises from the comparison which it is impossible to help once more instituting between the art of the French stage and that of the English. There is also the regretful feeling that, although Madame Bernhardt's enterprise met with due appreciation and encouragement, M. Coquelin at the Opera Comique so completely failed to enlist English sympathy and attract attention. His scheme of proposed plays was admirable; it included not only Sardou's most exciting and powerful "Thermidor," but also such pieces as Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire," Jean Richepin's "Monsieur Scapin," "La Mégère Apprivoisée," "Les Surprises du Divorce," Molière's "Le Tartuffe" and "Les Precieuses Ridicules," "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier," and others of a high interest. Yet M. Mayer's praiseworthy attempt elicited hardly any response on the part of the English public, and after some ten days the theatre had to be closed, and the experiment for the time abandoned. It was very disappointing; and if it should be said that Sarah Bernhardt was acting at the same time at the English Opera House, the answer is that it is surely nothing less than a national disgrace that London should find itself unable during a summer season to support more than one French Company at a time. (We did, however, manage to keep the Company of French Pantomimists going for several weeks at

the Prince of Wales's, and "*La Statue du Commandeur*" seemed to be appreciated. To be sure, as the whole action was conducted by means of mute pantomime, no knowledge of French was requisite for its enjoyment, and this fact may possibly have had something to do with its success.)

To return now to a consideration of some of the points connected with English art suggested by the sight of perfect French art. Why is it, first of all, that the true method of declaiming verse has been so completely lost sight of in England? To an artist I know nothing more painful than to hear the blank verse of our great English dramatists recited on the stage by their countrymen and countrywomen of to-day—nothing more delightful, more restful, more satisfying, than to hear the verse of Racine or Hugo recited by French actors and actresses. Why this immense, this bridgeless difference? I cannot doubt that in the Elizabethan days the matter was on an entirely different footing. In those days, when plays were acted in open-air theatres, without sumptuous dresses and with no attempt at what we call "*spectacle*," there must have been some reason for the close attention given by the public quite other than any reason based upon dresses, spectacle, and the features which attract to-day. There must have been some attractive power quite other than that exercised by Mr. Irving and his school. What was this power? Beyond doubt it was the spell latent in the poetry of the play itself: it was the magnificent poetry of the Elizabethans, interpreted and expressed (this is the point) by adequate actors, which drew the public of those days. There was then—there must have been then, for the facts amply suffice to prove it—a feeling for poetry as such among the people which is wholly, or almost wholly, lacking now. The nation which sends so many enthusiastic representatives to applaud Mr. Buchanan's sentimental follies at the Adelphi, or to gloat over hideous girls indelicately clad at the Gaiety or the Empire, is not the same nation which in art's happier days understood and applauded without the aid of scenic accessories the poetry of Webster and of Ford. Between those days and ours lies the Puritan revolution: we have no continuous thread of dramatic tradition as they have at the *Théâtre Français*; for us the thread has been violently severed, and the Puritans have robbed us of the taste for true poetry and noble acting, giving us instead, it would seem, the taste for extravagant expenditure in dresses and decoration, and insufficient expenditure in—petticoats. The very same nation whose Lord Chamberlain thinks it incumbent upon him to forbid the performance of Mr. Oscar Wilde's "*Salome*" because it ventures to deal realistically with a Biblical subject—as if the Bible itself were not full of realistic, and often most repulsive, detail—sends its thousands to see (and spends its thousands in supporting) ballets which a decent woman cannot look at without a sense of shame and disgust. So

much for our national sense of art at the end of the nineteenth century.

To return to the question of the handling of verse upon the stage. It has been said that Mr. Irving has done great things for art, that he has once again given Shakespeare to his countrymen, and that his "Shakespearian Revival," as it is called, ranks among the greatest dramatic events of modern times. Without wishing to speak disrespectfully of an ambitious and able actor like Mr. Irving, and still less wishing to speak disrespectfully of his clever and zealous coadjutor, Miss Ellen Terry, who is certainly, in parts that do not impose too great a strain upon her, a very charming actress, I must venture to dispute the truth of the statement that Mr. Irving's "Shakespearian Revival" has done wonders for poetry and for art—and for Shakespeare. It has certainly done wonders; but the wonder lies in this: that so many thousands of well-meaning English folk should visit the Lyceum and should come home with the impression that they have heard Shakespeare. They have done nothing of the kind; they have heard Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. I say *heard* advisedly, for the gaping crowds who have visited the Lyceum have undoubtedly in a certain sense *seen* Shakespeare; that is to say, they have seen pictures or illustrations of Shakespeare—*tableaux vivants* (for the gorgeous scenes from Shakespeare at the Lyceum are little more than this), exhibiting with profuse glory of colour and beauty of scenic background various episodes selected from Shakespeare's plays. But have they heard Shakespeare? Have they heard the matchless music of Shakespeare's verse? Have they heard the passion, the pathos, the love, the wrath, the gentleness, the tenderness that are in Shakespeare expressed and rendered back to them by the adequate elocution of intelligent and instructed interpreters? Is there any living actor among us who could speak seventy-three lines of Shakespeare at a stretch as M. Piron the other day, playing the part of Thérémène, spoke the seventy-three splendid lines of Racine which describe the death of Hippolyte? * Or—almost as important—is there any actor among us who could help displaying our painful English self-consciousness and awkwardness, if he had to remain silent and almost

* It is of course hardly to be wondered at that the average Britons who care nothing for poetry, and who go to the theatre far less to enjoy the play than to enjoy their own cynical comments upon it, should be unable to sit through a long speech like this of Thérémène's without yawning and pulling out their watches. It counts for less than nothing to them that this speech contains one of the finest descriptions of violent death in the whole range of the tragic drama: to them it is merely a long monotonous rigmarole to be hurried over as quickly as possible, or, better still, omitted altogether, if the necessities of the play would admit of this. The French, however, understand poetry and reverence their great classical writers, and the speech was delivered by M. Piron as Racine wrote it. Every word in the speech tells, and M. Piron brought out the force of every word as the author intended. Few of the "cultivated" denizens of our stalls appear to understand poetry: the humblest French actor understands it, enjoys it, and can recite it with reasonably adequate expression of the author's meaning.

motionless during the delivery of the long seventy-three lines by his companion upon the stage.

No, the truth is evident, only too evident. The art of noble elocution is a lost art among us, and inasmuch as noble poetry cannot be appreciated upon the stage unless it is nobly spoken, poetry at present has no real place upon our stage at all. As I have just said, those who have seen a dozen or so of Shakespeare's plays sumptuously mounted upon the stage of the Lyceum have not really heard Shakespeare at all. But those who have heard Madame Jane Mea recite even the five lines—

"Partez, Prince, et suivez vos généreux desseins —
Rendez de mon pouvoir Athènes tributaire.
J'accepte tous les dons que vous me voulez faire
Mais cet empire enfin si grand, si glorieux,
N'est pas de vos présents le plus cher à mes yeux" —

have, in fact, heard something of the music of Racine.

One may observe, in this connection, that in reciting verse special expression may be given either to what may be called the dramatic music of the verse, or to the syllabic music. The two methods are not wholly compatible; one must sometimes be pursued at the sacrifice, or at any rate the temporary sacrifice, of the other. The modern method is to sacrifice everything for the dramatic music; to bring out the dramatic sense at all costs, however destructive of the rhythmical structure of the verse this process may be. Sarah Bernhardt, for example, in her moments of excitement, treats the carefully weighed and balanced lines of Racine and Hugo as though they were prose, heaps together word upon word and line upon line, till we are no longer able to tell that we are listening to poetry. It is a relief to turn from this method, which the older school of acting would have looked upon as reprehensible, and which I am inclined to think *is* reprehensible (at any rate, from the author's standpoint), and to notice the exquisite manner in which Madame Jane Mea brings out the other form of verbal music—the syllabic form. Her pronunciation seems to me, if possible, a trifle more truly Parisian and more musical than Sarah's—I am not speaking of her voice, but simply of the method with which she deals with rhymed couplets. This is an art in itself, and Madame Bernhardt is apt to ignore it, as I have just indicated, for the sake of giving full expression to the dominant passion of the moment: fiery anger, mad jealousy, hopeless despair. I am not sure that, after all, fine as she undoubtedly is at special moments in the delivery of verse, a prose piece does not suit her style better. Prose she can divide and dissect and deal with at her ruthless pleasure, according to the passion of the moment; verse, especially French verse, has its own rules, and when she violates them it is not only the verse that suffers—the acting suffers also.

However, as regards ourselves and our want of power to bring out either the dramatic or the syllabic music of verse, it is very important to realise that the fault lies more with the public and the interpreters (the actors, that is to say) than with the authors. It is impossible long to study French dramatic literature and the French stage without an increasing conviction that we in England have as good dramatic material in our hands as the French have, perhaps better than they have. But here, unfortunately, there are two factors wanting, two factors without which no poetry, be it of the very finest, can with any effect make its transit from the study to the stage. Those two factors are adequate histrionic interpretation and the comprehension of an intelligent public. Unless properly spoken from the stage, unless understood and appreciated in the auditorium, the noblest poetry must fall flat, the most splendid achievements of dramatic art must be profitless. There is much of Sardou which only passes muster owing to the magnificent way in which the actors render it. There is much of Shakespeare which would be magnificent were it not delivered for massacre and mutilation to the tender mercies of the actors at the Lyceum.

This, then, is what is wanting: appreciation of poetry in the public, noble rendering of poetry upon the stage. Not only would the older drama of England amply repay representation could fit actors and audiences be found, we have also a contemporary drama from which the stage might be enriched, had we a worthy stage and a poetry-loving public. Such a play as Mr. Swinburne's "*Bothwell*," though not actable in its present form owing to its extreme length, might be reduced to actable dimensions, and would then upon an ideal stage yield magnificent results. We have only to fancy some of Mary's speeches, taken from this drama, upon the tongue of Sarah Bernhardt—or upon the tongue of an English equivalent for Sarah, were such a thing possible, as unfortunately is not the case—in order to realise how grand would be the effect of perfect poetic eloquence perfectly rendered upon the stage. Or again, imagine some of *Bothwell's* speeches in the mouth of Mounet-Sully or Albert Darmont, or even delivered as M. Rebel last summer delivered the tremendous curse which Racine puts into the mouth of Theseus—we have only, I say, to imagine this and we can at once feel, feel with an added fervour, how magnificent some of Mr. Swinburne's poetry really is. For we cannot remind ourselves too often that, in the present degraded condition of the English stage, it is not only the stage and the public that lose through the practical exclusion of poetry from the theatre, poetry also loses, and sometimes almost in as great a degree, through its confinement to the study and its lack of public appreciation and applause. For poetry of the dramatic and declamatory order is undoubtedly meant to be recited aloud; when merely read in silence

it fails of its true end, it accomplishes only half its mission ; the part of Romeo needs the voice of a lover, the part of Juliet the voice of a tender-hearted and passionate woman.

I have mentioned in this connection merely "Bothwell," but there are, I need hardly say, several contemporary plays which deserve to find fitting interpretation upon the stage. Lord Tennyson's "Harold" and "Queen Mary," for example, ought most certainly to be acted : they are great plays, if not up to the Elizabethan standard, and they are essentially acting plays. To go a step further back, why should Shelley's play of the "Cenci" be acted by the Shelley Society only, with only Miss Alma Murray and Hermann Vezin for exponents of the chief characters ? One has merely to imagine it translated into French, with Sarah Bernhardt playing the principal role, to see at once what an opportunity for the finest possible acting waits here under our very eyes, if we were but able to avail ourselves of it. No, it is not the poets to-day who are wanting, it is the people, the English nation, who in their steady progress towards complete democracy are becoming every day more and more Americanised, more and more gross and material in their aims and aspirations, less and less heroic and therefore less and less artistic.

I have used the word "Americanised," and this leads me to remark that the Americanisation of the translations supplied at the box-office during Madame Bernhardt's last season was an almost unminged evil. These translations now appear to be subject to the monopoly of an enterprising American firm, and to be issued and edited under their auspices : worse and more slovenly editing it is impossible to conceive. The translation of "Phédre" contained inexcusable blunders ; the noble piece of descriptive writing referred to above, in which Thérèse relates the death of Hippolyte, was omitted altogether, though it would have taken up comparatively little extra space ; the play, for no apparent reason than some freak or vagary of the printer, broke off abruptly some few lines from the close and ended with a comma. So with the other translations prepared for the education and edification of the non-French-reading public : if it had been deliberately intended to exhibit to the greatest possible disadvantage the Anglo-Saxon tongue as compared with the French, no better or shorter road could have been chosen. Place side by side the following sentences taken from the English (I would rather say American) version or paraphrase of "Phédre" and the French :

"Et Fedora, désespérée, folle, ne se connaît plus, va se jeter au cou de Vladimir, embrassant avec fureur son cadavre et mourant dans son immense douleur.

"And Fedora, mad with despair, no longer able to restrain herself, throws herself on Vladimir's body, kisses his cold face, and faints."

The one sentence is forcible, appropriate, and poetic, the other weak, vulgar, and revolting.

Moreover, these are not unimportant points. They all tend in the same direction, they all show what we have to expect when this country is thoroughly democratised and Americanised. They all indicate want of respect for art, want of veneration.

Again, what are we to say of the critics whose one cry during Sarah Bernhardt's season was that the frock-coats and evening suits of the actors in her company were not well cut; of the London dandies who voted M. Rebel "shocking" because, when he acted the generous and much-injured husband in "Frou-Frou," he acted instead of posing (as they would have done) as an advertisement of his tailor? What am I to say of the young lady behind me in the stalls who cried out aloud, just at the critical moment of Sarah Bernhardt's greatest scene in "La Tosca," "Look at her eyes!"; of the gentleman in the stage-box on my left hand who insisted on translating and explaining the play the whole way through, not only to the lady who accompanied him, but also (for he spoke very loud) to the theatre in general; of the good clergyman sitting behind me who allayed his wife's terror during the murder scene by assuring her that the actress's hands were only stained with strawberry juice;* of the lady on my left who told me that she thought the first scene in "La Tosca" blasphemous (why?); of the lady near me who, pleased at catching two words of French and carried away by her pleasure, when the actress cried "Meurs! Meurs!" cried out "Die! Die!" to her neighbour; or, yet once again, of the two ladies in the stage-box at another performance who first remarked that the action of La Tosca in placing the crucifix upon the dead man's breast was "too bad," and who then, at the close of that most tragic scene, were so prodigiously amused that they were obliged to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths to stifle their laughter? I am not (I regret to say) inventing. These things all actually happened: they all came under my own notice in the stalls at the English Opera House in this present year of grace 1892. Multiply the few instances I have given by innumerable instances of the same sort of selfishness and bad taste which of course must have occurred on other nights, and one is indeed in possession of a curious running commentary upon English love of art and appreciation of genius.

Nothing is more noticeable—it is directly suggested and illustrated by this—than the English want of controlled and self-sustained attention during the progress of a play. Such interruptions as I have described would be impossible in a French theatre; they would be hissed down and suppressed at once. The very fact that they are not hissed down and suppressed speaks volumes for our insular good nature, but it speaks, alas! far greater volumes for our lack of artistic instinct. The fact is that such annoying comments during the course

* In which, by the way, he was mistaken.

of the performance do not annoy the ordinary English spectator; what would madden a Gaul or an Italian is patiently endured by a Saxon, not because he is patient, but because he is stupid. The ordinary British spectator never gets far enough away from himself and his neighbours to become thoroughly absorbed in the play, thoroughly lost in it, as though he himself were on the stage, watching a real scene,* and, failing this state of passionate absorption (which foreigners pass into without any difficulty), he naturally is not particularly annoyed when the young lady behind him calls loudly upon him to "look at her eyes"—Sarah Bernhardt's eyes, that is to say.

The fact, of course, is that the histrionic nervous system is a very rare and highly specialised nervous system, and that very few in this country possess it. Of those among us who pass for actors and actresses, very few indeed possess in any real sense the acting brain and temperament: it is not a question of cleverness, it is a question of vital organisation, of intimate brain and nerve structure. Ability you must have, no doubt—you cannot even do without the mechanical power of learning, and often learning very rapidly, so many thousands of lines by rote—but much more than mere ability and a retentive memory must be there. It is at this point that we go so completely wrong in England; we do not sufficiently grasp the fact that an actor, like a poet, must be born not made, and that all the education in the world will not make a no-actor into an actor. Among the Celtic nations the genius for acting is a widespread gift, among the Teutonic nations it is rare; and it is well that we should bring ourselves to face the fact that nearly all that we dignify with the name of acting in England is merely, at its highest, the acting of carefully educated talent, and not the acting of genius at all. Our stage occasionally produces men like the late Mr. John Clayton who display real flashes of genius: his acting some years ago in the card scene in Mr. Herman Merivale's fine play "All for Her" was the acting of genius; but, as a rule, we must make up our minds to be content with finely cultivated and patiently developed talent.

Still, let us call things by their right names. Let us remember that at Mr. Irving's "Shakespearian Revivals" we have talent attempting to interpret genius, while at the Théâtre Français the French are fortunate enough to be able to witness the interpretation of genius by genius. Shakespeare—except that he is dressed out sumptuously—loses by being acted in England; Racine, Molière, Corneille, all gain, and sometimes they gain a great deal.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, I remember, and remember to their credit, that my countrymen and countrywomen filled the

* If he feels himself becoming absorbed he, with the instinctive dread of an essentially inartistic nature, recoils from this absorption, and drags himself back from it by saying to his neighbour, "Don't you think this is rather rant?"

Opera House night after night during burning summer weather to admire and do honour to the genius of Sarah Bernhardt. When one afternoon I saw the long *queue* of well-dressed people in Shaftesbury Avenue patiently waiting till the doors of the theatre were opened, I said to myself, with a kind of pang of relief, "At any rate, some reverence for great art still survives in this misguided country; at any rate, there are some hundreds, perhaps thousands, among us who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and whose gods are not the gods who make hideous the groves and valleys of Philistia."

Since writing the above, I have learned that the Opera House in Shaftesbury Avenue is shortly to be turned into a music hall. The theatre which so lately witnessed the fury of *La Tosca*, the agony of *Phèdre*, the repentance of *Frou-Frou*, the triumph of *Cleopatra*, the passion of *Adrienne*, will now witness the gyrations of the creatress of "*Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*," the buffoonery of the two *Macs*, and the contortions of the white-eyed *Kassir*, diversified, perhaps, by the muscular feats of the strongest man upon earth. An ill-natured Frenchman was lately overheard to remark, in reference to this ill-omened and sudden transformation: "The English descend from *Parnassus* as quickly as they did from the heights of *Majuba Hill*!" And, unfortunately, the venomous remark has justice in it. We no sooner take up a commanding position—whether in art, politics, or war—than we find ourselves, for some reason or other, uncomfortably eager to quit it.

It is, no doubt, too late to do anything more than protest against the desecration of art involved in the transformation of the beautiful theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue into yet another music hall. But it may be well, at any rate, to protest, and to point out that the thing is desecration. Nor can I help pointing out how completely this method of action on the part of our theatrical authorities corroborates and justifies all that I have written above. They have been in only too great a hurry to confirm me. In England at the present day money motives are the dominant motives in such matters, and our managers know only too well how to gratify the less refined tastes of the British public. In Paris the *bourgeois* takes his wife and family on a Sunday to see a performance of some play of *Racine* or *Corneille* at the *Théâtre Français*. We think this wrong. In London the *bourgeois* goes—without his wife and family—night after night to a music hall, to hear the coarse jokes of the *lion comique* and to witness the revolting gambols of unsexed women. But on Sunday he goes to church. So we think this right.

The noble and wise thing to do, having the fine theatre in question thrown upon our hands, as it were, would have been to turn it into a State theatre, wherein for six months in the year performances of great

English plays could have been regularly given—only on week-days. I concede that point. An arrangement should have been made in virtue of which, during the other six months of the year, relays of French actors might be brought over from Paris, to give regular performances at what would then be our Théâtre Anglais, and so to instruct us (those among us who might be willing to learn) in some of the first elements of acting. Then we should no longer feel that the exquisite piece of comic acting in “Frou-Frou,” in which the performance of amateurs is so delightfully travestied, was an almost exact imitation of our average national style. When I saw it, it seemed to me that the French performers must have been witnessing an English performance that very afternoon, and were recalling to each other their smiling recollections of it!

But all this is too much to expect. I am dreaming dreams, and indulging in visions of impossible Utopias. We shall go on in our old manner, the Opera House will be turned into a music hall, its lessee and manager will reap enormous profits from his far-seeing venture, and the theatre that this year saw the full-orbed genius of Sarah Bernhardt and the rising star of the genius of Darmont, will resound to the laughter of countless 'Arries and their giggling sweethearts, over a burlesque of art as vulgar and detestable as it is possible to the soul of man to conceive.

GEORGE BARLOW.

FLORA SACRA.

FLOWERS seem to have retained more of the fragrance of a world which dwelt around the gates of the terrestrial Paradise than anything else in creation. To be in contact with them is purifying, refining, ennobling; their simple, gentle life soothes and softens the mind fretful and feverish with the restlessness of the moiling crowd and the traffic of life's stage, and in their companionship we apprise at its true value the artificiality of modern existence, as our better nature realises that man was originally created to live in a garden, and not in a town, and that in wandering from the memory even of his old home he is working "against the collar," and a law of his being. To have been placed on this earth "to dress and to keep it" was the divine intention; to make it a garden of delights for ourselves and our children, where the healthy proynng and stirring of the soil should produce, not only nourishable fruit for the body, but also most nourishable food for the mind—this was the design of the Creator; and until the labourer return to the land, until the political cry of our time of "the labourer back to the country" be true of us all in every class of life; until we alter our present reading of the sacred writings of our faith which makes us interpret those words "to dress and to keep it" as "to dress up our bodies and to keep up an establishment"—until then we shall be a race far less "sons of God" than "children of Mammon."

There was a time, even in this century, when to care for such simple things as flowers was considered, in Englishmen at least, an "artificial affectation of singularity;" that feeling certainly no longer exists, and the modern pleasure in them in this northern latitude, where native blossoms are few and plants less numerous, is probably greater than in southern lands where nature decks herself in robes

of ever-changeful and abundant beauty; the interest we take in developing a plant to its highest degree of perfection, and producing fresh varieties of it, is greater now than in any previous time. But our sole idea connected with them is their decorative capability. There is scarcely ever any familiar or expressive significance at the root of our regard. In southern lands it is rather the reverse, the meaning or utility being the charm perhaps more than the beauty, whether it be in the language of love or as the badge of party, as the flower of a saint or the sweet store of mystic virtue. Mr. J. Bateman, in his "*Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala*," has noticed the romantic use of orchids in those countries he is writing upon. He says: "In Mexico, where the 'language of flowers' is understood by all, the *Orchidaceæ* seem to compose nearly the entire alphabet. Not an infant is baptised, not a marriage is celebrated, not a funeral obsequy performed at which the aid of these flowers is not called in by the sentimental natives to assist the expression of their feelings. They are offered by the devotee at the shrine of his favourite saint, by the lover at the feet of his mistress, and by the sorrowing survivor at the grave of his friend; whether, in short, on fast days or feast days, on occasions of rejoicing or in moments of distress, these flowers are sought for with an avidity which would seem to say that there was no sympathy like theirs; thus '*Flor de los Santos*,' '*Flor de Corpus*,' '*Flor de los muertos*,' '*Flor de Maio*,' '*No me olvides*' (or *Forget-me-not*), are but a few names out of the many that might be cited to prove the high consideration in which our favourites are held in the New World."

This same spirit prevailed as strongly in rural Europe as in Central America, to which it was conveyed, and does so still in many parts, and it is probably only since the Reformation that these British Isles became exceptions in this interesting use of flowers. To-day flowers are employed amongst us more popularly than they ever have been at marriages and deaths, birthdays, church festivals, and as ever welcome gifts; but this practice will die out again, it will exist only as a passing fashion if they be used simply as decorations in joy and tokens of sorrow, without any individual and definite and historic reason for their presence. The first adoption of any pretty custom is of itself dazzling to the mind, and, like the first gaze at an attractive picture, the eye does not get critical before it has overcome the glamour of surprise and can quietly consider in detail; the reaction takes place if in this after-thinking there is nought to justify the first impression; it is the need of authority that is then felt, not of fancy. If this be present then each detail adds to one's original joy; it is going down to the foundations and finding them rock; it is the testing of the ore and finding it gold; but if it be the contrary, then comes the palling of the taste, the disappointment of the heart, and the weariness to the eye.

The revival of church sentiments and the renewal of a taste for flowers were almost cause and effect. As the heart of England yearned for more earnest life in its religion it threw long glances back over the arid desert of its three hundred years' wandering, and in that retrospect those desolated shrines and ruined houses of the old faith, whose relics now stood out stark against the sky, were seen brilliant with lights and flowers, warm with colour and incense cloud, and there was a wistfulness for the old ways, and ardent souls struggled to copy in the nineteenth century what the Catholic Church had been in the fourteenth and fifteenth. Flowers were found, as ever they are, full of pure sympathy with the human heart, and they were earliest enrolled in the service of devotion, but the old learning about them was so far away, the monastic botanist was not to be found to tell how Mother Church had sanctified all nature by setting her seal upon plant, and bird, and fish, and star, and beast, and insect, finding in one here and one there, a memorial of sacred truth or saintly legend, and providing a constant source of recollection of holy things for her children as they journeyed through earth's garden.

A Sacred Flora has been the longing wish of countless persons; not only poets and religious, but antiquaries, painters, and architects, have desired it. The religious have sought it that they might have their garden of the saints, whose consecrated blossoms might not only increase recollectedness by their dedications, but also that the flowers employed to decorate an altar, or honour a shrine, might have of themselves an especial adaptability and meaning beyond their fellows. Artists, whether architects or painters, have required some authority for the herbage they used which would intensify their meaning and bear a congruous relation to their subject. Is there nothing, they say, to portray or to carve in the botany of sacred art save a lily, a palm, a vine, a rose, the wheat-ear and a passion-flower? The antiquary has need of such a guide to help him to interpret the work of earnest mediæval days when the tendency was to bring into the sanctuary the familiar things of their daily life. A discriminating writer in the *Quarterly Review*, for July 1863, says: "A complete arrangement of the plants and flowers named after certain saints, or recording the festivals of the Church, so far as such plants exist, would be of great value and interest;" and that is twenty-nine years ago. Such a work, even if it had been confined to the remnants of the old dedications remaining in England alone would have been delightful; what would it not be if it were Catholic, the voice of all Christened lands? What an interest it would be to find that a herb bore the same significance in whole groups of countries, where it existed, and perhaps in the heart of the whole world; what a new depth of meaning would reveal itself if it could be shown that this builder had allowed only "Our Lady's flowers" to appear in the foliage he employed for her chapel, that this high altar's frieze was entwined

with only such plants as told of the bitter dolour of the cross, that that painter had carpeted the feet of his saints with a purposeful botany, or placed in the fields of Paradise a flora which spoke only of its inhabitants!

There is happily an increasing demand for such a work as we refer to, and many attempts have been made to satisfy it; but no satisfaction has attended those efforts for they have been those of fanciful writers and their copyists. The student who undertakes such a task must have these credentials: soul and eyes of a mediævalist, heart of a naturalist, brain of an antiquary. He must not be a person who can speak lightly of names which to Catholic Christendom were, and still are, names of sweetness and veneration; if he cannot accept them for the simple earnestness of the devotion they tell of he need not display his lack of ability by feeble "pleasantries," which are revolting to even an artistic mind, not to speak of any higher form of thought. Mediæval days were marked by intense familiarity with religious truths; there was no separation between religion and the daily life, it was interwoven so intimately that to us with our "Sunday-religion" it often seems irreverent: but when we find such titles as "Our Lady's Mirrour," "Our Lady's Smock," "Our Lady's Pincushion," and those of more toilet requisites than the poor home at Nazareth ever knew, we may be sure that they were names given in no disrespectful intrusion upon the life of the Virgin Mother, but in the vivid realism of a work-a-day faith.

The savant Bauhin, the greatest botanist of the sixteenth century, did not disdain to occupy himself in making the commencement of a Sacred Flora, and as far as it extended, with a success worthy of his high reputation. In 1591 he published "*De plantis a divinis sanctisve nomen habentibus*," and, although necessarily a very small collection, it forms a most valuable groundwork for future extension. In 1630, the Italian physician Ambrosini produced "*Panacea ex herbis quæ a sanctis denominantur concinnata*," founded on Bauhin but not extending his researches. In 1643, the pious French doctor Du Val brought out "*Historia monogramma sive pictura linearis sanctorum medicorum et medicarum, &c.*," in which is a "*Digressiuncula de plantis nomenclaturæ sanctionis*," and this too did not add anything, but aimed at explaining Bauhin's book. Between these dates and the middle of the present century there do not appear to have been any works upon the subject, and it would be satisfactory if they who then presumed to write upon it and have since treated it had shown any acquaintance with the above-mentioned Bauhin. They would have hesitated, perhaps, before committing to print the floras which they have done and which have no more title to be regarded as authentic than the fanciful languages of flowers with which we are all familiar. "In this world there are so few voices and so many echoes," but upon this subject it is

the faint echo of the voice of the ages of pious Christendom that we have to listen for if we desire to carry on the tradition of their thought. It is not the ordinary reader that is to blame for accepting as sufficiently authoritative books published on the subject sometimes even by fellows of the Linnean Society itself, but it is surprising that the writers of such books should have helped to circulate statements before seeking a reasonable authority for their assertions and without making such tests as would satisfy them thereon. But, on the contrary, modern compilers have copied and re-copied one another, almost universally, without qualifying their assertions by the name of the author to whom they are indebted, and thus they have made themselves equally culpable in the popularising of an imposition. As a natural consequence many have taken these lists as authentic by reason of their repetition, and produced dissertations showing how in old days they employed this and that flower and why they did so, when, perchance, the very herb they descant upon may have been introduced into Europe in this century only, and was quite unknown in the times they refer to. With the exception of the author of the paper in the *Quarterly Review*, alluded to above, perhaps there is no writer on the *Flora sacra* who has escaped the poison of these careless teachers. Let us examine some of them, for their statements have obtained a respect from their very age and repetition which we hope to be able to destroy; and then when the ground is cleared of their forgeries and sham antiques, we may have some hope that a fairer and more solid construction may occupy its site.

In 1826, Hone commenced the weekly publication of his "Every-Day Book," and under January 19 he gives the following without quotation marks and without reference to his authority: "The monks, or the observers of monkish rules, have compiled a catalogue of flowers for each day in the year, and dedicated each flower to a particular saint, on account of its flowering about the time of the saint's festival. Such appropriations are a *Floral Directory* throughout the year, and will be inserted under the succeeding days." He then gives those flowers which belong to the preceding eighteen days in January, and for the future gives one at each date. This is the first appearance of this catalogue, and there can be little doubt that it owes its conception to the pretty fancy and quaint device of one man, a certain Dr. Forster, who was writing about this time a series of interesting works upon the Calendar, drawing attention to the natural beauties of each month and season, and illustrating the association of each day in the year by its reference to botany, history, meteorology, and so forth. He was a good pious man, a doctor of medicine, a fellow of the Linnean, Astronomical, and other learned societies, but although his poetic nature made him affectionate towards antiquity, he evidently did not feel that a modern invention posing as a part of the venerable past is

of all things the most abhorrent to all earnest students. There is a general resemblance only between the catalogue in Hone and the flowers of the months in Forster's "Perennial Calendar," published two years before (1824), and his "Pocket Encyclopædia of Natural Phenomena" in the year after (1827), but in the following year he brought out his "Circle of the Seasons," and in this he pretends to quote Hone, and substantiates his statements by curious rhymes, proverbs, and verses, in every sort of language, diverting suspicion, from their true authorship, by appending to them authorities, which have been the puzzle of bibliographers and students generally. Here are a few specimens of his statements : Jan. 1 : "Laurestine, *Viburnum Tinus*. . . . A familar adage says to-day :

"Whether the weather be snow or raine,
We are sure to see the flower of St. Faine.
Rain comes but seldome and often snow,
And yet this *Viburnum* is sure to blow."

Jan. 2 : "Common groundsel. . . . This plant . . . is recorded to-day as the flower of St. Macarius in the 'Florilegium Asp. Div.'"
Jan. 15 : "Ivy, *Hedera helix*, is accorded to-day in the 'Florilegium' as dedicated to St. Paul the Hermit." Feb. 1 : "The Bay is recorded to-day, and has been called the Shrub of St. Bride, but we cannot find why." Feb. 5 : "The common wild Primrose, a plant dedicated to St. Agatha in the 'Florilegium.'" Mar. 18 : "Great Leopard's Bane. . . . We find in reverting to a published journal that this plant is recorded to-day by the name of Flower of St. Cyril." Apr. 6 : "In Hone's 'Every-Day Book' the Starch Hyacinthus is quoted as being called Flower of St. Sixtus." April 9 : "The Red Polyanthus are noticed to-day in the 'Floral Directory,' and called Flowers of St. Mary the Penitent, why we cannot tell." Aug. 4 : "The Harvest Bells, or St. Dominick's Bells, are, in the 'Ephemeris,' dedicated to the Saint of to-day." Oct. 2 : "Friars minors' Soapwort. . . . We cannot conceive the origin of this name for the *Saponaria*, but finding it in a Floral Directory, quoted from some old authority, we cite it here."

These instances, which we have not accompanied with many of their adornments, suffice to show how Forster desired to divert the suspicion of his authorship, and it only leaks out in his endeavour to diversify his supposed authority. The books which he refers to—"Anthologia Borealis et Australis," "Florilegium Aspirationis Divinæ," "Ephemeris," &c.—have created very considerable difficulties ; a long inquiry took place in *Notes and Queries* upon the subject, in which one gentleman wrote, "During the last year I have ransacked all the bibliographical authorities I could lay hold of, and made every inquiry after these mysterious volumes, but all in vain ;" and the reason will be seen in the sequel. In 1835, Dr. Forster published in French, at Frankfort-sur-Main, a small volume, called "Recueil des

ouvrages et des pensées d'un physicien et métaphysicien, par T. Forster," and on p. 15 he admits that in 1825, the year previous to Hone's publication, he was at Walthamstow. "C'est dans cette solitude que j'ai conçu l'idée de faire un calendrier perpétuel de Flora et de donner à chaque jour de l'année une dénomination d'après le moyen temps de la floraison des plantes." In the second edition, which he re-styled "Recueil de ma vie, mes ouvrages, et mes pensées," on p. 55, he confesses himself to be the author of all those pieces which bear the references alluded to above. Such, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter, and it is one of the strangest literary impositions of our time, for the man who executed it was no illiterate or worthless person, but the very reverse, and his action can only be accounted for by a species of insanity. The learned librarian of South Kensington Museum has a clear recollection of asking Dr. Forster where the authority for this Flora was to be found, and of the doctor's assuring him that it had been copied by him from a MS. at Cambridge. In later years this gentleman went up to Cambridge, but after a search in the libraries there which proved fruitless, and finding that there was a total ignorance among the authorities of any such document, he came to the conclusion that the MS. which the doctor had copied from was his (the doctor's) own. This is now proved to be the correct solution, and it cannot be too widely circulated.

The satisfaction created to those who study the historical side of the science of botany at this conclusion must naturally be great, for here we have a definite fact. The annoyance must also be great to those who have given credit to those statements, and their influence to circulate the same; but there can be little pity for those writers who, in the patchery and sleight of modern work, have started to build upon foundations of which they have never tested the reliability; men who do not say Hone gives this or Forster that, but who announce that "the Catholic Church has appropriated certain flowers for certain days," and then pretend to give them. Such blind guides have been baneful to the whole study, and reduced it from fact to fancy. The following are a few of the works which have been influenced by Forster: In 1849, "Flores Ecclesiæ"; in 1851, "The Catholic Florist," edited by Oakeley; in 1862, Miss E. Cuyler's beautiful book, "The Church's Floral Calendar"; in 1869, W. A. Barrett's "Flowers and Festivals"; in 1869, Ingram's "Flora Symbolica," *sub cap.* Holy Flowers: in 1868, the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott copied many of Forster's into his "Sacred Archaeology"; in 1881, the chapters on the subject in Folkard's "Plant Lore," and in Friend's "Flowers and Flower Lore"; in America, Mrs. Lincoln's "Botany," and, in Italy, the Countess Anna di San Giorgio's "Catalogo Poliglotta delle Piante," as well as countless papers in periodicals of all nations.

Notwithstanding the pleasure that it is to have a fact not a fancy

for the basis of all true lasting work, we cannot but regret that we have to part with some of the dedications assigned by Forster; he has given such an old world ring to his subject that we can almost resign ourselves to its toleration. How delightful are his lines:

"The snowdrop in purest white array
First rears her head on Candlemas Day.
While Crocus hastens to the shrine
Of primrose love at Valentine," &c.

It is entirely constructed to suit his list of flowers, and we long for a "reformed" text in its pretty spirit. He speaks of the *Tremella* lichen, with its bright yellow or orange colour, and which is found upon old walls and palings, as being called, "amidst the various antient emblems of commemoration, St. Gudula's Lamp," and the crocus he christened St. Valentine's flower, as reminding of Hymen's torch. So, too, the sweet coltsfoot, which flowers in winter, and scents our rooms, he speaks of as called in Italy "Pastori di Madonna," or Shepherds of the Madonna, in memory of those who awaited the Nativity of our Lord; but we can find, alas! no confirmation of these pleasant fancies. They are, however, specimens of the delightful environment he gave his thought, and may well excuse the deception of ordinary readers; and if we felt that there were no true dedications as pretty and as full of significance to take their place, we are not sure that we should venture to disturb their acceptance. They are so healthy in their influence, so helpful in forming a holy regard of Nature, that to the individual they can be quite harmless, and minister only to virtue; but their utility for purposes of sacred art, or their help to those who might seek to read the works of ancient days by meanings which they conveyed, was likely to be the source of lasting error.

We say that there is a *Flora pin.*, not only true, but as pretty and far more extensive than any which Dr. Forster and his followers have invented or conceived, and although a more or less complete one exists only in MS. in its collected form, still there are printed sources, to which access may be had, to confirm its existence. We have only to take up the Dialect Society's publication of "English Plant Names," by Britten and Holland, to see how large a number of sacred dedications prevail in this island alone; and if we extend our researches to other countries, we shall find how frequently the same dedication will hold its place in the peasant lore of every land where the same plant exists. In the vast majority of cases their antiquity must be very venerable, since to gain the hold that they have in the familiar and old world thought of a people is the result of a process of centuries of quiet observance. Many refer to saints whose memory has long died out of popular acquaintance, and need the hagiologist's learning to explain, like a St. Olaf's beard or St. Cadoc's wort.

The Renaissant spirit of the sixteenth century showed its influence in the nomenclature of the herbs of the field as markedly as in the architecture of the time, and its outcome—the Reformation in England—cut off a very goodly crop of old traditions and sacred names. An old writer says; “In our zeal we visited the gardens and apothecaries’ shops. So *Unguentum Apostolicum* was commanded to take a new name, and, besides, to find security for its good behaviour for the future. *Cardus benedictus*, *Angelica*, St. John’s wort, and Our Lady’s Thistle were summoned before a class, and forthwith ordered to distinguish themselves by more sanctified appellations”; and in “Reflections on the Growth of Heathenism among Modern Christians,” by Jones of Nayland, in 1776, we read how “Botany, which in ancient times was full of the Blessed Virgin Mary and had many religious memorials affixed to it, is now as full of the heathen Venus, the Mary of our modern virtuosi. Amongst the ancient names of plants we find the *Calceolus Maria*, *Cardus Mariæ*, *Cardus benedictus*, Our Lady’s Thistle, Our Lady’s Mantle, the *Alchymilla*, &c.; but modern improvements have introduced the *Speculum Veneris*, *Labrum Veneris*, Venus’ Looking Glass, Venus’ Basin (the *Dipsacus*), Venus’ Navelwort, Venus’ Flytrap, and such like; and whereas the ancient botanists took a pleasure in honouring the memory of the Christian Saints, with the St. John’s Wort, St. Peter’s Wort, Herb Gerard, Herb Christopher, and many others, the modern ones, more affected to their own honour, have dedicated several newly discovered genera of plants to one another, of which the *Hottonia*, the *Sibthorpia*, are instances, with many others, so numerous and familiar to men of science, that they need not be specified.”

Happily nowadays all *odium theologicum* has vanished with respect to these old titles, and both they and the names of Greece and Rome are to us as interesting as they deserve to be, and can be studied by us removed from all passion of party feeling. Several large works have elaborately recorded and identified the old pagan flora, and we may plant our classic garden, in which every herb and tree shall tell the tale of pre-Christian thought, from the grass of Olympus or of Parnassus to the flowers of the gods and goddesses and heroes who pressed it. But how is it that no one has ever made a similar flora with reference to the heroes of modern civilisation, the saints of Christendom? Surely their lives are more worthy of our study than those old myths of the poets, even if they did enfold physical truths in their hieroglyphic form. The more we study the pioneers of Christianity the more do we find that they were men who were engaged in the life of their day, and whose influence upon it was almost entirely for good; and we cannot disregard that influence, if we would judge the history of the period wherein they lived. We too often think of them only as recluses removed away from the haunts of men, useless to their

species, and gaining a false reputation by their eccentricities. But such is certainly not true; rather they were as a rule men who in the world were judged leaders of thought, teachers of righteousness, and sacrificers of self; and perhaps some day an unbiassed mind may arise which will write the history of some of them from an honest and laic point of view, and not from that of the purblind, carping sectary.

At all events, for our present purpose there can be no dispute as to the utility and value of the flora which bears their names in remembrance, to artist, poet, and architect, quite apart from that to the private individual. Moreover, there is such a sacredness always about flowers that such a nomenclature would seem most appropriate to them; their beauty and freshness and naturalness and simplicity, and their remarkable power to afford sympathy in sorrow, and to chasten joy, and their companionship to elevate and refine the character—all would suggest the higher lines of thought in connection with them. As for learning the scientific nomenclature alone, it is every day becoming more impossible to pronounce and more worthless of recollection, and raising a barrier against the study of botany by the hopelessness of its confused jargon. What lesson is there worth the learning in such names as *Lightfootia*, *Lapeyrousia*, *Hedwigia*, *Schlueria*, or *Scheuchzeria*? Who would feel invited to identify, far less to touch or smell, a *Splanchnomyces*, *Tetragonotheca*, *Xysmalobium*, *Zuccagnia*, *Schivereckia*, *Pogogyne*, *Helmenthostachys*, *Chamaecypilus*, or *AmpeLOSEYOS*? Can any rational being, not corrupted by this century's idolatry of the word Science, think that wisdom is justified in such children as these?

The modern school of botanists have had the naming of the whole of the Orchidaceæ, and here is a specimen at random of what they propose for our ears to be racked with and our heads to remember, and to read them through without injury to one's teeth is a warranty of their firmness! *Wulschlagelia aphylla*, *Physurus brachyrrhynchus*, *Warczewiczella*, *Tetragamestus isochiloides*, *Tetipogon klotzschianus*, *Restrepia erythraantha*, *Pleurothallis kefersteiniana*, *Macillaria notylioglossa*, *Conopsis utricularioides*, *Elleranthus arpophylostachys*, *Cranichis mucosa*! Even among the trivial vernacular names we might show greater selection. How far preferable to such silly titles as bear's breech, dog's or sheep's tails and the like, are those which bear some interest in them, such as tea of Europe, Saracen herb, lambkill, loosestrife, and so forth; or the poetical queen of the meadow, amourette, floramour, eglantine, masertree, asphodel—names which render our language the richer for their beauty! But, as we have already said, the sacred name seems singularly appropriate to flowers and it is rather surprising that men should so often show themselves anxious to disconnect the two where they exist. Skinner, for example, is loth to admit that the *Angelica Archangelica*

takes its name from what it most obviously does ; Herb Christopher, he thinks, may be so called from a doctor of that name, who cultivated it for its beauty ! And yet this is the wildest guesswork, which a reference to Bauhin, or the habit of the rest of Europe, would have shown to be worthless. St. James's wort is "perhaps named," he says, from a discoverer of that name, although he is forced to admit that it is in blossom at the saint's season ; he can make apparently no excuse for the St. John and St. Joseph's Worts, but all "Our Lady's" are made "Ladies," and he will even translate the *Sigillum Beate Mariæ* into Ladies' Seal. So, too, with Prior ; what can induce him to say that the *Clematis Vitalba*, the Virgin's Bower, is so named as "fitting to be a bower for maidens, and with allusion, perhaps, to Queen Elizabeth, but not, as we might be tempted to imagine, to the Virgin Mary ?" We are not only tempted to imagine it, but we are absolutely certain that there is no thought of Elizabeth or of maidens, but of her who is known as *the Virgin*. *Berceau de la Vierge* and *Cheveur de la Vierge*—its names throughout France—are not doubtful in their allusion any more than another which is known in that land and Belgium as *Barbe au bon Dieu*, and the silvery plume of its seeds in autumn suggests the latter title perchance as much as the flowering of the pretty climber about the Assumption does the former. The same writer's forced derivation of Marigold from Anglo-Saxon *Mersc-Mear-gealla*, or Marsh-horse-gowl, appears to us equally unnecessary. *Lus Mairi* is its Gaelic and *Marienbloem* is its German vernacular, and there is an extensive enough flora bearing the Virgin Mother's name to make one hesitate before seeking after strained possibilities elsewhere. It is no question of private opinion which should influence the student in this study ; to gain the truth is the sole end, and no perversion of that can stand ; it is quite and absolutely useless to endeavour to diminish or ignore the share of affectionate devotion paid in the ages past, as in Catholic countries to-day, to the Blessed Virgin ; and no perversion of Our Lady's Mantle into Ladies' Mantle, or Virgin's Bower into Queen Elizabeth's Bower, helps to the right understanding of the subject.

The more one studies traditional customs and names the more convinced does one become of the probability, where doubt exists, that religion is the basis whence they sprang. There are a large number of names for flowers which may possibly have a reference to sacred dedication, but for which no corresponding confirmation has been found as yet, and until that be adduced they must continue only doubtful, but if their origin ever be found it is almost certain to show that the title originated in the most sacred feelings of the people.

Just as ignorance endeavours often to eliminate Christianity from its influence in ancient tradition, so there are careless writers who will impose upon us by making it the author in all doubtful questions. One

such error is the connecting of the Ambrose herb with the saint of that name: "Quia Sto. Ambrosio superstioso vulgo sacra" was Skinner's suggestion, although he adds that the name is more probably derived from the classic ambrosia than from the doctor of the Church. Again, we see repeatedly that Fair Maids of February is a name of the snow-drops, from an old custom of the maidens taking the statue of the Blessed Virgin from above her altar, and strewing the place with these flowers. Such a custom has never existed, and the name is of quite modern invention, as is also Prior's one of Purification Flower. Its old name refers, however, to that feast, and in France and Denmark, and upon our own Cotswolds, it is often still the pretty Candlemas Bell.

These, then, are types of error into which all writers upon sacred botany have fallen; the careless will copy from a Forster or his adapters; the so-called scientific will set himself to explain a Mary by *mead*, a marsh; a Lucy by *lux*, the light; or a Clara, by *clarus*, bright; or to account for a John, a Christopher, or a James by suggesting possible cultivators; and amidst so much guesswork the student becomes hopeless of there being any true guide to trust. Surely, if the subject be worthy of all the attention that has been paid to it, it would be well to make the study earnestly, and not to regard it as the playground of fancy. Happily there has arisen a school of scholars who are setting a value upon every form of expression which human nature has given vent to in its homely life, and which very justly judges that those forms are indicative of the minds of the great mass of the people when those forms were in vogue, and in collecting the evidences of this expression are showing the kinship of the human race and the development of man's conceptions. To them we may look in the future for such assistance and consideration as will enable us to obtain a perfected guide upon the subject of the Christian Botany.

A constant remark which one sees upon the Christian Flora among other things is, that it is but a servile translation of the pagan dedications, wherein Jupiter is replaced by God, Apollo by Christ, and Venus by Mary. As far as the present writer is able to say, this is quite untrue as a general or usual case. Occasionally it does occur. In the instances so often quoted of herbs dedicated to Venus or Freya, bearing the Blessed Virgin's name, there is no necessity for the supplanting to have been deliberate and intentional, since in so large a flora as that which bears the name of Mary—over two hundred varieties at least—many must be included which once bore that of Venus; but it is quite impossible to show that, on the other hand, even a large or appreciable proportion of these two hundred ever bore the name of the goddess. Nor is it provable even excluding these instances that the similarity extends further. Moreover, it would make no variant in the regard with which Christians would take these dedica-

tions to find that the affection of a less perfect faith had cherished them under similar forms of thought ; to us all effort to express devotion in associating it with the wonders of the natural world has been but the signs of the yearnings of man's heart after a revelation which to us is known. A Venus or an Aphrodite may have been the highest ideal the mind of Greece and Rome could form of female loveliness ; but to us such types become noisome and impossible when we compare them to her who was "sweet Mother, sweet Maid ;" a Jupiter or a Zeus may have been the embodiment of their conceptions of the king of heaven and earth ; but to us omnipotence and omniscience are less appealing qualities than those of purity, fulness of compassion and tender mercy.

There was doubtless such a revulsion from the pagan dedications of the aspects and harmonies of Nature that for centuries men's minds would think it a mark of the old heathenry to connect their newly learnt doctrines with them, nor would they become sufficiently habituated to the high teachings of Christianity for some generations to allow of their familiarising their thoughts with the simple things of daily life. "There is no sublimity in flowers," Mr. Ruskin has said, since awe and sorrow, which lie at the root of that emotion, are quite unconnected with them, and it was probably not before the old pagan associations had died out in all conscious reference that the new ones arose. However this may be, still to speak, as writers often do, of the "Catholic Church having provided a flora for each day of the year dedicated to a particular saint" is quite inaccurate, the Christian flora has been the gradual growth of the ages, and arose in many ways. First : the plant, or shrub, or tree, may have been connected with some event in the life of one who was subsequently canonised. The shamrock of St. Patrick is a well-known instance ; another, less known, is the *Hypericum perforatum*, or St. John's wort, which among the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland became better known as St. Columba's wort, *Beach nuadh Columcille* or *Lus Cholum cille*, from the Apostle of Iona having shewn an especial love for it on account of its dedication to St. John, and hence it gained another name signifying "the herb which St. Columba carried." The magician of the North makes Meg Merrihes sing St. Colme's charm :

"Trefoil, vervain, John's wort, dill,
Hindcs witches of their will"

Again the rose *Dorothée* tells of those early days of martyrdom when St. Dorothy was being led from the prætorium to execution for the faithful love she had there expressed of a heavenly spouse, and where an advocate mockingly said as she passed by, "Send me some of your husband's fruit and roses from his Paradise, will you, Dorothy?" The legend continues that she knelt to commend her soul to its giver

and asked that, if possible, some token might be sent to convince the poor citizens that her faith was no fancy and her trust not misplaced, and as she opened her eyes a beauteous boy stood by her with apples and roses in his hands which, gratefully acknowledging, she bade him bear to Theophilus and to tell him that his last request she now fulfilled. A very similar name arises from the legend attached to St. Elizabeth of Hungary in connection with the same flower, and the country about the steep and stony Wartzburg is a blush of her roses in memory of her still. But there are many examples of this class, and we pass on to the second reason why the names have become allied to certain flowers.

Plants were mainly regarded as medicinal by the botanists of even the sixteenth century. Brunfels, Fuchs, Mattioli, and Bock were authors of herbals which deal mainly with "simples" (*simplicia*), as those ingredients of the leech's compounds were called; and in the descriptions of herbs from Fuchs and Bock to Bauhin the flower and fruit were most strikingly neglected. The monastery gardens were arranged with the same idea of being the druggist's store, and beyond a very few exceptions which were employed in the culinary department, the great body of herbs belonged to the pharmacy. The old lore which gathered around these apothecary beds is the more difficult to gather since it was mainly traditional and orally learnt and conveyed, but to many a plant a name was assigned from its being remedially employed for a complaint in connection with which the saint may have gained a notoriety for having tended or been especially interested in during his life on earth, and in which that interest was not thought to be severed now that he was in a higher state of existence. The St. Anthony worts get their names from being palliatives in erysipelas, for which the saint was besought as intercessor; the lovely cross gentian known as St. Ladislas' herb is so called from that saintly monarch having had it pointed out to him in the providence of God when his people were decimated by pestilence; and the Carlino thistle recalls the great emperor, Charlemagne, to whom it was revealed by an angel when his army was dying of a plague.

Thirdly, there is the great section of plants which get their sacred dedications from flowering about the festival of the saint or the season commemorated, and of this large class we may recall as an example the Candlemas bells spoken of above, the Lent lilies, most of the SS. Peter, John, Joseph or Mary worts, and in fact the majority of those popularly known.

Finally there are those which are distinguished by certain titles, from recalling to pious eyes by their form or colour something of familiar knowledge, and this is a large and interesting division. Instances are, the amaranth, whose purple tail-like flower may well be thought to resemble a *blood-stained scourge*, and whose name in

Southern Europe, of "the Scourge of our Blessed Lord," gives a very deep solemnity and freshness of meaning to our English "Love lies a-bleeding"; so too the Meadow Lychnis, or Ragged Robin, obtained the title of "flower of the Blessed Sacrament," the centre of its flower recalling the crystal pyx in the monstrance which is so familiar to Catholic eyes; and another type is that of the passion-flower, which has gained such universal acceptance in modern times.

There are often to be met with names of quite local use only, which are confined to very limited areas, but which are full of interest if we would but trace out their reference—such as the St. Aubyn's apple of the Tyrol, of which Miss Busk tells in her pretty book of that land; so, too, St. Peter Martyr's palm or our own St. Winifrid's moss and betony. One is often puzzled to know to whom some of the names refer; who, for example, is the "Sans Pons" of the Balearic Isles, whose *Liancil* is the *Helichrysum Lomarchii*; and does the Sa Wals log of Denmark refer to a St. Walter, Wullia, Walston, or whom?

Our divisions, however, are but rough ones of the subject, and do not cover all the ground they should; for instance, there is a great class which refers to the Blessed Trinity, and to each of the Persons in the Godhead; and another which arises from the desire in each land to identify among its local flora that mentioned in the Bible; but we have shown sufficiently how wide and, we hope, how interesting the study is.

Not only among plants should a work of this nature be undertaken, but also throughout the fauna likewise, for it needs only a limited knowledge of the old-world lore to show how much we miss in the depth and intensity of meaning in art—to say nothing of nature—by our ignorance of what simple things were to simple minds in the days of piety and prayer. We are so contented with our century's omniscience, we are so frantic to get a name for a plant which we probably can neither pronounce nor understand, and to dance round it as an emblem of the scientific knowledge of the day, that the name that was familiar and loved for centuries, and taught, even in its sound, a lesson of holiness, is unknown or rejected as superstitious perchance. Superstitious, forsooth! What a silencer that word is—what a power it is to end all dispute as to the superiority of modern science in every way to everything everywhere! You may plead for your favourite herb to retain its old title of the tears of St. Peter or the flower of the Magdalene, and say that those old names suggest more to your mind and soften your heart far beyond their Latin ones can do, but down come your teachers with the Nasmyth hammer—'tis unscientific and superstitious to use such a name, and you are doubtful of your courage thereafter to bear the laugh of the careless and the jeer of the "learned," and you say now, or try to remember,

Briza medium and *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*, and endeavour, quite uselessly, to make your children perceive how infinitely inferior the older name is for common everyday folk!

We can largely regain that old spirit of regarding Nature as a holy thing; we are not less attached to natural history in its manifold aspects than our forefathers, but we study subjects so much more for their systems than for their facts. The systems are but the bare frames, the skeletons of the subject, and only of real importance to the specialist, whereas the education begins in all that lies apart from them. The attention which we would ask to be bestowed upon the history, significance and virtues is one which is ignored by modern writers; but it is that which was popularly bestowed by the wise in heart of mediæval times, and which we must learn if we would read their work. It is just this dumb language which makes us experience in an old church a sense of mystery, a sense that there is something concealed in its form and arrangement, in its bands of foliage and quaint sculptures, which we would wish to get at the expression of. It is because there is a language crystallised in stone telling often of things which transcend words. It is one of the wonders of life how earnest purpose embodied in work of any kind never loses its power; like a sound once created it echoes through the aisles of the ages; the execution of the intention may have been feeble and disappointing past measure, yet the stamp of subdued or inexpressible thought is felt, though, perhaps, impossible to be defined.

It is not, however, for the future of religious art alone that we would venture to urge the study of the sacred associations of Nature; the moral philosophy of the herbs of the field is most singularly worthy of the regard of all who have to do with the formation of the minds of the young. Childhood has an inherent delight in flowers, birds and animals; too often we dull this youthful interest by endeavouring to make the pure gaze of those early years see things with the eyes of the materialist, and the young heart finding that its pleasure-ground is being covered with a sagene which impedes its sweet wantonness of choosing what its instincts prompt, and finding the hard breath of science is bleaching all the bright blossoms into skeletons, retreats for ever from fields of amaranthine enjoyment and seeks fresh interests elsewhere. We do not mean that in later years if the disposition show the desire to pursue the graceful study of botany there should then be no scientific course of teaching, as we know it, but that the same method should be adopted as we would have in the study of history, first attracting the mind with its fascinating facts, and, as years go on and the brain becomes stronger, fitting these facts into their proper position, leaving for still later life the scientific method of investigation if time and tastes consent. The anatomy of plant, or bird, or animal, is no help in the formation

of the plastic dispositions of the young, but the early impressions made by the hearing of how eyes long closed have loved to regard the wonders of creation without the need of telescope or microscope or knife, and the learning of the treasures of history and legend, of virtue, and of beauty that lie garnered in the smallest of the wayside flowers, will leave their *χαρακτήρ*, their stamp, upon their future life. It is such studies as these that make thoughtful men, such culture makes children truly pleasant plants, with stores of gracious tenderness and interest towards simple things, and with an intelligent love of the great world they move in, which they will hand on to generations; they would be in truth as herbs yielding their seed after its kind, and as trees yielding their fruit whose seed is in itself, of whose wholesomeness we may be as sure as of that of the third creative period of which it is said, "God saw that it was good."

A. E. P. R. DOWLING.

EVOLUTION NOT REVOLUTION IN MODERN WARFARE.

IN the August number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW a professional soldier, holding a rank which implies mature convictions, propounded at some length a startling theorem. The effect of recent improvements in firearms and of other changes has been misapprehended by the military world. It will show itself on the first battlefields of the next war in such a shape as to produce "an absolute revolution in all our present systems of tactics and strategy," and there will be at least in tactics "an entirely new departure." This opinion was put forward with great modesty and in a popular style, free from technicalities. My attention was called to it by a non-military friend, a historian of uncommon attainments, who asked me whether it was not an important contribution to military progress. I do not doubt that many other readers who have no special acquaintance with the business of warfare will have been impressed with Colonel Elsdale's paper. His view is likely to commend itself to peace-loving people, for if it were true it would certainly make for peace. Colonel Elsdale holds that the balance of advantage as between the attack and the defence used to incline on the whole to the side of the attack, but that it has now gone over decisively to the side of the defence. He calls this a revolution, not merely in tactics, but also in strategy; that is, in plain English, it affects not merely every separate battle, but the whole course of a war. In future wars, then, the attacker, as such, will be heavily handicapped, and the defender will have long odds in his favour. If that is so, no one will attack if he can help it, unless he has some enormous special advantage to make up for the handicapping, and therefore wars will be scarce. Moreover, if the odds have hitherto been against a defender and have now swung over to his side, there can be no need

for any very serious effort to arm on the part of any nation whose aim goes no farther than defence. It is evident, without more explanation, that the spread of an opinion like this must greatly affect the defensive measures adopted for a country like our own. If it is an erroneous opinion based upon a partial consideration of the subject, its general acceptance would lead to grave and possibly disastrous consequences. I believe that it is erroneous, and venture to lay before the readers of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* the reasons which compel me to reject it.

To begin with, there is something unreal about the abstract consideration of defence and attack, as though they were distinct weapons, like the sword and the gun, between which you could pick and choose. In actual life this choice is not always to be had. A nation that has a quarrel forced upon it usually finds itself obliged, at least in the first instance, to adopt the defensive. Its choice is governed, not by a theory of the military superiority of defence, but by necessity. But in so far as there is an abstract doctrine it is not quite accurately represented by Colonel Eisdale. The best of all writers upon war—Clausewitz—considers that the defensive is the stronger form with a negative purpose, the offensive the weaker form with a positive purpose. According to him, the advantage of the defensive is that time is on its side; every hour that the attacker lets slip, from ignorance, hesitation, or weakness, tells in favour of the defender. Moreover, “possession is nine points of the law,” and in war, as in law, it is easier to keep what you have than to take what you have not. Accordingly, no general attacks unless he believes himself in some way the stronger. He dares to attack because he thinks he is more skilful than his enemy, or that he has more men, or that his troops are better trained or better armed. No doubt victorious generals have, as a rule (though by no means always), been the attackers. But this only proves that they had in fact the superiority in which they trusted. A victory is put down to the credit of the commander who won it, and mankind are probably not far wrong in supposing that the skill and character of the commander were more important than whether he happened to be the assailant or the assailed.

Every commander tries to get the initiative. He wants to have the first move. The reason is, that the enemy must reply to your move, and in order to reply must first find out what your move was, what you have done. To find that out is the chief difficulty in war. Wellington once said that he had spent his time for years trying to get to know what was going on on the other side of a hill. Sherman described a general's chief anxiety as caused by “what he can't see the enemy doing.” The commander who has the initiative throws this difficulty on to his opponent, and in general the initiative is with

the attacker. I say in general, because the attacker may lose this advantage by a false move; probably if neither side made any mistake—which is out of the question—the attacker would always have the initiative. Troops, it is generally believed, prefer to attack. The men are said to dislike the suspense of waiting for the enemy.

I have described as accurately as I can in general terms the opinions commonly held as regards attack and defence, because, as it seems to me, Colonel Elsdale's statement, that "the balance of advantage has long oscillated between them, with a general preponderance to the side of the attack," is misleading in its vagueness. His opinion, that it "has now gone over decisively to the side of the defence," appears to me to be a mistaken generalisation from a strictly limited fact. It is true that within certain narrow limits, which can be precisely specified, the defender is strengthened by modern improvements in firearms. But it is not true that this results in a great or sudden change in the relations of attack and defence, either in regard to a battle as a whole, or in regard to the general course of a campaign. There has been no revolution in tactics or in strategy, but certain modifications long since realised have become more pronounced. The balance of advantage remains what it was.

A skilful defender may turn to his account in some parts of a battle-field certain peculiarities of modern firearms. The chief of these is the necessity of knowing the exact distance of the object aimed at. If the distance is wrongly estimated, the projectiles will shoot over or fall short of the mark. Artillerymen find the distance by a number of trial shots, for the smoke of the bursting shell * enables them often to see whether it is before or behind the target. Some time is required for these experimental shots, and during this interval, which may be five or may be twenty minutes, the guns do little hurt, and the gunners are of course themselves exposed to the enemy's shot and shell. A defender makes the most of these conditions, by completing his measurements and experiments before the attacker appears on the scene. If he has thus prepared to shell every spot in front of him that affords a suitable site for the attacker's guns, the attacker's gunners will, for from five to twenty minutes, or even longer, be exposed to his shells without being able to give an effective reply. In that case they might never be able to reply at all.

The infantry has to estimate the range by the eye. This is a very difficult art, in which even great practice does not make perfect. If the defender has measured the distances to the various points in his front, and communicated the information to his troops, they will be very favourably handicapped. But this advantage tells only at the

* * Smokeless powder is not used to explode the shells employed to ascertain the range, but only to propel them.

longer ranges. At a quarter of a mile it disappears, for with modern rifles the bullet during that distance never rises above a man's head, and, if properly aimed, will hit him somewhere if he is within 450 yards of the rifle.

Provided a man lies behind a bank of earth and shoots over it, his enemy can see only his head—a tiny target at the best, scarcely visible except at close range. So long as the defender does not move he can shelter himself in this way. The attacker, if he advances, must show himself. If he halts, he can get shelter only where he finds a bank ready for him, or makes one with his spade, and while making it he is exposed.

The defender therefore looks for a ground where he can secure all these advantages. It must be open, so that he can see any attacker for three-quarters of a mile in front, and must have no banks or ditches where the attacker can find shelter. Having found such a ground, the defender makes a bank or shelter for himself, and measures the distances to various points in front. If he can put behind his bank as many men as there is room for, about one for every yard, with a supply of fresh men hidden in a hollow close behind, he is in that part of his position impregnable against infantry. No riflemen are likely to do his men much harm with their bullets, and no troops can advance over the open ground without being shot down. The defenders might be shelled where they lie behind their bank, and then the attacking infantry could come up and drive them away. But before they can be shelled by the attacker's artillery, the defender's artillery will have to be silenced. Until then the attacking gunners will not dare to divert their shells from the guns that are making havoc in their ranks.

These are the considerations that lead Colonel Elsdale to believe that attacks have no chance, and that the defence is supreme. But they make up only half the story. Open ground without banks or hollows is not common. It never stretches very far. Here and there, perhaps, a square mile of it may be found. But these open and level or gently sloping patches are interspersed with others containing woods, clusters of houses, banks, and hollows. A defending army must have a line at the very least five or six miles long for its front. There may in this space be two miles of open ground. The rest will be broken or covered. Here the advantages are gone. The attacker can approach unseen to within point-blank range, and when there can find shelter of all sorts. His chances here are less unequal, and in these less dangerous parts he will probably have the advantage of numbers, constantly pushing on fresh men. He will compensate for the disadvantage of his gunners by a great superiority in the number of guns. Where the ground is open he will keep his men back; they will creep up as near as they safely can, and, lying down with what

shelter they can find, will shoot incessantly at the defender's banks, hoping to hit some one occasionally, and sure that the ground a little way behind the banks will be swept by their bullets. The defender is thus tied to his line. If he retires, the attackers will come on, and he is lost. If he advances to a counter-attack, he throws away his advantages. The attacker then, though he cannot drive the defender away, can hold him to his position. Meanwhile he has moved large bodies of troops round the ends or flanks of the defender's line, is attacking it at both ends, and trying with yet more troops to attack it from behind. By degrees he will have pushed all round the defender. His two moving wings will meet behind the position, and the defence will be encircled. There is now no escape for the defence, except in an attack at some point of the circle. But the advantages which the defender enjoys so long as he keeps his position will then pass to the outside circle. The case of the defender outflanked is desperate. If he waits until he is surrounded, he must surrender. If he withdraws to avoid being surrounded, his retreat is likely to be disastrous.

Every improvement in firearms makes it more dangerous for troops to expose themselves as a target for shell or for bullets. No troops can expect to cross level open ground swept by the bullets of an enemy. For this reason an attack nowadays is not a charge, not a rush of men at other men. It is a long shooting-contest between two sides, both stationary, while it lasts, at a considerable distance from each other. The charge takes place as the outward sign that the shooting match is over, and has been won. In the fire contest the defender's advantage is that he has good concealment and knows the ranges. The attacker will have more guns and rifles at work, and will be able to concentrate upon any part of the defender's position the shells, and perhaps the bullets, of a very long portion of his own line. In this way the attacker may overwhelm a given point of the defender's front, and there push his troops into the position; or he may gain the defender's flank. In either case, he can afterwards fire upon the defenders from two directions at once. These conditions are not destroyed by any improvement either in the range, accuracy or rapidity of fire of the rifle and the field-gun. The improvements, while no doubt they make the frontal defence stronger, also render the power of attack, by concentration of fire and by fire from two directions at once, more formidable than ever.

On the battle-field, then, there has been no revolution. There has been progress. Weapons produce their old effects at longer distances and more speedily. But the effects are not new in character. They have long been familiar, and a knowledge of them is the basis of the tactics of the present day. The best representative of "our established systems of tactics and strategy" (which, according to Colonel Elsdale, will disappear in the first battle of the next war) is undoubtedly

Moltke. So long ago as 1865, Moltke published a paper of "Remarks upon the Influence of Improved Firearms upon Fighting," in which will be found all that is true of Colonel Elsdale's forecast, with much that Colonel Elsdale seems to ignore.

I quote from that paper the passages which trace the chief doctrines, omitting all the historical evidence which it contains, and all details :

"Generally speaking, the consequence of the peculiarities of the improved firearms will be to strengthen the defence as against the attack. The defender can choose his position in such a way that the enemy must advance over an open plain. He will usually have time to measure accurately the distances of certain features of the ground, or of individual objects, in order to obtain the best effect from his fire.

"The attacker has, from the fact of attacking, certain evident advantages, which he will always retain. Acting upon his own resolve, he lays down for himself the law which his opponent, who waits to see what he will do, must needs accept. The attacker has a distinct object in view. He chooses for himself the way by which he will reach it ; the defender has to guess his opponent's intention, and to consider the means of resisting. On the one side, the resolve already made and the confidence of action ; on the other side, uncertainty and expectation. And in the end the defender, too, must, after all, take the offensive if he wants a decisive result. But there is another question : Ought we not first to seize and make the most of the evident material advantages of the stationary fire-fight before we begin our attack ?

"To attack is not merely a matter of tactics. A skilful commander will very often be able to choose defensive positions of a strategical nature so offensive as to compel the opponent to attack us in them. But even if we are absolutely obliged to advance to the attack of an enemy's position, we may combine with this proceeding the advantage of the stationary fire-fight, if we understand how to bring our battalions up to a suitable range.

"It may be foreseen that in future the defence must seek the open plain ; the attack, broken ground. A gentle wave of ground, in front of which there is an open fire-field of from three to five thousand paces, and behind which the reserves can be posted under cover offers the defender with our present firearms a strong position, against which, as has already been shown, a direct attack can have little prospect of success.

"The less the chance of success for a frontal attack, the more surely will the enemy turn against our flanks, and the more important it becomes to secure them. To support the flanks upon ground which is merely broken and difficult is a proceeding unsuitable to the changed conditions, for such ground is exactly what the attackers will seek in order to escape from our superior fire.

"The smaller the force and the shorter its front, the easier it is to turn its defensive positions. . . . As the extent of the front increases, for example, in the case of an army corps operating alone, the difficulty of turning it becomes greater. . . . The position of an army cannot be turned tactically. Its front is four or five miles long, or even longer. The turning movement becomes a march, after the completion of which there is no time left to fight on the same day.

"There are, however, conditions where we may be absolutely compelled to attack the enemy in a position which he has himself chosen, which is therefore advantageous to him, and has perhaps been fortified. We know that this is a difficult task ; from what has already been said about defence it follows that a direct advance against an open front with equal forces cannot succeed ; that the attacker must direct himself, if possible, against the

defender's flanks, must make for cover and broken ground, must make the most of his fire and advance by degrees."

Colonel Elsdale rightly urges that the improvements in firearms tend to strengthen a defender in a well-chosen and prepared position against frontal attack. He sums up this part of his case by saying that in future an attack made by the advance of "troops in broad daylight, and in the open, upon an enemy of approximately equal strength occupying a defensive position," will be impossible. No tactician will deny this. But it is not new, for, as I have shown, it was asserted by Moltke twenty-seven years ago. It is a factor of only local application, and does not make in any way impossible the attack and defeat of the defending army as a whole, in spite of the strength of the favourable portions of its front.

Colonel Elsdale supposes an army corps with a clear field of fire in its front, with other army corps under the same command on its flanks, and he assumes three hostile army corps available for the special attack upon this one in the centre. He says: "No general in command of the three corps will dream of attacking the single corps in front of him by any such methods as have hitherto been practised—that is, by marching his men and guns in broad daylight against it." He thinks both sides will avoid a zone lying between them as broad as the range of effective rifle-fire. But if any corps in the front of a defensive position has a clear field of fire without cover in its front, the attacking general will not tell off three corps to attack there. He will devote one corps to that space (with perhaps at the most a second in reserve), and will order it, not to march its men and guns against the enemy, but to push its battalions up to effective range (*i.e.*, to the edge of Colonel Elsdale's "neutral zone"), there to attempt to shoot the enemy down. The defending corps will then be tied to its place. It cannot retire without giving its ground up to the attack. It cannot advance without exposing itself at a disadvantage to the assailant's fire. A forward movement of the defenders would give the attackers most of the benefits that Colonel Elsdale claims for the defence. The third corps of the attacker will be available against the defender's flank—not the flank of the one corps, but the flank of the whole army.

An attacking general has usually been able to direct a superior force against any required point of the enemy's position, so that at that point the attack became too strong for the defence. Colonel Elsdale illustrates this by imagining Napoleon, stationed at a commanding spot from which he could see the whole battle, directing his troops in accordance with his personal observation of what was going on. Such direction, Colonel Elsdale thinks, has now become impossible, partly because of the enormous increase in the number of troops brought into the field, and the immense extent of ground they

will cover; partly because smokeless powder does not reveal the number and disposition of the defending troops, compels the assailant to feel his way cautiously, and makes it very difficult for his artillery, which should by its fire prepare the attack, to find a target. Colonel Elsdale illustrates these difficulties by imagining Napoleon trying to direct the operations from a point where he cannot take in at a glance the field of battle, and he asks: "Is it not perfectly clear on the face of this situation that Napoleon has lost the conditions on which his great tactical successes formerly depended?"

There is no need to imagine this situation. It existed in every particular, except the smokeless powder, at the battle of Gravelotte. The difficulty which smokeless powder presents to a commander-in-chief consists, first, in the fact that the absence of smoke makes it very much harder for reconnoiterers searching for the enemy to find where he is; and secondly, that during the battle, the course of the fight can no longer be watched from a distance by following the backward and forward movements of the firing lines. But during the twenty-four hours which preceded the battle of Gravelotte, Moltke received no information regarding the position and movements of the French army, except such as was obtained from officers who saw French troops in the distance. Their seeing would have been in no way modified by any change that can be imagined in the composition of the powder of the cartridges which those troops carried with them. During the battle Moltke not only had no general view of the proceedings; he did not know until midday the whereabouts of that part of the French force which, as the event proved, held and lost the key of the position. Nor did he know until many hours after the battle was over what had there taken place. It is clear, then, that the difficulties which Colonel Elsdale offers to his imaginary Napoleon presented themselves to Moltke in the preparation and conduct of the battle of Gravelotte. Moreover, the French position had precisely the advantages which Colonel Elsdale lays such stress on, and which Moltke, in his "Remarks" of 1865, had been the first to appreciate. Yet the defence was not successful. Colonel Elsdale suggests that, even with an enormous numerical superiority, a superiority of three to one, the case of the attack must be hopeless; but at Gravelotte there was no such immense disparity of numbers. According to the most accurate estimate,* there were present, within such a distance as to be available—on the French side, 112,800 men and 520 guns; on the German side, 187,600 men and 732 guns. Of these, there took part in the actual fight—on the French side, 84,050 men and 398 guns; on the German side, 109,200 men and 628 guns. Moreover, the French infantry was armed with a rifle so superior to that of the

* *Kriegsgeschichtliche Einzelschriften Herausgegeben vom Grossen Generalstabe*, which contains an exact account of the numbers engaged in all the battles of August 1870.

Germans as almost to compensate for the disparity of numbers. The German artillery no doubt was more numerous and better handled, but General Sheridan, who was present and examined the French position next day, declared that he was surprised to find how little damage it had effected. Thus, in spite of all the difficulties foreseen by Colonel Elsdale, a victory was won by the attack without any unprecedented numerical superiority.

No doubt firearms of all sorts have greatly improved since 1870, and the difficulties of direction have increased with the growth of armies. But these changes, instead of reversing the relations between attack and defence, must have the effect of handicapping more heavily than before the side which is least prepared, whose soldiers and officers are less skilled in the use of the complicated weapons, and whose generals have been less successful in working out the hard problem of managing great numbers.

I am unable to understand Colonel Elsdale's analysis of the so-called "moral" factors. He illustrates the moral advantage of the attack by the case of an assailant armed with a gun against a defender with a sword. This would be usually considered a material advantage. The phrase "moral advantage" in relation to the attack is used sometimes to mean the initiative, and sometimes to describe the inspiring effect which the act of attacking is said to produce upon the troops. It is also applied to the case where, for some cause, not of a material kind, men are led to neglect a palpable material advantage possessed by the enemy. When a handful of men attack a great number, or men with swords rush upon men with rifles, they are in possession of the "moral advantage." Colonel Elsdale refers to the Roman resistance to Hannibal, during the period which has always been connected with the name of Fabius, as an instance of "the great moral power of the *defensive*." But the Roman policy at this time can hardly be called defensive in the sense in which Colonel Elsdale claims the balance of advantage for that form of war. It was a policy of not fighting and of waiting to fight another day. There are situations in which such a course is the best generalship. But I cannot see that Hannibal's failure was due to the fact that he attacked, and that the Romans defended. Indeed, Hannibal's overthrow at Zama was consequent upon the Romans taking the offensive.

In war, as in chess, the best player generally wins. But while in chess the number of pieces and their powers are fixed and equal for both sides, in war their numbers and their powers depend upon the qualities, the resources, and the strength of purpose of the nations engaged. If one side opens the game with a set of twenty queens, an opponent having nothing but sixteen pawns will have a very poor chance.

My apology for having entered into this discussion is its political

importance. A false view of the nature of defence must lead to the adoption of wrong measures of preparation. If Colonel Elsdale is right, Great Britain is rendered safe by the existence of 200,000 imperfectly trained and ill-officered volunteers, of whom we constantly hear that they are not fit for the offensive, but quite good enough for the defence of positions. If my view is sound, this trust in the Volunteers is a national delusion, the forerunner of disaster. I believe that our national security must be won, not by defence upon land, but by attack on the sea, and that if the doctrine of the superiority in land warfare of the defensive should be generally accepted amongst us, its consequence must be the neglect of the navy, England's peculiar weapon for protection. Such neglect, it seems to me, must lead straight and swift to ruin.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

THE LAST DECADE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IT is just a hundred and one years since a certain undergraduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, by name Wordsworth, took his Bachelor's Degree and went his way into the world. The studies of the University had not greatly attracted him, at least so as to pursue them in the spirit that wins "marks" and produces "Wranglers." "William, you may have heard," writes his sister to her friend, Miss Pollard, in June 1791, "lost the chance (indeed, the certainty) of a fellowship by not combating his inclinations. He gave way to his natural dislike to study so dry as many parts of mathematics; consequently could not succeed at Cambridge. He reads Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, Latin, and English, but never opens a mathematical book." And he himself speaks, in a letter to his sister, of his having acquainted his uncle (his mother's brother, the Rev. Dr. Cookson) with his having given up "all thoughts of a fellowship." Only in a general way did mathematics, which in the Procrustean system of the then Cambridge formed the main occupation of the place, excite his interest and admiration :

"Yet may we not entirely overlook
The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
Of geometric science. Though advanced
In these enquiries, with regret I speak,
No farther than the threshold, there I found
Both elevation and composed delight;
With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased
With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
From system on to system without end.

"More frequently from the same source I drew
A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense

Of permanent and universal sway,
 And paramount belief; there, recognised
 A type, for finite natures, of the one
 Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
 Which—to the boundaries of space and time,
 Of melancholy space and doleful time,
 Superior and incapable of change,
 Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,
 And hath the name of, God. Transcendent peace
 And silence did await upon these thoughts
 That were a frequent comfort to my youth."

Prelude, Bk. vi.

So that it was not so much the spirit of these great studies, as the spirit in which they were prosecuted, that discouraged him from taking them up. He felt then as he felt and wrote some years afterwards, that there is no real antagonism between Poetry and Science. "Poetry," he wrote in the preface to the second edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . . If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of science itself." Thus, after all, the future poet's soul may have found some food and sustenance in the Cambridge atmosphere. And his experience may be of some significance if any one should thoroughly investigate the striking fact that so many of our chief poetical geniuses from Spenser to Tennyson have been bred in a university especially devoted to "exact" studies. Probably there are other respects in which Wordsworth's Cambridge life did more for him than he thought—more, at all events, than he acknowledges in that careful analysis he gives in the "Prelude" of his development and growth, and more than any one of his biographers has yet fully ascertained. Still, it remains true that during his residence at Cambridge he had no high opinion of the place, which, indeed, was not then at its best; nor had the place any very high opinion of him. He achieved no academic distinction; he was "disturbed at times" by

"a strangeness in the mind,
 A feeling that I was not for that hour,
 Nor for that place;"

and when he had completed his terms and ceased to

"frequent the college groves
 And tributary walks,"

no one dreamt that in the crowd of Bachelors that "went down" just a century since was one who would in course of time be ranked

amongst the most famous of the many famous sons of St. John's—one who would make an epoch in English literature.

In that same year 1791 there went "up" to Jesus College of the same University one Samuel Taylor Coleridge, he, too, not ever to take kindly to the then academic ways and limits, though he was a classical scholar of considerable attainments, and won a University prize for Greek verse. Already a brilliant talker, and, as always, a man of a restlessly active mind and thirsty for new ideas, he availed himself much more than did Wordsworth of the social advantages which are one of the most precious benefits of a University career—I mean the advantages of a thorough interchange and comparison of opinions with his contemporaries, though indeed from the very beginning Coleridge seems to have shone rather in monologue than dialogue, and from the beginning his companions seem to have been ready to sit and listen to his wonderful outpourings. At one time pecuniary and other troubles beset him, partly at least due to his own thoughtlessness; and he disappeared, and no one at Cambridge or elsewhere knew what had become of him. Presently discovered by his writing a Latin sentence (*Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem*) on the wall of a stable—he had enlisted as a light dragoon—he came back to the University and "kept" two more terms; but as through certain theological scruples, which the kindly Master of his college in vain discussed with him, he could take no degree, he declined the final examination; and in December 1794 his connection with Cambridge finally ceased. Nor in his case, though he was more highly thought of than Wordsworth, was there any conception that he was to be one of the chief beginners of a new literary age.

Nor, in the last decade of the last century, if Cambridge was so unconscious of the promise and prowess of two such illustrious men, was the world at large better-sighted and better-informed as to the great movement that was then in fact taking place. Works like the "Pleasures of Memory," published in 1791, Darwin's "Loves of the Plants" (the second part of the "Botanic Garden"), his "Zoonomia, or Laws of Organic Life," and "Physiologia," published respectively in 1791, 1794-6, and 1799, and the "Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799, might well leave the impression that the old poetical paths were still being trodden. The "Kingdom of Heaven," we are told, "cometh not with observation." And the same may be said of other spiritual kingdoms. The world is slow to recognise a new note in poetry; it is slow merely to listen and attend to it. The old songs and the old voices occupy its ear, absorb its interest, monopolise its admiration, and to turn to new singers seems a kind of treason. It has been said that every new poet has to make an audience for himself. Certainly his audience is likely to be but small at first; and for a time the people at large doubt whether the faith

of his scanty band of hearers is not a mere craze, or a mere transitory illusion or delusion. And indeed, amidst a great mingling of cries it requires some sensitiveness to select the one that is best worth hearing, and which the coming generations will hear with delight. It is easy to prophesy after the event—to assume the prophetic mantle, and solemnly re-anoint and crown him who is already known to be born a king. Still, contemporary criticism in great periods is for the most part a marvel, and the perusal of it should certainly inspire us in our day with a profound humility and an undogmatic caution.

Looking back to the close of the last century, we nowadays can easily discern, to a large extent at least, the signs of the times. Figures that reached no great height as their age saw them, have become colossal to us; and, *vice versa*, some figures that were then thought gigantic have become smaller and smaller—have dwindled into the puniest dwarfs. The keen intelligence of Coleridge separated him from the crowd that received Wordsworth's "Descriptive Sketches," published in 1793, with indifference and neglect. "Seldom, if ever," he wrote, "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." But for many a long year there was no poet whom the public and its ordinary advisers more carefully and contemptuously ignored than Wordsworth. They became ecstatic over Scott, and presently, when Sir Walter ceased to reign in poetry and ascended the throne of prose fiction, over Byron; they gave Wordsworth a frigid reception; and yet, who nowadays would compare in value and in influence what Scott and Byron have added to our poetry with the contributions made by Wordsworth? And not only with regard to men, but with regard to movements, is it difficult for an age to realise what is going on in its midst. I propose now to call attention to some of the tendencies and changes that were working their way in England in the last decade of the last century, and that were profoundly to influence and modify our literature, but which, at the time, were scarcely noticed or perceived.

Some of these movements will be at once indicated if we mention certain other works which came out in the decade 1791-1800—viz.: Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women," "The Romance of the Forest," "Descriptive Sketches," Godwin's "Political Justice," Cowper's "Miscellaneous Poems," "Caleb Williams," "Mysteries of Udolpho," Southey's "Joan of Arc," Lewis' "Monk," Landor's "Poems," "Camilla," "The Anti-Jacobin," "The Italian," Porson's edition of "The Hecuba," Malthus' "Treatise on Population," "Lyrical Ballads," "Gebir" (the English version). Let us further note that John Wesley died in 1791, Gibbon in 1794, Burns in 1796, Cowper in 1800; and that Shelley was born in 1792, Keats in 1796, Macaulay in 1800; and we see clearly enough that the last

ten years of the last century were in a special sense, so far as literature is concerned, a time of transition—a time in which old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new—a time of death and a time of birth.

The impulses and energies which I propose to specify, as in an effective way acting upon that decade, and co-operating with each other and with other causes to produce results so noticeable and so far-reaching, are these: the great intellectual vigour and brilliancy of Germany; the deepened influence of Greek literature and art; the revived study and appreciation of our own older poetry; the growing powers of the democratic movement; and, lastly, the new cult of Nature, so to speak—that is, the new enthusiasm with which men regarded the external world, and what we call natural scenery.

Now, it is true that many traces of these tendencies and movements can be recognised in the earlier years of the eighteenth century. Influences that so deeply penetrate and pervade the mind of an age cannot be sudden and abrupt in their action. In the case both of individuals and nations conduct that seems strange and surprising, seems so only because our knowledge of their inner history is so limited and so slight. It is in fact the outcome of suggestions and aspirations and predispositions that have long been rendering it probable and certain. It is only because of our ignorance that nothing happens but the unexpected. Assuredly, if we were better informed, we might rather say that the unexpected *never* happens. In literature, long before a great revolution comes to pass, the murmur of its coming may be detected, by subsequent students at least, if we watch and listen carefully. And all through the last century we can now perceive the rise and growth of the movements that did not fully prevail till the end of it. When its own peculiar idols were in all their glory, and all men seemed bowing down on their faces before them, there were yet some persons who dissented from the established worships, some who were beginning to burn incense to other deities. All great movements and great men have had their forerunners, and the voice has been raised in the desert, listen who would, proclaiming that the way should be prepared. A most remarkable figure in this respect is the poet Gray. Of course, he is remarkable also for the exquisiteness of some of his own productions; but he has for the student of literature a very particular interest as having in many ways anticipated the tastes and the devotions of a subsequent age. It is quite curious to notice how powerfully he was affected by four at least of the movements we have specified long before the dawning of their day of triumph. He was a keen and eager Greek scholar. "I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through," he says in one of his letters, "and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar and Lysias, for I take verse and prose together, like bread and cheese." The "*Anthologia Græca*" was one

of his favourite books. His attachment to older English literature was another of his special distinctions; yet another was his fine appreciation of mediæval architecture. His famous "Elegy," what is it but an expression of profound sympathy with "the rude forefathers of the hamlet"? He felt the beauty of the English lakes a generation before the great hierophant of them settled at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. And, though the said hierophant had his quarrel with Gray, and thought that his language was often unintelligible, yet scarcely he himself could have written of a sunrise with a faithfuller observation and a more genuine feeling than Gray describes what he saw one day-break.

"I must not close my letter [he writes to his friend Nicolls, in Nov. 1764] without giving you one principal event of my history, which was that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levée. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands), first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper, yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before; I hardly believe it."

And before Gray there was Thomson, some at least of whose lines, we know, clung to the memory of Wordsworth:

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue nought can me bereave."

But, whatever forerunners there may have been of the great movements we are considering, it was certainly not till about the close of the century that they began to produce their full effect.

I.

To turn to them briefly one by one: The dominant foreign influence on our literature through the great part of the eighteenth century was certainly French. By this declaration is not at all meant that we did nothing but ape and imitate the French classics, though they were translated or in some way reproduced often enough. What is meant is that the direction and the tone of our literature were to a large extent imparted by France, then, and just before then, at the

height of its literary glory. Pope's work is thoroughly his own, and not to be confounded with that of anybody else, at home or abroad; but in many respects that work would have been different, had not Boileau, for instance, preceded him. And so elsewhere we see deeply impressed the influence of Racine, Voltaire, Rousseau. Hence the somewhat extravagant outburst of Keats in his lines entitled "Sleep and Poetry," when he denounces the last century versifiers as an

"Ill-fated, impious race,
That blas-phemed the bright Lyrist [Apollo himself] to his face,
And did not know it. No, they went about,
Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau!"

Among the most wonderful phenomena of literary history are the revival of the German spirit some hundred and thirty years ago, and the supersession by it of this French leadership. The German genius had slept so deeply and so long that the world had arrived at the conviction that no good poetical thing could come from it; and when it began to wake and speak again, its voice was heard with incredulity not un-mixed with contempt. No one imagined that a country so long a proverb for literary inferiority and dullness was about to take the foremost place in the world of literature and science and learning. "The taste for what is German will pass away like the taste for coffee," cried a French wit, with curious infelicity. How this resurrection came about would be a fascinating subject to discuss, if the space at our disposal permitted. It would be specially interesting to dwell upon the part that England played in its accomplishment—upon the influence on Germany of Milton, Shakespeare, Richardson, Goldsmith, Percy's "*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*." But just now we have only to remind ourselves of the great fact that it was accomplished, and that whatever Germany owed to us at that time of its so splendid regeneration, it repaid us, and still repays us, "good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over." The German impulse harmonised with impulses that were already permeating England, and to these it gave a stronger force and more successful action.

The influence of Germany clearly exhibits itself in the works of Coleridge, Scott, Shelley, Byron, not to mention lesser names. At first it does not exhibit itself at its best. The plays of Kotzebue enjoyed in England, as in their native country, an attention and a popularity they were far from deserving; and Schiller was more thought of than Goethe. The "*Robbers*" was wildly admired. The susceptible Coleridge declares:

"I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent,
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry,

Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout,
Diminished, shrunk from the more withering scene!
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve, with finely frenzied eye,
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy."

And in the preface to "The Fall of Robespierre" he states his design to develop the chief characters "on a vast scale of horror." Well-pointed and applied was Canning's satire in "The Rovers"; and the picture of the manacled Rogers was not without justification:

"Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.
niversity of Gottingen.

"Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water-gruel,
never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen.
niversity of Gottingen.

"(During the last stanza Rogers dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.)"

But it would be unfair to assign such sensationalism to a wholly foreign origin. It was, in fact, in the air of the time—in the air of England as well as in that of Germany; only Germany, as it happened, gave it the most popular expression, and so a greater vogue than it might otherwise have acquired. But these morbid excesses were soon discredited, and the healthier and purer influences of the new intellectual *régime* soon made themselves felt. Coleridge, who had begun to learn German in the autumn of 1797, in order to read Wieland's "Oberon," and had practised himself by the translation of Klopstock's "Odes," "determined to continue his education in Germany itself;"* and in September 1798 sailed from Yarmouth for Hamburg, accompanied by Wordsworth and his sister. From his sojourn at Goslar the latter poet seems to have derived no special mental benefit—at least, no benefit which he might not have gained anywhere else. He lived all alone, and he was home-sick:

"I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

"'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more."

* Brandl's "Coleridge," p. 227.

But to Coleridge, his stay in Germany was far from being a mere melancholy dream; it was a delightful reality, and he gathered a rich store of new ideas. The writer that did most for his development at that time was Lessing. And with that influence began a new era in dramatic criticism.

"It was Lessing [he writes in his '*Biographia Literaria*,' p. 275] who first introduced the name and the works of Shakespeare to the admiration of the Germans; and I should not perhaps go too far if I add that it was Lessing who first proved to all thinking men, even to Shakespeare's own countrymen, the true nature of his apparent irregularities. These, he demonstrated, were deviations only from the accidents of the Greek tragedy, and from such accidents as hung a heavy weight on the wings of the Greek poets, and narrowed their flight within the limits of what we may call the heroic opera. He proved that in all the essentials of art, no less than in the truth of nature, the plays of Shakespeare were incomparably more coincident with the principles of Aristotle than the productions of Corneille and Racine, notwithstanding the boasted regularity of the latter."

The influences on Scott of Goethe's early romantic drama, and of Bürger's ballads, were undoubtedly important. They encouraged and strengthened other influences amidst which he had lived and was living, and, coming just at the crisis of his life, had much to do in determining and shaping his literary career.

It would easily be possible to illustrate this German dominion at length and in detail. But what is now proposed is a general survey of the movements above mentioned, rather than a minute exposition. And as our time and space are emphatically finite, we must pass on briefly to consider the Greek influences on the poetic renaissance of a hundred years ago.

II.

Now, the critics and authors of the eighteenth century are for ever talking about the classics; but, if we observe their remarks, we shall find for the most part that they mean the Latin classics—that they have little or no real acquaintance with the Greek. It is true that Bentley's life extends from 1662 to 1742; but Bentley is the exception that proves—*i.e.*, tries—the rule, and that verifies it. That his age believed that the so-called "*Epistles of Phalaris*" were genuine, and that Bentley had the worse in the controversy about them, at once writes down that age as singularly innocent of Greek learning, and, in fact, incompetent to appreciate a real Greek scholar. In this respect Bentley stands all alone, of such lofty stature that his puny contemporaries cannot even conceive the extent of his dimensions. It is true Pope translated Homer; but what is there Homeric, or at all events how much is there that is un-Homeric, and even anti-Homeric, in that brilliant performance!

To turn to another accomplished Augustan. "Great praise,"

says Macaulay,* "is due to the notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the 'Metamorphoses.' Yet those notices, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. . . . All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without reading one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages of Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Ovid. The same may be said of the 'Treatise on Medals.' We are confident that not a line is quoted from any Greek writer."

If we cast a glance at the classical tragedies that were in esteem, we find they belong to the school of Seneca rather than that of Sophocles.

It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of the fact that towards the close of the century there arose a classicism better worthy of the name—that the relations of Greek and Latin art and literature were more clearly understood, that the supremacy of the Greek genius was fully felt and acknowledged.† The truth of what the most competent Romans had themselves perceived and confessed came now to be accepted. Says Horace:

"Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

Says Goethe: "Let us study Molière, let us study Shakspeare; but, above all things, the old Greeks and always the Greeks." The Germans lent splendid assistance in this Hellenic revival. The perfection of Greek literary forms, and the incomparable beauty of Greek workmanship, were studied and appreciated by Western Europe as never before, not even in the period of what is specially called the Renaissance. Nor was it merely an artistic sympathy that was felt. It was a sympathy with the independence and daring of Greek thought—a sympathy with the Greek passion for intellectual freedom and an unfettered spirit, not cribbed and cabined and confined by custom and worldliness and dogma. Those who strove to deliver themselves and their age from the yoke of mere conventionality—to set the soul free, so to speak—drew their inspiration and their strength largely from Attic sources. Shelley, fleeing from what seemed to him the oppressive and stifling air of England, promises his son a home in Italy or Greece, and from his very childhood a knowledge of Greek history and literature:

* Essays: "Addison."

† Mr. Pollard's introduction to his "Odes from the Greek Dramatists" is well worth reading in this connection.

"We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece, the mother of the free;
And I will teach thine infant tongue
To call upon their heroes old
In their own language, and will mould
Thy growing spirit in the flame
Of Grecian lore; that by such name
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim."

Happily, so far as these Greek studies were concerned, he might well have trained his boy in England; for England was indeed taking a distinguished place in their pursuit. It was in 1793 that Porson was appointed Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and with Porson begins a new era in Greek scholarship. By this Greek influence our literature is widely and deeply penetrated. It is to be observed even in the work of Wordsworth, a poet not readily or commonly accessible to literary stimulations. What Landor says of his "*Iaodamia*" may perhaps be somewhat hyperbolic, but there is no little truth in it, and it is very noticeable as coming from such an accomplished Hellenist. He pronounces it "a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own, and a part of which might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the regions he describes—the Elysian Fields."* But Shelley and Keats are those who most profoundly and abundantly illustrate the mighty power of Greece in the period of our last poetic revival. Conceive their writings with this power withdrawn. How deeply the genius of *Aeschylus*, *Theocritus*, and of *Moschus*, stirred and moved the genius of Shelley cannot easily be over-estimated; and for Keats, we know indeed that it was Spenser who first woke in him a poetical consciousness, but it was Greek art that thrilled him through and through. For Greek art came in a sense to abide amongst us, when in 1816 our Government purchased "*The Elgin Marbles*," and these "marbles" were presently exhibited at the British Museum. The ancient Greek spirit, as embodied in them, strangely moved the spirit of Keats; and other masterpieces of classical antiquity profoundly affected him. A new sense of beauty awoke in the bosom of this Londoner of the nineteenth century, and a deep sympathetic joy in the sight of these ancient perfections. Let us recall his apostrophe to a Grecian urn:

"O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayst,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

* See "*Imaginary Conversations*": Southey and Porson.

And this quickening and energetic Greek influence has not throughout the century ceased to perform its divine ministry. A poet only recently passed away—one, I suppose, of what are called “Minor Poets,” but an exquisite one—thus speaks for himself to a friend who wondered how he kept his soul alive in this modern climate :

“Who prop, thou ask’st, in these bad days, my mind?
 He much, the old man, who clearest soul’d of men,
 Saw The Wide Prospect and the Asian Fen,
 And Tmolus hill and Smyrna bay, though blind.
 Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,
 That halting slave who in Nicopolis
 Taught Arrian when Vespasian’s brutal son
 Clear’d Rome of what most shamed him. But be his
 My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul
 From first youth tested up to extreme old age
 Business could not make dull, nor passion wild :
 Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole ;
 The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
 Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.”

III.

But we must hasten on, in this most rapid survey, to notice the revival of our older literature some hundred years ago.

Now, the last century, admirable as it was in so many ways, and doing so much good service of which we now reap the benefit, made the mistake of prizing too highly its own literary culture and its own productions, and thinking far too little of the culture and productions of preceding times. People often talked as if English poetry began with Waller! They made some exception, perhaps, in favour of Spenser; but for the most part they scarcely thought that our older writers were worth studying, or that the Middle Ages could have anything to offer them in the way of instruction or of delight. The general attitude towards Shakespeare was apologetic. Voltaire had labelled him a “buffoon,” and there seemed something in it. His best friends allowed he was very “irregular”; and others spoke with less reserve. Hume, one of the finest intellects of his day, describes him as “born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction from the world or from books,” and finally pronounces that “a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold.” Other Elizabethans, except possibly Ben Jonson, fared yet worse when brought before such tribunals. Our still older poetry was as good as unknown. As to Chaucer, nothing more need be said, for nothing more significant could be said, than that Dryden and Pope’s versions of certain pieces of his were currently accepted—versions that should be assiduously read by any one who wishes to remain really ignorant of the great Plantagenet poet. That there could be poetry of any high quality in Anglo-Saxon—anything of vigour and power, and having in it some flashes of Homeric fire—this had not yet entered into men’s heads to conceive.

Some hundred years ago a complete and a blessed change took place in this respect. The past, and the poetry of the past, began to excite interest and command attention. The national mind refreshed itself by a perusal of the native masterpieces of previous periods. The way for this revival had been happily prepared by Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and the writings of the Wartons, and the scholarship of Tyrwhitt. And at last men turned with enthusiasm to the Elizabethan literature and to the Middle Ages, both early and late. The result is conspicuous in the works of Scott, of Coleridge, of Keats, to confine ourselves to the greater names. These geniuses delighted to wander amidst the fields of mediæval thought and feeling that were in their time reopened, and to make others share their delight. The contrasts with modern ideas, and the strange likenesses to them, were a perpetual fascination. It was clearly seen that the present had much to learn from the past, and that the attitude of pity and condescension towards it was by no means just or wise. Astonishing and incredible as it might seem, the Middle Ages, however imperfect their civilisation in some respects, were not a mere wilderness of barbarism, but a time of splendid visions and inspirations—of "fine intelligence," that could worthily express and embody itself. Have any centuries left behind them more magnificent monuments than the old churches and cathedrals that are yet one of the supreme glories of our land? What are they but noble poems in stone, the epics of architecture, petrifications of beauty—

"Thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality?"

It was strange indeed that men's eyes should have been so long blind to art-work so exquisite; but at last they saw it, and more and more fully realised its incomparable excellence. How deeply Scott felt the spell of Melrose Abbey, and Wordsworth that of King's College Chapel, each poet, in this respect as in others, a minister of "the Gothic Revival!" And how fitly does Sir Walter lie in his last long sleep amid the ruins of Dryburgh! Once more men delighted to enter the land of Romance, and marvel at its so long-forgotten flowers, and listen to the sweet weird songs that filled the air of it.

IV.

The fourth movement I wish briefly to point out is the democratic, using the term in the widest sense. The poetry of Pope does not concern itself with the people at large. It is busy with lords and ladies, with wits and *littérateurs*. But a profound social change was slowly accomplishing itself, even from the time of Queen Anne; and this soon began to have some representation in literature. The old

exclusiveness gradually disappeared, and was succeeded by a broader conception of society, inspired by a new sense of brotherhood, and a more comprehensive humanity. It was a bold innovation that Richardson should adopt a servant-girl for a heroine; but he sufficiently acknowledges the old *régime* when he rewards his sadly persecuted Pamela with the hand of the worthless nobleman who has done his worst to effect her ruin. By the end of the century no writer who was up to date, so to speak—*i.e.*, who really understood the spirit of the age and wrote under its characteristic dictates—would have thought such a finale became the situation. No doubt this expression of sympathy was often marred by what was ill-judged and foolish and grotesque; and Canning's ridiculous picture of the philanthropist who thinks that a needy knife-grinder must necessarily have been, or be, wholly the victim of some proud oppressor, and not at all the victim of himself, had its truth and value when he drew it. But on the whole this movement was truly human and humanising. It was good for the mind, and it was good for the soul, that their horizons should be widened. The poetic arena was immensely increased. A new world, indeed, was discovered and traversed and annexed. It was finely said of Sir Walter Scott that he spoke to every man as if he were his blood-relation. And not other is the spirit that passed into literature in the great era of the French Revolution, when, in a most important sense, if I may so use St. Paul's phrase, not without blood in France itself, the members of each nation were all "baptised into one body," whether they were bond or free. Of this noble extension of its interests literature furnishes us with copious examples. Perhaps more than any other poet, Wordsworth, however alienated—and not surprisingly—he became from the Revolutionary movement, taught men a more catholic affection for their kind—that all fellow-creatures were to be regarded with interest and respect; at least that rank and position should not be allowed to monopolise respect and interest; that amongst the poorest and the humblest may be found characters of genuine worth, that deserve an unpatronising, a kindly, and even a reverent consideration. Nowadays these statements sound like vapid commonplaces; but it was not always so, and even now they often need reinforcement. The commonest circumstances and things, and persons of the least outward note and distinction, moving in the most ordinary environment—around and on these Wordsworth threw a new light, and made visible and clear their hitherto scarcely recognised attractions:

"O reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you will find
A tale in everything."

Of the poet he asserts that—

"In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart—
The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

It was a lesson which Wordsworth himself had had to learn—a revelation that had come to him after and amidst some bitter experiences. Equable and calm as were his mood and temper when we knew him best, that peace had not been attained without effort, and till after a severe convulsion. There was a certain dark hour of his life when despair nearly overpowered him—despair of mankind and of the world's future. The horrid orgies of the French Revolution, when it forgot its own prime principles and lost all self-control, profoundly depressed and saddened one who from the first had hailed that movement as the beginning of a better time :

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Till 1793 he thought that the best dreams of the best friends of humanity were about to be realised. Then there befell, as it seemed, a frightful reverse. And Wordsworth's soul well-nigh died within him ; and for some months his spiritual condition was highly critical. He was tempted to turn cynic and satirist. The influences that saved him from such perdition, and so saved and secured for our literature one of its most purifying and strengthening forces, are a very interesting study ; but only one of them can now be mentioned—viz., that happily he was led from the observation of men in masses to the observation of men as individuals. The Parisian mob, with its wild excesses, was no edifying spectacle. And often it happens that men in large bodies seem to be guided, not by their collective wisdom, but by their collective folly—that not common sense seems to dominate, but common nonsense, and the human race is not shown at its best, but at its worst. For a mass of men is not merely an accumulation of individuals ; a certain new element is introduced through the very accumulation, and each individual is not exactly himself, but in becoming part of a large conglomeration he is modified and shaped, and to a certain degree transformed. And when conglomerations take a bad turn, then man appears but a wild and hopeless animal. Now, to Wordsworth, the human herd, as he saw it, had ceased to give comfort and pleasure. And he was moved to despair of the Republic. But happily for him, he found in the individual what he so sadly missed in the mob, and so he recovered his faith in his kind. A passage in a letter of his to Fox, the famous statesman, deserves to be quoted in this connection :

"Necessitated as you have been, from your public situation, to have much to do with men in bodies and in classes, and, accordingly, to contemplate them in that relation, it has been your praise that you have not thereby

been prevented from looking upon them as individuals, and that you have habitually left your heart open to be influenced by them in that capacity. This habit [he adds] cannot but have made you dear to poets; and I am sure that if, since your first entrance into public life, there has been a single true poet living in England, he must have loved you."

It was Wordsworth's good fortune to number amongst his intimate friends some persons of singularly fine and excellent disposition and genius; and their society was an infinite blessing to him always, but especially at this time, when his heart was so depressed within him. Not less fortunate was he in discovering amongst the peasantry that lived round his humble home a real dignity of character, a true manliness, a natural nobility. Like the Shepherd-lord in his own exquisite poem,

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;"

and by the intimate knowledge he acquired of his humble neighbours—of their trials and the fortitude with which they were borne—of their principles and their ambitions and their ideals—he was inspired with a genuine admiration for lives so simple, so unexacting, so brave. And he was content to celebrate them, and the troubles and the defeats and the victories that darkened or brightened those unostentatious careers:

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find, or there create?

"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear?
Repentance is a tender Sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear."

In the older poetry we are introduced to shepherds and shepherdesses and other rustics, but they are for the most part fine ladies and gentlemen thinly disguised, provided with dainty crooks and fine-spun blouses from the stores of the costumier. But now we have before us the real thing—the *bond-fide* milkmaid, the dalesman who

"had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him on the heights,"

the Female Vagrant, the Pedlar, the Old Huntsman, the Leech-gatherer on the Moor.

It would be easy to illustrate more fully this democratic movement in literature, and from the writings of other poets besides Wordsworth—*e.g.*, of Scott, of Campbell, of Coleridge, of Shelley; but we must now quickly glance at the fifth and last movement which we have specified as marking and directing the literary era that now concerns us.

V.

A very striking difference between this century and the last is presented to us, if we notice the attitudes of the two periods towards external nature—towards natural scenery in its most ordinary, and yet more noticeably in its wilder and grander forms. Very generally in the time of Pope, and by the school of Pope, natural phenomena were described without any real knowledge of them, the eye of the describer not upon the object, to use a phrase of Wordsworth's which is often cited nowadays as invented by Matthew Arnold, who, indeed, borrowed it from Wordsworth. There was little pure delight in nature and the things of nature. There was, indeed, some interest in nature when duly tricked out and arranged in a certain fashion; but nature, not artificially readjusted and so made presentable, had comparatively few friends. The taste for mountains had not yet arisen. Not a word is said in praise of those "great creatures of God." "Our earliest travellers—Ray, the naturalist, one of the first men of his age; Bishop Burnet and others who had crossed the Alps, or lived some time in Switzerland—are silent upon the sublimity and beauty of those regions; and Burnet even uses these words, speaking of the Grisons: 'When they have made up estates elsewhere, they are glad to leave Italy and the best parts of Germany, and to come and live among those mountains, of which the very sight is enough to fill a man with horror.' The accomplished Evelyn, giving an account of his journey from Italy through the Alps, dilates upon the terrible, the melancholy, and the uncomfortable; but till he comes to the fruitful country in the neighbourhood of Geneva not a syllable of praise or delight."*. In Defoe's "Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain," continued by Richardson, and by "a gentleman of eminence in the literary world" (seventh edition, 1769), the favourite adjective—the *constants epitheton*—for the mountains is "frightful." Westmoreland is spoken of as "a country eminent only for being the wildest, most barren, and frightful of any that I have passed over in England or in Wales." Elsewhere we read: "But notwithstanding the terrible aspect of the hills, when we had passed by Kendal and descended from the fright-

* Wordsworth's "Prose Works," ii. 327.

ful mountains, the flat country began to show itself; and we soon found the north and north-east part of the country to be pleasant, rich, fruitful, and, if compared to the other part, may be said to be populous.* In another passage we are informed that the writer and his companion or companions did "not think it worth our while to go among the hills and cliffs and rocks and terrible precipices of the Stanmore district, in the North Riding."

Since such views were current, what a revolution in taste has come about! How complete is the contrast presented by the poetry of Wordsworth, of Scott, of Byron! The very regions which the typical eighteenth-century man carefully avoided, so far as he could, his successor began to visit and frequent with enthusiasm. A new sense of natural beauty developed itself. Landscapes that once excited only horror were now gazed upon with awe, but also with delight. The solitudes once thought so forbidding and so gloomy, were hailed as homes of refreshment and peace for the weary spirit. A veil was withdrawn from the face of Nature, and she showed herself in all her loveliness and in all her majesty. No wonder if those who so beheld her were fascinated by her charms. The beauty of the earth had never been so keenly realised, and it became a mighty influence. Things that lay all round, and of which little heed had been taken, were now discerned to be gems of price. One might almost say that men seemed now to see for the first time, or to see with a new clearness and appreciation, everything that God had made, and "behold it was very good." The visible world was crowned with a new glory, and drew men's eyes and thoughts towards it with a fresh attraction and a new-born ardour:

"The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling, and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye."

And, in Wordsworth's mind at least, this delight in the mere external form was followed by a yet deeper delight in what seemed to lie beneath or within it, and be expressed by it:

"For I have learned
 To look on Nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear—both what they half create,
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
 In Nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
 Of all my moral being."

And such a recognition of Nature and her sway—such a worship of Nature—is perpetually uttered in the poetry of Wordsworth, "of Nature's inmost shrine . . . the priest." Thus, to quote the whole of the fine stanza of which I have already in another connection quoted the first line :

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Or, again, in the well-known lines called "The Tables Turned," where he disparages book-learning by the side of Nature's lessons for those who know how to receive them :

"Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife ;
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,
 How sweet his music ! On my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it."

"And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
 He, too, is no mean preacher ;
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher."

"She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless—
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

"One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can."

Of such teachings that to most ears were inarticulate and obscure, Wordsworth was ordained the interpreter ; and if at times, like priests in other temples, he was excessive in his commentaries, yet not easily can be overrated the service he performed for his day and generation, and for days and generations to come, in making men feel—not only see, but *feel*—the beauties of the material world in which we live ; not only of its rarer and grander sights and shows, but of its every-day and common phenomena. To "see nothing in Nature that is ours," and to give "our hearts away, a sordid boon," that, he taught us, is a sorry condition, and this a miserable surrender. He taught us that life has ceased to be worth living when we find ourselves

without any responsive emotion in the presence of what is lovely and divine, however common the spectacle of it; when a thing of beauty ceases to be a "joy for ever."

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!"

Other illustrations of this change in the general attitude towards Nature might be brought forward in abundance from other contemporary authors; but this rapid survey must now be concluded. I trust that I have made distinct some at least of the influences that effected such a wonderful transformation in our literature nearly a century ago; influences whose force is not yet spent, but is still active and beneficent.

JOHN W. HALES.

THE STRATEGIC VALUE OF EGYPT.*

THE Egyptian question has of recent years come much to the front, and drawn the eyes of the world to the centre of the Eastern hemisphere. With the name Egypt two other names have always been closely linked, the Nile and the Red Sea; and to them must now be added a third, the Suez Canal, which presents by the side of the ancient, mysterious river a unique marvel of modern art. For centuries Egypt appeared to have gone out of the range of European politics altogether, but it has during the last generation regained a leading place as of old, and almost forms to-day the centre of the whole Eastern question. In order to elucidate this question, and especially the strategical importance of Egypt in connection with it, it will be necessary, first of all, to describe very briefly the geographical features of the country, which not only constitute a strong natural defence for herself, but afford a firm basis for pushing forward offensive operations in almost every direction of the compass. By the narrow strip of the Suez Canal the relations of the Red Sea to its western coast have become so intimate, and the strategical importance of the sea is joined so closely with the strategical importance of the land, and *vice versa*, that in future neither can be considered separately. It will be necessary, therefore, after describing the individual strategical factors, to put them together into one large strategical picture.

By situation almost isolated, Egypt nevertheless appears in the order of events to be placed geographically as if it belonged not to itself alone, but to the whole world. It has always been the centre of great movements among the nations, in which its own inhabitants, in spite of their peculiarities, or else its foreign rulers, have been either actively or passively involved.

* *Vide* "Map of the Lands of the Nile." By Prof. H. Kiepert. Berlin; Dietrich Reimer.

The long stretch of country, the north-eastern portion of the Dark Continent, may be compared to an island, for it is environed only by sea boundaries. The blue waves of the Mediterranean strike against its northern coast and press up the Delta of the Nile, while to the west, where the Pyramids support the horizon, we find the Libyan desert, the sea without water, with its plains of sand and stones, its hot but pure air, a wide dreadful solitude, expressing in its whole nature and being a gigantic mystery. The sight of it, like the sight of the ocean, assists our idea of infinity, while its immobility gives this idea an aspect of terror. On the south, a broad, arid belt of steppes, very poor in vegetation, and fed only by the tributaries of the Nile, stretches from this measureless waste to the Red Sea, crossing the country of Nubia, and dividing it from Egypt. Finally, in the north-east, beyond the thin line of the Suez Canal, lies the peninsula of Sinai, which in the north is not so much a steppe with a gloomy though not quite charmless vegetation, as a perfectly sterile desert. And this peninsula is bounded on the south by the world-altar from which God gave his laws to Moses.

Between such frontiers lies the oasis Egypt. We shall now consider the value of these frontiers from a military standpoint, and then pass on to the Suez Canal in connection with the Red Sea.

Old Alexandria, whose name strikes powerfully upon the ear, lies not far west from the great left mouth of the Nile, and has magic to call up a brilliant moving world before our vision. "Here," cried the Macedonian hero, "shall my city stand, a city mighty and renowned above all. As my cloak lies there on the sand, so shall she spread herself over the sea, my precious Alexandria. Out of the sea shall she rise to life, glittering like the foam-born Aphrodite, and to the coming generations of men shall she announce my glory, the glory of the world-conquering Alexander." And with strategical penetration, the son of Philip chose the right spot, for if Egypt is to open on the Mediterranean, then the haven of Alexandria, to the west of the marshes of the Delta, is unquestionably the most advantageous place on the whole north African coast from Carthage to the old Pelusium, and it can accommodate the whole combined fleets of Europe. If, in July 1882, the demon of destruction swept over the ancient and splendid city, and the British plated colossuses, rocking in the deep, hurled death and destruction on fort and town, it will be protected from a similar calamity in the future as long as the English war squadron lies in readiness hard by, and English guns defend the forts. Alexandria is the focus of the north coast, and besides it Port Said alone, at the northern entrance of the Suez Canal, has any strategical importance.

The side of Egypt best secured from a military point of view is the west, for it was the Libyan desert that in ancient times buried the

army of Cambyses in a single sand storm, and put a stop to the advance of the Vandals to which the sea presented hardly any obstacle. Also in the south of the land of the Pharaohs, where the sun is very hot, water has not forgotten to erect a bulwark of defence in the Cataracts of the Nile and the wild, rugged rocks, which bar the country of the lower Nile against the fleets of Nubia and the Soudan, for otherwise, where boundaries are so difficult to fix, strong invasions would frequently be attempted. That the hint of Nature was quite well understood even in ancient times is proved by the scanty remains which still exist of artificial fortifications in connection with the natural protection of the Cataracts. The Nile is in every respect a river of wonders. It is a picture at once of life and death, flowing at first through the awful desolation of the desert into the most fruitful country; and it becomes of great military importance from the circumstance that not only for Egypt, but for all North Africa, it is the only route for trade and military operations. In the land of the Pharaohs it is always "up river" or "down river." He who has command of the Nile, has command at the same time of the military connections with Africa.

With Asia Egypt is connected by means of the peninsula of Sinai, through which run the routes to Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Persian Gulf. In antiquity, and also for the most part in the Middle Ages, it was on this frontier Egypt was brought into contact with the historical world, whether by way of aggression or of defence, and, indeed, so closely that the country was considered to belong not to Africa but to Asia. Since the Turks have ruled the kingdom of the Pharaohs, and Europe has entered into commercial or martial relations with it, the external influences have resulted more from its sea frontier.

Let us pass now to the Red Sea. While in the north the hard rock of the Sinai peninsula has resisted the force of the sea passing up between Arabia and Egypt, so that it forms only two narrow tongues, an eastern (the Gulf of Akaba) pointing to Syria and Mesopotamia, and a western (the Gulf of Suez) radiating towards the Mediterranean, the Red Sea opens in the south into the Indian Ocean, through the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb, the Gate of Tears. This gate, which separates Asia from Africa, is only thirty kilometres wide, and even this narrow channel is made still more narrow by a mass of rock, the island of Perim. The sea is locked in by steep coasts, behind which are desolate and unfruitful regions, very deficient in water and vegetation, and partly consisting of high mountain ranges, from which, however, no great river flows. This, of itself, is enough to prevent any considerable local commerce in this sea, but traffic is further obstructed by the fact that numerous bare reefs and clusters of islands, due partly to vol-

canic action and partly to the coral insects, endanger navigation. Since the completion of the Suez Canal opened a channel from the Mediterranean to the further East and created a new road to India, the Red Sea has become the first sea and trade route of the world, so that its political and military importance is, perhaps, to-day already greater than that of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Its importance on this account cannot be over-rated. But there is still another fact to be taken into consideration, that, since this sea has become the highway of the nations, the ports which lead from it to the countries of the Upper Nile and the Soudan have won an increased importance, nay, have for the first time won importance at all. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that, while in 1854, in the words of Consul Plowden, the Red Sea from Suez to Bab-el-mandeb was a 'Turkish sea, and the Turks were in possession of all the ports worth mentioning on both coasts, this is, to-day, however, no longer the case, but, on the contrary, a competition has broken out among the commercial nations of Europe for possessions on its shores, and the flags of other realms than Turkey are now visible on its coasts. From the northern entrance of the Suez Canal to the 17th degree of latitude the western coast of the Red Sea bears Egyptian colours; thence to the neighbourhood of Bab-el-mandeb Straits the littoral is assigned to Italy; while the western border of the Straits belongs to the French Republic. The condition of things is simpler on the opposite coast, where, as yet, no European Power has set foot, and the whole belongs to Turkish Arabia. Here we find three virtually Turkish ports, after the enumeration of which we shall return to the more important western coast, they are Jiddah (the port of the sacred city of Mecca), Hodeida, and Mokha.

In considering the ports, that which first deserves attention is the Egyptain port Kosseir. It lies on the spot where the Red Sea is nearest the Nile, and is on that account the starting-point of a caravan route of some importance from the sea to the river, although the water is too shallow for anything but Arab craft. The fort erected by the French during the Egyptian expedition under Bonaparte lies in ruins. Under the 19th parallel of latitude stands the important port of Suakin, partly on an island in an inland basin, which is connected with the sea by a canal three kilometres long, but only two hundred metres broad, and partly on the mainland about this basin. The harbour is thoroughly safe, but has too narrow an entrance to admit large vessels. Both the island part of the town and the mainland part—called El Kaff—are well fortified. The latter, surrounded by a high earth wall and deep trenches, has seven bastions. Four gates permit intercourse with the neighbourhood. At a distance of 500 to 1000 metres from the town wall are a series of detached forts—an outside girdle—strengthened by various other obstructions to

approach, barricades of trees, stone walls, and palisades. The connection is secure between the town on the mainland and the island town, the fortifications of which were supposed to need little attention on account of the protection it would receive from ships of war. The fortifications constructed by Colonel Kitchener in 1888 meet the requirements of modern times in the matter of engineering, and are manned by Krupp guns of nine centimetres. From what has been said it will be sufficiently clear that the place is uncommonly well prepared for the defensive. Suakin is a coaling station. The trade of the place, though it is the chief port of import and export for the Soudan, suffered greatly during the last ten years from the disturbances of Osman Digma, who dominated all inland affairs, but this was changed for the better by the victory of the English over him last year.

The next anchorage is Massowah, at the point where Italy, with the consent of England, has seized possession. This place stands on an island of the same name in the northern part of the bay of Arkiko, and about the midst of the coast assigned to the Italians. Three other coral islands—Gerrar, Taoloud, and Cheik Saïd—lie near it. By a single long, huge embankment Massowah is connected through Taoloud with the mainland. The harbour, barely a kilometre wide, allows anchorage for even the larger class of vessels—it extends between the town itself, built on coral reefs, the island of Gerrar, and the peninsula of Abd-el-Kader. Three forts protect the harbour, and two others protect the land side of the town.

None of the towns named have any well water, but they have all erected condensers which convert salt water into drinkable.

The second port on the Red Sea belonging to the Italians is a good and spacious one, called Asab, or Saba, situated in the 13th parallel of latitude. Here, only 80 kilometres N.E. of Perim, Italy first hoisted its flag in 1873. The Italian possessions are bounded on the south by the French territory of Obok, which forms the western side of the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb, and in which the Capes Dumeirah and Sigan are of importance.

The islands in the Red Sea which deserve consideration belong to the possessors of the contiguous shore, except the islands of Kamaran and Perim, of which Great Britain, recognising their importance for dominating the Sea, has taken possession. Kamaran lies opposite Massowah, near the Arabian coast, and it has an elevation of twenty metres, good drinking water, and on the east side an excellent harbour. With Perim finally England bars the southern entrance of the Red Sea, so important for naval strategy.

With respect to the value of these ports on the western shore of the Red Sea, Suakin owes its military and commercial importance solely to its connection with the Soudan; while Massowah is the chief

gateway, and Assab the minor gateway, to the highlands of Abyssinia. All these places are connected by the English Red Sea cable.

What made Egypt, as we have seen, a kind of gigantic oasis, was its environment on the land side, but it is the sea that brings the land of the Pharaohs into intimate relations with the wide world. For if already in antiquity the ship's keel had formed a bridge between the Continents, what services have not in our day been extorted from the waves, when swift steamers shoot through the sea and penetrate the Isthmus of Suez? While in the north the Mediterranean Sea carries shipping to the ancient places and cities of civilisation, the Red Sea carries it to remoter countries of the Eastern hemisphere, to territories whose importance is daily becoming greater, since European peoples, outgrowing their ancestral seats, are obliged to seek out new homes and new markets, and since the now long enduring struggle between England and Russia for an assured position in the Persian Gulf and in India has burned more hotly and demanded even greater stakes.

The island-like situation of Egypt might, after a superficial glance at the map, lead us to believe that a land cast thus into a hidden corner of Africa must have been destined for a quiet isolated existence. But its history shows us exactly the opposite: it has from the most ancient times been the centre of great international movements, which have either originated within its territory, or have had its territory itself for their goal. The reason of this phenomenon lies in the geographical situation of the country, which only appears isolated, but is not really so; for, in the first place, its wealth has naturally excited the greed of every conqueror and made Egypt an anvil, when it is not a hammer; and then what infinitely increases this importance—its geographical position between the three Continents of the Eastern hemisphere; makes Egypt the natural medium and rendezvous for all their intercourse, and the constant regulator of their mutual relations.

When we reflect how the earlier trade between the one sea and the other was conducted by caravan tracks, and was yet a great source of power and wealth to Egypt, we shall better estimate the worth to it of the narrow canal which now makes the eastern and western seas one, and has thrown into practical disuse the Cape route to Asia and even to a somewhat lower extent that to Australia. The Suez Canal, without which the trade of the world is no longer conceivable, has rendered a new international strategy necessary. It has shifted the centre of gravity of the Mediterranean question from Constantinople to Egypt, and has increased, in a degree formerly scarcely dreamed of, the political and strategical importance accruing to the latter country from her geographical position.

It must have occurred, even to the lay mind, that this country, situated as it is between three continents, must possess inextinguishable

military advantages. This view is confirmed by the hieroglyphic records of the great invasions of Asia by the Egyptians, and of the harrying of the land of the Pharaohs by the wild tribes of the Hyksos in very ancient times. From them we may trace its relations with the great empires of Asia, and every one knows of the conquest by Cambyzes in 527 B.C., and that therewith Egypt entered continuously into the circle of interests which its geographical position developed. Was not the fate of Egypt from that time bound inseparably with that of Asia, and did not every convulsion which took place on that continent carry Egypt resistlessly with it? Shall we recall Alexander's keen appreciation of the position of this kingdom, when, before setting out for the interior of the Asiatic continent, he thought it necessary first to protect his rear by the possession of Egypt, whose strong gate he broke open by taking the fortress of Gaza? Did not Alexandria become the emporium of the trade of the world from Gibraltar to the Ganges? Did it cease, under the conquest of the Arabs, from occupying a world-wide position? Did it not rule over all North Africa, Palestine, and Syria under the Fatimites? Did it not form an essential factor in the politics of Western Europe, equally affecting both the Empire and the Papacy? Did not the heroic Sultan Saladin play an important part in the great mediæval conflict between the Cross and the Crescent? Do we err, or is it not the case, that the Crusades have left no lasting results, merely because the Christians were not in possession of Egypt, which was necessary for their basis of operation, and that they did not try to make it so till it was too late? At last the land of the Nile came under Turkish dominion, under which a long interval of peace is to be marked. Is it necessary to call to remembrance the victory of Bonaparte and Kleber at the foot of the Pyramids at the close of last century? Do not the words addressed to the Directory by the youthful French general: "*En prenant et en gardant l'Égypte, je prends en main les destinées du monde*"—constitute a strong testimony to the high strategical importance of Egypt, just as the letter of Kleber, in which says: "*L'Égypte est pour la France un point d'appui d'où elle peut commander le commerce des quatre parties du monde*," is a strong testimony to the commercial importance of the country? And does not its commerce also sustain its warlike strength? It was not lust of conquest that impelled Bonaparte after conquering Egypt to take possession of Syria; he wished to realise what he wrote to the Directory.

To the trained military eye Egypt presents itself as the eastern bastion of the ill-shaped African continent—a bastion naturally strong and capable of resisting attack, whose broad moats are the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, together with the dry moat of the desert. The bastion at once commands the narrow strip of coast extending to Tripoli, and the curtain stretching along the Libyan

Desert to the Soudan. It sweeps the peninsula of Sinai, and its influence covers the whole coast of Syria from south to north. The profile of this Egyptian bastion is so shaped that its fortunate possessor either has dominated or will dominate Tripoli, Syria, and Arabia. The weakest side of the fortress is, as we have said, the south, where it overlooks Nubia and Abyssinia, the African Switzerland, where no laurels are to be won, but on account of its arid wastes armies may readily be lost. So it was in 1883, when Hicks Pasha perished at the three days' fight of Obeid, and none of all his troops were saved except the reserve commanded by Alá-addin Pasha. Even the Nile expedition of the victor of Tel-el-Kebir, undertaken to rescue the heroic Gordon, in spite of the support it obtained from advancing alongside the river, and in spite of the remarkable gallantry and endurance of its officers and men, had to exhaust itself against the same difficulties which the Persian King Cambyses was unable to overcome two thousand years before. Cambyses went up the Nile in order to take possession of Ethiopia, but his victuals soon ran down, he could get no water to quench the fiery thirst of the climate, and when the soldiers began to cast lots which of them should be eaten by the rest, the king returned to Thebes and Memphis. The traces of both expeditions have been blown away by the sand of the Soudan. The difficulties they encountered were the hostile hot climate, which parches every living thing, the wild character and the tough make of the inhabitants, for if the desert is a limit, it has no obstacles that are insurmountable to men who have the camel's power of living on little, and can go for months together on nothing but maize cakes. Then the elastic method of fighting of the Soudanese, their cunning tactics, are all devised for the purpose of exhausting the enemy, first by fatigue, in order thus to annihilate him, for their own forces quickly come together again after they have been scattered like sand. Nevertheless, history has shown incontestably that the Soudan, which has already drunk in so much blood, is so closely bound up with Egypt that no complete settlement of the Egyptian question is possible without an arrangement of the affairs of the Soudan.

The gate to this region by land was that passed by Wolseley with the expedition to Khartoum, and by this gate the Nile will be one of the greatest of the army routes of the future. But there are two sea gates to the Soudan, one by Suakin and the other by Massowah, and having mentioned the three gates, we will also mention the keys, which are, Dongola, on the Middle Nile; Berber, a little below the junction of the Atbara with the Nile; and Kassala, on the Gash, a stream which flows into the Atbara.

The British have in the possession of Tokar a good basis for proceeding up the Baraka Valley to Kassala, but once at Kassala they have a route along the Atbara, by which they can reach the

often mentioned Berber with much fewer difficulties than from Suakin. Berber, which blocks the Nile from its right bank, is difficult to defend against an enemy approaching down the Atbara and Nile Valleys. Berber is not the only place having a river route, which is important considering the great part water plays in the Soudan and Abyssinia. A greater and more important place than Berber, Khartoum enjoys also very welcome means of assistance in the Atbara and the Blue Nile. That Khartoum and Berber are the chief supports of Mahdism on the Nile is well known. The Italian position in Abyssinia will strengthen or threaten the left flank of any future army marching from Tokar to Kassala.

Let us turn now to the strategical importance which Egypt possesses in conjunction with the Red Sea—an importance which must be called world-wide as long as England is the ruling power in Egypt and not only controls at once the artificial northern entrance to the Red Sea and the natural southern one, but has also, as ruler of the sea, pressed into her service both the approaches—the Eastern Mediterranean on the north (lying like a right-angled parallelogram between Egypt, Syria, and the Anatolian coast), and the Gulf of Aden on the south. To begin with the northern approach, the Levant. A single glance at the map shows us the preponderance of England, which not only possesses in Alexandria a strong marine port on the southern side, but dominates the important angle where Syria joins Asia Minor—the Gulf of Iskenderun—by means of the gift brought home by Beaconsfield from the Berlin Congress, the island of Cyprus. While Alexandria, which possesses all the characteristics of a naval sally-port, controls the whole maritime region north and east of the Suez Canal, Cyprus in the same manner controls the Anatolian and Syrian coasts. The strategical axis in this maritime region oscillates between Cyprus—Alexandria and Cyprus—Port Said.

The Suez Canal, neutralised under the protection of English guns (!), leads into the Red Sea, whose coast, as we have seen, cannot escape from English influences. Then going out of the Red Sea by its southern gate, which is secured by the English padlock, Perim, we arrive at the Gulf of Aden, having, on its northern shore, a fortress of rock of the same name, on which the English leopard cowers; and also at the point of junction of the Gulf of Aden with the Indian Ocean, there rises in deep water the English detached fort of Socotra.

We considered ourselves justified, therefore, in speaking above of the strategical position of Egypt being one of world-wide importance, because the sphere of operation of a strong hand would extend from the places named over great and important tracts of land and sea. To take only one example, from Cyprus and the Red Sea a control may be exerted over Syria, the Arabian Peninsula, and if we wish to push further, over Anatolia, and on to Armenia.

But since the sea is a treacherous element it would be unwise for England, although she exercises to-day the supreme power over the sea, not to prepare against possible vicissitudes of fortune. For the military position of England in Egypt and the Red Sea, strong as it is, needs strengthening on two sides, first by the Mother Country in the North Sea, and next by increased forces from the Indian Empire. The security of the west from the British islands to Alexandria and Port Said, has suffered seriously since France has begun more and more to realise the dream of the Mediterranean as a French lake. For in Biserta, as was shown by the reconnaissance undertaken by Prince Louis of Battenberg, the commander of the British torpedo-cruiser *Scout*, in October 1891, there stands nearly completed a strong maritime fortification, endangering the route of the English army, and occupying an incomparable position on ancient historical ground opposite the neighbouring island of Malta, with the great advantage of possessing an extensive and rich *hinterland*.* But as soon as France has deepened the canal from Bordeaux to Narbonne, so that men-of-war can use it, from the day of its opening the nautical centre of gravity of Western Europe will be displaced, and the control of the Suez route will lie unquestionably in French hands.

In recent times another influence of the Suez Canal has become perceptible, which is based on immovable geographical ground; it is the connection which makes itself felt between the Canal and the arm of the sea joining the Black Sea with the Ægean, and which would have a most serious effect on the balance of things at Constantinople the moment the bright Greek Cross replaces the dull Crescent on St. Sophia, as Russian influence now aspires to a decisive ascendancy at the Porte. But if we take a bird's-eye view of the Eastern Mediterranean, we cannot help being struck by another point, and that is the strategic protection which the Ægean Sea, the great fighting arena of classical antiquity and of the Middle Ages, the forecourt of the Dardanelles, receives from the islands of Crete and Rhodes.

Crete stands like a long beam in front of the Ægean on the south. But its importance in naval strategy extends far across the sea which separates it from the African coast, and through which, at less than a spear-throw from the island, the route to Suez passes. The sphere of influence of this natural island fortress reaches Egypt and Syria. If any one doubts these assertions, let him recollect that the English expedition to Egypt in 1882 made the Suda Bay its basis. This broad, deep, mirror-clear bay on the north side of the island is one of the best and most spacious in the Mediterranean, a haven of Neptune,

* *Vide Deutsche Rundschau*, vol. lviii. pp. 218-234. "The Struggle for the Mediterranean: Biserta." By Major Wachs. With maps. And *Revue de la France Moderne*, February 1890, pp. 132-148. "La Jutte dans la Méditerranée: Biserta." Par O. Wachs, Major.

where vessels are sheltered by Nature from wind and wave, and are protected from their enemies by the fortifications of art.

Like Crete in the south, Rhodes in the east is of strategical importance as a natural defence of the Greek Archipelago and of the south coast of Asia Minor.

It is true that even against these England possesses strong positions in Alexandria and in Cyprus, of which the Portuguese Jew, Joseph Nassi, the favourite of Suleiman II., once said, when he wanted to persuade his master to conquer the island, "When you acquire Cyprus you are lord of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt." Although there is some exaggeration in these words, it still remains true that the possession of Cyprus may be of decisive weight in relation to Syria and the landing-point for the proposed Euphrates railway. But to make the island of use in naval strategy it is necessary to erect Famagusta into a naval harbour. Britain has singularly neglected up till now to understand the hint of Nature and the more explicit testimony of history, and to construct a fortification impregnable both from land and sea, at the place where the strategical necessity for it exists, and where very soon, perhaps, serious events may supervene, for Cyprus is as much an outwork of defence for Egypt as it is a central protection for the Levant, which even partially at least paralyses the strategical line of operations from Rhodes to Crete.

As regards the connection of Egypt with India that is to-day as yet absolutely unimperilled, notwithstanding the French possession of Obok in the Gulf of Tadjura, and it will remain unimperilled as long as England commands the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb from the harbour in the south of the island of Perim. But if Cheik Saïd, the extreme south-western part of the Arabian peninsula on which the French had in the year 1870 possessed a coaling-station, should fall into the hands of France—and we hear that very recently negotiations have again been going on at the Golden Horn between France and the Porte on the subject—then the southern entrance of the Red Sea would be seriously endangered. An examination of the geographical situation shows the following results: the rocks of the mainland at the Cape of Bab-el-mandeb are 135 metres higher than the island of Perim, while the further inland mountain Manhali—which is only nine kilometres distant from the island—is 205 metres higher. If France were to place batteries on these points with heavy guns, as well as fortify Cape Dumeirah and the island of the same name, that rises high in front of the cape, and Cape Sigan (105 metres high) in the district of Obok, then the Republic could at any moment close the entrance to the Red Sea against English ships. Cheik Saïd can besides boast of other military and maritime advantages, for without considering the fact that the region in question is a natural fortress of rock, it contains a broad lake, connected with the sea opposite Perim,

which could not only be converted into a naval harbour for purposes of war, but also be put in connection with the Bay of Okelis in the Gulf of Aden by digging an artificial canal only 1800 metres long. In this way a second outlet from the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean would be made, independent of Perim and entirely in French hands. And drinking water—so serious a consideration in these desert parts—is at hand there. England should keep a watchful eye on this point, from which danger threatens to assail her. Does not the fact of the keen competition between England, France, and Italy for the acquisition of ports on the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, in order to give expression to the idea of a joint dominion over these parts by the sea, alone speak volumes? Did not people in antiquity already perceive the value and importance of a water-way between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea? And did not Darius I. complete the canal between the Red Sea and the Nile that was begun by the Pharaohs under Ramses the Great (1394–1328 B.C.) and continued by Necho? Of this water-way, which has been buried under the sands of the desert for ages, there still remain traces at the present day in the granite blocks that project above the surface of the ground. The Suez Canal must accordingly add to the natural conditions of the Red Sea and the position of Egypt in the world a factor of immense importance—a factor, in truth, which is operative far beyond the bounds of the contiguous countries, and affects almost the whole civilised world; for as soon as the Suez Canal is named, immediately the individual interests, individual anxieties, and individual jealousies of the great Powers of Europe are stirred into activity.

What we have now said of the Suez Canal applies to all the countries of the Mediterranean, and indeed to Europe in general, but there is one kingdom to which the Suez Canal has much more importance than any other, and in whose building indeed it constitutes a very keystone, and that kingdom is England.

Egypt has a greater usefulness for England to-day than the Cape Colony had in the beginning of this century. It is the most important stage between the British islands in the German Ocean and the Empire of India; across it run the veins through which the sap of life flows to England from the Indian land of wonders, and through which, in turn, the iron-bearing blood of England streams back to Hindostan. For Britain, therefore, Egypt means more than merely the gate to the East, and more than merely the eastern key to the Mediterranean. Since the position of England in the world depends on the assured connection between the Mother Country and her immense Indian territory, and since that connection depends largely on the Suez Canal, which has now become almost a second English Thames, and which, while of great strategical importance, is governed strategically by Egypt, we can easily understand why we

see red-coats in this region, and why they must remain there if England is not to abdicate her great position among the nations. As a Power ruling the sea she is constrained by an historical necessity to keep the Suez Canal perfectly secure against all eventualities, apart altogether from the consideration that any check which England suffers in Egypt will inflict on her prestige in the East a blow from which it may hardly recover again.

If England's honour and existence are more at stake in Egypt than anywhere else, it must at the same time not be forgotten, on the other hand, that the land of the Pharaohs, the State of the future of the Eastern world, is bound up more closely than any other Asiatic or African territory with the interests of all Europe, and can no longer be severed from them. As their relations mature on both sides, they will no longer be able to do without one another. The Egyptian question, in a word, has no mere local importance, it has a European, nay, a world-wide character, and has tied itself into a Gordian knot. The matter at issue is not so much property and blood as an international position of the first rank.

And when we reflect that questions of power can only be settled by the weapons of power, we see that here more than anywhere else will the strategical factor, both by land and sea, find its solid basis of operations and come to realisation.

Egypt, as history teaches, has seldom, and then only for a short time, brought luck to her conquerors; much more often she has brought them ruin. Does England feel herself strong enough to escape the fate of previous conquerors? For the moment is not far distant when things will be ripe for powder and shot in the country of the Sphinx, and then it will be seen whether the words of Renan at the reception of Ferdinand de Lesseps into the French Academy in 1885 will come true, that Egypt was given to England as a punishment for an ambition which exceeds its resources. What Shakespeare says of the tide in the affairs of men is in the highest degree true of everything in connection with Egyptian politics.

But one thing remains certain, that actual living Egypt knows only change and not termination, and that with the progress of the times the strategical importance of the land of the Nile and the Red Sea has only increased. Far will the hand be always felt that bears the sword at the double gate of Asia and Africa, and from far will the echo return of the command given at the Suez Canal.

When the French Republic in 1882 turned the mendacious saying of Napoleon III. into a truth and accepted as their device "*La République est la paix*," the heavy naval guns of England played upon Alexandria, "*Rule Britannia*" sounded loud over the waves, and the winning of Tel-el-Kebir laid all Egypt at the foot of the

British general who was almost scared by his success.* The wings of the desert wind rapidly spread the wonderful tale of the might of the Empress of the Sea and restored English prestige in the Arabian world. And the Arabian world is a very wide one, for Arabs pitch their tents on both sides of the Suez Canal, Arabs range over those extensive Mesopotamian territories through which in the scheme of the kingdom of the future important land routes will pass and will bring East and West nearer together; that they are Arabs the inhabitants of Egypt falsely boast, and Arabs penetrate the whole of Northern and Central Africa.

The English, who proudly drew the sword in 1882 and check-mated France in Egypt, claim by the laws of war the sole dominion over the country, and the refrain of all their explanations on the Egyptian question is, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

OTTO WACHS, *Major.*

* See my article in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1883, pp. 457-475: "The English Military Power and the Egyptian Campaign of 1882."

“THE GENERAL ELECTION AND AFTER.”

To the Editor of “THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.”

SIR,—In an article on “The General Election and After,” which appears in the current number of the CONTEMPORARY, Mr. W. T. Stead states that I have declared myself “in favour of American as against either the Colonial Home Rule of 1885, or the perpetuation of the present system under which two-thirds of the Irish representatives are returned to protest against the maintenance of the existing Union.” This is an error. I am in favour—and have recently declared myself in favour—of a system of Home Rule under which Ireland should manage her own affairs as London and Birmingham manage their own affairs. The relations of the Imperial Parliament and the Imperial Executive to the people of London and Birmingham are altogether different from the relations of the Government at Washington to the people of New York and South Carolina.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. W. DALE (Birmingham).

LLANBEDR, Aug. 13, 1892.

THE POLICY OF THE POPE

IT is a difficult and unpleasant task to weigh in the impartial scales of criticism the public policy of a venerable and beloved superior, whose decisions one is bound by position to uphold and inclined by sentiment and habit to approve without discussion. Nor was it until emboldened by the exhortations of eminent colleagues that I found the force needful to do violence to my feelings and to endeavour to further the cause at the risk of hurting the susceptibilities of its most accredited representative. Should the statements and views set forth in the following pages be censured as ill-timed, the error of judgment will, it is hoped, be amply atoned for by the soundness of the motives that inspired them. If branded as contrary to faith or morals the decree that declares them so will be hailed as the solution of painful doubts by numerous members of the higher clergy, who will not shrink from imitating the venerable Bishop of Cremona and adding prompt submission to the proofs they have already given of their attachment to the Church and their confidence in its visible head.

We are living in one of the most critical and momentous periods of the history of the Catholic Church. The unexpected solutions given to the urgent questions which are continually cropping up in the social, economical, political, and religious spheres, the far-reaching consequences which flow from some of the new principles affirmed and from the new interpretations of old principles which have been sanctioned, and the grave dangers which press upon the Church from all quarters of the compass, combine to make the reign of Leo XIII. a complete and rounded period in the history of Catholicism which will be remembered in coming ages as one of greater significance than that of St. Gregory VII., Innocent III., or Pius IX.

While the trend and goal of modern civilisation call loudly for a

social theologico-scientific evolution in the Church's activity which would enable her to take the lead in the onward movement of the world, obscure local incidents have apparently succeeded in blocking the way and imparting to her progress a purely political direction, the advantages of which seem doubtful and remote. The two momentous questions which circumstances had forced to the front on the accession of Pope Leo XIII. were the attitude of the Church towards the newly awakened masses, and her stand on the question of science and religion.* From the moment of his election the new Pope was fondly looked up to by the most enlightened of his children as the man specially predestined for the work, and the first acts of his reign, which seemed wisely addressed to the settlement of painful disputes with monarchs and governments and to the clearing of the ground for the really important undertaking, confirmed this ardent hope which was also a fervent prayer.

It was with feelings of relief and gladness, therefore, that we heard of the peace concluded with Germany, the understanding arrived at with Russia, the preparation of Encyclicals on the labour question, and the freedom of scientific inquiry conferred upon Catholic scholars. But when the bitter struggle with our enemies was succeeded by cordial friendship, and friendship bade fair to merge into political alliance; when solid sacrifices were made for shadowy benefits; when the claims of the Poles were set aside in deference to the wishes of the German Government and a Prussian was consecrated Archbishop of Gnesen; when a bid was apparently made for the favour of the English Government, and the justice of an important utterance obscured by the ostentatious haste with which it was issued—in a word, when purely political success seemed to have become the end instead of the means, many Catholics were filled with misgivings, while many more were wild with delight. Everything that has since taken place has amply confirmed the worst fears of the one and the most fantastic hopes of the other, leaving to the former as sole consolation the presumption that what they so ardently yearned for was an evil and what they dreaded was a boon.

On one point both parties cordially agree—that however doubtful the ultimate aims, however disastrous the immediate results of the Papal policy, the motives that inspire it are among the highest and noblest that move the minds of men. His Holiness is an idealist, fashioned in the mould in which religious enthusiasts and martyrs are cast; he lives and moves in the sphere of ideas, high above the plane of feeling and sentiment; he is endowed with uncommon clearness and compass of view, and possesses a refined taste and a will that neither

* It was my intention to have entered more fully into the merits of this question in this paper, but lack of space to treat it exhaustively and unwillingness to glance at such an important problem superficially compel me to reserve the discussion for another article.

bends nor breaks. His love and pity for the masses are unquestionable, although his efforts to improve their condition have been less noted than the blandness and accommodating spirit he exhibits to the great ones of the earth with whom his position throws him more frequently into contact. But what strikes one more than all his other mental characteristics is his absolute singleness of purpose. He works and lives for one idea. Every national event, every local incident, every success scored by his friends, and every defeat suffered by his enemies he at once seizes upon and fashions into a means for the accomplishment of his purpose. The very idiosyncrasies and weaknesses of the man have been absorbed in the idea of which he is the living embodiment; and that idea is that the conditions of the present age render the temporal power of the Pope absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the Church. Pius IX., for all his religious zeal and impatience of opposition, was a man with many of man's weaknesses; an Italian, with most of the Italian sympathies and prejudices, and, in spite of his grudge against the Italian Government, he was unable to suppress a cry of joy on hearing of the military successes of his countrymen, and to a prelate who showed signs of surprise he exclaimed: "I, too, am an Italian." Leo XIII. on the contrary has divested himself of all these human wrappings, and the most trivial of his actions, the most indifferent of his words, are inspired or regulated by the ever-present consciousness of his duties as Pope.

The firm conviction that the welfare of the Catholic Church is indissolubly bound up with the temporal sovereignty of her supreme visible head is, therefore, the key-note of the Pope's policy. All the compromises he has made and all the sacrifices he has imposed upon his spiritual children since his election were dictated by the recognised necessity of translating that abstract opinion into a concrete political fact. It was this that inspired his repeated advances to Germany, that supplied the motive for his crusade against Austria-Hungary; that warrants what our enemies term the "benevolent neutrality" observed in the struggle between Greek Orthodoxy and Catholicism in Russia, and that explains the inestimable service which the Holy Father has lately rendered to the French Republic, born in the same year as the United Kingdom of Italy.

Now, on the Continent of Europe and in America, there is a large body of intelligent and devoted Catholics, including Archbishops, Bishops, Canons and University Professors, who regard this new system of policy with feelings akin to dismay. Their objections, drawn from the nature of the end in view and the means employed to obtain it, lie on the surface, and if not unanswerable are at least intelligible. They do not affirm that the object is chimerical. It would be idle to deny the possibility of the restoration of the temporal

power of the Pope, at a time when shrewd politicians have taken to discussing the resuscitation of Poland, and it would be absurd to hold that because his Holiness does not command a powerful standing army of his own, he is, therefore, bereft of the means of destroying one belonging to a monarch who does. But they cannot regard the end as desirable. They fail to see how the Papal dominions could be restored without a civil war or a foreign invasion; and, even if diplomatic ingenuity accomplished the feat, how the little kingdom could be maintained unless the foreign sword and rifle were kept constantly busy against the native dagger and stiletto. And such a state of things, they feel, would be much less defensible than the wordy war in France which his Holiness was so eager to end and the boycotting in Ireland which he was so swift to condemn. France and Russia are doubtless quite willing—if fortune favoured—to trample rough-shod over all that Italians hold most dear, but we have yet to learn that the venerable head of our Church is capable of playing the part of the owl in the story, who for his caprice or comfort desired that cities and whole kingdoms should be reduced to ruins. And if all these difficulties were satisfactorily disposed of, there would still remain the question, whether the possession of the Papal States would prove a blessing or a curse. It would ill become me to enter into the discussion of this delicate topic which circumstances have not yet brought within the sphere of practical politics. But surely, history can be forced to yield the needful data for a solution, and logic may be safely left to draw her own conclusions.

But however unwilling Catholics may feel to cause pain or inconvenience to those who, like the Italian Liberals, differ from them, their strongest objection to the present policy of his Holiness is not based wholly, or even mainly, upon any such altruistic grounds. It is derived from the sacrifices which Catholics in their twofold capacity, as units of various nations and as members of the Church of Christ, are called upon to make; sacrifices the extent and importance of which seem to have escaped the attention of the few who have hitherto written upon the subject.

The Church has always admitted the principle, which is generally strong enough to assert itself as a concrete fact, that Catholics are citizens of a State as well as members of a Church. Since the Council of Trent, the Holy See has seldom disputed, and until very lately Catholics themselves showed little disposition to waive, the rights or shirk the duties that flow from this self-evident principle. It was carried to its extreme consequence during the Franco-Prussian War, when French Bishops blessed the soldiers who set out to kill the German invaders, and Bavarian Bishops sang "*Te Deums*" and offered thanksgivings for the victories won by these German invaders over their Catholic brethren. Now any attempt to weaken this prin-

ciple, to develop the Catholic at the expense of the *man* and the citizen, is in our opinion—and we speak subject to correction—greatly to be deprecated. And this, we hold, is the obvious tendency of the policy of the Holy See. Underlying that policy we find a doctrine which, while it lays the axe to the root of all honest political conviction and severs the ties that bind a man to his party and his country, is not deemed important enough to be raised to the dignity of an obligatory dogma of the Church.

Let us examine the working of this new principle in practice.

The famous letter “De Parnellio” is an instance, which I quote less for its intrinsic importance than because all the circumstances of the case may be taken to be still fresh in the minds of English-speaking Catholics. The postulate underlying this letter was that the Holy See had the right and the duty to correct the judgment and control the actions of Catholics in all political questions which directly or indirectly affect the well-being of the Church; the Holy See to be sole judge of the question of fact no less than of the binding force of the principle. Now it is matter of common knowledge that the Irish people have never recognised this doctrine since Adrian IV. made over their country to an English prince; and their refusal to endorse it now would probably have assumed no more offensive form than silent indifference were it not for the unwonted haste with which the letter was issued, and the *rapprochement* between the Vatican and the English Government which it was calculated, if not deliberately intended, to bring about. It was the suspicion engendered by these circumstances that moved the Irish to impart unusual emphasis to their repudiation, and the Papal behests, instead of being quietly ignored were used as a psychological springing-board to enable the people to clear a much greater space than they originally intended. Thus a blow was struck at the prestige of the Holy See, which it is in the interest of all good Catholics to uphold; and Church and State were told by priests and people that as Irishmen had remained Catholics in spite of English persecution, they were determined to remain Irishmen in spite of Papal interference.

In Germany, where the interests at stake were far more vast, and the pressure exercised incomparably more powerful, the principle gained a tardy recognition. For years the Catholic party in that country had been engaged in a desperate struggle with Prince Bismarck for rights which it was the height of injustice to deny them. They had increased in numbers and in influence since the *Kultur-kampf* had begun; had compelled their persecutor to journey to Canossa, and now, at last, saw themselves in a position to decide the fate of the Septennate Military Bill, on which Prince Bismarck had set his heart. Their attitude towards the Bill was frankly hostile, and their opposition perfectly conscientious. It was perhaps natural that they should

exult over the prospective defeat of the Government, and equally natural that they should feel something more than mere surprise when they learned that there would be no defeat of the Government because his Holiness had promised their support to Prince Bismarck. It need scarcely be said that the form in which this unwelcome intelligence was conveyed was much less crude than my bare summary of it ; but under the diplomatic phrases there was no mistaking the real gist of the message. The ire of the Catholic party was kindled, their answer emphatic. They would not, they said, be parties to any such transaction, the choice of parliamentary tactics belonged to them alone not less than the right to deal with purely political questions on their intrinsic merits. But their disobedience was of short duration. Cardinal Jacobini exhorted and Mgr. di Pietro besought them to give way, as the Papal advice was but a courteous form for a Papal command. Certain members of the party endeavoured to prolong the discussion by having recourse to the old distinction between the spheres of religion and politics, with as much reason as very venturesome schoolmen were wont to distinguish between truths of philosophy and truths of religion : but all these pleas were summarily disposed of by the famous letter from Rome, which affirmed that the Pope, being admittedly the supreme judge of all questions of morals, and politics being at bottom morals applied to the public life of nations, he is therefore the supreme judge of the rights and wrongs of politics. On this Herr Windthorst made what he called the " worse than useless sacrifice," admitted the principle of Papal interference in politics, and allowed the Septennate Bill to pass. When later on his prophecy was fulfilled, and the bread cast upon the waters was not found after many days, the Vatican declared war against the Triple Alliance, and its organs in the press very sharply rebuked these same Catholics for not turning against the Government, this time on a question which involved momentous national issues. In other words, Catholics are asked to renounce their judgment in matters affecting the welfare of the country, and to yield implicit obedience to the behests of the Pope, even when his standpoint is hostile (as in the present case it admittedly is) to the vital interests of their Fatherland.

Far be it from me to call in question the right of his Holiness to influence and control the actions of his spiritual children in purely political matters. Theoretically it is as incontestable as is his right of forbidding Catholic soldiers to risk their lives in furthering the interests of a nation or a league of nations whose aims are hostile to the well-being of the Church. The only question open to discussion is the judiciousness of the step, at a time when efforts are being made to induce Great Britain to establish diplomatic relations with the Vatican. English people have a horror of the meddling of foreigners in the affairs of their country. Without inquiring too closely into

theories, they are willing to accept an assurance that Papal interference in the domestic affairs of nations is a thing of the forgotten past. But what reliance can they be expected to place upon the most solemn assurances if belied by established facts which any foreign paper may bring to their knowledge? This, however, is one of the least important aspects of the question.

The Catholic parliamentary party in Germany, though strongly in favour of the temporal power of the Pope, are not yet disposed to employ any means to restore it which obviously clash with the vital interests of their nation. But there is a large body of German Catholics not in Parliament, who loudly profess themselves devoid of any such scruples, and who lately suggested, at a Catholic Congress, the formation of an international Catholic party in all countries of the world, whose political programme should contain but one plank: unreasoning obedience to the Pope. Now the attitude adopted by these persons is as logical as their intentions are praiseworthy. But I submit that the harm which they are certain to inflict greatly outweighs the benefits they are likely to confer on Church or State. No statesman can be reasonably expected to countenance a body of politicians whose political convictions and patriotic feelings cannot be relied upon to determine their public conduct; and they themselves must in the end be demoralised by systematically stifling some of the most healthy impulses of their nature. This, to some extent, is the position of French Catholics who made no secret of their repugnance to play the inglorious part of political Mamelukes; and it needed the strongest pressure ever yet exercised by Church or Pope to induce them to profess the Republican principles which they abhorred, to ally themselves with the irreligious enemies whom they had so long manfully withstood, and to set about unravelling during the latter half of their lives the serviceable web which they had spent the first half in laboriously weaving.

His Holiness' action in France, which, from a theoretic point of view, is absolutely unassailable, affords a striking illustration of the awkward position in which this exercise of his undoubted right occasionally places Catholics in their twofold character of citizens of a State and members of a Church. As loyal citizens of a powerful State, they feel bound in duty to contribute to its prosperity to the best of their intellectual lights and political power. As Catholics, they see themselves forced to distrust those lights, and to give their bitterest enemies the benefits of that power. As French citizens they cannot but attach themselves to some one political party. As Catholics they are ever painfully conscious that they may be called on to-morrow or the day after to-morrow to turn traitors to that party on grounds which have not the remotest connection with politics, and do not always satisfy the exigencies of political common sense. As

honest men, they resent the ignoble treatment received by the Catholic clergy from a Government too irreligious to worship even at the tawdry shrine of the goddess of reason; and as members of the Opposition they burn to put things right and inaugurate an era of justice and peace. But as Catholics they are forced to abandon their tactics, fold their arms and look on with bleeding hearts while the most sacred and holy influences of religion are being turned into a political machinery to support that Government.

Was it not natural, under these circumstances, that the French clergy, led by its Cardinals and Archbishops, should hesitate and temporise before obeying the commands contained in the Encyclical addressed on February 16 "to the Catholic Archbishops, Bishops, Clergy, and Faithful of France"? The measure of their doubt, hesitation and pain is the desperate attempt which they made to explain it away, and which called forth the further Papal declaration that it was to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, and what caused still more painful heart-burnings--the express enunciation by the *Osservatore Romano* (the inspired organ of the Vatican) of the doctrine touching upon the Pope's right to interfere in the domestic concerns of a nation. The view which used to be held by Irish, Polish, American and French Catholics was that the Pope had not the shadow of a right to interfere in politics; and that, being but a private individual, his opinion, should he offer one, must depend for acceptance upon its intrinsic merits. Several Catholic archbishops and bishops declared upon oath before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1825 that this view was adhered to by Catholics all over the world. Archbishop Murray went so far as to say that even bishops and priests were under no obligation to obey the Pope in any thing but purely spiritual matters. That opinion was, of course, perfectly tenable in the year 1825. It is not sound doctrine since the Vatican Council proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope, and those who continue to think it so are hugging a delusion. But the theory is quite unobjectionable, if only the practice were hedged round with sufficiently strong guarantees. Rights are admirable things in their way; but if every one were minded to enforce all his rights there would be no living on this earth. Now no wise ecclesiastic would have dreamed of forcing such questions as these to the front on the eve of the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill. To do so would have been to dash the cup of gladness from the lips of Catholics and to condemn them to remain for another generation below the level of citizens. The present high-handed assertion of the Pope's right to sway all Catholic politicians will, it is feared, be productive of equally lamentable results in Ireland (where in view of Home Rule the religious question is once more prominent), in England, and in America. Is it not enough that the doctrine is implicitly contained

in the decree of infallibility? Why dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s as the organ of the Vatican does in the following authoritative declaration?

"Politics," we read in the *Osservatore Romano*, "are neither more nor less than morals applied to the social acts of governments and to the public life of peoples. Now the Pope is admittedly the infallible teacher of faith and of morals. It follows, therefore, that he is the unerring judge in both spheres (politics and religion), inasmuch as the practical application of morals by individuals and peoples must not be allowed to run counter to the commands, interests and rights of the faith. It is clear, therefore, that as the Pope is an infallible teacher in all that concerns what we should believe in the religious sphere and what we should do in the domain of morals, *he is in like manner the unerring judge of what we should do or leave undone in public as well as in private life.*"

This extract I quote as a proof of a sad want of tact rather than an error of judgment. If there be an error of judgment anywhere it is to be found in the abjuration by his Holiness in France of a principle which he perseveringly labours to uphold in Italy—the principle of divine right. For the frank acceptance of the French Republic involves acquiescence in the doctrine on which it is based, and to which the Pope rightly attributes his loss of the temporal power—viz., that all power is from the people, in whom is invested the right of giving and of taking away. With what face can Catholics uphold that principle in France at the cost of most heavy sacrifices, *in order* to combat it the more successfully in Italy? Surely, from a worldly point of view, the tactics of the Vatican seem as short-sighted as those of the good Auvergnois, who let go the parapet of the bridge from which he was hanging by his hands, in order to take a firmer grip.

The attitude of the Holy See towards Russia has ever been characterised by a judicious mixture of dignity, firmness and courage; persecution meeting with protest, and indulgent toleration begetting concession and gratitude. Those who maintain that it has undergone any material change since the Vatican condemned the Triple Alliance are forced to substitute arbitrary interpretations of hidden motives for the proofs that should be based upon overt acts known to all. The worst that the sharpest of critics can say with truth is that appearances are terribly against the Holy See, and the most that we need admit is that there are times when appearances are to the full as important as the realities that underlie them. The silence of the shepherd while a portion of his flock is being stolen by thieves and devoured by wolves may spring from the best of motives, but the flock, if endowed with reason, would need a good deal of argument to bring it to view the inaction in any such favourable light. And this difficulty would be all the greater if the authors of the depredations happened to be comrades of the shepherd's dearest friend and latest ally.

Polish Catholics are at this moment the object of a bitter persecution at the hands of Russia. Their Church is degraded to the level of a mere department of State, their bishops are deposed and exiled, without the right of appeal or complaint to Tsar or Pope. Parish priests and curates are treated like fellows of an inferior caste, snubbed, cuffed and hustled about by every *ispavnik*. Dioceses are abolished, and are mentioned no more. Catholic parishes vanish, and are never heard of again. Laws regulating the religion of children of mixed marriages are issued in a single night, enforced without publication next morning, and endowed with retrospective force over a back period of fifty years. The people are forced to choose between their faith professed in prison, in banishment, or in misery, and apostasy rewarded with such rights and privileges as a full-fledged Russian subject possesses. Catholics are excluded from universities, gymnasia, schools and technical institutions. They are dismissed from railways,* banks and departments of the Civil Service. Their churches are closed, and if they presume to enter them, they are beaten with whips and transported to Siberia.†

Heretofore the name of the Pope was a clarion to these wretched people. It is not a clarion now—now that the Tsar's ambassador at the Vatican, M. Izvolsky, is received with the cordiality and distinction due to a generous benefactor, while a cold shoulder is ostentatiously given to Count Revertera, the ambassador of Austria-Hungary, the most Catholic country in Christendom. Beyond doubt the Pope feels for his spiritual children in Russia. His heart aches when he hears of their ever-increasing sufferings. But as he remains obstinately silent—say the Poles—his sympathy is useless, for the Tsar cannot be expected to hear the throbbing of his heart.

While these facts are perfectly indisputable, I cannot conscientiously admit that the unfavourable inferences drawn from them are quite correct. It is a case of the old proverb that he who treads upon the onion or its peel—even though he abstains from eating—must necessarily smell of onion. The Holy Father, it is true, has not publicly protested against the persecution of his flock, nor privately quarrelled with M. Izvolsky. He has not yet seen his way to imitate Pius IX. who did not hesitate to rebuke before the world the powerful Emperor of Germany; nor to take a leaf from the book of Gregory XIV. who talked to the Tsar Nicholas in a tone and style

* The last decree disqualifying Catholics in the South-Western Provinces to serve on railways, &c., was issued a few weeks ago, and deprived 53,000 persons of their daily bread.

† In the government of Grodno a few days ago the peasants of a whole parish rose up and burst open the door of the Catholic church which the authorities had closed some time before and refused to open again. The peasants entered in, knelt down, and began to pray. Several of them were put in prison, some banished to Siberia, and all of them severely punished. Still more recently one of these persecuted Catholics attempted to blow up an Orthodox Greek Church in Warsaw.

that sent that potentate out of his presence like a lashed hound. But neither can he be said to have been wholly inactive. He earnestly besought the French Government to play the part of intercessor for the wretched Catholics of Russia and to remind the Tsar of the divine teachings of Christ. The idea, as the Holy Father conceived it, was doubtless promising enough. He only saw in France the intimate friend and ally of Russia, and may be pardoned for blinking the fact that this *intimité* is so close that the French Government would, at a word from the Tsar, establish Greek Orthodoxy as the State religion of the Republic. The Tsar may also be excused, if in a French Ambassador magniloquently descanting on the glorious attributes of the Catholicism which his own Government was grinding to powder, he saw but a comedian who might be rewarded with a smile and dismissed with a nod. And the unfortunate Catholics may be excused, if they see nothing but the one dread fact, that the persecution is raging more terribly than before, and that it is one of the most successful persecutions upon record.*

We honour the forbearance of the Supreme Pontiff because we feel convinced that, however mistaken, it springs from the noblest of motives. At the same time we have a bitter pill to swallow when forced to admit that if appearances were trustworthy criteria, the contrast between the promptitude with which the Parnell fund was condemned in Ireland or the well-meant action of the Government is stigmatised in Hungary and the slow round-about, ineffectual methods employed to stay a persecution in Russia which robs the Church of tens of thousands of her devoted children, gives colour to assumptions which every Catholic rightly rejects as insulting.

Thus a month has scarcely elapsed since a Russian newspaper, commonly reputed to be a semi-official organ, while boasting of the advances made by the Holy See to Russia, had the audacity to assert that this friendship extends to matters of religion and that his Holiness was prepared to favour an arrangement by which the Greek and Catholic Churches would combine to resist the inroads of German and Anglo-American Protestantism which is being rapidly spread by such institutions as Robert College; Orthodoxy and Catholicism representing dogmatic Christianity, whereas Protestantism is but thinly disguised rationalism and embryonic irreligion. This statement, which is undoubtedly a gross calumny, sent a cold shudder through the heart of every Catholic in Russia. A speedy denial was looked for in the organs of the Vatican, which are unusually sensitive to all statements about the Pope and his entourage. But instead of controverting this rumour, the *Osservatore Romano* complained of the

* The Catholic Church loses thousands of its children every year in Russia. Many Catholics never receive the sacrament of confirmation. Thousands die without confession. In the dioceses of Grodno and Wilna there were 104 Catholic and 165 Orthodox Churches in 1863. In 1889 there were but 292 Catholic and 983 Schismatic Churches.

attitude, in religious matters, of the Triple Alliance in the East, and censured the tactics of the three powers, whom it accused of "maintaining the religious *status quo* as a bulwark to protect the political fabric." Surely this was not the most seasonable moment to prefer this accusation or to utter such a complaint. And as if that were not enough to raise the hopes of Russia and to hurt the sensibilities of Catholics in Austria-Hungary and Poland, the organ of the Vatican was ill-guided enough to confer upon the Schismatic Tsar the title of "Patriarch of the North."

But in all these well-meant but injudicious moves we see but one side of the policy of the Pope. Diplomacy, like Janus, has two faces; one with which to smile upon its friends, and the other to scowl upon its enemies—even when, like the Roman statue, it lacks the wit to distinguish between them. Had we only the friendly advances of the Pope to account for, the task would be comparatively easy. Charity would explain his kind forbearance towards Russia, and if sufficiently stretched, might possibly be made to cover even the vast services which he rendered to the greatest enemy of our Church—the French Republic. It is when we come to look into the dealings of the Vatican with the Catholic powers of the Triple Alliance that we have to call in the aid of explanations and excuses, which constitute the shady side of the ethics of worldly diplomacy.

Concerning the relations of the Vatican to the Quirinal, the bitter reproaches of Ministers like Crispi, and the serious accusations made by friends of the Pope, I purposely say nothing. The wounds are too recent, and I should be very sorry to say or do anything calculated to reopen them. But the treatment meted out to Austria and Hungary of late is a mystery, a diplomatic mystery which calls loudly for explanation.

The dualistic empire is a veritable Eldorado of Catholicism, for the match of which we might search the history of the Middle Ages in vain. In Austria the government, which alternately flatters all parties and fosters all nationalities, affords not a shadow of protection to the enemies of the Church. Even Freemasonry of every rite is rigidly forbidden. The influence of Catholics upon legislation is far greater than their numerical strength in the country would naturally warrant us to hope. In everything it does and leaves undone, the Government is actuated by strictly Catholic principles. Apostasy is frowned at, religious fervour encouraged, and anything bordering upon disrespect to the mysteries or ministers of the Catholic religion visited with swift and condign punishment. A man who smiled (at the remark of a neighbour) last Corpus Christi day during the procession along the streets was condemned to hard labour, rendered harder by enforced fasts. On the 11th of September an elector who at a public meeting declared himself in favour of the Liberal candidate

(also a Catholic, but one whose aims and objects are political rather than religious) was publicly threatened by a priest on the opposite side, who proclaimed that he would accuse him of having been wanting in respect to the *Sanctissimum* the day before.* The civil law is often neither more nor less than canon law done into German. Thus, a Catholic cannot obtain a divorce under any circumstances whatever, not even if he change his religion and become a Protestant or a Jew. All Catholic prelates enjoy the rank, title, and consideration of princes. They are members of the House of Peers, where their influence is enormous and beneficial. They hold ecclesiastical courts, at which they preside and mete out justice. Their priests cannot be arrested or tried by a civil court unless the episcopal court consents to deliver them up, which it never does unless convinced that the *prima facie* evidence warrants a trial. The Prince-Bishop, on the other hand, can punish laymen for faults which the penal code does not recognise as offences, with a wholesome rigour which recalls the days of Ambrose and Theodosius, Henry IV. and St. Gregory VII. The present Cardinal-Archbishop of Olmütz † has exercised this right with a zeal unchilled by the counsels of worldly wisdom offered by Ministers and officials, and sometimes as many as ten persons have been subjected in as many days to the greater excommunication—a punishment which, besides the awful religious isolation it involves, 'not infrequently brings with it a material boycotting, which renders the life of the sinner a miserable burden. Thus, every Catholic was forbidden to give even bread and water to Baroness de Beess, an aristocratic lady who was more than once under this ban; and the implicit obedience exhibited by the religious townspeople taught that mundane lady that excommunication might mean hunger, thirst, helplessness, and a chronic standing in the pillory in this world, as well as worse things in the world to come.

Then, again, the property of the Church in Austria-Hungary is enormous. The Church lands in England before the Reformation were as nothing in comparison. The princely munificence of the enlightened Bishop of Diakovar is writ large in the disappearance of magnificent forests valued at about 18,000,000*l.* The Cardinal Archbishop of Olmütz thought nothing of making an annual present of 100,000*fr.* to his Holiness the Pope, and at his death he left a fortune of about 50,000,000*fr.* In Hungary the revenues of the higher clergy are also considerable, enormous when compared with the miserable and precarious pittance of their French brethren. The present Archbishop of Gran has on an average an income of about

* It is painful to every good Catholic to see religion thus degraded to the level of a stick with which to disable hostile electors. Lest this should be deemed a libel set afloat by enemies of our faith, I think it my duty to say that the elector's name is Bechtold, and the name of his accuser, Herr Co-operator Etz of Kirchschlag.

† I regret to say that his Eminence has died since these words were written.

800,000*fl.* a year (about £67,000). The Archbishop of Koloesa receives about 600,000*fl.*; the Bishop of Grosswardein about 200,000*fl.*; the Bishop of Veszprim about 250,000*fl.*; the Bishop of Neutra 225,000*fl.*; the Bishop of Erlau about 250,000*fl.*; the Bishop of Csanad 150,000*fl.*; the Bishop of Steinamanger 125,000*fl.*; the Bishop of Waitzen 120,000*fl.*; the Bishop of Szepes 100,000*fl.*; the Archbishop of Agram 300,000*fl.*, &c. &c.* The lands of the monasteries are proportionately vast. The schools are under the management of the clergy; the State gymnasia and grammar schools are frequently located in monasteries, and taught exclusively by the monks. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus conduct numerous schools and boarding establishments, some of which are reputed the best in the world, while they occupy many university chairs. In a word, all the rights for which Catholics in other lands are fighting, and fighting very unsuccessfully, and many privileges for which they would never dream of asking, are theirs in Austria-Hungary by a thousand titles. And yet, strange to say, these are the people with whom the Vatican finds itself at loggerheads; these the Governments with which its relations are strained to the point of snapping. And, on the other hand, the French Republic,† which winnows "education" from religion, which banished the religious orders, and continually punishes and insults our bishops and archbishops; which ignominiously thrust out the cross from schools, and the chaplains from the hospitals and prisons; which virtually forbids its soldiers to attend Church on Sundays, and has raised monuments to men compared with whom Giordano Bruno was a saint—this godless Republic is being bolstered up with the aid of the most sacred influences of religion. Superhuman efforts are made by the Holy See to establish peace within its territory, by confounding the only enemies of whom it stood in awe; while the same peace is being systematically disturbed in Hungary and Austria.

The explanation of this extraordinary policy—I cannot call it an excuse, still less a justification—is the adhesion of Austria-Hungary to the Triple Alliance, and her refusal to estrange her allies by espousing the Pope's quarrel with the Italian Government. The aim of this policy may be held to be good, bad, or indifferent, according to one's views of the temporal power of the Pope; but its obvious tendency is to foment hateful dissensions among a people who are sufficiently afflicted as it is with quarrels of nationalities, and to endanger the interests of the Church in a country where those interests are incalculable.

* I should like it to be understood that this valuation is merely approximate. An income which depends upon the value of land, fair weather, abundant harvests, rising prices, and other uncertain conditions, must naturally be subject to frequent and considerable fluctuations. I have derived my information from a trustworthy source, and to this extent accept responsibility for it.

† The American *Catholic Quarterly Review* for April contains a brilliant article by a Dr. John Hogan on "Church and State in France," which, for trenchant logic, breadth of view, and American (or English?) straightforwardness, might have been written by the late Cardinal Newman. This is the first exhaustive and satisfactory account of the matter written by friend or enemy of the French Government.

“What have we done?”—ask the Governments and people of these countries; “that the hand which is stretched out to bless and help the anti-Catholic Republic, should be held up to curse the monarchies of Austria and Hungary?” And there is no satisfactory answer.

Nor is it of frank opposition only that they complain; they resent if possible, still more, the odious form which it occasionally assumes; those petty affronts which, incapable of convincing or coercing, seem deliberately intended to vex and irritate. Foremost among these were the injudicious attempts to get rid of Count Revertera, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Rome. Reports were industriously circulated that the Vatican could have no further dealings with him; that he was *persona ingratisissima*, and must be forthwith recalled. Rumours of his recall were spread far and wide; and a well-known prelate in Rome actually announced it as a fact to a foreign diplomatist. When at last the semi-official *Fremden-Blatt* declared that the Austro-Hungarian Government were resolved to keep him at his post, in spite of the “less friendly current” that had set in against him, the organs of the Vatican coolly denied the rumours of his recall, which they had put in circulation, as “unfounded Liberal inventions.” Such methods as these cannot claim the approval of friend or foe. Diplomatic ingenuity may lead to desirable goals over ground that is not precisely an asphodel meadow; but the light of religion might surely enable it to keep clear of sloughs and quagmires which ordinary human fastidiousness would not willingly traverse.*

The impending termination of Mgr. Galimberti's diplomatic career by his elevation to the Cardinalate is another move which every good Catholic deeply regrets. Since he first entered upon his duties as Nuncio at Vienna in 1887, this prelate, whose good disposition towards the Triple Alliance is a matter of common knowledge, has done yeoman's service to the cause of Catholicism in Austria-Hungary. Independently of the circumstance that it was to him that we owe the appointment of his Holiness as arbitrator in the dispute concerning the Caroline Islands, it was he who kept the Holy See in continuous touch with the Catholics of Austria-Hungary; it was he who pointed out in a most masterly manner the danger lurking behind the seemingly innocent demand for a Slavonic Liturgy for the Catholics of Dalmatia and Croatia; it was he who lightened the arduous task of the bishops of dioceses with mixed populations of Slavs and Germans, between whom racial and political differences more than once threatened to snap asunder the common bond of religion; it was he whose

* I should be very sorry if it were supposed that my criticism referred to any phase of the disputes connected with the Revertera question, except that of the methods employed to gain the end. The best of governments find it sometimes impossible to get on with an excellent diplomatic representative; and the best of ambassadors is liable to commit an offence against the one great commandment which enjoins tact. This is especially true of a person accredited to the Vatican at the present day. I trust I shall be understood by both sides without making any more direct references to a delicate question.

energetic efforts to disseminate Catholicism in Bukovina and Galicia were, humanly speaking, more successful than the labours of a dozen missionaries. And now he too must go, in order that the Pope's condemnation of the Triple Alliance may be duly emphasised.

But none of the devices of this doubtful diplomacy is calculated to give a more adequate idea of the utter lack of that tact which is such a universal characteristic of the Ogniben type of Italian diplomatists than the action taken by the Pope's advisers on the death of Monsignor Agostini, the Patriarch of Venice. The object of this action would seem to have been to induce Austria to wound the sensibilities of the Italian Government, and embroil the two countries in a dispute. If this was not the object actually aimed at, it was certainly the only one that could possibly be attained, had the Austrian Government made a formal declaration—as it was requested to do—to the effect that the Emperor's right to present a candidate for the patriarchal See was an exceptional and purely personal privilege, accorded by the indulgence of the Vatican, and not a right that followed the secular dominion, and passed from one ruler to the other *ipso facto*. This, of course, meant that the claim put forward by the King of Italy to present a candidate for the See of Venice was purely fantastic, and could not be recognised. In other words, the Austrian Government was invited to abandon its attitude of neutrality, and espouse the Papal quarrel against the Italian Government, by proclaiming what it did not admit to be a fact.

The question of the Cardinals is likewise one in which Austria is deeply interested. If Pope Leo XIII. (*absit omnen*) should die before new Cardinals are created, the Triple Alliance will dispose of five votes less than it has a prescriptive right to possess. The larger question, whether Austria-Hungary is not entitled, in virtue of her numerous Catholic population to seven or eight Cardinals, instead of three or four, cannot be discussed with any hope of a satisfactory result, until the relations between these countries and the Holy See have become friendly if not cordial.

If in all these misunderstandings Austria's rôle is the pleasing one of the lamb in the fable, who could not possibly have troubled the water, Hungary, it must be admitted, stands so much higher up on the bank of the stream that in her case the question is reduced to one of fact. As it is likely to be heard of a good deal in the near future, and, I fear, to prove a fertile source of most lamentable results to Church and State, I make no apology for going into it at some length.

The Hungarian Government contends that the unfriendly attitude which the Holy See has of late taken up is the result of the Pope's opposition to the Triple Alliance, and is therefore uncharitable and vexatious. The Vatican, on the contrary, maintains that one of the main causes of this coldness is to be found in the anti-religious legis-

lation inaugurated by the Hungarian Minister Csaki, which no Catholic can conscientiously acquiesce in. The legislation referred to touches upon the religion of children between of parents only one of whom is a Catholic.

Such are the contentions of the two parties. The facts are these :

In Hungary marriage is not under any circumstances a civil institution, the dissolution of the marriage-tie is never the outcome of civil procedure, nor is the registration of births effected by State machinery. Marriage is always a purely religious sacrament or ceremony, according to the view of the Church in which it is celebrated. Divorce can be granted only by ecclesiastical courts, and the births of children are registered only by the clergyman who administers baptism. This explains why the difficulty which arises with respect to the religion of children of mixed marriages cannot be solved so readily in Hungary as in countries in which all these functions are performed, or at least sanctioned and legalised, by the State. The solution embodied in the law actually in force is distasteful to Catholics ; for it decrees that sex shall follow sex, the male children being brought up in the religious faith of their fathers, and the females educated in the Church of which their mother is a member. Nor is this all. It further enacts that if a Catholic priest should, in the absence of the non-Catholic clergyman, baptise a child who, by the terms of the law, belongs to a Church other than the Catholic Church, and if he make an entry in the registry, as he is bound to do, he must likewise send an extract from that registry to the clergyman to whose communion the child belongs, in order that he may superintend its religious education when the proper time arrives. And this the Catholic clergy refuse to do. Their contention is that, once they baptise a child, they thereby receive it into the communion of the Catholic Church ; and that if after that they were to take any step calculated to remove the child from that communion, directly or indirectly, they would be playing the part of wolves, not of shepherds.

The State, on the other hand, maintains that this train of reasoning, to be conclusive, should admit of no exception ; that it proves nothing, because the Catholic clergy have for years been doing the very thing which they declare their consciences will not allow them to do ; and, what is more, they have been encouraged and exhorted to do so by those very ecclesiastical dignitaries who now egg them on to disobedience and political opposition. Instead of offering my own opinion on the arguments of the two disputants, I shall content myself with a brief statement of historical facts.

Mixed marriages, which were legal in Hungary in the seventeenth century, were forbidden in the eighteenth, down to the year 1791, when persons belonging to any two religious persuasions (except the Jewish) were enabled lawfully to contract a matrimonial union. As a Catholic

priest, however, would never perform the religious ceremony, unless he had previously obtained a promise in writing from both the parties that all the future children should be brought up in the Catholic Church, the law left the interests of our faith untouched. As an instance of the way it worked, I may be allowed to refer to the marriage of the famous Louis Kossuth, whose bride was a Catholic, whilst he himself was a member of the Lutheran Church. The Catholic priest refused to join the pair in wedlock, unless Kossuth would bind himself in writing to bring up all his children as Catholics; and as he declined to give any such engagement in words or in writing, the ceremony of marriage was performed elsewhere.

Now this arrangement was considered very unfair by the non-Catholic members of the community, who, for reasons into which I need not enter, never imitated the tactics of their Catholic fellow-citizens. They besought the State to interfere to the extent of equalising the chances which the various religious persuasions possessed of losing or gaining by mixed marriages. Canon Lonovitch, afterwards Bishop of Csanad, was sent by Prince Metternich to Rome to negotiate with the Pope for the purpose of hitting upon some workable plan which, while it would give satisfaction to the large body of Lutherans, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Orthodox Greeks, would not prove unacceptable to Catholics. The result of these interesting negotiations (an exhaustive account of which is to be found in the unpublished papers of Mgr. Lonovitch, now in Budapest) was the Pope's acquiescence in the principle that sex should follow sex. This agreement was embodied shortly afterwards in a law (passed in 1844) on the one hand, and a Papal brief accompanied by instructions to the clergy (1848) on the other. The brief declares that mixed marriages, though illegal, are perfectly valid and binding. The instruction signed by the Cardinal Secretary Lambruschini directed all Catholic priests to celebrate mixed marriages without insisting upon any preliminary promises.

In 1868, shortly after Hungary had regained her independence, a so-called inter-confessional law received the sanction of the king, confirming the principles laid down in 1844—that a marriage celebrated by the clergyman of either party is legal and valid, that the religion of the children of mixed marriages shall be determined by the maxim that sex follows sex, and that petitions for divorce shall be tried by the ecclesiastical courts of the respective parties, while a Catholic who changes his religion after marriage shall be considered a member of his adopted Church, for the purposes of a divorce.*

This law provided for another difficulty, which always cropping

* In Austria this principle is not recognised. A Catholic in that country may change his religion after marriage; but for divorce purposes he is, and always will be, a Catholic; and therefore can never marry again, as long as his wife is living; and the same principle applies to a Catholic lady.

up in the kingdom. Calvinist, Lutheran, and Unitarian clergymen are not to be found in every village and hamlet, whereas a Catholic priest is always within easy call; and as the uncertainty of child-life renders the administration of baptism a matter of urgency, the priest of either Church baptised the child, entered its birth in the registry, and sent an extract of the registry to the clergyman of the Church to which by law it was held to belong. This duty was imposed upon all clergymen by the law.

The brief of Pope Gregory XIV., and the instructions that accompanied it, bore fruit; the law was obeyed without murmur, and matters went on smoothly for a while. Lest any doubt should exist in the minds of the clergy as to the attitude they should adopt, Cardinal Simor, then Primate of Hungary, addressed a pastoral letter to all the priests of the kingdom, enjoining them to discharge loyally the new and distasteful duties imposed upon them by the legislature. Nor were any complaints uttered by Catholics until 1874, and then only by individual members of the inferior clergy, who began to kick against the pricks. But they received no encouragement from their superiors.

As non-Catholics, however, began to complain that the priests were systematically eluding the law, the Hungarian Penal Code, in the year 1879, decreed a fine against all clergymen who should be convicted of infringing it. At the same time the legal procedure by which judgment might be obtained against the delinquent was left undetermined, although the right of fixing it was invested in the Ministry of Public Instruction. In 1890, therefore, Count Csaki, seeing that the terms of the law were not being enforced, exercised this right, and by an order in Council decreed that complaints should be carried before the Szolgo-Ciro, a sort of *sous-préfet*, who was empowered to inflict the fine, send the extract of the register to the competent clergyman, and invalidate the illegal entry complained of.

This order in Council has been protested against by Catholics; and the clergy, taking their instructions—as the Government asserts—from Rome, not content with opposing the order itself, now declare that they can no longer obey the law, to which it merely gives a sanction. The Hungarian prelates at first stood by the Government, while many of the lower clergy joined the opposition: but since the Vatican has condemned the aims of the Triple Alliance, the bishops and the new Primate have joined the camp of the enemy. And so to the conflict ~~rages~~ which drains the moral and material forces of Hungary a of religious war has now been added, which, as the actual Primate, Mgr. Vaszary declares, may bring about the ruin of the kingdom.

What the Government complains of more bitterly than anything else is that the prelates should have first acquiesced in the terms of the order in Council, and then turned against it soon after it was

issued. For there is no doubt that Count Csaki consulted the Primate of Hungary before publishing the obnoxious order in Council; and it is equally certain that the same prelate wrote a pastoral to his clergy—which, as he died soon afterwards, was never issued—exhorting them to accept and obey that order.

It would ill become me to suggest any way out of a difficulty which is fraught with danger to Catholic interests in Hungary no less than to the State. What I do venture to point out, with all due respect, is, that as the matter is certain to be satisfactorily settled in the long run (it may be one, ten, or fifty years), no truly desirable object can be furthered by not coming to an agreement at once. On the contrary, crying evils would be removed by the settlement. For the bonds of discipline in the Church itself have been loosened to a lamentable extent by these deplorable dissensions. What, for instance, could be more painful to a true Catholic than the spectacle of a parish priest who, when remonstrated with by his bishop for unbecoming impetuosity at the hustings, replied in the most offensive tone, publicly accusing his venerable superior of lukewarmness, avarice, and simony, and threatening to make good these charges before a court of law should the bishop not hold his peace. And the prelate wisely gave the disrespectful priest a practical lesson in humility and charity, and said not a word in reply. Nor was Father Hegy, of Csongrad, punished for his insubordination. Truly these things ought to cease.

The question of filling the episcopal Sees now vacant in Hungary is another source of discord, and I fear I must add, of great scandal. Thus the Archbishopric of Agram has been vacant for two years, and it may possibly remain so for twice that length of time, for the Vatican refuses the candidate of the Government, and the Ministry with equal obstinacy declines to nominate the favourite of the Holy See. And so great is the want of tact with which the negotiations concerning these delicate matters are carried on that the good and bad qualities of the rival candidates are canvassed and dissected, and they themselves criticised and calumniated, in every beer-house in the kingdom.

But even if all these differences were satisfactorily disposed of, there would still remain one point upon which no Hungarian Government can possibly accept the contention of the Holy See, and this brings us back once more to the heart of the question we have been discussing. Owing to ethnographical conditions which cannot be reasoned away, Hungary can never recognise the Pope's right to control the politics of his Catholic subjects. There are millions of Hungarian citizens who speak Slavonian or Roumanian, and belong to the Orthodox Greek Church, some among whom are separatists in politics and therefore disaffected to the Government of their fatherland. "Now if we admit the principle," reasons the Government, "that Catholics may take their politics from the head of their

Church, who is an Italian, with what countenance could we make it treason for the millions of our Orthodox subjects, to whom we stand in exactly the same relation, to take their politics from the head of their Church, who happens to be the Russian Tsar? *Facilis descensus Averni.*" And this unseasonable enforcement of the Pope's right to direct the politics of his spiritual children is the direct outcome of his present policy.

These, then, are some of the reasons why we view with intellectual distrust the well-meant efforts of the Pope to recover his lost inheritance, and why we wince and groan on beholding those appearances which lend colour to the accusations of his enemies who represent him as a mere diplomatist who courts the strong, despises the weak, makes tools of the complaisant and abandons the unlucky. Nor is it of appearances only that we complain. We dare not trust ourselves to judge his policy by its visible and tangible fruits. We tremble even to contemplate them---Catholic parliamentary parties, encouraged, nay compelled, to eliminate honest conviction from the legitimate motives of their public action, and substitute therefor unreasoning obedience to a temporal Sovereign who is seeking to recover his dominions; a Catholic nation delivered up to the blind fury of religious war, in which the people raise their hands against their rulers, and the lower clergy hurl scurrilous invectives and shameful abuse at their bishops; the voice of the shepherd, which should have thundered forth in defence of the devoted band of Catholics who are persecuted for their faith or driven into the Schismatic Church, fallen silent, lest it should grate upon the ears of a potentate who is the main foe of the Triple Alliance; and, worst of all, a godless Government, whose every act breathes diabolical hatred against our holy religion, ostentatiously petted and caressed, its only enemies forcibly changed into friends, and the holiest instincts fostered by Catholicism systematically pressed into its service that it may continue to flourish and insult our religion; in a word, all Christendom convulsed and threatened with dissensions and wars for the sake of the few square miles of territory once known as the Papal States.

If the Pope's temporal dominions were an island, and we could purchase it for him by going into exile or slavery, by giving up our property or our lives, how eagerly would we not seize the opportunity, and rescue our Church and our people from the dangers that threaten and the calamities that have overtaken them! But the Papal States, alas! are not an island surrounded by water, nor is our pious desire a practical aim. Is it not excusable, therefore, if on counting up the cost, we ask ourselves whether we are justified in making such enormous sacrifices in the pursuit of what may prove in the end to be a mirage in the sandy desert if not a will-o'-the-wisp hovering over a Serbonian bog?

THE RECENT "HEAT-WAVE."

DURING the course of the summer which has just slipped away, the papers have frequently described in sufficiently striking paragraphs the abnormally high temperature which has been experienced in many parts of the globe. The first tidings of this nature reached us from America. Thus we read that on the 29th of July last the thermometer in the streets of New York had risen to as much as 101° and 102° in the shade. At the meteorological station in that city, where, no doubt, every precaution was adopted to ensure accuracy in the record, we find that a temperature of 99° was indicated. The next day—July 30—the ascent of the mercury still continued, and we hear that an observation in the Fifth Avenue showed as much as 107° in the shade. This, however, seems to have been the culmination of what had been somewhat absurdly designated "the great heat-wave." On July 31 the warmth had begun perceptibly to decline, though it was still terribly oppressive. The descriptions which have come to hand from various parts of the North American continent show that the heat was almost, if not quite, as great in many other places as it was in New York. From north and south, from east and west, we have heard of abnormally high thermometers; we have been told that in many localities the work in factories had to be discontinued, as the hands could not stand the heat. In some towns business seems to have been temporarily suspended, and the traffic in the streets ceased during the hottest part of the day. It is also reported from many places that heavy losses were experienced by the death of sheep and cattle. Nor is the great heat-wave without a tragic aspect. We read of a large number of cases of sunstroke occurring in various parts of America, many of which terminated fatally. So far as we are able to form a picture of what has actually happened, it would seem to have

been one of the most protracted and calamitous spells of heat that have ever been recorded in America. It has been remarked as a somewhat peculiar feature, that there was an almost total absence of wind at the time when the heat was greatest; and it may also be recorded that the air was at the time largely charged with humidity. Every one who has had any experience of tropical heat knows that the suffering caused by an excessively high temperature is greatly enhanced if the air be saturated with moisture. Evaporation is then almost at a standstill, and one of the means by which the temperature of the body is kept down is so far rendered inoperative. I recollect being told by an officer who was in the Ashantee Expedition many years ago, that notwithstanding the excessive heat of the coast off which their ships lay at anchor, there was practically no evaporation, owing to the air being saturated with moisture. The towels which were hung up to dry in the morning remained wet till evening, even though the tropical sun beat on them all the day long. Heat of a somewhat similar character appears to have been experienced in America at the end of last July.

It was about a fortnight or three weeks after the New World had its scorching that the Old World was visited by the great heat-wave. Up to the beginning of August there does not seem to have been anything unusual in European temperatures; thus, for instance, at Berlin, on August 1, the highest thermometric reading was 72° , and the lowest 61° . Even on the 7th of August, the greatest and least temperatures at Vienna were no more than 70° and 61° respectively, but towards the middle of the month, the ascent of the mercury in the thermometer became marked and rapid all over Europe.

By the 17th of August, a temperature had been reached at Vienna which seems to have rivalled that attained at New York nineteen days previously. We read that on the following day (18th of August), the thermometers at Vienna showed 107° in the shade; the telegrams declare that the streets are deserted, and considering what the feelings of the reporter must have been, who described it, we excuse his exaggeration that the Ringstrasse was "like a furnace."

On the 19th, Berlin is reported to be almost unbearable, and on the same day, we read that the heat is tropical at Paris, where there have been many fatal cases of sunstroke. It is further stated that 100 oxen and 300 pigs were found dead from the heat in the railway trucks as they arrived in the meat market at Villette.

On August 22, the phase described in the papers as "almost unbearable" is recorded at Vienna, and that this language is justified will be obvious from one fact which is mentioned in the same connection. It appears that a body of troops which were out for manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Vienna during this terrible weather, suffered so severely that there were 200 cases of sunstroke among them, and many

of those so attacked did not recover. / About the fourth week in August, England experienced in some small measure the effects of the great heat-wave. But only in small measure, because we happen to lie on the margin of the globe area which was the seat of the high temperature. However, it may be remarked that for two or three days, an unusually high thermometer prevailed in South-Eastern England. On August 21, 80° is recorded in the shade at Dover, and on August 23 and 24, the highest and lowest indications of the thermometer at London were 80° and 59° respectively. It follows that the temperatures attained in these countries fell far short of what was experienced in so many places on the Continent, nor did the unusual heat which was reached last long in Great Britain. We find that by the 24th and 25th of August, the range at London had so far declined that the highest and lowest points were 75° and 62° respectively. It was not till some days later that the decline really set in on the Continent; for on the 25th of August, there was still a temperature of 89° in the shade at Vienna. On the 26th of August, which is the last record of the great wave which we shall here set down, the thermometer shows 84° at St. Petersburg, the report accompanying it with the emphatic word "scorching."

From the various facts we have set forth it appears that towards the end of last July an extraordinarily high temperature, even for that period of the year, prevailed over a very large part of the North American continent. The so-called heat-wave then seems to have travelled eastward, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean, but, owing to the absence of information, except in such casual records as may be found by an inspection of ships' logs, we know little or nothing of the actual progress of the heated region across the Atlantic. However it may have come about, it is, at all events, certain that a fortnight after the occurrence of unusually great heat in the New World there was a similar experience in the Old World. Our knowledge of the distribution of temperatures over the whole globe is too incomplete to enable us to follow the movements of the great wave as fully as we might desire. No doubt our own Meteorological Office does most admirable work, and of course many other countries have more or less complete organisations for the study of meteorological phenomena. Yet our information as to the thermal condition of the globe still falls far short of what we would like to have. Certain materials are, however, available, and we shall endeavour to throw what light we can on the matter.

We often hear the question asked as to what was the cause of this exceptional heat? Let me hasten to say that neither in this article nor anywhere else could I attempt to answer this question in the sense in which it has usually been proposed. It is very doubtful whether it would be possible to assign a single cause for such a

phenomenon, even if we knew many things of which we are now completely ignorant. Indeed the most difficult problem of astronomy becomes simplicity itself when compared with the extraordinarily complex agents that are in operation even in the simplest meteorological phenomenon. Let me illustrate this contrast between the two sciences by an example. The movement of the moon is one of the most profound dynamical problems. It depends principally on the attraction of the earth, and in a lesser degree on the disturbance caused by the sun. The forces thus arising can be submitted to calculation, and though the work involved is extremely abstruse, and though it implies a prodigious amount of numerical labour, yet it can be completely solved for all practical purposes. The consequence is that the motions of the moon have become so well known that we can foretell not only the hour but even the minute at which eclipses will occur next year or in a hundred years to come. Contrast the certainty of this knowledge with the vagueness of our knowledge of meteorological phenomena. We can tell you precisely where the moon will be at noon next Christmas Day, or for that matter, where the moon will be at noon on Christmas Day in the year 1993. But who can tell what the temperature will be at noon next Christmas Day on London Bridge? No scientific man could venture on such a prophecy. He knows that he has no data to go by. The number of causes which are in operation is so great that the problem becomes of a highly complex nature. There is, however, a certain mathematical principle which applies in this case. It does not, indeed, enable us to predict the actual amount of any meteorological element, but it appears to demonstrate with all desirable fulness that there must be definite laws governing the changes of the different meteorological elements if only we were able to discover them.

The argument on which we are about to enter is perhaps a somewhat difficult one, but it will be worth while to face it. The method indicated seems to offer the only hope of our ever attaining such a knowledge of meteorological phenomena as will enable us to rise to the supreme position of being able to predict the facts of climate with assured accuracy, and for a long time in advance. Let us first enumerate some of the particular phenomena which are necessarily more or less connected together. The most fundamental of all the elements concerned is the pressure of the air as indicated by the barometer; then there is the temperature of the air and the degree of its saturation, the amount and character of the clouds, the rainfall, together with comparatively exceptional incidents such as hailstorms and thunderstorms. At present, no doubt, we are enabled, by the careful collection of observations all over the world, to predict in some degree the recurrence of these phenomena. Our newspapers give us each morning a forecast of the kind of weather that may be

expected. But every one knows that, though these forecasts are often useful, they yet have a very inferior degree of accuracy to the kind of prediction which we find in the "Nautical Almanac," where the occurrence of an eclipse of the moon, or of an occultation of a star, or a transit of Venus, or any similar astronomical event is foretold with definiteness and with perfect certainty of fulfilment. Yet no one can really doubt that the temperature at London Bridge next Christmas Day, or the height of the barometer at Greenwich at noon on January 1, 1900, are each of them quite as certainly decided by law as the time of high water or any other astronomical element. We know that there will be a transit of Venus in the year A.D. 2004, and that there will be no such phenomenon until then, while there will be a repetition of the occurrence in A.D. 2012. It is certain that these predictions will be fulfilled, yet why is it that we can make no assertion of a similar character with regard to the meteorological phenomena? The one is just as amenable to law as the other, but the difference is that the extreme intricacy of the causes which affect the meteorological phenomena have hitherto prevented us from discovering the laws by which they are regulated. Perhaps the differences between the state of our knowledge of the astronomical and of the meteorological phenomena will be more conveniently explained by choosing a branch of astronomical science with which we are at present only imperfectly acquainted. Let us take, for instance, the showers of shooting stars, which are wont to occur on November 12-14. Every one knows that there was a superb display from this shower in 1866, and there are good reasons to expect that there will also be a superb display in 1899. But though we can make this prediction, and feel in doing so that there is a reasonable prospect of its fulfilment, yet it stands on a very different plane from astronomical predictions of a more legitimate character. Nor is it hard to see the reason why this is so; we know in a general way the orbit of that swarm of bodies whose incursions into our atmosphere give us shooting star showers. There are, however, many circumstances in connection with the movements of these little objects, which as yet are only imperfectly disclosed to us. We have no very accurate knowledge as to the manner in which the shoal of meteors is disposed around the vast ellipse which constitutes its path, and consequently our predictions must necessarily be put forth with some feeling of insecurity. It is quite certain no doubt that the earth crosses the track of the meteors every November 12-14, and it may also be regarded as tolerably certain that when the earth is in this position in the year 1899 the shoal of little bodies will be in our vicinity. We believe that the earth will actually pass through the shoal, in which case a great meteoric display will be the result—if the weather permits! It may, however, happen that

we shall only traverse a sparsely occupied portion of the great host, in which case the shower will fall much short of others which have been recorded. An enormous volume of quite unattainable knowledge would have to be at our disposal were we to be able to predict with certainty all the circumstances of such phenomena; we should have to know exactly what meteors there were in the shoal, and the dimensions and other features of the orbit which every single meteoroid followed. If such knowledge as this were possible, then the future circumstances of the shower might be predicted with almost as much accuracy as the announcement of the next eclipse or the next opposition of Mars.

This illustration will suffice to explain the reasons why our knowledge of meteorological phenomena is at present in such an imperfect state as compared with those of astronomy. The supreme test of the completeness of any physical theory is the successful prediction of results—we are not yet able to predict great heat-waves or great storms with any assured confidence, not because such phenomena do not observe definite physical laws but because the knowledge that we would require before we could exactly specify these laws is in a great measure wanting. We are, however, not without grounds for encouragement in the belief that the time may yet come when the definite prediction of meteorological phenomena may become possible. An instructive illustration of the direction in which we may look for success is afforded by the study of the tides. Of late years the problem of tidal prediction has occupied a great deal of attention, and by the labours of Lord Kelvin, Professor G. H. Darwin, and others, the investigation has received a completeness which renders it a typical example of how the solution of a problem of this kind is to be attained.

If we are ever to realise in meteorological prediction we can only do so by following the same lines which have already been pursued with striking results in the case of the tides. Of course the tides primarily depend on the attraction of the moon, but to a secondary extent the great undulations of the ocean are affected by the influence of the sun. As the movements of both these heavenly bodies may be regarded as sufficiently known the matter of tidal prediction would be indeed a simple affair were there no other element to be taken into consideration. But the time of high water at any port as well as the actual height which the water attains are by no means regulated solely by the positions of the sun and the moon; it is the configuration of the surrounding coasts, the depths of the seas in the neighbourhood, the proximity or the remoteness of the open ocean, and other purely local circumstances which affect the result—all these have to be taken into account. The most instructive method of exhibiting the present state of tidal theory is given by Lord Kelvin's tide-predicting machine.

In this arrangement the difference between what we may call the astronomical factors and the terrestrial factors of the tides, is clearly brought out. A cord passes over a number of pulleys and the centres of each of these pulleys are made to revolve in periods which are determined by the movements of the sun and moon. When the machine is to be employed for predicting the tides in any particular port, the positions of all these pulleys must be set so to speak in conformity with certain individual circumstances connected with the particular port—thus, though the tides at Madras are totally different from the tides at London Bridge, yet the same machine may be used to calculate both. The fundamental movements of the machine are constant for all ports, but the various pulleys will in the one case have to be set in conformity with the local conditions of Madras, and in the other case they would have to be set in conformity with the local conditions of London Bridge. Two totally distinct tide-tables appropriate, however, to the two ports named could thus be generated by the revolutions of this useful machine.

It would perhaps be too much to anticipate that the time will ever come when meteorological phenomena shall admit of being worked out by a machine on the principle of the tide-predicting engine. But yet it does not seem altogether vain to strive for such a result. We can, in fact, give some reasons for indulging a hope that something of this kind may yet be accomplished. In the first place it is perfectly clear that the radiation of heat from the sun must be the chief factor in the variations of all meteorological quantities. The fluctuations of temperature with the changing seasons are among the most obvious instances of the connection between the sun and the climate, but it may be shown that the changes of every other meteorological element are also primarily dependent on the sun. Let us take for instance the pressure of the air as indicated by the height of the barometer, and show that the oscillations of the mercury must be due to the sun. Imagine for a moment that the sun were to be extinguished, one consequence of the cessation of the arrival of heat at the earth would be that winds would blow no longer. There could be hardly any movements whatever in the air except such as might arise from atmospheric tides. Perhaps also I ought to add that the internal heat of the earth as manifested by earthquakes or by occasional volcanic outbreaks might produce some local and temporary disturbance of the air. It is, however, quite certain that such influences would have very slender effects on atmospheric pressure. The argument will at all events suffice to show that the fluctuations of the barometer to which we are accustomed are almost entirely attributable in one way or another to the action of the sun. It can similarly be shown that the changes in every meteorological element will depend primarily upon the great luminary.

In some cases, of course, the rotation of the earth on its axis is also an important element, and to some minute degree the moon must be reckoned with. But when these influences have been considered, we have no further concern with the heavens; it is the topographical features of the earth which complete the determination of all meteorological quantities. I cannot here go into the discussion of a celebrated mathematical theorem which bears the name of Fourier. It seems, however, to demonstrate that any meteorological element, such as the height of the barometer or the temperature, must admit of being expressed in a somewhat similar fashion to the height of the tide. No doubt the arrangement of pulleys would have to be extremely complex, so as to enable the elements to be determined which were dependent upon so many considerations. It is, however, quite plain that if we are ever to succeed in subjecting meteorological phenomena to numerical precision it must be in some such direction as I have indicated. To put the matter a little more plainly: we have reason to believe that a system of pulleys could be so arranged, and the relative movements of them could be so adjusted, that a cord passing over those pulleys and actuating a pencil could be made to show the height of the barometer for every day in the year at a given place. A similar machine might also be conceived which should show the temperature at any stated locality for every hour in the year. I do not for a moment assert that the information at present at our disposal would enable us to construct such machines. All I am now contending for is that mathematical theory seems to declare the possible realisation of such contrivances. The fact that an engine has already been constructed for the comparatively simple case of the tides leads us to hope that the time may arrive when meteorological engines shall have been designed by which meteorological prediction shall become as determined as the prediction of high water.

This discussion will at all events enable us to make some reply to the question which has been often asked, as to what was the cause of the great heat-wave. I do not indeed think that the question admits of any offhand answer of the kind that is frequently expected by those who ask it—the only kind of answer that seems possible is of a somewhat indirect character. We may here again revert to our illustration of the tides. It sometimes happens that an unusually high tide occurs. In the port of Dublin, for instance, we have had from time to time exceptionally high water in the Liffey, which has flooded the basement stories of low-lying dwellings. The cause of such extraordinary phenomena is not to be attributed to any unusual development of the strength of the moon's tide-producing capacity; it is rather to be explained in a manner which the tide-predicting engine renders easy to understand. Besides the main lunar tide and

the main solar tide, there are several minor tides, so to speak, arising from the different combinations of the movements of the sun and moon. Each pulley in the tide-predicting engine is, in fact, allocated to each particular tide—the consequence is, that the height of the water at any moment is the net result of one or two large tides, and of a number of small ones; thus, for instance, every one knows that the spring tides, as they are called, are exceptionally high because the sun and moon conspire; while the rise and fall at the time of neap tide are comparatively small, because then the solar tides act oppositely to the lunar tides, and what is actually perceived is only the difference between the two. There are also the numerous minor tides to be considered; of course, it will not generally happen that these are all consentaneous: some of them are high and some of them are low, and others may be at intermediate phases at the time of high water, as determined by the great predominating tide. But it is easy to imagine that every now and then, under exceptional circumstances, there will happen to be a concurrence between the time of high water in the small tides and in the great ones. Then, of course, there will be the exceptional flooding that is occasionally experienced.

It is somewhat in this manner that we must seek to explain what is called the great heat-wave. The temperature at any place has of course the main annual period corresponding to the variation with the seasons, but there are many other periodic fluctuations in the temperature analogous to those minor tides to which we have already referred. Generally speaking, of course, these will not all conspire; some will be tending to elevate the temperature and others to depress it at any time. It is the net result of all that we actually perceive. Sometimes, however, it will happen that several of these, or at all events some of the more important ones, move in the same direction; then of course we have great exaltation of temperature such as that which the newspapers have called the great heat-wave.

It is, however, quite possible that certain changes in progress on the sun may act in a specific manner on our climate. I do not indeed say that there is much reason for thinking that the great heat-wave has really been connected with any intrinsic changes in our luminary, but it is just possible that something of the kind may have occurred. I would consequently like to devote the space that remains in this article to the consideration of this interesting subject.

In the discussion of such a question there is a fundamental point which must always be borne in mind. We must remember the full extent of the earth's indebtedness to sunbeams. We have spoken of a temperature of 100° during the continuance of the great heat-wave, and it is necessary to understand all that this implies. Of course, on our thermometric scale a temperature such as we have mentioned

merely means 100° above a certain arbitrary zero, but the sun has sent us more heat than those 100° express. If the sunbeams were totally intercepted, so that the earth derived no heat whatever from this source, the temperature of our globe would fall not merely to zero, but it must sink down to a point far below this, even to the temperature of space itself; what this may be is a matter of some uncertainty, but from all the evidence attainable it seems plain that we may put it at not less than 300° below zero. It therefore follows that at the time of the heat-wave, when the thermometer indicated 100° , the sun's beams actually maintained the affected region of the earth at 400° above what it would have been if the sun were absent. This will show us that the heat-wave was not after all such a very exceptional matter so far as the sun was concerned. Had the temperature been only 80° at New York we should never have heard of the sunstrokes and all the other troubles; it was the extra 20° which made all the difference—in other words, so long as the sun merely kept the earth about 380° above the temperature of space no one thought anything about it, but the moment it rose to 400° it was expected that something tremendous must have happened. This way of looking at the matter places the great heat-wave in its proper cosmical perspective; it was no such great affair after all; it merely meant a trifling addition of 5 per cent. to the temperature usual at that season—that is to say, when the temperature is measured in its proper way. This shows us that a very trifling proportional variation in the intensity of the sun's radiation might be competent to produce great climatic changes. It seems hardly possible to doubt that if, from any cause, the sun shed a small percentage of heat more than it was wont to do, quite disproportionate climatic disturbances would be the result.

It cannot be denied that local if not general changes in the sun's temperature must be the accompaniment of the violent disturbances by which our luminary is now and then agitated. It is, indeed, well known that there are occasional outbreaks of solar activity, and that these recur in a periodic manner; it is accordingly not without interest to notice that the present year has been one of these periods of activity. We are certainly not going so far as to say that any connection has been definitely established between a season of exuberant sun-spots and a season remarkable for excessive warmth, but, as we know that there is a connection between the magnetic condition of the earth and the state of solar activity, it is by no means impossible that climate and sun-spots may also stand in some relationship to each other. As to the activity of the sun during the past summer, a very striking communication has recently been made by one of the most rising American astronomers, Mr. George E. Hale, of Chicago. He has invented an ingenious apparatus for photographing on the same plate at one exposure both the bright

spots and the protuberances of the sun. Professor Hale delivered an interesting lecture at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Rochester. A report of this lecture has appeared in *Nature*, in which we are told of a remarkable application of Professor Hale's new apparatus. On the 15th of last July a photograph of the sun showed a large spot. Another photograph taken in a few minutes exhibited a bright band; twenty-seven minutes later a further exposure displayed an outburst of brilliant faculæ all over the spot. At the end of an hour the faculæ had all vanished, and the spot was restored to its original condition. It was not a mere coincidence that our magnetic observatories exhibited considerable disturbance the next day, and that brilliant auroras were noted. The whole communication was of such an interesting description that we are not surprised to hear that a vote of thanks was passed to Professor Hale amid much enthusiasm. It is quite plain that we have yet much to learn concerning the effect of the sun on things terrestrial. This new method, in which Professor Hale has extended and improved the processes of his predecessors, is full of hope for the future.

ROBERT S. BALL.

McKINLEYISM AND THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE revolt against high Protection in the United States, which has been growing in force during the last four years, will be put to the final test at the Presidential election next month. For the first time in the history of the Republic, the Protective policy will be openly and directly challenged. Tariff Reform will be the main issue in the campaign. The election of Mr. Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, would mean the reversal, to a great extent, of the present fiscal policy. This modern Protectionist policy in America, which has reached the high-water mark in McKinleyism—with undisguised and unlimited Protective tariff—is the logical outcome of the fiscal system adopted by the country since the time of the Civil War. Emerging from one of the most gigantic struggles for national unity known to history, with industry paralysed, revenues reduced, the treasury empty, and a public debt created, the people, with some shadow of an excuse, flew to Protection as a means of national regeneration. Protection, it was assumed, was necessary to induce capitalists to put money into commercial enterprises, to develop the magnificent and unrivalled natural resources of the country, to replenish an empty exchequer, and strengthen the nation's credit. The country's misery was the capitalist's opportunity. Then it was that the men who controlled the law-making power shifted the burden of taxation from the richer classes to the poorer. Then it was that the generous Government of a distracted nation disposed of the people's heritage, and granted huge slices of the public domain to railroad builders, and endowed land speculators with great stretches of territory rich in undeveloped mineral wealth. Then it was that, favoured with high Protection, the commercial Cæsars began to arise, and get their first grip on the country. For thirty years they have been tightening their grasp and extending their tentacles,

until now vast aggregations of wealth,* controlled by a few monopolists banded together by the closest ties of self-aggrandisement, trample on laws, and are a danger to free institutions.

Protection in the interests of the manufacturing and wealthy classes was maintained with redoubled vigour after the excuse for it had disappeared. It was used as a means of raising revenue, and taxation was diverted from the controllers of wealth to the producers—from the producers of goods to the consumers. And even after all revenue requirements were more than satisfied—when the former deficiencies were more than met, and there was an embarrassing surplus in the Exchequer—the high tariff was kept up to protect the monopolists and to raise prices. The old Whig party believed in a tariff for revenue with incidental Protection; its successor, the Republican party of to-day, enacts a tariff law of which Protection is the object and revenue the incident. This party has been in power since the time of the Civil War—for thirty years, with the exception of Mr. Cleveland's four years, from 1884 to 1888. Mr. Cleveland was elected partly on a Tariff Reform platform, but his reforming tendencies had not taken definite shape or become aggressive until in his last Presidential year, when he startled the country with his straightforward Message against Protection. He then raised the issue which has not yet been decided. He declared that the tyranny of the plutocracy, the "communism of capital," the outgrowth of overweening cupidity and selfishness, was undermining the free institutions of the country, and that Protection as an instrument for the oppression of the poor and the enrichment of manufacturers must cease. In the campaign which followed all the great lords in the plutocratic hierarchy, the ring makers, the Trust makers, and the Carnegies, whose path to millions had been greased with Protectionist fat, rallied to the support of their Republican friends. The combination was too powerful for Mr. Cleveland, whose cause was also weakened by a section of renegade Democrats, who more than counterbalanced his "Mugwump" support. It was largely a campaign of education, and, as in England the people were chary of Home Rule in 1886, so in America in 1888 the voters were not thoroughly educated on the vital issue before the country. In the forthcoming campaign these drawbacks will be removed. Four years of active propaganda have won over waverers, and consolidated the Tariff Reform party.

A more potent influence, however, than the advocacy of fiscal reform by the Democratic party has been the glaring object lesson in Protection unrolled before the eyes of the people as the McKinley Act came into operation and its effects were felt. "The history of the American tariff legislation," says Mr. B. R. Wise, of New South Wales, in his instructive book on "Industrial Freedom," "is one of the most disgraceful examples ever offered to the world of the methods by

which organised wealth is able to corrupt a legislative body. The framing of a tariff has been aptly described as a game of grab in which every interest tries to steal some public money, and in which one robber assists another in return for the permission to do more plundering on his own account." Protection, as I have said, reached its high-water mark in the McKinley Act, and the system of plunder took the most audacious form. The Act was planned, drafted, and applied in the interests of the rings of rich producers, who had, in every sense, "put their money on Harrison," and were to benefit by its adoption. It was a "spoils" tariff. The triumphant plutocrats were not to lose the chance of getting a firmer hold on the country. In order that it might the better serve their own sordid ends the manufacturers were allowed to draft the clauses of the Act which affected their own industry. Friction arose occasionally between the schemers—especially between the home producers and the importers—but the relative interests at variance were weighed in the Republican scales, and the tariff adjusted accordingly. That the welfare of the consumers and the mass of the poorer public generally had received no consideration from the legislators was self-evident at the time, and soon gained additional proof by the spontaneous organisation of Trusts and the rise in prices. But under the many mystifying and complicated schedules of the McKinley Act lurked not a few jobs whose existence was unknown until the Act was put into operation. Who, for instance, would have suspected that the change of the expression "knit goods" into "knit fabrics" in the wool schedule was anything but a mere verbal alteration? Its importance was seen when the Act came into force, and when it was found that "knit fabrics" came under the head of "ready-made clothing," on which the duty was much higher than on "knit goods." The three little words "felts not woven" concealed another job, for it was discovered that "felts not woven" were also to be classified as "ready-made clothing"—the significance of which was that a monopoly was created in the manufacture of felt used for pianos—the only kind to which the clause referred. These are examples of the more secret system of tariff-mongering which went on at Washington in the construction of the McKinley Act. An ingenious feature of the Act was that it increased the number of articles on the free list, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie has actually claimed it as a Free Trade measure! The number of articles on which duties were removed or reduced, outside sugar, was slight, and they were articles which were in no danger from foreign competition, or which were not produced in the country. The Act really raised the duties on an average 20 or 25 per cent. Besides increasing duties, it provided for bounties and drawbacks in certain industries, and for reciprocity arrangements, the peculiarities of which we shall examine.

The Act went into operation in October 1890, and it may be safely said that it has had a blighting effect on American trade. Amongst the arguments used in its support to captivate electors and blind their eyes to the real objects in view were: that it would raise wages, lower the prices of the necessaries of life, bring better times to the farmers, build up infant industries, and cause an unprecedented "boom" in trade to the benefit of all. It has not raised wages, nor even prevented them from falling; it has led to increased prices where it has not caused a deterioration in the quality of goods; the farmers feel the evils of Protection more acutely than ever; "infant industries" still languish on the Protectionist crutch; and trade has been depressed and unstable. Other causes may have contributed to the depression; but McKinleyism has failed in its avowed object if it did not ward off depression. It has demoralised branches of trade, and a state of uncertainty and doubt has been brought about among manufacturers and investors which checks the development of business enterprises. Instead of bringing industrial peace, it has been the direct cause of strife—of numerous strikes and lock-outs, and the fiercest labour war that ever disturbed the country. Another thing which McKinleyism was to do was to "punish the foreigner" for sending his goods to the United States. It was assumed that the Americans did not want the foreigner's goods or ought to do without them, and that it was the foreigner who paid the duty. The foreigner was greatly perturbed at first, but is now recovering from the shock and regaining his equilibrium; while those who inflicted the blow find it a boomerang, and are still staggering under its effect.

ITS EFFECT ABROAD.

Before I describe the effect of McKinleyism on American trade and wages, I shall deal with the consequences which it produced abroad. No such revolutionary fiscal law enacted by a great commercial power could have been without its effect on the trade of the world. It was an obstruction in the avenues of commerce which had to be overcome, or compensating outlets found. There is no doubt but that it was specially directed at England—America's largest customer and her greatest competitor. But our Trade and Tariffs Committee was not far wrong when it predicted that the Act, which affected only one-twentieth part of our exports, would not disturb trade very seriously or permanently. The great rush to send exports before the Act came into operation was naturally followed by reaction. The woollen industry, the cutlery trade, the button-making business, the iron and steel industries, the hardware trade, and the tinplate trade in Wales suffered from McKinleyism; but the damage was only temporary. These trades are recovering from the blow. Certain firms, which produced goods mainly

for American consumption, have had to set up establishments in America. Similarly, American firms have had to open branches here in order to maintain their foreign trade. It is claimed that the failure of Saltaire is the direct result of McKinleyism; but Saltaire produced a class of goods which had ceased to be the fashion. They are neither imported into or made in the United States, simply because the demand for them has ceased. Trade generally has been depressed for the last two or three years, and McKinleyism has intensified the depression. Trade statistics will show that, so far as England is concerned, it has done its worst, and that we are fast picking up in our trade with America, or finding new outlets elsewhere. The Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1891 shows that during that fiscal year American free imports increased by 122 million dollars, and that dutiable imports fell away 41 million dollars, which should not be disappointing for the McKinleyites. The imports from Great Britain show an increase of 10 million dollars, and were more than they had been in any year with the exception of 1880 and 1881. The exports to Great Britain, on the other hand, and contrary to Protectionist hopes, declined two millions, and were lower than they had been in any year except in 1880 and 1881. Turning to our own trade statistics for 1891, it will be found that our exports, at which the McKinley Act was especially aimed, did not suffer very materially, and in some cases not at all. There was a great falling-off in our export of raw wool, but the Americans have paid bitterly for their attempt to exclude wool. In one or two branches of the textile trade exports did not decline at all, as compared with the previous two years. The value of our export trade in textile piece goods of all kinds increased by £100,000 over 1890, and by double that amount over 1889. Jute goods did more than hold their own. Linen piece goods declined, and there was a notable diminution in our export of woollens and worsted yarns, greatly to the disadvantage of Americans. Woollen tissue exports were a million pounds less in 1891 than in 1890. Hardware and cutlery were severely hit, and there was a heavy drop in steel hoops, boiler and armour plate. Tin plates and sheets, our export trade in which was to be extinguished by a new American industry, increased by half a million over 1890, and by even more over 1889. All those trades which were backward in 1891 have shown a decided tendency to pick up lost ground during the present year. The textile exports have improved; and the export of piece goods was more during the first seven months of this year than during the corresponding months of 1890 and 1889. In woollen goods there is still a decline, except in worsted tissues. Hardware, cutlery, haberdashery, cast and wrought iron, unwrought steel, pig iron, all show hopeful signs of improvement. McKinleyism has been more mischievous in its effects in Germany, Italy, and other Protectionist

countries, and markedly in Canada. It is only a Free Trade country like England that can most successfully withstand a hostile tariff.

ITS INFLUENCE AT HOME.

The harm which McKinleyism has done to foreign countries is trifling compared with the havoc it has wrought at home. All the necessities of life are dearer to the American working man. The new duties on all agricultural products were not sufficient to materially benefit the farmers by raising the selling prices, but were sufficient to give the middlemen an opportunity to raise prices to the consumers. During the fiscal year of 1892 there was a marked diminution in the importation of farm products from Canada, which caused a rise of prices for food, especially in the northern towns. The heavy duty on tinplate made the canned goods largely used by the working classes in winter dearer. The same duty increased the price of all kitchen utensils; building materials rose in cost, and house rent, as an inevitable result, must have also risen. According to the Protectionists, however, McKinleyism produced amazing miracles. It has been a palliative or a cure for all the ills which afflict the body politic. A senatorial committee has made an investigation, and Protectionist statisticians have been at work to prove to every one's satisfaction that the McKinley Act has operated for every one's good. The task was a difficult one, but, undertaken by men whose party loyalty was unquestioned and whose positions depended on a given result, it has been successfully carried through. The farmers are now being convinced by Protectionist writers that the prices of their products have been increased, but the artisan population have it statistically demonstrated that food and the necessities of life have not risen in price, but on the contrary have fallen. The manufacturers are informed that the cost of raw materials have been unchanged to them, and that the high tariff has increased their profits. It is obvious, however, that if Protection does not increase prices and make life dearer all round, it fails in its object. McKinleyism at first failed to satisfy those whom it was intended to benefit. The artificial stimulus which the passage of the Bill gave to the import trade was followed by low prices in many classes of foreign goods. The markets were over-supplied, and the attempt of the home producers to raise prices failed. There are still a few American industries outside the clutches of the Trusts which regulate production and prices to suit themselves, and these industries are subject to the fluctuations of supply and demand. The people stood out against high prices for a time, and the accumulation of stocks inevitably led to low prices. Prices have since increased, but in many branches of trade McKinleyism has disappointed producers.

It has had an unsettling influence. Business in many branches has been depressed and unstable. McKinleyism has checked the development of industries, not simply by enhancing the cost of raw materials and production, but because of the uncertainty of the present fiscal policy, which may be reversed in a year or two. But for the enormous harvest of last year, and the failure of the harvest in Europe, depression would have been more acute, and the revolt against McKinleyism more marked.

The state of trade in the commercial capital of the country is a very good indication of the prevailing influences. The British consul at New York in his review of the trade for 1891 says :

"The trade of the port in the first half of 1891 was not satisfactory ; it was a period of depression in which mercantile and manufacturing interests suffered. Prices were low and profits correspondingly small. In the latter half there was some improvement, but the reaction was not equal to expectations under an enormous crop of grain and remunerative prices for the leading cereals. The large receipts and reports of grain in the autumn, while giving a stimulus to trade, did not materially affect the prices of merchandise. The demand from the interior of the country was confined to immediate requirements, and the benefit to arise from the increased circulation of money from sales of the year's crop had barely set in when the year closed."

The statistics of American trade from June 1891 to June 1892, the first year of complete McKinleyism, are additional evidence that Protection has failed, and are convincing arguments in proof of the advantages of Free Trade. The total imports amounted to 827 million dollars, of which over 55 per cent. were not dutiable. The average free imports for the last five years was 36 per cent. of the total. The increase in exports was caused by the greater demand in Europe for wheat and flour.

American tariffs are of such marvellous complexity that it were a hopeless task to try and analyse the manifold results of McKinleyism in anything like detail. The effect has varied in different parts of the country, owing to local circumstances and to the different interpretations put on the Act by Customs Boards. Causes may operate to conceal the depredations of Protection, or other influences may prejudice its working. In the present Presidential campaign McKinleyism is being attacked all along the line ; but for our purpose, in order to test its alleged efficacy, it is preferable to examine it on certain crucial points, which are not wrapped up by extraneous influences. I shall therefore deal with its effects : (1) in the woollen trade ; (2) the iron and steel industries ; (3) on the farmers ; (4) with the freeing of sugar *plus* the bounty system ; (5) the infant industry fallacy, as illustrated by the tinplate fostering tariff ; and (6) with the reciprocity arrangements.

MCKINLEY PRICES IN THE WOOLLEN AND CLOTHING TRADES.

One of the maddest things which the McKinley tariff-mongers did was to increase the duty on raw wool. The United States does not produce anything like the quantity of wool which the needs of the people demand. It does not produce all the different grades of wool necessary for manufacturing purposes. What is more and worse, America is declining as a wool-producing country. In the old wool-growing States production has fallen 50 per cent. within the last twenty years. Between 1870 and 1889 the country increased in population 50. per cent., but the number of sheep only by $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In these circumstances it was palpably in the interests of the people that raw wool should be admitted free. The raw material was required to develop the woollen industries and cheapen clothing. But that would not have pleased the farmers, who were being misled by Protectionist sophistries. They were told that if they were given more duty they would get more for their wool; and probably they have. They have also had to pay more for their clothing and all the woollen material which they buy, so that what Protection gave with one hand it more than took away with the other. There are over a hundred and fifty items in the wool schedules, and in the majority of cases the *ad valorem* duty is 100 per cent. or more. The duty on raw wool and hair varies from 32 to 120 per cent. There is a compound duty on woollen goods: (1) a duty per pound or per square yard, which is intended to compensate manufacturers for the higher prices of raw wool; and (2) an *ad valorem* duty, alleged by Protectionists to be necessary as compensation for the higher wages which American manufacturers pay than European manufacturers. That prices of clothing have greatly increased since the McKinley Act was enforced is an easily demonstrable fact. It is estimated that the augmentation of prices comes to thirty million pounds a year. Although less wool has been consumed, we cannot say that production has been less, for here we meet the official statistician again, who proves to us that manufacturers are in a most flourishing condition, and that the output of woollen goods is more than before the Act was passed. This is easily explained by the fact that woollen goods are made without wool. High Protection leads to frauds from top to bottom, and in no branch of industry is fraud practised with greater success than in the woollen trades. The devices for adulterating wool are many. What is known as shoddy enters greatly into the manufacture of wool. The waste of factories in Europe—woollen rags, mungo, flocks, slubbing waste, roving waste, ring waste, yarn waste, noils, and all other wastes enumerated in the McKinley tariff under the comprehensive name of *shoddy*—is sent to America to be made into

woollen fabrics. During the first year of McKinleyism 80 million pounds of shoddy were used by manufacturers. The ingenuity of the American manufacturer was equal to the occasion and the demand. He has introduced cattle hair, dog's hair, goat's hair, bark, fiber, and anything else which when manipulated will hold together, into the manufacture of woollen goods. It is reported that alleged woollen cloth sold at 2s. a yard contains 60 per cent. of shoddy, 9 per cent. of poor cotton, and 9 per cent. of woollen waste. Wool is an article of universal consumption. It enters, or ought to enter, into every household—even the poorest. The comfort and health of the people depend on it, and in no country more so than in the United States, with its great variations of climate. Mr. David A. Wells, the eminent economist, argued recently that the health of the American people was being undermined through the wholesale deterioration of woollen clothing.

THE "TARIFF FOR WAGES" THEORY.

Another example of the overweening greed and selfishness which is the fundamental basis of Protection of the American kind is to be found in the iron and steel industries. These are still apparently in the infantine stage, although pig iron has been produced in America for two centuries and a half, and need Protection. Richer than any country in mineral resources, with coal and iron easy to obtain and in close proximity, with prepared fuel in the form of natural gas drawn from the bowels of the earth, America enjoys advantages for the manufacture of iron and steel unequalled by any country in the world. But the coal-kings, and the iron-kings, who have got possession of this immense wealth and pile up fortunes in a few years, must have Protection to bring them greater gains and consolidate their monopoly. The production of steel rails is almost entirely controlled by a ring of millionaires, but still they want a high Protective tariff to enrich themselves sooner, and to grind down labour more effectually. The Protectionists claim that the McKinley Tariff did not increase the duty on iron and steel manufactures, but the reductions were only nominal, and the duty on most goods was raised. There are about five hundred protected items in the iron and steel schedules—which must be admitted to be fairly comprehensive Protection. Steel rails were left alone, the duty on which was £2 13s. 10d. per ton, but on all the finer qualities of steel—on cutlery, screws, and many other articles—it was increased. The stock argument of the iron and steel lords is that they need Protection to meet the foreigner in the home market because labour is cheaper abroad. The duty is intended to be compensation for the higher-priced labour in America. There is not so much difference in wages as is generally supposed, for it must be remembered that if American mechanics receive higher wages, they

work longer hours. Employment is also more regular in England, and is not subject, as a rule, to the caprice of monopolists. The English employer does not usually work skilled mechanics twelve hours a day, and then, if they refuse to submit to a reduction of wages and struggle to maintain their union, turn his factory into a fortress, and engage armed mercenaries to shoot his former workmen in the name of liberty, property, and "free labour." The pretension that the American employer needs a high tariff to compensate him for the higher wages he pays is one of the most audacious pieces of Protectionist quackery ever invented. The men who put forward this argument have been doing their utmost since they got the high tariff to reduce the wages of their employés. The ridiculous argument is completely exploded by an official report, issued by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, of the National Department of Labour, dealing with the comparative cost of production in America and Europe. According to this careful and painstaking investigation—the result of personal inquiry by special agents of the Labour Department—it seems that the labour cost involved in turning a ton of iron ore into steel rails in the United States is 11.59 dollars, as compared with 7.81 dollars in England. But the Protective duty is 13.14 dollars per ton. Under this handsome Protection, were the British manufacturer to pay no wages at all, nothing for freight to America, have no insurance or commissions to pay, the American producer would have a clear advantage of 8s. per ton. The duty on steel beams, which are used very largely in the construction of houses in the States—commercial blocks in the large cities being, in many instances, almost entirely built of iron—is £4 0s. 8d., which is the manufacturers' compensation for a difference in the labour cost, as compared with England, of £1 per ton. The duty on a ton of wire rods amounts to six times the difference in the labour cost between England and America. This tariff for wages theory is, therefore, too absurd to deserve serious consideration. The Protectionists have got to reconcile it with their persistent efforts to reduce wages in the iron and steel industries ever since the McKinley Act was passed. Wages have been reduced from 10 to 40 per cent. Prices, it is urged, have fallen. Probably, but in which case the Protectionists are in another dilemma, for McKinleyism was guaranteed to raise prices to producers as well as wages to the workmen. To admit that it has failed in both directions is to mete out to it the strongest possible condemnation, as fraudulent in conception and mischievous in effect. The reduction in wages at the Homestead Mills—the products of which received additional protection from the McKinley Act—and the riots and bloodshed which followed the action of the owners, did more to advance the cause of Free Trade than a year's campaigning. The liberal contributions of the iron and steel

lords to the Republican election fund will not counteract the object lesson taught at Homestead.

“CREATING AN INDUSTRY” BY McKINLEYISM.

One of the things which McKinleyism was warranted to do was to extinguish the tinplate industry in Wales, and foster the manufacture of tinplate at home. A duty almost prohibitive was imposed. Why not, the Protectionist asked, make our own tinplate instead of paying the Welsh people £6,000,000 a year for it? It did not occur to the sapient Protectionists that what America gave Wales was not money, but its equivalent in wheat, flour, petroleum, beef, pork, and goods enclosed in its own tin, and that the exchange was beneficial to both. A beginning had been made in the manufacture of tinplate in the States, but the industry was dwindling and dying. Under the fostering care of McKinleyism the sickly infant industry was expected to wax into vigorous manhood, and to produce the 678,000,000lb. of tinplate imported formerly. There was rejoicing in the camp of the McKinleyites when news came that the blow had struck home, and that thousands of Welsh workmen were driven out of employment. Their glee was premature. Wales has suffered to be sure, but the Americans have had to pay dearly for their mistaken triumph. Thousands of pounds have been sunk in trying to establish tinplate factories. The operation of the Act was delayed in order to give the infant industry a fair start, but an official report shows that up to the end of March last the whole American production of tinplate only amounted to two days' supplies. It had still to be imported, but in diminished quantities, as the trades which use it and want absolute Free Trade in tinplate have experienced more depression than the Welsh manufacturers. The outcry which was raised at the scarcity of tinplate induced the Government to admit the failure of its fostering legislation, and to allow “black sheets,” rolled, pickled, and annealed in Wales, to be imported, and when tinned in America to be reckoned as of American production. The law was also interpreted so as not to restrict the American manufacturers to the use of American tin. Under these more favourable conditions imported black sheets, tinned in America by imported labour and with imported tin, figure in the official returns as tinplate of native production. The amount of black plates imported in 1890 was only 2208lb.; in 1891 it was over 1,225,000lb., and in 1892 6,000,000lb. Meanwhile the American tinplate factories which were established languish. There has been heavy mortality among them, and an inexplicable tendency to be burned out (“fully insured”); but the most melancholy and significant feature of the whole business, and one which will interest the afflicted Welsh makers, is contained

in the following item from the report of Dun's Mercantile Agency of June 4 :

"Pittsburgh McKinley Tinplate Company Limited dissolved on vote of stockholders."

The failure of the American tinplate works is only a small part of the evils inflicted upon the country. Tinplate is used mainly by farmers and dairymen, canners of fruits and vegetables, for roofing purposes, and by the Standard Oil Company. This company, which is an absolute monopoly or Trust, and can dictate its own terms to the Government and the public, does not suffer from the high tariff on tinplate. It receives special privileges. It exports the tinplate which it imports, and receives a rebate amounting to 99 per cent. of the duty. This enables the Trust to sell cheap petroleum abroad—where it has competition—at the expense of the American people. Farmers, dairymen, and canners have suffered from dear tinplate. Canned goods, greatly used by the American working-classes in winter, have been increased in price; tin utensils for kitchen use are dearer; building materials cost more, and an opportunity is given for increasing rents. Altogether, in this attempt to create an industry at the expense of Wales the Americans have had the worst of it.

FREE SUGAR AND WHAT IT LED TO.

Placing sugar on the free list has been one of the great boasts of American Protectionists. To brag about carrying out a measure of Free Trade is not the best way to strengthen the Protectionist position. In this case they made a virtue of necessity. They granted free sugar because they could not withhold it. As the Sugar Trust organised in 1887 controlled more than half the amount of sugar used in the United States, and had succeeded in raising the price, the people demanded that this necessary of life should be placed on the free list, and the Government could not maintain the duty. The passage of this Free Trade clause led the Protectionists to appeal to every householder for gratitude to Mr. McKinley, who had thus saved them two and a half cents per pound on all imported sugar. The abolition of the duty was accompanied by a re-arrangement of the bounty system. A bounty is paid on all sugar produced from cane, beet, or sorghum grown in the United States, on condition that the planter refines his own sugar—a restriction which plays into the hands of the rich producers. If the people expected that free sugar meant cheap sugar, they have been disappointed. They had to reckon with the all-powerful Sugar Trust. This combination had succeeded in crushing out all competitors except several large refineries in Philadelphia, which turned out about 13,000 barrels daily. But since sugar was put on the free list, the Philadelphian refineries found that their

profits might be reduced, and have been absorbed by the Trust, which has now a capital of nearly twenty million pounds. More sugar is consumed per head of the population in the United States than in any other country. Before the Sugar Trust ate up all its competitors—when it did not control more than two-thirds of the supply—a profit of three-eighths of a cent per pound gave it an annual income of three million pounds. Now that it has an absolute monopoly favoured with the advantage of free raw material, when it can dictate the price of sugar in the United States and Canada to seventy millions of people, the grasping plutocrats who own it will not be satisfied with three millions a year. The expansion of this Trust shows that these monopolists and commercial autocrats can flourish under Free Trade as well as Protection. Once built up by a selfish Protectionism, a subversive Individualism will maintain them.

THE MCKINLEY “FRAUD ON THE FARMERS.”

Four years ago the Republicans were helped to power by the farmers. The farmers succumbed to their blandishments, and saw an agricultural revival in the promised Protection. That they had before been taxed for the enrichment of the manufacturing classes, they recognised to their cost; when Protection was dangled before their eyes, they guilelessly thought they could turn the tables on the manufacturers. They got their share of McKinleyism. Duties were imposed on live stock and on all farm products. A profitable trade with Canada was seriously curtailed. The one thing in which the Canadians can beat the Americans is farming, and the surplus crops of the rich North-West went to Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and other American cities near the Canadian borders. The natural trade outlets of Canada are southwards to its big neighbour, with which it must inevitably become linked commercially, if not politically. Imports from Canada were checked, and the inhabitants of northern States had to pay more for their food. But the farmer is in a worse plight than before. Protection cannot be an artificial boon to him. His prosperity depends on his exports. The price of American export wheat is not, and cannot be, influenced by Protective duties; it is priced in Mark Lane. It is the operators who “corner” grain, not the farmers who fix the price of home supplies. The value of American wool depends on the rates in the London wool market. The farmer gets his duty on raw wool, but is taxed twice as much for all the woollen goods he buys and the clothes he wears. He was granted a duty on flax—which America cannot produce with success, except for rope-making—and is taxed for all the linen he buys. He pays high Protectionist prices for his implements, for his building materials, for his household goods, for every manufactured thing which he uses. No

wonder, therefore, that farms in the Eastern States are abandoned, or that farms in the Western States are mortgaged; and that the Farmers' Alliance has entered into the political arena, and has formed a third and independent party.

SHAM RECIPROCITY.

Mr. Blaine himself saw that the farmers had nothing to gain from Protection, and joined in the exposure of "the McKinley fraud on the farmer," by declaring that "there is not a section or line in the whole McKinley Bill that will open a market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork." He succeeded in hitching his favourite reciprocity scheme on to the Bill, the effect of which scheme Mr. McKinley anticipated when he said: "We have been beaten in every instance of reciprocity we have ever had with any nation in the world." The reciprocity part of the new tariff was as great a "fraud on the farmer" as the other had been. It was sham reciprocity conceived in a spirit of antagonism to European countries. Intended to open up new markets for the farmers, it was made applicable only to countries which wanted to sell, not to buy, surplus agricultural products. It was meant for South American States only. In return for certain concessions on their side, the South American countries were granted Free Trade in hides, sugar, tea, and coffee. But it must not be supposed that the American Protectionists were relinquishing any part of the fundamental theory that imports are an evil which ought to be suppressed. A contingent condition accompanied the apparent concession to Free Trade which upsets any such hypothesis. Reciprocal agreements have been entered into with Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico, San Domingo, British Guiana, British West Indies, and Guatemala. A report issued by the Bureau of Statistics presents us with the fruits of this reciprocity up to the end of June last. The hopes of the Protectionists have not been realised; the results are the opposite of what they expected; reciprocity has proved a disappointment. Imports from Brazil increased by over 50 million dollars during fifteen months of reciprocity; exports to Brazil showed a rise of only one million. This demonstrated once more the utility of Free Trade, but it dashed the hopes of the Reciprocists. The transaction was, on the whole, a very good thing for the United States. But according to the Protectionist theories, the balance of trade is the wrong way. Cuba's exports to the United States had also the advantage of the States' exports to Cuba. The other reciprocity treaties have not been long in operation, but the course of trade indicates that, according to the Protectionist doctrine, America has again been beaten, as Mr. McKinley predicted.

Under the reciprocity clauses of the Tariff Act the President was

armed with exceptional powers, which were autocratic, if not unconstitutional. He was authorised to tax the people without their consent. A hundred and sixteen years ago the colonists threw the taxed tea which England sent them into Boston Harbour, and raised the standard of revolt which led to American independence. To-day the free and independent citizens of the Republic may be drinking tea which bears taxation imposed by a party President, who asks not their consent nor consults their well-being. The Americans keep their own George the Third at home nowadays.

The President is empowered to suspend the remissions granted under the reciprocity clause whenever, in his discretion, countries producing sugar, hides, tea and coffee impose duties "upon the agricultural or other products of the United States," which he considers "to be reciprocally unequal and unreasonable," and to retaliate upon them. No one disputes his opinion, doubts his discretion, appeals from his decision; he is dictator. In that capacity he has decreed that the American people who deal with Venezuela, Haiti, and Colombia shall be taxed as follows: 3 cents per pound on coffee, $\frac{7}{10}$ c. per pound on sugar testing 70° by the polariscope, and 1c. for each degree above that, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. per pound on hides. The coffee which came from these countries was 16 per cent. of the whole consumed in the United States.

PROSPECTS OF FREE TRADE.

I have now dealt with the more salient features of McKinleyism, and described their effects on American industry. Its blighting and demoralising trail might be traced in other departments of industrial life. Here and there, no doubt, industries can be pointed to which have flourished in spite of Protection; but I fear that none can be said to have been bettered because of it. There is a wonderful recuperative force in the American people, and some of the worst evils of McKinleyism have been overcome. The rich producers and monopolists have been the beneficiaries, but the country at large is indisputably worse and life for the people dearer. American Protection rests on the corrupt basis of a rapacious individualism. It is an insidious system of taxation, which discriminates in favour of the rich. Passed mainly on behalf of the rich producing classes, it is expected to add to the profits of the manufacturers without augmenting the wages of the workers. It puts labour more and more at the mercy of organised wealth. Where it has not actually led to a curtailment of wages, McKinleyism has reduced their purchasing power. One of the arguments used in support of the McKinley Bill was that it would raise prices. The country, said its advocates, was suffering from an attack of "cheapness." McKinleyism would correct this evil. It has. Manufacturers

who control privileged industries are not disposed to prove the contrary; but officials are busy at work trying to convince the masses that prices have not gone up, but that wages have. An official report does in point of fact testify that wages have increased; but it is notable that the increase has been in industries which cannot be influenced by Protection. It is the great proletariat class who suffer most severely from the game of grab which goes on at Washington.

Two years ago, at the Congressional elections, the people emphatically condemned McKinleyism. The McKinleyite House of Representatives, in which the Republicans (177) had a majority of 24, was transformed into a Free Trade assembly, with a Democratic majority of 137. If the new House had had its way it would have swept away McKinleyism. It passed a Free Trade resolution, but its Tariff Reform legislation has been intercepted by the Senate—of which the Republicans had maintained control by the creation of new States—and pigeon-holed. What the Democrats have to do in the forthcoming campaign is to bring the executive into harmony with the House of Representatives by the election of Mr. Cleveland. The revolt against McKinleyism will not be so strong as it was two years ago, but the chances are decidedly in favour of Mr. Cleveland. The forces of privilege and monopoly will make a desperate stand, and agents of corruption will try to suborn the electors, but the Democrats have an additional hope of success in the operation of the new Ballot Acts which have been passed in half of the States. A Democratic victory would not mean the instantaneous adoption of Free Trade. Tariff Reform will be gradual, even with the Democrats in power. The free admission of raw materials, and the removal of the duties which press most heavily on the poor, will bring about better social conditions; but it will require something more radical to break down the "communism of capital" and to eradicate the economic evils from which the country suffers.

ROBERT DONALD.

IRISH LITERATURE:

ITS ORIGIN, ENVIRONMENT, AND INFLUENCE.*

TWO worlds commemorate that great adventure of Columbus, who, four centuries ago, after tragic effort, sailed forth from Huelva, and at last found the fringe of a new Continent. He opened its gates to the kingdoms of Europe, but that vast region had been ages before discovered by the ships of the daring sea-kings who gave it the name of "Great Ireland"—a prophetic name.

These men we know; Brendan and Cabot, too, we know; but who shall tell of him who first, setting his prow against the western sunlight, drove into the dark mists of the unknown, and discovered Ireland? Forgotten are his name and race, forgotten his struggles, who must have been his own king, counsellor, and guard, in an adventure greater by far, in comparison, than that of the Genoese. But these things we can tell of the primeval colonists of our land. When the great migrations of mankind streamed over Europe, in many branching currents, those were not the least valorous who went first and farthest. When the Northern Ocean and the Atlantic billows set bounds to their travel, those must have been amongst the bravest of heart, the most skilled of hand, and the most aspiring of mind, who shaped, stored, equipped, and manned the boats that were launched upon these strange seas to confront all terrors. And it may be a comfort to know, in view of prevalent hypotheses, that the stock of the Anthropoids never went through evolutions in this country. Whatever may have happened elsewhere, the beings who first leaped upon our shores must have been among the foremost in the developed attributes of manhood.

These isles were to the ancients what America has been to modern

* Being the substance of a Lecture delivered at the Opening of the Irish National Literary Society—in Dublin, Sir C. G. Duffy in the chair.

Europe, and more. The apparent course of the sun seemed an invitation, and ever-flying hope showed, in the splendour of its setting, the glories of the Hesperides. When Pytheas of Massilia saw the Tentons in the region of the Elbe, he rejected the view that they had migrated, in favour of the theory that they were autochthonoi, or products of the place, for it was inconceivable that so dreary a territory could attract rational beings. It was otherwise as regards Ireland. The rumour of its fairness seems to have reached Homer : to this verdant isle of Ogygia Ulysses came, and here Calypso welcomed and wailed him.

The land must have appeared very beautiful to those first comers who had traversed the desolate wastes and shaggy forests of the continent, but its aspect was not altogether that of to-day. Green pastures there were, where the wild deer browsed, and a wonderful profusion of flowers, and mountain-moors that seemed mantled in purple and gold. But there were also the mysteries of dark forests of sombre yew, balsamic pine, and immemorial oak, where lurked the fierce wild bull, lean wolf, and other foes of life, now like them extinct. We dwell above their remains, for the Book of Nature is a palimpsest where the record of a new life is written over the dead letter of the old.

Men coming to a new home bring with them a stock of ideas, some ancestral, some acquired on the way. They obtain others from the suggestions of their surroundings after arrival. In the excitement of change, in the presence of novel phenomena and new experience, the eye is made keen, the senses are quickened, and the brain is stimulated to the utmost. The rapid climatic variations of their insular abode must have affected those accustomed to more constant continental atmospheres. The earliest remnants of our literature reveal a people who were—or as, I think, who had become in these conditions—very sensitive to the things of nature, to whom fair objects of heaven and earth gave joy, and whose exalted imagination saw mystery in new phenomena. These (common things to us) contradicted their experience, and the unknown causes were identified with unseen beings. What wonder if sudden gusts unaccountable, light twirling eddies, mists marching through ravines and gorges, should mask the invisible powers! Man was face to face with nature, vibrating with every change, affected by every influence. His weapons had a secret life within, and the shield of the champion sounded when one of the Three Waves of Erin rose roaring in foam.

The aspect of the living waters was ever present, in the surging seas, the full rivers in all the plains, the liquid voice of streams in every glen, and the silent, mystical lakes among the mountains. Sometimes the waters were troubled, and they saw therein the struggles of gigantic serpents—ancestral memories of extinct animals, or

reminiscences of experience in other regions. Sometimes the waters sank, or, suddenly rushing up, overwhelmed the abodes of men, owing, they fancied, to some pledge broken to the invisible deities. These strange phenomena, which have given cause for so many weird legends, I have correlated with those that precede or accompany earthquake-action. It has seemed to me probable that there were, of old, beyond our western coasts, islands, which, owing to the same seismic cause, have sunk beneath the ocean level. The memory of their existence, and the fact of their absence, might well give rise to those strange and beautiful traditions of the Lands of Youth, of Life, of Virtues—their mystical appearance and disappearance—which for ages inspired the imagination of the poets. When successive waves of invaders had flowed over the land, the earliest—driven into the woods, mountains, and remote isles—assumed mythical proportions in the minds of the later comers, and, in the haze of knowledge, the land and all its far islands became peopled with a population of phantoms.

That is the cloud-background of our history, the despair of arid annalists, which contains the Nibelungen treasure of our ancient literature. We do not look there for precise date, but for the lightning-flash of ideas in the darkness of the dawn. It was the Heroic Age of Ireland, when, as in Greece and Rome, all was gigantic, Titanic, or divine. On the mountain peaks of time man saw his own image in the midst of clouds, like the spectres of the Brocken, exaggerated, majestic and terrible. In such conditions the towers of Ilion rose, Hector and Achilles fought, and Olympus helped the fray. Hence the epic which has thrilled the world, and which, long ages later, broke the chains of the Turk, and made Greece a nation. That epic stands alone, nor should we desire to have ideas cast in the same mould. Such desire is the defect of stereotyped thought, which does not understand that to have something diverse and original is to possess a treasure. Our ancient literature must be judged by itself, on its intrinsic merits as the articulate expression of independent humanity. If a standard is required, let it be compared with the non-classic literatures of the western world, and it will be found to rise tall and fair above them, like an Alpine peak which has caught the morning light whilst darkness reigns below.

It is certain that intellectual cultivation existed in Ireland long before the coming of St. Patrick. We have the laws at the revision of which he assisted, and I assert that, speaking biologically, such laws could not emanate from any race whose brains had not been subject to the quickening influences of education for many generations. Granting even that Christianity came before his day, there are yet abounding proofs that our ancient literature arose in pre-Christian days, so closely do its antique characters cling to it. Unquestionably no nation ever so revered its men of learning. They

rewarded that reverence by giving immortal life to its heroes, and by winning for that people the respect of modern scholarship. I wish I could say of modern Ireland. But our people, generally, drink no more at the high head-fountains of their island-thought. This is one of the greatest losses which can befall a nation, for it loses thus its birth-right, that central core of ideas round which new ideas would develop naturally, grow and flourish, as they never can on alien soil. There is a tone of sincerity in the ancient narratives which cannot exist in imported thought, and we are apt to lose inspiring examples of manful striving, loyal comradeship, truthful lives, chivalric courtesy, and great-minded heroism. It is true that so we escape some crude conceptions and improbable wonders. But, as in the physical order, each man seems to pass through various phases of racial development, so the individual in youth has tastes similar to those manifested by the race in its youth. Every people has at first its ideals, simple, sincere, and great, mingled with myths that stimulate the imagination. Every young generation has similar wants, and will seek to satisfy them, if not here, then elsewhere, in a literature that debases the germinating ideals, dwarfs the mind, and soils the imagination.

With roots deep struck in the soil, the literature of the Irish Gael and commingled races grew vigorously from its own stock and threw out luxuriant branches and fair blooms. From the first, it exhibited characters peculiarly its own. But these were not what are considered Irish, in latter days: and here let me say that I am taken with dismay when I find some of my patriotic young friends deciding what is and what is not the Irish style in prose and the Irish note in poetry. We all know what is meant. But it is scarcely too much to say that you may search through all the Gaelic literature of the nation, and find many styles, but not this. If it ever existed, it existed outside of our classic literature, in a rustic or plebeian dialect. It must be counted, but to make it exclusive would be to impose fatal fetters on literary expression. As in other countries, there were not one but many styles, differing with the subject, the writer, and the age. At one period, we shall find works characterised by curt, clear and ringing sentences; at another the phrase moves embarrassed by its own luxuriance. Still more remote from the popular notion, and far more emphatic, are the characteristics of Irish Gaelic versification of which there were many kinds. I shall give a summary of the rules which govern the formation of one species only, the *Dan díreach*, or Direct Metre, of which, however, there are several varieties:

1. The lines must have a certain number of syllables.
2. There must be four lines in each quatrain of two couplets. The sense may be complete in the couplet, but must be complete in the quatrain.

3. Concord must be observed; *i.e.*, two words (not being prepositions or particles) in each line must begin with a vowel or with the same consonant. If these alliterated words be the last two, the concord is perfect, if not, it is an improper concord. The third and last lines must have perfect concord.

4. Correspondence must be observed. The bards grouped the consonants into five classes, according to the character of the sound. Perfect correspondence demanded that the end words in two lines should agree in possessing letters of the same class. [This may sometimes result in what we call rhyme.] If only the vowels rhyme, whilst the consonants are disregarded, then this is termed imperfect concordance.

5. Termination required the final word of each couplet to be one syllable longer than the final word in the preceding line.

6. Union is another essential. Similar to correspondence, in some respects, the same vowels need not be repeated—it suffices that they belong to the same class; the final word of one line chimes with a central word in the next.

There are other rules besides, but these are surely enough to prove that classic Irish verse was an extremely elaborate affair. It would be impossible to adapt the English language to verse so intricate. Its existence betrayed a highly refined development of the organs of speech and of hearing, which latter is what we should expect from the musical taste and skill of the race. From such rules, we can readily understand that the bardic corporation was competent to carry this refinement of technic, and to develop an intricacy of meaning to such a degree, that the outer world required an explanation. Some of the poems of Seancan Torpeist, in the seventh century, were quite as unintelligible as the most obscure of Browning's, but, unlike Browning, he was always able to translate them to a puzzled prince. Poets seemed to have a natural tendency in the direction of over-elaboration; they had been judges until they developed technicalities and an artificial law language, so that neither suitors nor audience could understand them. Then the princes interposed, adding laymen to the court. With their poetic tongue there was no interference, until it had been unduly exercised in oppressing the chiefs.

Now, if we examine the mechanism of any of these elaborate verses, we shall perceive that it contains a lesson greater than has been hitherto noticed. Open the Book of Kells and look at one of the initial letters, with its wonderful intricacy of interwoven lines, its exquisite grace of form, and marvellous delicacy of tint. The first glance shows it to be a beautiful work of art, and at once we recognise that it must have been produced by men whose minds, eyes, and hands had been cultivated to the highest degree. It is not the product of the training and refining of an individual or of

a generation, but of a series of successive individuals in many generations. Than some of these initial letters nothing of the kind seems to have ever been made so beautiful before, nor anything since. Thus human skill in particular departments may ascend progressively till it reach its zenith and then gradually decline. Mankind acquires, but loses also; its advance in one direction may mean retreat in another. And as works such as these are indices to the development of refinement, and to the co-operation of certain qualities and senses in man, these also must have their time of rise and fall.

Now the form-and-colour picture presented by one of these fine initials is, in another department, the sound-picture presented by Gaelic verse. A little examination shows that, besides possessing the sounds we recognise, and those which other European nations have noticed, the ancient Irish composers noted, identified and employed other and more subtle shades of sound. Consider this question for a moment, for it has a physiological as well as a literary interest. We all know what the term rhyme now means in English: the sound-echo of vowels and consonants in two or more terminal words.* It has many charms, but tends to become monotonous in long poems; hence authors sometimes abandon it completely for blank verse, or, using it, endeavour to evade the danger of monotony by alternating the rhyme, carrying over the sense, or varying the length of line. Now this comes of narrowing the conditions. There is no cause, save custom and imperfect audition, why only the last vowel and consonant should be echoed. The ear recognises the echo of the initial letter, or of initial consonant and vowel, in concord or alliteration. Readers of Spanish dramas and of Irish street ballads notice also the chime of the accented vowel, the vowel-rhyme, or *assonance*, although the consonants differ. But the ancient Irish, in addition to these, had also other varieties, such as the correspondence between letters of the same class. This avoided the monotony produced by a reiteration of exactly the same letter, whilst it repeated the sound with a harmonious variation, and maintained a delicate airy phantom chime which must have been delightful to the educated ear.

In connection with this question of sound-echo I have a proposition to put forward which may well seem startling. Of all the literary possessions of the human race, the wide world over, nothing now seems to us so constant, so universal, so eternal as rhyme. Now the fact is that rhyme was quite unknown to all the dialects of Europe, with one exception, for some centuries after the Christian era. The Greeks and the Romans wrote much poetry, but never rhymed it.†

* But not now of entire words, as in the *rime riche* of the French, where *livre* (book) rhymes with *livre* (pound). English "perfect" rhyme is an incomplete word-echo, which secures some variety.

† Sporadic exceptions of course are found in Ovid's occasional leonine lines. It is suggestive that he lived long and died amidst Scythians, from whom the Irish Gael deduce their descent.

Their metrical system was elaborate, satisfactory, and pleasing, but it did not recognise the concordant chime of syllables. Again, there is no recognition of rhyme, as the term is now understood, in any of the Gothic dialects previous to the ninth century.

Now, what are we to infer from all this? Here [I state my proposition, which is, that the human ear had not then acquired the power of distinguishing and taking pleasure in these sound-echoes or repetitions which we call rhymes. That these would have been adopted, could they have been discriminated, must be inferred from their quick-extending popularity when introduced, and their subsequent universal prevalence.

Some years ago, a German professor introduced, and Mr. Gladstone, with the characteristic vigour of his many-sided mind, supported, the theory that primitive man was partially colour-blind, that he could not discriminate well between differing hues. Many passages from the classic authors were adduced in support of this hypothesis, and the argument is based largely on the paucity or descriptive incompleteness of the colour-epithets. But, I venture to think that both these eminent authors would have considered their case strengthened beyond cavil had there been an entire absence of colour-epithets. That is my case: there is an entire absence of rhyme from the classic compositions and from the Gothic dialects, in the early ages, and therefore we must infer that the producers were deaf to the nice distinctions of chiming sounds. In other words, they were rhyme-deaf.

Whence, then, came this new faculty with which mankind has been endowed? There can be no doubt that all the European races, spread as they now are over the world, are indebted for this great gift, which has quickened, delighted, elevated and ennobled them for ages, to the Celts, and demonstrably to the ancient Irish. That seems a great claim to make—so great that when an Irishman makes it, one might suppose exaggeration; but foreign scholarship confesses it in part, and the facts render its acceptance imperative. In our most ancient poems, such as that assigned to Lugad, son of Ith (B.C.), where the language is archaic, full end-rhymes (of consonants and of vowels) are found amongst other examples of perfect correspondence.*

Granting that the ancient Irish possessed the gift of discerning and composing rhymes before other European nations, as well as a highly developed metric machinery, another question may arise. It might be alleged that, confined apart in an island remote from the Continent, Irish methods could in no way affect the literature of the central and southern peoples, whilst as regards the northern, it might be urged that the Irish had no points of contact with them except where sword met sword. And for this contention, which, I shall prove erroneous, support may indeed be found in some of our

* *E.g.*, in its end-words: *tracht, cacht, fuacht, ruacht*.

chroniclers and others who seem to imagine that fighting, not thinking, is the glory of nations, and so exaggerate the first and show a practical contempt for the last.

Before entering on that topic, let me add another observation. The earlier development of auditory power in the ancient Irish, their keen discrimination of subtle sound-agreements and differences, did not stand alone. It must have been correlated with a corresponding evolution of the faculty of articulation, and, as this process went on, language as well as literature was consequently influenced. Other senses evidently shared in the development. In those initial letters, already mentioned, there is overflowing evidence of acute visual perception of colour, whilst appreciation of grace of outline and form is proved also from the writing of our oldest manuscripts, the finely wrought implements of metal, and the admirable shape of some of the flint arrow-heads, fashioned before metal was supposedly known. Mankind may lose what it has acquired (though not necessarily the inner aptitude), and with the ancient language is passing away some of the articulation gains, as with our ancient civilisation have disappeared some of the educated powers of eye, and ear, and hand.

It occurs to me that from the mechanism of a people's literature, the composition of its metric especially, we can deduce conclusions as to the qualities and capacities in social and governmental matters. Building up verse may be correlated with the building up of a State, for it is an index of constructive power. The rhythmical tramp of the hexameter of Hellas and Rome, and the sustained strength of their great epics, re-appear in the disciplined tread of phalanx and legion, and the long-continued control of their rule. In the ancient Irish metric there was less of the rhythmic tread, and probably, as a consequence, much less sustained power exhibited, whilst there is a great capacity for detail, a special aptitude for fine arrangements and nice distinctions. Our ancient laws and history reveal the existence of great capacity for complex social mechanism with a minor grasp of dominating and sustained control. The character of our metric might have changed had the race developed a strong central authority. In support of this speculation, I think it may be said that in France and England the classic form, borrowed from Rome, ruled with autocracy and disappeared with the theory of the right divine. The Revolution revolutionised poetry as well as politics.

It was a splendid idea of the bards to conjure back Oisín from the land of Youth, and present him and St. Patrick—types of Paganism and Christianity—in dramatic debate. The great passionate character of Oisín, his vivid love of battle and the chase, his generous spirit, his pathetic regret for lost kin and comrades, with his fiery flashes of revolt, constitute a creation in literature. No wonder that, even though amplified and altered in the garb of another language, the great conception left its impress on a later age. But I cite it here

for a special reason, because it may also be taken as typifying the meeting and interaction of ancient Irish and Roman literatures. Christianity gave the Irish that cohesive organisation which their political system lacked, and the great schools took new vigour and vitality. Their rapid and wide-extended reputation shows that this must have been a pre-cultured people who could thus throw themselves so alertly into new study and so quickly conquer fame. The island became the University of Europe, whither students came from many foreign lands, and where they were warmly welcomed, supplied with food and books, and all gratuitously. But never in any land had learning such an explosive power upon a people as upon the Irish. Elsewhere it merely gave limited impulses. Here, no sooner had scholars trained themselves in academic studies than all the old adventurous spirit of the nation revived, and, ignoring minor ambitions, they swarmed off, like bees from a full hive, carrying with them the honey of knowledge and the ability to create other centres that should be celebrated for all times.

They are known to have been the first settlers in Iceland. They penetrated to Athens, and helped potently to revive or establish the study of Greek in Europe. Some lines of their influences only may be noticed here, but these are remarkable. St. Sedulius (Siadal), A.D. 450, introduced from the Irish the terminal sound-echo or rhyme into Latin verse. This innovation was made in hymns, and as some of these, on account of their beauty and style, were adopted and chanted in the Church (as some till this day are sung), their influence in educating the ear and popularising rhyme over Christendom was incalculable. Take this example of interwoven echoes :

"A solis **o**rtus **c**ardine, adusque terræ limit**e**m,
Christum **c**anamus princip**e**m, natum Maria **v**irgine."*

Sedulius also produced a work of sustained power in hexameter verse, consisting of five books of nearly 1800 lines, entitled *Carmen Paschale*, or *The Paschal Song*. It was, probably, the first great Christian Epic, and opened the way for those which came after.

Now, in this great poem, characterised by so much originality and dramatic power, Sedulius impresses certain marked Irish peculiarities upon the classic hexameter. Thus, in the following passage, we find not only examples of "concord" in the alliterated letters, but also of "correspondence" in the terminal rhymes :

"Neve quis ignoret, speciem **c**rucis esse **c**olendam,
Quæ Dominum **p**ortavit ovans, ratione, **p**otenti
Quattuor inde plagas **q**uadrati colligit orbis.
Splendidus **a**nctoris de vertice fulget **E**ous,
Occiduo **s**acræ lambuntur **s**idere plantæ
Arcton dextra tenet, medium læva **e**rigit **a**xem."

The influence of this remarkable epic, read as it was in all the Irish

* These rhymes are more subtly complete than may be supposed, for the chiming syllables are enriched by this, that the preceding consonants **d** and **g** (as "soft"), and **t** and **p** (as "hard"), give class-chimes. Besides this, we have alliteration of two vowels in the first line, and of two consonants in the second.

schools on the Continent and in Britain, must have been immense. The systematic adoption by its author of rhyme, assonant and consonant, and of alliteration, must have moulded the forms of subsequent literary production in all the nascent languages of Europe, north and south, as it taught them the art of alliteration, of assonant, and of consonant rhymes.

The influence of St. Brendan was more indirect. If the tale of his voyage to the West, and his arrival in a land of fair birds and great rivers be true, he discovered America a thousand years before Columbus. In any case, this voyage to the Land of the Blessed stimulated the imagination of generations. It has been termed a prelude to the "*Divina Commedia*," and, taken with other mystical visions, which, starting from Ireland, circulated over the Continent, it doubtless helped to direct the great genius of Dante. In a similar manner an Irish visionary tale of St. Patrick's Purgatory, transferred into the Continental languages, gave origin to one of Calderon's Spanish dramas. This voyage of Brendan was influential in another direction. Possibly Columbus heard of it, certainly Hrafn of Limerick, the Norse voyager, must have known of it, and others of his nation, such as Leif and his friends. But there is coercive proof. As you sail into Bristol, you must pass under a high hill which is known to this day as St. Brendan's Hill.* There was a little chapel to St. Brendan on its summit, because of the reverence which all seamen, whether Norse, Saxon, or Celt, professed for the sailor-saint. Now, in 1480 two British merchants equipped two ships to sail to the Isle of Brasylle in the west of Ireland, but after nine weeks' vain voyaging they put into an Irish port. The Bristol men (who were largely of Norse blood) were not discouraged. In 1498, the Spaniard De Ayala informed his sovereign that for seven years they had every year sent out two, three, or four light ships in search of the Island of Brazil (*i.e.*, the Irish "*Hy-Breasail*") and the Seven Cities. The adventure was under the direction of Cabot, the Genoese, who discovered the northern shore of America a year before Columbus reached its more inviting isles. This is a remarkable result of the power of the imaginative literature of the ancient Irish.

Whilst some of the early Christians deprecated the study of the pagan classics, the Irish held large and more liberal views. This was peculiarly true of St. Columbanus. Authoritative, inflexible, a daring missionary, his royal mind embraced the wide domain of letters. His eloquence is confessed. His monastic maxims are described as fit for a brotherhood of philosophers, whilst his wit is shown in his lighter poems, his culture in the adoption of old Greek metre, and his Irish training in the terminal rhymes in the alliteration of many of his verses. The following show both final rhymes and concordant initials :

* Hunt : "*History of Bristol, 1884.*"

"Dilixerunt tenebras tetras magis quam lucem,
 Imitari contemnunt vitæ Dominum ducem :
 Velut in somnis regnent una hora latantur,
 Sed æterna tormenta adhuc illius parantur.*

His national characteristics were impressed on the great School of Bobbio, which he created, in which he died, and whence his influence long radiated over Italy and the North.

Entering the old Cathedral of Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, you will be shown the great marble chair in which, cold as the marble, Charlemagne sat enthroned, sceptre in hand, robed in imperial purple, and with diadem on brow, dead. So he sate when, a century and a half later, Otho and his riotous courtiers broke open the vault and stood sobered and appalled before the majesty of death. On that same chair he sate, in similar apparel, but with the light of life in his eyes, the new Augustus of a new Empire, when two Irish wanderers were brought before him. In the streets of the city in which he hoped to revive the glory of Athens and the greatness of Rome, they had been heard to cry out: "Whoso wants wisdom, let him come to us and receive it, for we have it for sale." Their terms were not onerous—food and raiment. Their claims stood the test. One, Albinus, was sped to Pavia in Italy; the other, Clement, had the high honour of superseding the learned Anglo-Saxon Alcuin in the Palatine school of the Imperial city. Here, he taught the *trivium* and *quadrivium*—grammar, rhetoric, dialectic; and arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy—the seven arts. In his school sate Charlemagne under the school-name of David, the members of his family each under an academic name, and with these the members of the cortège, the Palatins or Paladins, destined to power and feats of fame. The teaching of the Irish professors here must have had considerable influence on the literature (*e.g.*, the *Chansons de Geste*) which afterwards took its heroes from their scholars. Their authority was enhanced by the fact that Charlemagne himself worked with his Irish professors at a revision of the Gospels on the Greek and on the Syriac text.†

In the crash and chaos which followed soon after his death, when feudal vassals, strong as their nominal suzerain, lived an isolated warlike life and forgot letters, in the confusion caused by the shifting about of nations from the east and north—partly a rebound from imperial coercion—certain Irish names shine with especial splendour. The first is that of Johannes Scotus Erigena. Of unquestioned learning, versed in Greek, he was the founder of Scholastic Philosophy. This affects us still, for in Scholasticism, as in a forge, the intellect of the Middle Ages was fired, tempered, and made supple, keen, and trenchant. Hence, with all its powers awakened and under alert control, it was made fit for the production of the new sciences of

* In the third line, the letters *v* and *r* are in (imperfect) concord. They belong to the same class of "light" consonants, from which it might be inferred that the ancient Irish did not roll the letter *r*.

† Thegan; Pithou; Opp. cvii.

modern times. Nor should it be forgotten that Fearghal the geometer had but recently died, whose daring scientific speculations as to the Antipodes had shocked the stiff-minded Saxon Boniface. Dicuil brought exact science to bear on a cognate subject, in his work on the measurement of the earth—a work which has been republished in several foreign countries, but never in his native land. The multitudes of students who flocked to Paris to hear Erigena, contented with couches of straw in the Rue de la Fouarre and old halls of the University, were not the last who invaded it to hear an eloquent Irishman. Four hundred years later, in the very beginning of the fourteenth century, another, and perhaps a still more illustrious representative of Irish thought, in the person of Duns Scotus the Subtle Doctor, throned it over the minds of men. So great was his renown that when in 1308 he came to Cologne the city accorded him a triumphal entry, more splendid than a king's.

Far, in every sense, from such ovations is that desolate island off the Scotch coast, where, in the sixth century, “a grey eye turned ever in vain” towards that Ireland “where the songs of the birds are so sweet, where the clerks sing like birds, where the young are so gentle, the old so wise, and the maidens so fair to wed.” The exile charges his parting pupil to bear his blessing, part to Albin, part to Ireland—“seven times may she be blessed . . . My heart is broken in my breast. If death comes to me suddenly, it will be because of the great love I bear the Gael.”

Columba is the first Irish poet of exile—of which our nation has such sad experience since. His poetry, like his life, is instinct with the deepest affection for his native land, whilst his work has been the most fruitful in influence over the intellectual development of Scotland and England. From the island of Iona, chiefly, went forth that persuasive power which carried education over Britain. The majority of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, all the North of England, where English learning and literature took its rise, were bathed in an Irish intellectual atmosphere. Caedmon began his song in this environment, and when later, in the eighth century, English Aldhelm first wrote rhymed Latin verse, it was because he had been a pupil of the Irishman Mailduff, the first Abbot of Malmesbury.*

To speak of literary relations between the Irish and the Norse may provoke some derision. Were not these the fierce sea-kings the “*Danes*,” whose delight was in war, and whose avocation in peace was the plunder of shrines? They were, however, paradoxical enough to build Christ Church, and to richly endow it. And it is also a curious fact that, previous to three great invasions of other countries, for which they are severely blamed, they had been appealingly besought for help by their supposed victims. Earl Hacon went

* Malmesbury is a modification of Mailduff's burg.

to oppose the aggressions of the Emperor Otho: King Harold Hardrada to avenge wrongs inflicted by English Harold, and Iarl Sigurd of the Orkneys (whose mother was an Irishwoman) could not resist the appeal of Irish beauty in distress—in the person of Queen Brian Borumha, who was mother of the Norse king of Dublin.

There were, in fact, many and important matrimonial alliances between the Irish and Norse princes, who often joined forces against foes. This happened at Clontarf, where the Irish of Leinster had the alliance of the Dublin and Orkney Norse, whilst Brian brought up the Danes of Limerick. This battle, let me remark, is described in the literature of both countries, and in both descriptions there are omens and spiritual beings such as signalise the epic of Homer. So great was Norse influence over Ireland that three of our provinces retain the Northern name-endings, and many a headland and bay has a Norse appellation. They delighted in the loveliness of the land. Linnæus, in latter days, fell on his knees before the splendour of a furze-bush in blossom, and we can readily imagine how tears came into the eyes of the Arctic rovers when they beheld the fresh green of Avoca or were dazzled by the crimson and gold of Benn Eclair, which they called Howth. Irish music charmed them, and even now some of our old airs awake echoes along the Norland fiords.

The latest and most distinguished authorities * declare that Irish literature has largely influenced that of the Scandinavians. Their Heroic Age was much later than ours, from the end of the ninth to the eleventh centuries, when the ambition of Harold Haarfagre to imitate the imperial methods of Charlemagne had driven the independent princes to far isles or foreign voyages. They were in close and continuous contact in peace and war with the Irish, "whose ancient civilisation was superior and therefore stronger." As you sail into Rejkiavik, the capital of Iceland, you pass the Westman Isles, so-called because of the Irish who had visited and dwelt there. Now Iceland—that strange attractive island, where cold white snow covers the hot volcanic heart—is the old home of the Sagas. It had been first peopled by some Irish monks. Another settlement took place when Queen Aud—widow of White Olaf, the Norse King of Dublin—went thither on the death of her son. Norsemen and Irishmen, her kinsfolk and dependents, accompanied her. Mr. Vigfusson, himself an Iclander, writes with a generous fairness, characteristic of the race, as follows:

"The bulk of the settlers were men who, at least for one generation, had dwelt among a Keltic population and undergone an influence which an old and strongly marked civilisation invariably exercises among those brought under it—an attraction which in this particular case was of so potent a kind that centuries later it meta-

* Messrs. Vigfusson and York Powell in "*Corpus Poeticum Boreale*," &c.

morphosed the Norman knights of the foremost European kingdom with startling rapidity into Irish chieftains." "Moreover," he adds, "we find among the emigrants of all ranks men and women of pure Irish and Scottish blood, as also as many sprung from mixed marriages, and traces of this crossing survive in the Irish names borne by some of the foremost characters of the Heroic Age of Iceland, especially the poets, of whom it is also recorded that they were dark men." He considers that this close intercourse with the Celts had to do with heightening and colouring the strong but somewhat prosaic Teuton imagination into that finer and more artistic spirit manifested in the Icelandic Saga. The classic land of the Saga was in West Iceland, and there also the proportion of Irish blood was greatest. On the Norsemen who still remain there the Irish influence was yet more effective and powerful. Mr. Vigfusson makes an observation, which is a touching and keen reproach to those on whom it devolves to publish the manuscript materials of ancient Irish literature. He writes: "Only when it is possible to judge fairly of the remains of the Keltic literature of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, can any definite conception of the influence it exerted on Icelandic, Norse, and English literature be properly estimated."*

With the great Sagas, the fame of which has spread abroad as their strong dramatic character deserves, Northern literature possesses the no less celebrated Eddas. These Eddic poems "discover an ideal of beauty," writes Mr. York Powell, "an aerial unearthly fairy world, and a love of nature which we do not find in the Saga." They also reveal that those who composed them were familiar with more southern scenes and manners; and the poems are shown to be the mental offspring of the men "who won Waterford and Limerick and kinged it in York and East England." "It is well to remark," he adds, "that among the first poets we have any knowledge of, the majority are of mixed blood with an Irish ancestress not far back in the family tree Their physical characteristics, dark hair and black eyes, like Sighvat and Kormack, their reckless passion and wonderful fluency are also non-Teutonic and speak of their alien descent." In Bragi's Eddic poem there is a very manifest introduction of a characteristic Irish rhyme-method.

Thus we have it on unquestionable authority that the noble Norse literature, which occupies a position of the greatest importance, dominating as it does the Teutonic world, was itself the offspring, in a certain sense, of our ancient Irish literature. Irish literary training and talent presided over and took part in its composition, gave dramatic vividness to its narrative, grace, method, and myths to its poetry.

* Vigfusson: *Prolegomena to Sturlunga Saga*.

With this knowledge in mind you will look with better insight into the story of the Norsemen in Ireland, and see them, no longer as a cloud of barbarians, but as brave adventurous knights whose voyages fringed our seas with a murmur of song, and whose cities, in quiet times, were the favourite resort of Irishmen skilled in letters and all the arts of peace and war. "Why should we think of faring home?" sang King Magnus. "My heart is in Dublin. I shall not return in autumn to the ladies of Nidaros. Youth makes me love the Irish girl better than myself."

Considering how often and how constantly the prejudice of the ignorant prevents a good understanding between neighbours, whether these be individuals or nations, I have sometimes thought of writing a book to be entitled: "The Good Deeds of our Enemies." Too often do we find writers stopping at nothing to cover the foe with obloquy. By this they put out their own eyes and blind our moral sight. Proceeding on a different principle, I should show enemies, not in their assaults but in their concessions, and the picture would give a truer idea of mankind, for it is surprising how many kind offices were mutually interchanged between foemen—even in this very country—who are always represented as savage, ruthless, and exterminating.

Ireland has been able to act upon the literature of the Continent and of Britain in three ways: first, directly, next by means of its pupils on the Continent, and finally by means of the Norse literature. The latter affected both Britain and Germany, so that the Irish spirit has had a double influence, be it much or little, upon both. Professor Morley, indeed, admits that "the story of our literature begins with the Gael"; and pointing out the intermixture of blood, he add: "But for early frequent and various contact with the race which in its half barbarous days invented Oisín's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterwards the Northmen's blood in France and Germany, England would not have produced a Shakespeare."

Certain it is, I think, that but for the influence of Irish literature, Shakespeare would not have produced a "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and "Macbeth." The aerial beings which characterise the first two plays are like those delightful melodies which Boëldieu in *La Dame Blanche* and Flotow in *Marthe* made popular over the Continent, and which the Irish ear, suddenly attentive, recognises as Irish in spite of their foreign surroundings.

Teutonic poetry, in certain particulars, appears to have germinated from the seed which fell from the ripe Irish harvest. The alliteration found in "Beowulf," the first Anglo-Saxon epic, A.D. 750 (three centuries after Sedulius), seems a rather crude imitation. Rhyme was introduced into High German a century later, and this was achieved by

Otfried, who had acquired the gift in that great monastery of St. Gall to which the illustrious Irishman bequeathed his name, his spirit, and his scholarship, which long guided his many disciples.

The Nibelungen Lied and the Lay of Gudrun have been called the Iliad and the Odyssey of Germany. Both, however, have Norse originals. Now, with respect to the latter it is a remarkable but surely not a surprising thing, after all we know, that the opening scenes of the lay should be placed in Ireland. The fierce King of Ireland, Hagen (? Hacon), had a fair daughter Hilda, and to woo her for their King, Hettel of Denmark, came a number of daring champions, disguised as merchants. The wooing with music, which captures the Irish maiden's heart, the flight, pursuit, marriage and reconciliation, are told with animation. Gudrun, the daughter of Hettel's Irish wife, is the second heroine of the tale. In the Arthurian Romance of Tristan and Isolde (as in some others) there are Irish scenes and Irish characters. Isolde herself has bequeathed Dublin her name in Isolde's Tower and Chapel-isod. I need but remind you that the Arthurian Romances gave origin to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

The kindred peoples of France and of Spain were naturally not less influenced than the Teutonic races. The Romans did not give them rhyme; their own literature had perished; consequently they borrowed from the islands to which, in Caesar's time, the continental Druids were sent for training. Assonant rhyme, found in some Anglo-Norman poems, was common in the Romance of Oc and all related dialects. "It is clearly the Irish *Comhartha*" (correspondence), writes an English authority, Mr. Guest, "though not submitted in the Romance dialects to the nice rules which regulate its assonances in the gaelic."

Irish literature has received gifts in return: in the old Anglo-Saxon Mystery Play, found in the Record Office, in the Anglo-Norman Rhyme of Ross and Song of Dermott, and in others unfortunately still unpublished. Michael of Kildare is supposed to be our first poet in English, and he has marked merit. This small postern, which he opened into what has since become the vast empire of literature in English, gave entrance to many. Spenser came to us, through it, and, caught by the glamour of the Gael, gave us the "Faerie Queene," wherein he immortalises some of our scenery and pays tribute to the ancient renown of our nation:

"Whilome when Ireland flourished in fame
Of wealth and goodness far above the rest
Of all that bear the British Islands name."

It is noteworthy that the great poem, which marked the revival of English letters after Chaucer, was composed in Ireland. Granting

that Spenser found models in Ariosto and Tasso, yet, if he had remained in London, he might never have risen above the standard of the Palace poets. Shakespeare in London was saved by the drama demanding an environment of popular life. Probably nothing saved Spenser but his immersion in Irish nature, which his verse so faithfully reflects. Not only are the material beauties of our country—mountains, woods, and rivers—mirrored there, but its spiritual world also. The very name of Una is Irish, and our Puca appears in trimmed English as “the Pouke,” whom Shakespeare again introduces as Puck, just as our Gaelic Madb becomes “Queen Mab.”

But it may be said Spenser was ignorant of the literature of the hostile Irish nation, and so could not be influenced by it. The case is otherwise. When Eudoxus asks: “Have they any art in their compositions, or bee they anything wittie or well savoured as poems should be?” Spenser (as Irenæus) answers: “Yea, truely, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry” (rather these were lost in a prose translation); “they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their naturall device, which gave good grace and comelinesse unto them.”

It is a strange thing to say that Edmund Spenser, who so deprecates their “rebellious” love of liberty, might well have envied the position and influence of the Irish poets. At the Queen’s Court in England he had learned “what hell it is in suing long to bide,” to “eat the heart in despair,” and all the miseries of dilatory patronage:

“To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone.”

In Ireland he saw a different state of things. The poets might almost be described as patrons, for theirs it was to distribute praise or dispraise in poems, “the which,” says Spenser, “are held in so high regard and estimation amongst them that none dare displease them, for feare to runne into reproach through their offence, and be made infamous in the mouths of all men.”

Their compositions were sung at all feasts and meetings by other persons, and these also, to his surprise, “receive great rewards and reputation.” Certain it is, though strange, that Edmund Spenser, had he been least bard in the pettiest principality of Ireland, instead of being the first poet of the monarch of Great Britain, would not have died of hunger. Neglected and starving in Westminster, may he not have regretted his political efforts to destroy the one national organism which above all others had ever generously encouraged the representatives of literature? *

* It has been computed that, in the petty principedom of Tirconnell (now Donegal county nearly) the real estate allocated to maintenance of the *literati* amounted in value to £2000 yearly, present currency.

It is a study full of interest to watch the development of the culture of the Anglo-Irish Pale, and the continuance of that of the Irish nation. In Latin, their men of learning had long a common language, but the vernacular was not neglected. In 1600 the literary organisation was still strong, and its strength was shown in the great Bardic Contention. Thirty-two years later an assemblage of historians, antiquaries, and monks was held to collect and collate materials for the great Annals of the Kingdom. Four years the Four Masters laboured at the work, safe by the far shore of Donegall, and fortunate it was, for soon after there was no safety in the "Athens of the West"—the "University of Europe"—for those of its faithful offspring who loved learning and letters. Teacher and pupil were banned. In the midst of morasses, forests, or mountain-glens, they still studied, their bards still sang, and their minstrels played, often with out-posted sentinels on the watch.

What wonder if sadness shadowed the land? But disaster may have some compensating gifts to noble natures. The true laurel when crushed yields all its inner fragrance. Deprived of their princes and deposed from their estate, the bards ceased to be learned in the classic forms of literary technic; but they became poets of the people. The sincere voice of their hearts spoke in their song, which is brimful of passionate feeling and glowing with fair ideals. If in other times they had occasionally confined their efforts to the eulogy of particular princes, now it was otherwise. At the hearths of the people they sang the songs of a Nation. Perhaps now the first idea of modern nationhood was conceived. Now, at all events, pathos became a character of Irish literature, distinguishing it deeply from that counterfeit of late grotesque, the authors of which resemble those mutilators of men who carved the mockery of laughter upon the face of grief.

What a subject for a painter would be that meeting between the blind and hoary bard Carolan, and the young, bright-eyed child Oliver Goldsmith! The venerable aspect of the ancient Celtic poet he never forgot. "His songs," he says, "in general may be compared to those of Pindar; they have frequently the same slight of imagination." He had composed a concerto "with such spirit and elegance that it may be compared (for we have it still) with the finest compositions of Italy." This reminds us of the time when an enemy, Giraldus Cambrensis, declared that the skill of the Irish in music "was incomparably superior to that of any other nation."

The meeting of Carolan and Goldsmith may fitly typify the meeting of the literatures of the old nation and of the Pale—one venerable by age and glorified by genius, the other young, buoyant, and destined, like it, to be the guardian and the honour of our common country.

Irish literature is of many blends, not the product of one race but

of several. It resembles the great oriel of some ancient cathedral, an illumination of many beautiful colours, some of which can never be reproduced, for the art is lost. We possess an unique treasure in that ancient literature which grew up from a cultured people, self-centred, independent of Roman discipline. Were it not for this we should look at the Northern world through Southern eyes, and, taking our view-point from the Capitol, see nothing beyond the light of the empire, but wild woods and wastes made horrid by Cimmerian darkness, and shifting hordes of quarrelsome barbarians. Yet these were the ancestors of most of the modern European peoples, and those who so depicted them were their coercive and uncomprehending foes. Our deliverance from this thralldom of an enemy's judgment abides in the monuments of the ancient Irish.

The magic password of the Arabian bade the rugged mountain open, and admitted him to the midst of glittering jewels. The knowledge of our old literature takes us into the heart of the Cimmerian darkness and shows it full of glowing light, it takes us into the homes and minds of one of those great nations uncomprehended of the Romans, and through that one, enables us to see the great, passionate, pathetic, wild and generous humanity of all.

Thus our ancient literature would be invaluable if for this reason alone, that it gives a new view-point and a new vista. Its importance is augmented in this, that its reckless sincerity stands the enduring evidence of a long-vanished stage of social and intellectual development, where the fiercer and finer powers, the softer and sterner emotions of an early mankind strive and commingle with dramatic effect. If such a deposit were not extant, European scholars might well desire to go as pilgrims, like the bereaved bards, to the grave of Fergus, son of Roi, with power to call him again on earth that he might recite the famous Táin—the lost Epic of a lost world.

It is strange that words which are such little things—a mere breath trembling for a moment in the air—should survive the mightiest monarch and outlast the lives of empires. The generations who uttered them are silent; the earth has grown over their homesteads, and forests have decayed above their cities. Yet out of the Dead Past speaks still the Living Voice. So, to-day, we may be illumined by the light of a star which perished a thousand years ago.

It has been said that the history of Ireland is dismal, a chronicle of defeats. But that is because writers generally make history a mere record of wars. The shadow of the swordsman obscures all else. The militant monarch or minister is always put in the foremost place and the highest position. The pigmy on a platform looks greater than the giant in his study—but only in the eyes of pigmies. Alexander's empire died with him, and his satraps shared the spoil.

Aristotle's sceptre is over us still. There is a blindness which is worse than colour-blindness in the eyes which see physical, but which cannot perceive intellectual, forces and effects: they will record that Roman power conquered Greece, but fail to recognise that Greek intellect conquered the conqueror. Our nation has had its changes of fortune. It has invaded others, and been itself invaded often—part of the penalty it paid for occupying the fairest isle of the old world, a penalty we might still pay had not a new world opened wide its golden gates in the West. But our defeats have not been always disasters. What seemed to have no other end than the plunder of our wealth has resulted in the enrichment of our literature, the dissemination of our ideas, and the capture of the imagination of other nations. The code, which was devised to accomplish what the most ruthless savage never designed—the annihilation of the intellect of an intelligent nation—studded the Continent with that nation's colleges and gave to its members the glory of being illustrious leaders of men in the greatest kingdoms of the world. Last came the great dispersal, when the descendants of those who had taught Europe for three centuries, and generously welcomed all scholars—now made ignorant by law—were driven from their hospitable land by famine. They went forth, as it is said, hewers of wood and drawers of water. In other times and places it had meant extinction as slaves under feudal rule. But mark that they entered into the great family of a new people, whose fundamental principle of democracy made them equal, and whose generous nature made them welcome. They have thus been brought to the very well-spring of the new forces which have been re-shaping human society, and preparing the transformation of the world. In this incomparable enterprise they are themselves a foremost force, taking part in the intellectual work with the revived vitality of a race which has found its Land of Youth.

If we had a past of shame—were we members of a nation that had never risen or had deeply fallen—these should be incentives to brave hearts to achieve work for the credit of their race. It is otherwise with us, and we dare not stand still. The past would be our reproach, the future our disgrace. Not foreign force but native sloth can do us dishonour. If our nation is to live, it must live by the energy of intellect, and be prepared to take its place in competition with all other peoples. Therefore must we work, with earnest hearts and high ideals for the sake of our own repute, for the benefit of mankind, in vindication of this old land which genius has made luminous. And remember that whilst wealth of thought is a country's treasure, literature is its articulate voice, by which it commands the reverence or calls for the contempt of the living and of the coming nations of the earth.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

LESSONS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

A REPLY.

IN the September number of this REVIEW Mr. Albert Shaw has dealt with the problem of Home Rule from an American point of view. "It is," he says, "a question in which Americans feel a warm interest, and about which they agree with an absolute unanimity." If, after the word "agree," we insert the words "in public," this statement is correct. For obvious reasons, no American politician can appear on a platform as a declared opponent of the Irish Nationalist claim. Private judgment is still more or less free, and I have the advantage of knowing some American citizens, not demoralised by contact with the British aristocracy, who understand and sympathise with Unionist principles. I have never heard the arguments for and against the Bill of 1886 more tersely stated than in a conversation between two not unknown members of the Republican party. It ought in fairness to be recorded that the eminent person who took the Unionist side closed the conversation with a qualified justification of the course Mr. Gladstone had taken. "I've worn out the knees of my trousers," he said, "praying to be forgiven for the things I've done to get the Irish vote, and it's as difficult for him as it is for me."

Mr. Shaw's statement is slightly exaggerated, but I readily admit that it is substantially true. Most Americans are in favour of Home Rule; there can be no doubt of that. In the first place, most Americans believe that Ireland is an oppressed country, where the people are ill-treated and everything is going backward. They do not appreciate (and, indeed, few Englishmen appreciate) the extraordinary progress Ireland has made since the Union, and especially in the last generation. They know but little of the excellent work done by Government officials and improving landlords. The ubiquitous Irish journalist has impressed the civilised world with the notion that his

country is downtrodden and perennially distressed ; therefore the civilised world is prepared to welcome a subversive change in the methods of Irish government.

In the second place, almost all Americans have been induced to believe that Mr. Gladstone is proposing to endow the United Kingdom or the British Empire with a federal constitution somewhat resembling their own ; that the marvellous achievements of their own Republic are due in great measure to the merits of the federal principle, and that equally good results may be expected to follow the adoption of Home Rule. I venture, humbly but firmly, to contradict all these propositions. Mr. Gladstone has never proposed to federalise the United Kingdom ; he proposes to leave our constitution just as it is, and to set up an Irish Legislature alongside of our existing legislative machinery. His Bill of 1886 excluded Ireland from representation in Parliament, leaving her liable for a share of our national debt and expenditure. This was a position such as no State in the Union, no self-governing colony could be induced to accept. Hamilton persuaded his countrymen to transfer the war-debts of the State to the Federal Government ; Mr. Gladstone wished to saddle a province with part of a debt contracted by the Imperial Government : the one policy is the exact reverse of the other. The Bill of 1886 was a bad Bill ; we did our best to defeat it, and the men who voted for it now confess that we were right. Discouraged by the rejection of his scheme, Mr. Gladstone offered to discard the less acceptable parts of it ; and on being told that popular opinion had fixed on the exclusion of the Irish members as the chief defect in the Bill, he consented to make arrangements for including them. He now proposes that Irish local affairs should be assigned to a local legislature ; English and Scottish local affairs are still to be managed by an assembly in which Irish members are to sit. This is palpably unfair ; but, says Mr. Shaw, Scotland and Wales will in time receive the same measure of independence as Ireland. In time ! The question is urgent. If we are to be federalised, we ought to know now what are the terms of the compact. The balance of parties may change to-morrow ; the Irish members may have a hundred good reasons of their own for voting against the demands of Scotland or Wales. And suppose Scotland and Wales are satisfied, what of England, whose population is three times that of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales put together ? If England comes into the proposed arrangement as a single State, her preponderance will be greater than that of Prussia in Germany, and the federal system will make her preponderance visible to all parties concerned. If she is divided into several States, the face of English politics is changed, and we shall have to force a new and expensive machinery of government on 27,000,000 of people who do not want it. This is Federal Home Rule, as understood by Mr. Gladstone.

Like many of our own politicians, Mr. Shaw has been led to imagine that Home Rule for Ireland is the first step towards Imperial Federation. Our "broad-visioned kinsman," Mr. Cecil Rhodes, when he sent that cheque to Mr. Parnell, introduced a new element of confusion into a controversy which was quite confused enough already. The federation of the United Kingdom, which no statesman has yet ventured to propose, is hopelessly mixed up with the federation of the Empire, which statesmen have hardly begun to discuss. When we ask how these large schemes are to be carried out, we are at once told that we are soulless pedants, degraded parasites, enemies of popular government, blind to the advantages of federal government and colonial freedom. Throughout his paper Mr. Shaw seems to assume that we in Great Britain are voting for or against the abstract principles of federalism and self-government. It is not so; we are voting for or against Mr. Gladstone. We, who are Unionists, voted against Mr. Gladstone's Bill in 1886 because we thought it a masterpiece of absurdity and injustice; we vote against Mr. Gladstone now, partly because he has given us no reason to think that the next Irish Government Bill will be any better than the last, partly because the policy of Home Rule is now identified with lawless violence, clerical intimidation, and the rigid suppression of personal liberty. We may not be able to convince Mr. Shaw that we are right, but we may ask him to admit that we have some reason for what we do. He has caught from his Gladstonian friends the trick of arguing about this question of Home Rule as if it were a kind of moral test, as if all the sheep were on our side and all the goats on the other. But this is a misconception. I do not say that we Unionists are any better than our neighbours, but assuredly we are no worse. We desire most sincerely to do what is best for Ireland and for the Empire; and that is why we vote against Home Rule.

When we consider Home Rule in relation to the Empire there are two questions which must be kept carefully distinct—Imperial Unity and Imperial Federation. So far as the unity of the Empire is concerned, the electors of Great Britain are almost unanimous. There was a time, forty or fifty years ago, when Liberals not unnaturally thought that independence was the manifest destiny of our colonies. But improved communications have changed all that; we have all become aware of the advantages we enjoy as citizens of an Empire which goes round the world, and only a few belated reactionaries like Mr. Labouchere are heard to mumble the old formula of disintegration. It must be from some of these survivors that Mr. Shaw has derived his notion that we look forward to separation from our colonial fellow-citizens. I fail to understand what is meant by the statement that our colonists have no "imperial citizenship." They are citizens just as we are; men of colonial birth are officers in our public service,

members of Parliament, Privy Councillors. Colonial Governments negotiate on equal terms with Downing Street, and influence our foreign policy wherever their interests are concerned. What more is wanted? A plan of Imperial Federation? Show us your plan, and we will consider it carefully: everything turns on the working out of your principle. And, speaking as a strenuous advocate of imperial unity, I take leave to point out that federalism has its dangers as well as its advantages. Every federal system encourages the sentiment of Home Rule in each of its component parts, and where the interests of the parts are conflicting there is but a step between Home Rule and Secession. Our Empire is loose in its structure, but we do manage to dispose of colonial questions with very little friction. If the representatives of the colonies and the United Kingdom had to argue out their differences in an imperial senate, with their constituents looking on, the friction might possibly be more serious.

Federalism has its dangers, and if we desire to know what these dangers are, we cannot do better than turn to American history. Mr. Shaw has expounded for us one view of the American Constitution; he holds that the federal principle has enabled the Republic to combine local autonomy with national greatness. I have always thought—and, with deference to Mr. Shaw's authority, I still think—that the American Constitution, as interpreted by a century of practice, is not federal, but national. The original document is ambiguous; there were from the outset two opinions as to the proper mode of construing it; both opinions were represented by men of political genius in Washington's Cabinet, and so complete was the divergence that Washington himself could not keep the peace between the two most powerful of his subordinates. Hamilton was a Unionist; he aimed at creating a national government, strong enough to take its place among the great powers of the world. Jefferson was an ardent Home Ruler; he believed in the sovereignty of the people as embodied in the States; he wished the Constitution to be regarded as a strictly federal compact, and he regarded with jealousy any addition to the power and consequence of the central authority. In Jefferson's teaching we find the germ of the State-rights doctrine—a doctrine well worthy of study at the present time; for Home Rule is nothing but the State-rights theory diluted for British consumption. Twice in the present century, in 1832 and in 1861, the principle of Home Rule brought the American Union into trouble and danger; in both cases the Union was maintained by force of arms.

The fathers of the American Republic were for the most part men of a somewhat aristocratic temper; they were what would now be called Moderate Liberals, hostile to extreme or uncontrolled democracy; they belonged, in short, to "the classes." Andrew Jackson made his appeal to the masses, and his election in 1828 furnished

another proof of the close connection between extreme democracy and the rule of one man. Through many changes of policy, the Democratic President retained his popularity; the favourite formula of that period was that "General Jackson had acted on all occasions for the good of the country." In like manner, I have heard an English elector give as his reason for voting in favour of Home Rule that "he thought Mr. Gladstone had the good of the country at heart." And just as many Democrats in England think it logical to be Home Rulers, so the Jackson Democrat usually adhered to the doctrine of State sovereignty, the doctrine that each State was entitled to complete Home Rule, including the right of secession. The principle was put to the test in the troubles which arose on the adoption of a Protection tariff in 1832. There could be no doubt that the tariff was framed in the interest of the Northern manufacturers; it was imposed by Northern votes on the Southern States, which had no manufactures to protect. On behalf of South Carolina, Calhoun asserted the right of secession; but he did not wish to break up the Union; he advised, therefore, that the State, while remaining in the Union, should declare the tariff law null, and forbid her citizens to obey it. A State Convention adopted the policy of Calhoun, and threatened to secede if the law was enforced. It is not easy to estimate how much depended at that moment on the character and position of one man. If Jackson had been governor of South Carolina, the nullifiers might have found in him a leader of irresistible energy and immense popularity. By great good fortune Jackson was himself the federal authority, and just when he was expected to re-affirm his belief in State sovereignty, he threw the Separatists into confusion by proposing his famous toast—"Our Federal Union: it must be preserved." But he did not trust in toasts and speeches; he sent a naval force to occupy Charleston, and he warned the people that "blood would flow" if the law was disobeyed. "Do not hesitate to shoot" is a maxim which would at all times have commanded Jackson's hearty approval.

The history of our own Home Rule controversy supplies me with a fairly exact parallel to the policy of nullification. Mr. Parnell promised his countrymen that Home Rule would give them the right to fix their own tariff, but Mr. Gladstone found himself compelled by British opinion to withhold the boon. The Irish Nationalist press took this disappointment quietly, and pointed out that if protective duties were not permitted, a domestic Legislature might give bounties, and in other ways might secure for Irish goods an advantage over those imported from Great Britain. Here is the claim to nullify the Free Trade policy of the United Kingdom; and, as Ireland happens to be an island, I feel tolerably certain that the claim would be made good unless British Free Traders were prepared to use force. But if Mr.

Gladstone is to ask for a vote of credit, and send the fleet into Dublin Bay to prevent the Irish Legislature from exceeding its powers, what becomes of the peace and amity which are to be secured by voting for Home Rule?

We learn from the story of nullification that if a part of a nation is encouraged to consider itself an independent State, the national Government will lose its authority, unless it is prepared to make a timely and adequate display of force; the same lesson is written in letters of fire across the history of the civil war. Slavery was a matter of State concern. The very existence of such an institution was a source of danger, embarrassment, and discredit to the Northern States, but the sacred principles of Home Rule bound them not to interfere. On this principle the Democrats relied to save them from the necessity of declaring for or against the extension of slavery in the Territories. We all know how Stephen A. Douglas rang the changes on the term "sovereignty," assuring his friends in the South that local sovereignty made "the institution" perfectly safe; assuring his friends in the North that popular sovereignty would soon make an end of slavery in the Territories. His rival, Lincoln, on the other hand, claimed for Congress the right to forbid slavery in the Territories, but he disclaimed the right, and the desire to interfere with it, in the Southern States. Both the great parties were thus committed to the opinion that a state of things which had long been a national disgrace, and was fast becoming a national danger, could not be dealt with by the national Government. This view of the matter is quite in accordance with federal principles; but the time came when Mr. Lincoln found it necessary to put the Constitution in his pocket and abolish slavery by proclamation. The event of the war justified his action; the result of Unionist policy was not merely the abolition of slavery, but the vindication of the national character of the Union. No State would now claim the right to manage its domestic affairs without regard to the interests and wishes of the nation.

We do not suspect our Irish friends of desiring to set up an institution like slavery, but we think it possible that an Irish Legislature might tolerate abuses so gross as to be matter of national concern. If Mr. Shaw wishes to know our reasons for this opinion, I must refer him to the history of the Home Rule movement. The movement was in no way formidable until Mr. Parnell became its leader, until the power of Mr. Parnell was consolidated by systematic persecution directed against all persons in Ireland who opposed the will of the local majority. The boycott, as organised by the local agents of the Land League, is the most effective machine yet invented for the destruction of liberty. Are we wrong in saying that a country in which such things are possible is safer under the British Parliament than it would be under a Legislature created to carry out the will of the local majority?

There is another point in the history of the Civil War to which I should like to call attention. The question which brought about secession was the question of extending slavery in the Territories. Now, the Territories lay quite outside the domestic jurisdiction of South Carolina and the rest. It seems, then, that States enjoying a merely domestic independence may be led to take an active interest in matters which lie beyond their geographical boundaries. This is what we Unionists have always said about Ireland. We are told that the projected Legislature will confine itself to exclusively Irish affairs; and we answer, that an independent Irish Government will, and indeed must, take an active interest in foreign and imperial politics. I am far from saying that such a Government would be always unreasonable or steadily hostile to England; but—we do not altogether like the prospect.

Federalism has its dangers; it has also some very serious inconveniences; and here again American experience is of great value to us, if we study it rightly. Mr. Shaw is not quite a safe guide: he tells us nothing of dangers and drawbacks; he writes as if the institutions of his country were an absolute and unqualified success. There is much, very much, to admire in the laws and habits of our "kin beyond sea," but when it is proposed that we should take their methods of legislation and government as a model for the United Kingdom, I am not able to respond with the cordiality which Mr. Shaw seems to expect. It is difficult for an outsider to see any extraordinary merit in a system which makes it necessary to have forty legislative bodies, forty criminal laws, forty marriage laws, forty bankruptcy laws, and so forth, within the compass of one commonwealth. America is the paradise of lawyers, but the average lay citizen has reason to complain of the enormous bulk and hopeless complexity of the laws to which he is subject. As to the quality of the work turned out, it is hardly possible to make a general comparison, but I will mention some points in which we with our one Legislature have done better, conspicuously better, than the Americans with forty. We have protected our civil service against corruption; American reformers are still labouring to emancipate themselves from the evil tradition of the "spoils system." Our criminal law is well administered; homicide is extremely rare; courts of justice command the confidence of the people. Mr. Rutherford Hayes, addressing a society of lawyers, dwells with mournful emphasis on the American statistics of homicide; he attributes the prevalence of serious crime to the lax administration of the law. Our prisons are not perfect, but they are managed on uniform rational principles; of the American State prisons, some are managed on false principles, and some on no principle at all. Our Ballot Act is a fair and business-like code of rules for secret voting; American newspapers inform us that the ballot laws of the States were defective and dishonestly worked, until

reformers began to introduce better methods, borrowed from the legislation of a British colony. These examples (it would be easy to add to their number) may serve to illustrate some of the weaknesses of American Home Rule. The States have such a mass of laws and such a mob of legislators that the political standard is, almost of necessity, low. Elections to the Presidency, to Congress, to State Legislatures, and State offices, recur so frequently that ordinary citizens have not time to take part in them all, and the business of party management falls into the hands of professional politicians. There is, we are told, "no leisured class in the United States"; the professional politician works hard, but it is commonly believed that his pay is rather high. British Liberals are supposed to favour economy in expenditure, and the cost (direct and indirect) of the American Federal system is very heavy.

Of all the arguments for Irish Home Rule none has gained so many votes for Mr. Gladstone as the argument from obstruction. Parliament, we are told, is overburdened with work; if certain portions of the work are sent away to be disposed of in Edinburgh and Dublin, Parliament will have time to attend to the numerous subjects comprised in the Newcastle programme. It may be a proof of my invincible ignorance, but I am quite unable to see why our legislative machine should be thought to have proved itself unequal to the work demanded of it. Since the accession of the Queen Parliament has done more to improve the laws of the United Kingdom than Congress and all the State Legislatures have done to improve the laws of the United States. Besides turning out, year by year, as much new law as the Three Kingdoms can assimilate, and sometimes rather more, Parliament has provided for the government of the Empire, for the re-organisation of our Indian Empire, and for the extension of legislative independence to our colonies. There is, no doubt, ample scope for the reforming energy of future Parliaments, but we have no reason to discard a machine which has worked so well. The belief that our House of Commons has too much to do is a mistaken belief, due partly to the talk of public men, who like to make a fuss over their work, be the same much or little; and partly to the conditions of party government. A party leader promises the people an endless series of reforms, if they will only give him power enough. When he comes into power he finds that all his energy is expended in remaining where he is, and in fishing out a few fragments of his programme from the flood of obstructive talk that rages round him. If the man is a born leader, like Andrew Jackson or Mr. Gladstone, he is constitutionally incapable of admitting that he overrated his own capacity to benefit the people: he believes that he failed only because he had not power enough, and he suggests some constitutional change—extension of the franchise, *scrutin de liste*, Home Rule, or what

not—by way of clearing a field for his own statesmanship and getting up steam to overcome the resistance which baffled him.

If we are told that multiplication of legislative bodies is a cure for obstruction, we may refer once more to American experience. There are in the United States forty-five legislative bodies: is there no obstruction? One is tempted to say that there is hardly anything else. Turn over any of their political annuals, and you will probably find a list of measures, long promised and demanded, put off year after year because Mr. Mulhooly is standing out for terms. In the State Legislatures the art of obstruction has been carried to high perfection, and feats of endurance have been performed as glorious as any all-night sitting of the House of Commons. The truth is, that obstruction is part of the price we pay for the advantages of popular government. What interests the average man in politics is not the skilful handling of financial or constitutional problems, but the fighting. Almost all the stock metaphors of the platform are military, and the other party is invariably described as the enemy. To defeat the enemy, to prevent the enemy from taking advantage of a victory, all means are lawful. The House of Commons may regard Mr. Conybeare as a bore; his constituents regard him as a man of dauntless resolution, who stands in the pass to prevent the Tories from devastating the country. Drawing inspiration and support from a genuine popular sentiment, the obstructionist is inexhaustible; to multiply Legislatures is only to multiply opportunities for the exercise of his art.

The British Parliament has ample time, not for all that it wants to do (nobody has that), but for all that really needs to be done, and there is little or no reason to believe that the progress of reform would be more rapid if the United Kingdom were cut up into four, or six, or eight parts, each with a local Legislature of its own. Such a process of division would foment provincial jealousies and enmities, and, so far from stilling the sound of Irish discontent, we might find in a moment of difficulty that we had presented our disaffected neighbours with "the plant of an armed revolution." It is easy to make light of these fears, especially if you happen to live three thousand miles away. When the Southern States seceded, there were a good many people in England who inquired blandly, "Why can't you let them go?" Others—and Mr. Gladstone was among them—spoke of Jefferson Davis just as many intelligent Americans now speak of Parnell. But Lincoln went on and fought his battle and won it, and we all see now that Lincoln was right. The cause of the Unionist Party is Lincoln's cause—the supremacy of the National Government is a matter of national concern; and when we have won our battle Mr. Shaw and his countrymen will see that we were right.

ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.*

THE lives of most of us are but "a ripple on the Dead Sea of Commonplace." It is perhaps more true in the ecclesiastical than in the secular world that very few indeed, even of our dignitaries, rise above the unbroken level of that plain on which, as Lord Sherbrooke said, "every molehill is a mountain and every thistle a forest tree." It is a boon to the world, it is a special boon to the Church, when amid myriads of echoes we hear a voice, and among the thronging shadows we meet a man. "Ὡς χαρίεν ἐστ' ἄνθρωπος ἦν ἄνθρωπος ἦ," said the Greek gnome: "How gracious a thing is a man if he be but a man!" But real men are rare, as the Prophet Jeremiah found when he searched for one in Jerusalem, and Diogenes when he went out with a lantern to look for one in the streets of Athens. There are impotencies enough, and incarnate conventionalities, to whom, beyond the sphere of their professional routine, it is not given to do anything which is effective, or to say a single memorable word. We feel a grateful sense of relief when we come across some one who has the resolution to think for himself and the courage to speak out what is in him. Such a man, even in the judgment of those who most differed from him, was Archbishop Magee. Far too many nobodies are honoured with bulky biographies, but all will await with interest the promised "Life and Letters" of the late Archbishop, which will shortly be published by his former chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Macdonnell.

His works lie before me in four volumes, entitled "The Gospel and the Age," "Growth in Grace," "Christ the Light of all Scripture," and "Speeches and Addresses." The first three are volumes of sermons, of which even the least interesting is full of value. Dr. Magee, during an episcopate which lasted nearly a

* "The Gospel and the Age," "Growth in Grace," "Christ the Light of all Scripture," "Speeches and Addresses." Isbister & Co., Limited.

quarter of a century, was not a frequent preacher even in his own cathedral. Like the great French orators in their *Conférences*, he wisely saved himself from the perpetual drain of discourses which most of us have to produce with fatal regularity at the rate of at least two a week. He reserved his great powers for important occasions. "Growth in Grace" is a series of sermons preached for the most part in the Cathedrals of Peterborough, Norwich, Canterbury, and before the University of Oxford, and before the Queen at Windsor. It contains the last sermon which he preached at Peterborough when he was summoned to the Archbishopric of York, and reviewed the work of his episcopate. "Christ the Light of all Scripture" furnishes us with specimens of some of his earlier sermons preached at the Octagon Chapel, Bath, forty years ago. It is specially important because it preserves his first pastoral charge as bishop. The most characteristic and valuable of the three volumes of sermons is that entitled "The Gospel and the Age," which the Archbishop himself prepared for publication "during the enforced leisure of a long convalescence." It contains the great sermon on "The Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life," of which the magnificent oratory thrilled the meeting of the British Association at Norwich in 1868, and is said to have created a deep impression on the mind of Professor Huxley. This was the sermon which first raised him to the zenith of his fame as one of the greatest preachers of his time, and, together with the sermon on "The Breaking Net," preached the month following at the Dublin meeting of the Church Congress, caused his elevation to the bench. In these three volumes another generation will find materials to estimate Dr. Magee's true position as a classical preacher of the English Church.

And yet those who never heard him at his best will be unable rightly to appreciate his power. The Sicilians to whom *Æschines* recited the great oration of *Demosthenes* "On the crown" broke into raptures of applause; but *Æschines* had to confess how little he had been able to wield the magic power of the supreme orator, and exclaimed, "What if you had heard the man himself?" It is the same with these printed sermons. The powerful logic, the pure and strong diction, the incisive epigrammatic sentences remain; but the added effect and impressiveness of the living voice, the *ἦθος* of the speaker, the obvious earnestness, the occasional passion, the force and glow of the stream of words, strong and deep, yet never tumultuous—these are gone for ever. When these are eliminated the printed addresses of even a consummate orator are often weary and empty; and though no preacher ever produced such an effect as George Whitefield, we find his sermons entirely unreadable. It is not so with Archbishop Magee's sermons. In his Preface he regrets that, since they were extempore—that is to say, sermons not read from manuscript, but delivered from brief notes—it was scarcely possible to reproduce them with exactness.

"A sermon thus patched and mended," he says, "has neither the freshness and point of the extempore, nor the smoothness and sustained thought of the written composition. It is neither a religious speech, which the extempore sermon ought to be; nor a religious essay, which the written sermon ought to be; and it runs the risk of uniting the defects of both styles with the merits of neither." The reader will not perceive any such defects. The quality of thought in these discourses will give them a permanent value to those who never had an opportunity of hearing the mighty preacher.

Dr. Magee defines the sense in which a sermon may be called extempore. The word applies solely to the method of delivery. Like all his greatest speeches, his sermons were very carefully prepared. His son says, indeed, that many of his speeches were delivered "without preparation and *without premeditation*." But the latter words may be understood in a misleading sense. Dr. Magee had the valuable gift, which seems to be a special endowment of the Celtic race, of clothing his thoughts on the spur of the moment in language which came to him without hesitation and without a flaw. But he would never have been guilty of the folly of offering to any audience his spontaneous views on subjects which he had not fully considered. He who obtrudes upon the world idle chatterings about matters which have never engaged his serious attention must not be surprised if the world treats them as the surface shavings of *truncus ficulnus inutile lignum*. Dr. Magee had the rare gift of trusting for his language to the inspiration of the moment, but he could only do this because "in the sessions of sweet silent thought" he had many a time wrestled with the problems with which he was called upon to deal. To this kind of spontaneity I can bear witness. The first time I met him was at the Dublin Church Congress, where I had the honour of sitting next to him. I had been called upon to read a paper on "The Duty of the Church to the Young," of which the Dean of Cork (as he then was) expressed very kind approval, and on which, with no preparation, he spoke forcibly as soon as I had sat down. He could always express his thoughts at a moment's notice, but certainly he never improvised his convictions.

I. He did not make any secret of his method as a preacher. It was only on the rarest occasions that he committed any part of his sermons to writing and delivered them from memory; but he meditated on them long and deeply, and he told his clergy that the only secret of extempore preaching, except of that infinitely vapid and washy kind with which we are all too familiar, is "to burn the subject into the brain" until "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

1. The main characteristic of his best sermons was vigorous, lofty, and sustained reasoning. Like all preachers, he was unequal. It is most unfair to judge of any preacher by a single effort. His sermon

in the Volunteer Camp at Wimbledon, delivered very soon after his great speech in the House of Lords, to an audience which was breathlessly awaiting some powerful utterance, was universally regarded as a failure, and was described by a keenly intellectual hearer as "a dull little sermon." On the other hand, some of his greater efforts consisted of a strain of continuous argument to which the homiletic literature of our Church offers very few parallels, and which required the closest attention to follow. He rarely quoted; he indulged in very few illustrations; there is scarcely one *purpureus pennus* to be found in these four volumes. He had neither the exquisitely refined and graceful diction of Canon Liddon, nor the "rolling words oration-like" of the late Bishop Wilberforce. The quotations made from him are usually flashes of epigrammatic wit—never sentences, like Bishop Wilberforce's, "borne on the wings of a boundless scepticism into the bosom of an unfathomable superstition," or "grains of sand bound up in the wings of the wind to be made a barrier for the raging of the sea." Of all great English preachers, he most resembled Robert South, and least resembled Jeremy Taylor.

2. Lucidity and force were never lacking in his diction, but he stuck closely to the *pedestris oratio*, and in whole pages we do not find one ornament or one poetic expression. Yet sometimes his perorations had a majestic rhythm, and though I have no space for many specimens, I may select two.

In a magnificent sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral, on "The Gathering of the Vultures," he said, towards the close :

"Yes, there is a worse invasion than that of a foreign army: it is the invasion of domestic luxury and vice. The march of the foreign foe seems to make deep tracks and furrows in a nation's life, and yet, after all, they are but upon the surface. The invader sweeps along, destroying and desolating as he advances: but the time comes when the houses he has desolated are rebuilt, and the plains he has ravaged, fertilised with his dead, grow green again, and men can scarce believe that the quiet fields they walk in, where their little ones gather flowers, have been in times past blackened with the smoke of combat, and torn with the furious struggles of multitudes of armed men. Not so with the invasion of vice. That makes a lasting home, and its desolations are not so soon nor so easily repaired. The locusts of war consume the green leaves of a nation's prosperity; but vice is the worm at the root that gnaws out its very life, until it shrivels and withers into barrenness and dust."*

His Dublin sermon, on "The Breaking of the Net," was preached very shortly before the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, on the text, "*And they beckoned unto their partners which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them.*" The text was so apposite that, on hearing it delivered, a well-known dignitary of the English Church is said audibly to have clapped his hands in delight. The sermon ended thus :

* "The Gospel of the Age," p. 236.

"Let but this spirit animate us; let but our hearts glow with a still deeper and more loving brotherhood, springing from that out of which alone it can spring—from closer union with our common Lord, and deeper longing to do His work on earth—and there is no fear that our work should ever perish. The storm may rage, and the black clouds gather, and the waves run high, but there shall ever reveal itself, more and more distinctly, the form of Him who came of old, walking on the wild waters, to the aid of his imperilled disciples. We shall see Him still, though it were but by the storm-light upon the deep. Amid the roar of the elements we shall still hear Him say, 'It is I, be not afraid.' Nearer and nearer still, through the gloom of the tempest, shall grow the shore where we shall draw our nets to land and hear His welcome, at whose command we first, in fear and yet in faith, launched out into the deep and let down our nets for the draught."

3. Another characteristic of his sermons was their extreme and scrupulous fairness of statement, their utter and deservedly scornful rejection of all cant, sham, humbug, unreality, and mere plausible professionalism. Of this I will speak later, but to it was due that noble contempt for winning popularity by cheap and base claptrap which is the temptation of all preachers and public speakers. Dr. Magee, as he told the working men of Hull, liked to be popular; but if there was one thing which he despised more than another it was the selling of truth for applause. In his sermon on "The Breaking Net" he said:

"It may be well for us to remember—aye, and to say—that Christ has not sent us into the world merely to be popular, merely to dance to the piping and lament to the mourning of the children in the world's great marketplace; that if we are, as we are so often reminded, the children of Him 'whom the common people heard gladly,' we are also the disciples of Him whose 'hard sayings' more than once drove all His hearers away. We must remember, too, that we might do all that we are asked to do, and yet not content the world. Let us take heed, let us take great heed, lest in our fear of the seven times heated furnace of the world's hate, of the world's scorn, we bow ourselves down before its idol—popularity, what time we hear the sound of all those musical instruments with which its servants are giving signal for its worship. Let us remember that the Church has not always failed in her mission when she has failed to attract and conciliate; that there is another and more awful mission that she is accomplishing in the world when she testifies and condemns; that if the disciples fulfilled their mission when they dwelt as welcome guests in the house where their sojourn brought the presence of the Son of Peace, they not the less fulfilled it when they shook the dust from their feet as they departed from the house and the city that rejected them."*

1. It is, I think, possible to deduce from these sermons what was the central lesson which Dr. Magee desired to impress upon his age. It was the lesson which he most forcibly enunciated in his British Association sermon, of which it formed the main theme. It was that the life of the Christian is not a natural life, but a supernatural life. It was, "Behold I shew you a mystery." Christ, he argued, established on earth a kingdom *within which is to be found that which is not to be found beyond its limits*. "In a word," he said, "we claim for

* "The Gospel of the Age," p. 188.

Christianity that it is not a code of morals merely, nor a philosophy, nor a creed, nor a system of religious discipline; but that over and above all these it is a life, a new and real vital force in the world, and that this vital force is in the Christ we worship." That this could not be syllogistically proved he fully admitted. "A demonstration of the supernatural," he said, "is an impossibility; it is a contradiction in terms. No amount of evidence drawn from the world of Nature can demonstrate the existence of a world above Nature. The supernatural is not to be demonstrated—it is to be felt; it does not prove itself to sense, but reveals itself to faith." The true method, he argued, was not to reason downward, from our theory to our facts, but upwards, from Christianity to Christ, and from Christ to God. The multitude of antagonistic sects and the defective morality of many professing Christians are no refutations of the theory, because above the level of their purely formal Christianity rose the glory and beauty of the one life, which the many who have lived that life, in whatever diversity of sects, have never attributed to any but a supernatural source. The proof we seek for is not mainly to be found in such "evidences of Christianity" as consist in historic and critical arguments, but in the fact that "between the life of Christ and our own there is seen to stretch one long path of living light, thick set with clustering stars of grace and glory, or, rather, there reaches one long life, even that of Christ in the Church, which is His body, and in which this life repeats itself evermore."*

5. There was scarcely a sermon preached by Dr. Magee which did not bear upon it the stamp of originality. The way in which he treated texts was fresh and independent. This was illustrated in the last sermon which I heard him preach, shortly before his death. I had asked him to preach for me in St. Margaret's Church, and in a very gracious note he consented to do so. Mr. Gladstone once said to him that he never happened to have heard a sermon preached on the text, "They who wait at the altar are partakers with the altar." This text the Bishop chose, as he had promised that he would do, and Mr. Gladstone, who was one of his auditors, remarked afterwards that it was one of the finest sermons he had ever heard. Most preachers would have made it a sermon on the right of the clergy to maintenance. On that subject the Bishop barely even touched. His sermon turned on the congruity between the nature of a man's life and the results which he reaps from it. I shall never forget one passage, in which he described the bitter disappointment and disillusionment of the man who had lived for sense, for pleasure, and for self. He described such a man—his own worthless idol—in his hoary and dishonoured age seeking in vain for comfort or for sustenance from the source of his idolatry; the hungry worshipper holding out his withered hand to his dead idol, and hold-

* "The Gospel and the Age," p. 168.

ing it out in vain. That day the Bishop of Derry was my guest, with his eloquent brother-prelate, and he said to me: "That passage was worthy of Bossuet."

II. In turning from the preacher to the orator, we have before us his "Speeches and Addresses." As I had not unfrequently heard the Archbishop preach, so I had heard some of his finest speeches, including the far-famed one on the Irish Church, delivered in the House of Lords on June 15, 1869. It was after this speech that by mistake Dr. Magee took up Dr. Wilberforce's college cap. "*Heads*, if you please, brother," said the Bishop of Oxford, "not *hats*." If, however, I may speak frankly, this speech always seemed to me to have been overrated when it was called one of the three great speeches of the age. To me it was far less interesting than the speech delivered in the same debate by Bishop Thirlwall. I should not for a moment compare the Archbishop as an orator to Mr. Bright at his best and greatest; nor to Mr. Gladstone in his loftiest efforts; nor even to the late Bishop Wilberforce in the marvellous splendour of his earlier eloquence. He never made his hearers inclined "to stand up and scream," as it was once expressed; he never produced that indescribable sensation which made the hearer of a great orator exclaim: "He made me feel quite drunk." Yet as a speaker he stood, of course, in the foremost ranks. In his speeches, as in his sermons, we notice three specialities.

1. First, there was his lucidity, his masterly common-sense, his straightforwardness, the strong hand with which he swept aside the dense cobwebs of superficiality and subterfuge. This was the most unique and refreshing element in all his public utterances. To his great honour, he never deigned to use, he would never even tolerate, any false argument, however much it might seem to tell on his own side. It was this feature in his style which made Lord Shaftesbury speak of his "*acrid* eloquence." In his speech on "The Danger of Disestablishment" he tore to pieces the plea of "unlimited trust in the wisdom of the English people," with a ruthless logic in which Lord Sherbrooke would have delighted. He said that it was equivalent to saying

"that the wisdom of the English people is unlimited; that their decisions will always be unerringly wise, their actions unfailingly just, their judgment never hurried by impulse, marked by prejudice, clouded by passion, or misled by evil counsellors. I hold that nations, which are only collections of individuals, are, like individuals, liable to impulses, influences, temptations, which often obscure judgment and distort from right actions. . . . I turn to the electorate, and see that it is divided into large and contending sections, each of whom loudly proclaims its deep distrust of the others. . . . I hold that there may be as much unwisdom, as much injustice and tyranny, where the many govern the few, as where the few govern the many; and further, that if there be such tyranny it is the more hopeless and the more universally present tyranny of the two. I hold that there may be a *civium ardor prava jubentium* as well as the *vultus instantis tyranni*."

* "Speeches and Addresses," pp. 35 ff.

This volume of speeches abounds in such manly and vigorous plainness. In his speech to the working men at the Leicester Church Congress he elaborately compared the way in which some clergymen approach working men to the way in which people treat horses. Some are like timid grooms approaching a horse which they suppose to be a little vicious, and trying to pat and stroke him, with an eye on his ears lest he should prove to be, as the Irishman said, "handy with his hoofs." Others go up to the working man as if he were a horse in a field, with a sieve of oats in the left hand, and a bit and bridle in the right. Others deprive themselves of all chance of getting near the horse at all by approaching him with large top-boots, very big spurs, and a heavy whip. After such a preliminary address there was not much chance of bunkum or soft sawder in the speeches subsequently addressed to that working men's meeting. "I have never been able," he said in the House of Lords, "to learn the art of make-believe."

2. Courage was the rare note of all his speeches. In opposing the Bill for marriage with a deceased wife's sister he at once set aside the supposed argument from Leviticus, first as doubtful, next as inapplicable. How many clergymen have the courage to speak such unvarnished truth as that contained in the following sentences?—

"There is not a clergyman in the Church of England who either does or can literally comply with all the rubrics. No profession is bound by so many complicated and obsolete laws as those which bind the clergy. Her laws fit the Church like an ill-made coat, tight where they should be loose, and loose where they should be tight."

"An indefinite rubric is like a fence in a fog. You have no direction where it is until you find yourself in the fence, and then you are miserably scratched."

"The garments which the clergy have to wear now are garments that were ordered by the authority of Parliament in the second year of Edward VI. Imagine the condition of the army if the soldiers of her Majesty had no clearer description of their uniform than this!"

"There may be laymen willing to prosecute a clergyman for standing at the wrong end of the Communion table, but not one to prosecute him for standing drunk at the other." *

I need not, however, pause to give further instances of a quality which ran through all his addresses. One reason why he was not afraid of "burning questions" was his conviction that when manfully dealt with they soon "burn themselves out."

"I do not," he said to his clergy, "and I pray that I never may, fear to speak in your presence with fullest frankness and clearness, what as before God I believe to be true. . . . I am sure that one thing would be far worse than any amount of error in what I might say—namely, the cautious *equivariance which refused to say anything at all.*"

3. A speaker who can at will make his audience laugh has a

* "Speeches and Addresses," p. 82.

supreme advantage. It was said of O'Connell that he could make the faces of ten thousand listeners at one moment bright with laughter, and a moment after white with tears. The Bishop, like so many of his nation, had this faculty of wit. It appears over and over again in his speeches. Alluding to what he called the "preposterous sham" of applying the name "religious education to reading the Bible in schools without note or comment," he said :

"It reminds me of a story in 'Mungo Park's Travels,' of the way in which a schoolmaster taught his boys the Koran, by making them write a sentence on a board, washing it off, and giving them the water to drink."

In his speech on the Ecclesiastical Courts and Registries Bill he talked of the devices to conciliate Dissenters by consulting them as to the colour of the dress worn by the clergy :

"And now it appears," he added, "that the noble Earl (Lord Shaftesbury) would further conciliate them by giving them a share in the privilege of cheap persecutions, just as he might conciliate some poor relation, or a squire who had a vote in his county, by giving him a day or two's shooting in his preserves."

In his speech on the Cathedral Statutes Bill, and alluding to Mr. Gladstone's remark that the Nonconformists were "the backbone of the Liberal party," he said :

"Depend upon it, the weight of the Government will not be given in support of the Bill in the other House, because the Government, in the presence of its 'great backbone,' dreads the spinal irritation which is induced in a man by a perpetual quarrel with that part of his body. I hardly like to use a ludicrous image on such a question ; but I can only liken the arrival of these Bills in the House of Commons to the arrival of some poor little boy—some chubby little creature—just escaped from the custody and care of his brothers and sisters, upon the playground of some large school, where all the naughty and rude spirits gather about him to draw his hat over his eyes, to pull his hair, and practise other little schoolboy amenities upon his person."

I will give but one more instance. Even the august solemnity of the House of Lords must have been moved to unwonted laughter by parts of his speech on the Parish Churches Bill. He said :

"As soon as a person succeeds in appropriating a pew he puts in a hassock and a prayer-book, and after that it is sacred for ever to him. These are the idols of British pewdom, the symbols and forms by which seisin and livery of part of the parish church are taken for ever. Very early in my clerical life I was curate in a parish church where there were large old-fashioned pews owned by different persons. After service one Sunday the holder of one of these pews came to me in a state of great irritation and rage because of the incursion of a single stranger into his pew, which was a large one, with seats for eight or nine persons, of which he was the sole occupant. 'Sir,' he said, 'I would not dare to disturb divine service to pull him out of my pew, but I took the slight liberty of sitting upon his hat.'"

III. I have spoken of Archbishop Magee as a Preacher and as an Orator ; I must add a few words about his position as a Statesman and as

a Divine. He supported the Clergy Discipline Bill. He mentioned the case of a clergyman in his diocese who held two offices, the one under the Church, and the other under the State :

“ Within six months of the commission of a very heinous offence he was deprived of his office under the State ; but for twenty years afterwards he held his office in the Church, defying bishop after bishop.”

In dealing with such subjects his clearness of vision was invaluable. He said :

“ I think sometimes a great deal of confusion of thought arises from men failing to distinguish between what is properly spiritual and what is ecclesiastical. All things ecclesiastical are not spiritual ; all things spiritual are not ecclesiastical. The spiritual function of a priest being untouched, I contend that it is purely a question of ecclesiastical law where he shall exercise those functions, and that, to my mind, is the only thing that is touched by this Bill.”

The reason why he was so often appealed to in the House of Lords was this : he always saw into the heart of a subject ; he was not misled by specious falsities ; he was not terrified by clamour.

It was but natural that the unpopular line he often took, and the incisive epigrammatic form of his remarks, should awake on many occasions a bitter antagonism. He opposed the total abolition of vivisection, and this angered many excellent people, though it was hardly worth the editor's while to preserve the anonymous letter which, in the midst of Dr. Magee's nearly fatal illness, thanked God for his torments, and hoped that he would shortly, “ with God's mercy ” (!), suffer still greater ones. Such splenetic outbreaks are beneath contempt. The Bishop was specially liable to these, though hardly more so than every brave, true, and prominent public man. The best way to treat them is to fling them into the waste-paper basket with wholesome contempt. It must, however, be added in fairness, that the Bishop's epigrams were sometimes needlessly pugnacious, were directly calculated to arouse bitter animosity, and sometimes hardly rose above the level of “ flashy paradoxes.” An epigram which, even when it may be verbally true and logically defensible, creates an entirely erroneous *impression* in the minds of ninety-nine persons out of every hundred that hear it, is a faulty and dangerous epigram. It is inadvisable, and even reprehensible, to put convictions into a form of words which can only be regarded as a true statement after it has received a considerable amount of exegetical manipulation. On two occasions, at least, Dr. Magee had to explain himself by subsequent speeches, which did not take the sting out of this original paradox. The epigram was remembered and misused, and even grossly and perilously abused, to the injury of morality and religion, where the explanations of it were never seen and were forgotten. Thus, in one of his sermons he said :

"Meanwhile, the conversion of the kingdoms of this world into the Kingdom of Christ is *manifestly impossible*. The laws, the methods of His Church can never be made the laws, the methods of an earthly kingdom. *No nation governed on strictly Christian principles could continue to exist for a week.*"

I think that it was in relation to this passage that the Bishop remarked that "he awoke one morning, and found himself infamous." The outcry caused by his remarks was such that he felt himself bound to explain and justify them in the *Fortnightly Review* (Jan. 1890), in a paper on "The State and the Sermon on the Mount." Now, any scholar—any one accustomed to unravel the smallest intricacies of thought—would see at once that there was *a sense* in which what the Bishop said was a perfectly tenable proposition. None the less, the form in which the proposition was stated is liable to the grossest perversion. It is one which gave occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. It is one which might have been effectively used on an infidel platform, and though the irrelevance of such an abuse of it might be easily demonstrated by a clear thinker and a ready speaker, even then its terseness might leave an ineradicably bad effect on the mind of a sceptical listener. Now, it seems to me most undesirable to plump down expressions of opinion (however true they may be in the sense intended) in forms which require so much subsequent explanation—in forms which lend themselves to so injurious a misuse.

The same remark applies, and even more strongly, to the famous criticism on the Permissive Bill, which brought him so much animadversion. He said:

"If I must take my choice—and such it seems to me is really the alternative offered by the Permissive Bill—whether England should be free or sober, I declare, strange as such a declaration may sound coming from one of my profession, that I should say it would be better that England should be free than that England should be compulsorily sober. I would distinctly prefer freedom to sobriety, because with freedom we might in the end obtain sobriety; but in the other alternative we should eventually lose both freedom and sobriety."

In a speech in the Clarendon Theatre at Oxford, delivered in the Bishop's lifetime, I referred to this saying, without mentioning his name, as a glittering and dangerous sophism. The speech—though I alluded to him with entire courtesy and respect, and though, if he had at the time repudiated the sense I put on his words, I should instantly and with the most cordial apologies have accepted the correction—gave him deep and abiding offence, and caused on his part a silent but very unfriendly feeling towards me. The circumstances which restored me to a friendly footing with him are full of pathos, but may not here be alluded to. Suffice it to say that of late years his relations towards me were marked with entire cordiality. At the Athenæum and elsewhere we have more than once conversed together on subjects of the

deepest importance, and in kindly concord. He was one of the eight bishops who sat on the Committee of both Houses of Convocation on the subject of Anglican Brotherhoods—a committee of which I was the secretary. On that subject he cordially agreed with me. He told me that he considered some such scheme as I proposed to be “*the key to our present position.*” At the first meeting of the Committee he made a very weighty speech, in which he expressed the fullest concurrence with me in my suggestions. He was a guest at my house shortly before his death, and when I congratulated him on his promotion to the Archbishopric of York he thanked me, with the remark that what he desired was far less the congratulations than the prayers of all who wished him well. I mention this only to show that all traces of former unfriendliness had been obliterated. Nevertheless, I am bound to say that the epigram about England free and England sober, after all his explanations, involves a radical falsity, and even an interlinked concatenation of many falsities; and that the implied antithesis between “freedom” and “sobriety” is based upon the most fundamental of all possible misconceptions. Not in the sense which he intended, but in the sense in which it is incessantly used by the defenders of liquordom, it is nothing better than immoral nonsense. So much may be a matter of opinion, and this is not the place to offer once more a demonstration of these assertions. But surely the *form* in which the opinion was expressed, apart altogether from its meaning—which is so difficult to disentangle, and so impossible to maintain even when it is disentangled—would much better have been avoided. Whatever the Bishop may have meant—and even now the sense which he assigned to his remark seems to me to be full of confusion—it is certain that the epigram, in the form of “preferring England free to England sober” has been received with hallelujahs by all the publicans and gin-distillers, and those interested in the maintenance of the present deplorable conditions of the drink traffic, with that resultant intemperance which the Bishop himself called “*the great curse of the nation,*” and “one of the sorest hindrances to our work as ministers of Christ’s gospel; one of the saddest obstructions to the spread of Christ’s kingdom; one of the most hideous and destroying cancers of modern and social life;” “one of the greatest and most monstrous enemies which man has, and one of the surest hindrances to his happiness in this life, and his hopes of the world to come.” To take a test case: would the Bishop have preferred to see the whole State of Maine a drunken State, than to see it made “compulsorily sober” by the Maine Liquor Law? He himself said that he did not believe such a law “would involve any interference with freedom, because the nation has a right to forbid, if it thinks fit, the sale of any article whatever which it believes to be injurious.”

The Bishop complained that every week, and sometimes almost by

every post, he continued to receive bitter and indignant complaints of his speech and its results. It does not surprise me that such should have been the case. Temperance reformers felt that, though he never intended it, and must deeply have regretted it, his glittering sophism had tended powerfully to check their efforts at ameliorating the present intolerable condition of things—efforts dictated purely and simply by love for their fellow-men, and to which, under intense discouragement, they had devoted so many weary and almost despairing years.

But if it cannot be denied that the Bishop sometimes indulged himself in forms of expression which were not only epigrammatic, but paradoxical, let us never forget that, among other memorable services, he devoted the last year of his life to the noble effort of aiding the philanthropic exertions of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, by throwing the agis of legal protection over the lives of miserable and imperilled children.

IV. I have left myself no space to speak adequately of the Bishop as a theologian. A formal theologian, in the sense of one who has devoted himself to the study of technical theology, of course he was not. But a theologian in a higher and better sense he was. His sermons on "The Ethics of Forgiveness," on "Morality and Dogma," on "The Bible Human and yet Divine," on "The Doctrine of the Atonement," and others, are sermons of high theological value. The manner in which he deals with the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed—though it falls far short of the trenchant terms used by Archbishop Tait and Bishop Thirlwall in the Upper House of Convocation—is both courageous and deeply valuable. These remarks occur in his important "First Pastoral Charge," which also contains a scathing and masterly exposure of ritualistic lawlessness, in which he shivers to atoms the miserable pleas on which it is defended; and a brief but singularly powerful appendix, in which he discusses the question of the supposed perpetual infallibility of the Church, and exposes for the thousandth time the entire valuelessness and inapplicability of the Vincentian definition of Catholicity—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.

I have endeavoured in the brief space at my command to point out some of the characteristic elements in the greatness of this eminent preacher and thinker, and to touch as lightly as I could on the intellectual peculiarity which tended to diminish his usefulness, and in some measure I fear to embitter his life. Some may regret the way in which he formulated some of his views, but the Church owes him a debt of sincere and reverent gratitude, and among the band of great English prelates his name will always be remembered.

F. W. FARRAR.

THE COERCION OF TRADE UNIONS.

YES, Trade Unions do exercise coercion. To deny or to blink the fact is to misunderstand the reason of their existence. They do, undeniably, compel their members to accept or refuse certain conditions of employment, according, not to individual contracts, but to rules made by the Union. Furthermore they do, to the utmost of their power, prevent persons who refuse the Union conditions from getting work at all.

That they do these things is the burden of the complaints and accusations brought against them by persons who know the facts. Other complaints and accusations are indeed often made, but only by persons who do not know the facts. Nothing, for instance, is commoner than to hear a middle-class speaker arise in a meeting and declare that the one thing which he cannot pardon in Trade Unions is their unfair plan of insisting that all men shall be paid alike, and that a man who does better work than another shall not receive better pay. The fact is that no such rule exists in any Trade Union of which I ever heard ; and I do not believe that even the least enlightened of Trade Unionists would dream of advocating such a plan. What a Union does enact is, not that there shall be a universal rate, but that there shall be a *minimum* rate, below which no man's pay shall fall. If any man can, by private arrangement or personal ability, secure a higher rate, he is at perfect liberty to do so. That so few, even with the Union rate as a platform, do succeed in rising much above it, only shows how well the Unions have mostly succeeded in pushing up the general rate.

There are, indeed, some cases in which the extra wage of one worker would tend to drive downward the general rate ; and in these cases Unions do interfere to prevent the acceptance of that extra wage.

Here is a typical example—one of a dozen within my own observation. Some years ago, a few women in a tailoring factory received coats of a new pattern to make, and were paid for them at a slightly better rate than usual. One woman, by great exertions, by working in her meal hours, by leaving late and coming early, succeeded more than once, in making three coats in the time hitherto employed in making two. Her companions warned her. They said: "You'll make it hard for all of us. The prices will be put down, and we shall have to slave our hardest to make three coats in the time of two." She, poor woman, was in great need of the few additional shillings, and she gave no heed. In a few weeks the prophesied reduction came, and she and her companions were alike compelled to work at increased pressure in order to earn their previous wage.

Now, if there had existed in this case a Trade Union of any validity, this too strenuous worker would undoubtedly have been subjected to coercion. She would not have been allowed to overwork herself and gain better pay for a few weeks, at the price of having to overwork ever afterwards without getting better pay. This woman was not thus coerced by a Trade Union. But I think it will be pretty obvious to any fair-minded person that, though it was not the Trade Union which coerced them, yet she and her companions were to all effects and purposes subjected to a very real coercion. Because one of them had not been compelled by the organised will of her fellow-workers to refrain from overwork, therefore all were compelled, by the pressure of unorganised competition, to submit to overwork.

The truth is that there is no such thing as "free" labour for the wage earner who stands alone without a Union. The single worker, unless his skill is such as to give him a practical monopoly, or unless no other man is asking for the same work, cannot at present make a free contract with his employer. That, I am well aware, will seem to many readers a preposterous statement. But what are the facts? He must have work or starve, and he cannot hold out for better terms, because some other man needing work equally, and equally pressed by starvation, will come in and take his place. Nay more, in nine cases out of ten, the employer cannot make a free contract either; he cannot, if he would, offer higher payment, because some other employer will take that other worker at a lower wage, and will be able, by that means, to sell lower in the market, and so draw away his custom.

I am anxious to put clearly the tyranny to which both employers and workers are subject in a state of unrestricted competition, because many persons see in Trade Unions only the objectionable feature that they interfere with freedom of action. It is quite true that they do interfere with freedom of action, but it is also true that freedom of action ceases to exist where there are no Trade Unions.

That is what middle-class and upper-class critics for the most part entirely fail to comprehend. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, perceives that there would be an excessive interference with personal liberty "in prohibiting a seamstress from working unlimited hours in her own home," but he appears quite blind to the infringement of liberty betokened by the mere fact of her so working. Yet it is pretty obvious that no woman would work fourteen or sixteen hours a day for a pittance of a few shillings weekly, if she had any liberty of choice in the matter.

To be under the compulsion of the law of unlimited competition, which may force him to work at a lower rate, whether he will or no; or to be under the compulsion of the Union rules, which may restrict him from working at a lower rate, whether he will or no; these are, in plain truth, the alternatives offered to the worker. Beyond these, there remains to him only the liberty of dying—a liberty, it may fairly be remarked, shared by every slave since the world began.

Now there are material differences between these two forms of compulsion.

First.—The one is an intentional guiding of effects by a reasoned adjustment of causes; the other is the resultant of unguided, disconnected actions, pressing in an unintended and undesired direction.

Second.—The one compulsion forces men positively to do something; the other only forces them to abstain from doing something; and to be compelled against one's will to do, is more unpleasant than to be compelled against one's will to abstain.

Third.—The one compulsion enforces something naturally displeasing to most men—*i.e.*, lower pay and longer hours of work; the other enforces something naturally pleasing to most men—*i.e.*, higher pay and shorter hours of work.

When we have fully grasped these differences, and when we have made quite clear to ourselves that compulsion is just as much compulsion when it is exerted by the blind forces which result from no man's will but from all men's unregulated action as when it is exerted by any organised body of men or by an Act of Parliament, we begin to understand the real nature of the struggle between the Unionist and the non-Unionist. It is, in the long run, a struggle to decide whether all men and women shall be prevented from working under bad conditions or whether all men and women shall be driven to do so. For, speaking largely and disregarding exceptions, it must be all one way or all the other. Let me quote, on this point, an impartial man, who understood these things, and was not afraid to utter his knowledge more than twenty years ago—the late Professor Fleeming Jenkin :

"If any individual who pleased could work overtime without entailing equal work on all his fellows, there would be little or no objection to overtime, but if overtime is made at all, it must be made by the large proportion

of men employed in a shop. The engine must be at work, the gas burning, the timekeeper at the gate, the foreman present; and does any one suppose that this can be done for an odd man here and there who wishes to get on, or earn extra pay? No; the rule in a shop is that all or none work overtime. . . . It may be inconvenient to a few of their number not to have the opportunity of making more, but it would be intolerable that a mass of workmen should night after night, and year after year, have all of them to work till 10 o'clock, in order that 1 per cent. of their number should rise to be a master, or even that 5 per cent. with extra large families should be more at their ease."

It is thus strictly true that the Unionist is always fighting for better conditions for the non-Unionist as well as for himself, while the action of the non-Unionist is always tending to lower the working conditions of the Unionist. And the Unionist is conscious of the fact, while the non-Unionist is only conscious that the Unionist casts opprobrious epithets at him for taking work where and how he can get it, and for refusing obedience and contributions.

The Unionist, in short, is in the position of a citizen, who, in the absence of any paving and lighting rate, should join a voluntary association for paving and lighting his district. If would not be possible to exclude from a share in the use of these improvements any non-contributors whose houses abutted on the paved and lighted highways; and such inhabitants would enjoy these advantages at the expense of their neighbours. It may be quite true that it may be worth the contributors' while to pay the extra shares rather than do without the improvements, but it is also true that each has to pay more for them than if all who enjoyed them paid a share; and it is natural—it is even just—that those who pay should resent the non-payment of other participators. This resentment must not, in any moderately civilised community, be permitted to go the length of flinging the disputed paving-stones at the non-subscribers' heads, or applying to their houses a light from the disputed lamps; but it might, and probably would, go the length of "cutting" these offenders. People who paid the voluntary toll would, by preference, give their custom to tradesmen who paid it; if they had houses to let, they would prefer tenants who would pay it; they might even go so far as refusing to take a house from any landlord who let other houses to non-contributors, and thereby increased their own proportional payments.

In the end, however, the toll-paying majority would probably insist upon placing the whole matter of paving and lighting in the hands of a representative, publicly organised body, which would thenceforward collect rates from all residents alike, whether they individually desired lamps and sidewalks, or whether they preferred a continuance of mud and darkness. A distinct inclination is shown by the younger Trade Unionists to follow a similar course, and to secure for each new advance which they may gain, the permanence of parliamentary

enactment. Personally, I believe this course to be a logical development, and likely to lead, on the whole, to beneficial results. To expound this view, however, or to forecast these results, would be beyond the scope of the present paper.

Meanwhile, the Trade Unions, as voluntary combinations for objects believed to be desirable on behalf of all workers alike, are doing their best, in the channels allowed them by law, to secure their main aim of better pay and better conditions.

Let us consider briefly—first, whether they have attained these ends; secondly, what have been their methods; thirdly, whether in trying to attain or in attaining these advantages they have brought about other disadvantages, and, if so, whether these disadvantages do or do not outweigh the gains.

The object of many of the older Unions is defined in substance as “the securing of fair pay and good conditions of work for all its members.” Some Unions, however, include “all workers in the trade,” and many “new” Unionists declare “the abolition of poverty” to be the aim and end of Trade Unionism.

That Trade Unions have improved the industrial position of their own members is, I think, indisputable. The workers in well-organised trades are appreciably better paid than those in less organised kindred trades, or than their own predecessors in the days before the Union. This is true of unskilled trades no less than of skilled ones. The shortening of working hours, in almost all cases where it has been attained, has been the result of Trade Union action. Moreover, Trade Unions have, in a considerable measure, taken on themselves burdens which must otherwise have fallen on the rates. Many of them grant allowances in sickness, lack of work, and old age; and many men whose cases are not provided for under the Union rules are prevented from coming upon the rates by the voluntary assistance of their fellow members, to whom the circumstances are known. In another way Trade Unions indirectly diminish poverty by helping to prevent the fall of wages to that point at which apprenticeship is made impossible by the fact that the parents cannot afford to let the child's time go unpaid for. The children of very ill-paid parents cannot afford the training of the skilled worker; they press in to the over-full unskilled market and help to intensify the poverty already existing.

Unions then have in some measure mitigated the evils of low wages as far as their own members are concerned.

We are next to consider what are the methods in which Trade Unions deal with (a) their own members; (b) the non-Union workers; (c) the employers. The methods by which a Union tries to enforce its decrees upon workers may be briefly and fairly described as voluntary association supplemented by moral pressure and the boycott.

(a) Of its own members it requires regular contributions, and the sacrifice of their personal desire whenever they desire to work under conditions of which the universal enforcement would be an injury to workers at large. In return, the Union guarantees that each shall himself in like manner be protected from the risk of competition on the part of any other member.

(b) As to non-Unionists, the true aim of a Trade Union is to bring them in ; and failing that, to make it unpleasant for them to remain outside. A few Unions have, at times, been so stupid as not to perceive this primary need of inclusion, and have made it difficult for non-Unionists to obtain membership—a most mistaken policy. Beyond persuasion and argument, the legitimate weapon brought to bear on the non-Unionist is a refusal to work beside him. I say the “legitimate” weapon, because the right to refuse to work for any particular master is one which can be denied to no man without reducing him to the level of a slave. So long as the Union says “We will not work,” it is within its lawful limits : so soon as it begins to say, “You shall not work,” or, “You shall not employ,” it transcends them—a difference which has not always been clearly apprehended by legal gentlemen sitting in the seat of judgment. The refusal to work with the non-Unionist is defended on the ground that either the action of the non-Unionist imperils the Unionist’s position by making easier a general reduction of wages, or else the non-Unionist is getting the advantages of the Union conditions without paying for them. Intimidation—that is, threats and violence—are supposed by some ignorant persons to be habitual weapons of a Trade Union. This is emphatically not the case. I do not say that the conduct of the too zealous Unionist who, in the heat of conflict, breaks the head of the blackleg, has always been treated by his executive with the reprobation which it undoubtedly deserves, but I do say that an executive, as such, seldom or never promotes intimidation ; and further, that, if it did, it would lose its authority with the majority of its members.

(c) As regards the employer the methods of the Union are two : discussion, through official representatives, and a combined refusal to work. The weapon of the Union is, in short, the power of striking. Yet, paradoxical as it may appear, the existence of a strong Union diminishes the number of strikes. The strike is the first resource of the disorganised ; it is the last resource of the Union. The inordinate number of petty strikes which take place among non-Union workers in scattered factories is a thing of which I had no suspicion until I came into close relation with the poorer class of London factory workers. The leaders of such strikes have no influence with newspapers, and the public never hears of them ; whereas publicity is immediately sought by a Union whose members are on strike. It is

true that Union strikes, though fewer—much fewer—in number, are more severe and prolonged than strikes of the unorganised or ill-organised. They are, in short, not guerilla skirmishes, but decisive battles. As such, they are profaced by diplomatic dealings—representations, discussions, conferences; and these give to both sides time for reflection and an opportunity of coming to a better understanding. In nine cases out of ten, an actual strike is averted by these preliminaries. On the whole, Union strikes are undertaken after the cost has been counted, reasons weighed, and preparations made. No doubt, in spite of all this, there have been injudicious Union strikes but to say that, is only to say that Trade Unions, like other human institutions from the House of Lords downwards, are not infallible.

The question remains whether, in trying to attain their ends, the Trade Unions have brought about other disadvantages, and if so, whether these new evils are less or greater than the old.

As regards the Trade Unionist, what harm does the Trade Union do him? It sometimes, no doubt, keeps him out of work, when he might have work on non-Union conditions. In return, however, it gives him an allowance in lieu of that lower wage, and his chance of sharing the advantage of a higher wage all round. There are undeniably cases in which the total defeat of a Union has meant ruin to many of its members. I will not quote instances; they are not many, but they are still too bitterly remembered to be good to think or speak of. In comparison with the general improvement in the condition of Trade Union workers, however, the losses are proportionately very small.

As regards the workers outside the Union, what injury, if any, do Trade Unions do? They do, I have no doubt at all, make the battle of life harder for the incompetent and the shiftless. They tend to make a clear boundary line, on the one side of which is the well paid man in work, and on the other side, the absolutely unpaid man out of work. That is, undoubtedly, a hardship for the one incompetent and feckless individual, but is it an injury to the community? Is it not very much to be desired that the problem of the unemployed—a real problem, though a problem involving, I believe, a far smaller number of persons than it now appears to involve—should be left uncomplicated by the presence of the vast class of half-employed and half-paid persons who, in effect, subsist partly on the labour of some one else, and help to drag that some one else down to their own level? It cannot, I fear, be doubted, that there exists among us a class of persons who cannot, in our present commercial system, be employed with profit to themselves and others. For these the Trade Union has no help. Their own work will not keep them; our civilisation forbids us to leave them avowedly to starve. In the long run the nation has to keep them; and the sooner the nation faces

the problem and sets to work to keep them systematically, humanely, and cheaply the better for us all. .

Finally, as to the great indictment of all ; have Trade Unions done harm to the country by driving away trade ? The question is difficult to answer, because every particular instance has different factors and requires to be examined separately, and to do this exhaustively would demand a volume. That the action of Trade Unions shortens the agony of any inevitably declining trade, I cannot doubt ; and I think it more than likely that there are certain trades in which more work would be done in England if there were no Trade Unions. But then such work would be done at a lower wage-rate ; and low wages, no less than diminished employment, mean low purchasing power on the part of workpeople, who form the largest class of purchasers ; and low purchasing power means diminution of trade in one direction or another.

What amount of national wealth this country might have secured if Trade Unions had never existed it is impossible to say ; but we do know that, with things as they are, the average national income—the amount per head—goes on increasing. We know that on the whole our Trade Unions have got for their members shorter hours and better pay than belong to any other working-class in Europe ; we also know that this country, in which the Unions are strongest, is the most prosperous in Europe. These facts prove that the action of Trade Unions does not prevent a high and increasing degree of national wealth ; they do not, of course, prove that the Unions have been the cause of this prosperity, but they go far to suggest that their existence has at least been one of its factors.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

OF NUTS AND NUT-CRACKERS.

IF my host were to offer to make me a present of any one portion of his pleasure-grounds that I might select, I think I should prefer a request for his Nut Avenue. It is over a hundred yards long, and between the two rows of trees runs a broad turf walk. Twenty autumns have come and gone since that turf was laid and those nuts were planted, and to-day the path is of wondrous pile and texture, and the trees, each of them beautifully symmetrical and of even size, some fifteen feet in height, twenty in depth, form a hedge so luxuriously soft in contour, so beautifully thick and cool, that merely to look down the green aisle is reposeful to eye and brain. A broad rustic seat, comfortably low and overshadowed by laurels, stretches across the path at either end, and halfway down on one side is another seat cunningly set back between two of the trees, and so overshadowed and curtained in with leafy boughs that from no point of the orchard can you be seen as you sit there. The rabbits, the blackbirds and thrushes only find you out when they come suddenly plump upon you, and as often as not do not find you out even then, but pursue their ways of pleasure or business, exquisitely innocent of being overlooked. Travelling along the line, the families of tits, reconnoitring the boughs so fruitful of insect life, come scrambling and in full talk into the trees above your head, and, without hesitating in their quest or abating their conversation, pass on, utterly unconscious that you have overheard them and have had them one and all within easy arm's length. The bullfinch, shyest of birds, betrays his inmost self to you as you sit there. I have even known the highwayman jay to come and take up his wicked ambush in the very tree before me; and it was thoroughly satisfying to hear the chuckle of horror with which the would-be assassin flung himself out of the tree as soon as he discovered that a detective had his eye on him.

Here comes a squirrel along the path, on business bent. How strangely all its beauty of form disappears when the creature is on the ground. Like the swan, it has its proper element, in which alone it looks beautiful. Running along the turf, it looks like a bushy-tailed rat; its skipping is scarcely graceful; and when it goes sniffing round the roots of the trees—for insects, be it noted, as well as nuts—it is a very commonplace little beast. But attract its attention, arouse its suspicion by a low whistle, and how suddenly it becomes beautiful! It sits erect, its tail is flung up interrogatively along its back, its ears are cocked, its little fore-paws, in the most delightful attitude of surprised attention, are held up, the tips of the “fingers” just touching each other across the snowy whiteness of its breast. Was ever anything more bewitching than its expression of annoyance? Not because it can see you, but because it cannot. It chirrup with irritation, and the tail flicks out a question at every chirrup. It looks all round to discover whence your whistle came, drops on all fours, runs a foot and sits up again, runs another foot and again sits up, chirruping “in anger insignificantly fierce,” and flicking its tail every time it sits up, till on a sudden it catches sight of your foot. Run away? Not a bit of it. It proceeds to scold you; draws itself up to its full height, and with its short fore-paws before it looks like a miniature kangaroo. And then, taking alarm all at once from your uncanny silence rather than from your presence, it leaps into the nut-tree opposite, springs from bough to bough, and, fairly facing you, tells you at the top of its voice what it thinks of you and your mean habit of hiding under a tree and coming frightening squirrels by low whistlings, and it emphasises all the hardest words it uses by stamping with its feet and flitting its tail about in a delirious tirade of flourishes. It is evident you are “no gentleman.” And there it will sit, giving you the same bit of its mind over and over again almost as long as you have the patience to remain and submit to its aspersions. But suddenly, in the very middle of an adjective, it stops short, lies down flat across the bough, and, with the funniest caution imaginable, looks down at the ground beneath. While you have been watching the squirrel up the tree, another, its mate, has come along the turf path, and is now sitting up on its hind legs under the tree, closely watching you. The scolding of the one above and the direction of its gestures told the other where you were, and there, within a yard of your feet, it sits looking at you with its bright eyes, and asking you how you like what is being said of you. But now that there are two together they soon tire of you. They have found out all about you, and are not going to waste any more time over you. At any rate, you seem harmless, and so they commence to romp. And such romps! You get almost dizzy watching them as they flash round and round the tree and up and down the boughs. Surely no other creature living has such

agility, such amazing powers of evolution, whirligig, and fandango, in so confined a space. And then they are off—splash, splash, into the leaves of the next tree---and so away.

There have been harsh things said of squirrels, and I am afraid it is beyond dispute that they will kill little birds. They have been seen to do so. It has also been said that they will eat bird's eggs, but of this there is not at present any recorded eye-witness, and I prefer to hold the little forester excused. And for this reason, that my friends have an aviary, a beautiful piece of wired-in shrubbery, in which squirrels and birds live and breed. Greenfinches, hedge-sparrows, canaries, and bullfinches have all hatched broods this season, which could never have happened had the squirrels been egg-eaters. Moreover, to test the squirrels, two thrushes' nests, filled to the brim with house-sparrows' eggs, were temptingly displayed near their "draw," for their special delectation. Into one of these a squirrel, no doubt in the course of a frolic, had incontinently and promiscuously jumped, with disastrous results to many of the eggs, and evidently such disagreeable consequences to itself that the other nest was never disturbed. From which it is "accurately well" evident that *those* squirrels did not make omelettes—except by accident. But they are great insect-hunters, and this is why you see them creeping along the branches, making such microscopic search of the bark, and why they are so fond of wandering about over turf, peering so closely into the grass.

Here, of course, they also find grass-seed and other minute food. It is very pretty to see them eating millet, for instance, and they pick up the tiny specks of grain with both paws at once, and crack each seed and drop the husks. The rapidity with which they do this is delightful to watch, for nothing can be funnier than the spectacle of half-a-dozen squirrels round a little patch of millet or rape, bobbing up and down at the rate of about thirty bobs a minute. You would think they would prefer to eat off the ground, and save themselves the trouble of sitting up every time, just for the sake of an infinitesimal morsel. But not a bit of it. Up they sit, up go their tails, up go their paws—crack!—and down they go, down go the tails, and down go the paws. And as each squirrel is manœuvring independently, the sight of so many little bodies bobbing up and down, like the hammers in the back of a piano, and the perpetual flourishing and whisking of tails, is ludicrous exceedingly. Few animals are so fearless of man as the squirrel. I have known them, caught one day and left unfed the next, absolutely dispute with me the possession of a plate of nuts. I would spread these out on the swinging feeding-tray, and rattle them together with my hands. The squirrels would at once come down to the challenge, and sitting on the tray, make such ferocious charges, grunting as they did so, at my hands, that it was impossible at first to resist the impulse to snatch one's hand away. But these charges, like all their other expressions of anger,

were "make-believe," the real object being simply to snatch up a nut and make off with it. That they relied upon the extraordinary suddenness of their charge and snort to disconcert the enemy, and thus let them get off with a nut, was indisputable, for afterwards, when I used to keep my hand where it was, they never touched it, but would simply dash forward, pick up a nut, and be off with it like lightning. The nut eaten, they would at once come down for another. And what a very short time it took them to eat one ! In a couple of pulls, with the big end of the nut towards them, they unhusk it, and then, turning it small end upwards, adze a little hole in the shell, just sufficient to give their front teeth a firm hold, and then, by a sudden backward jerk of the head, they wrench off, or prise up, enough of the shell in one piece, for the kernel to come out whole through the opening. Sometimes the hole is not large enough, and they then wrench off another piece. The kernel once out, they nibble through it, rejecting the inner skin, with amazing speed.

Of traps they have absolutely no fear. I have caught the same squirrel seven times during the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next. It had once been a prisoner in the aviary, but the rats got in, and by the hole through which the rats got in the squirrel got out. As it went no further than a fir-tree that grew outside the aviary, we set a trap for it—a wine case with the lid made heavy by a brick attached, and a figure-of-four arrangement to which a bunch of nuts was tied. Down came Squg at once, gave a tug at the nut, and down came the lid. Our prisoner was at once let go into the aviary, and made straight for the rat-hole (of which we, of course, then knew nothing), and got out. The trap being re-set, we departed, well satisfied with our success, when the bang of the descending lid again attracted us. Again the squirrel. "Why it's Squg !" we said, recognising our old friend and very recent captive. He was again put into the aviary. But why repeat the occurrence ? Five times we caught him, and as many times he escaped, but how or where we were utterly at a loss to guess. All hands examined the aviary, and declared it perfectly safe. Again, for the sixth time, we caught Squg, and this time his exit was discovered, most cleverly concealed behind a laurel stump. So we filled up the hole, and once more reset the trap. Once again, and once too often, Squg returned, and it was worth all our trouble to watch his fury, his ungovernable fury, at finding the comedy so unexpectedly a tragedy. He had gone too far, and was a prisoner. It took him two days—until, indeed, we caught his mate, and they began building a "draw"—for his ill-temper to subside.

It was not hunger that impelled him thus repeatedly to imperil his freedom, for, besides baiting the trap, we always put one or two nuts outside. These he would pick up, and, scampering across the turf to a shrubby border, would at once bury—not all in one place, but, after the most haphazard, promiscuous fashion, in apparently the first

soft ground he came to. The disregard of getting caught was therefore under no compulsion of hunger. And this reminds me of another trap incident quite as curious, where I caught, as I thought, eighteen "great tits" during a spell of very severe weather last winter. They went into a little decoy trap, after the fat which I had put in, as fast as I could set it. All the birds were released in the aviary at once, but none could be seen in it, and at last, after an afternoon's excitement, the repeated capture of Sqng was recalled to mind, and we now found that the tits, or tit, as soon as they were let go in the aviary, got through the three-quarter inch mesh of the netting and returned to the trap for one more peck at the life-saving fat. Poor little birds! All the rest of that hard spell there were lumps of fat hung on the yew-tree and tied on the stakes for them, without any afterthought of capture.

But here comes another visitor in red fur—a dormouse. Never was such a philosopher as he. If he sees you wish to catch him, he will do his best to run away. But if you catch him, he will nestle resignedly in the palm of your hand, and when you go to feed him he will nibble at your fingers, trying to get the grain of wheat which you hold between them. Nothing comes amiss to him except, bad weather, and when skies are inclement he calmly retires into his dormitory, and curling his tail over his nose, between his ears and down his back, falls tranquilly asleep. To find him at this time is always a pleasure to me. I like to take him out of the middle of his cosy ball and let him wake up in my hand. He wakes so delicately. Sleep goes and consciousness returns with such subtlety. The large black eyes open, the tiny pink fingers uncloset, a ripple of life seems to pass along the soft fur, and lo! the dormouse is awake. A morsel of nut held out on a pin arouses its appetite, and it begins to nibble. But it is very drowsy, and before the morsel is finished the wee thing's vitality gradually fades away, and once more, in the hollow of your hand lies a round lifeless ball of fluff.

When kept as pets, having only a little cage to move in, they seem to be mice, and nothing more. As a matter of fact, it is quite a question whether the dormouse is not as much squirrel as mouse. It climbs with the greatest ease; is a gymnast, hanging head downwards to eat what it cannot reach any other way; as a rule it sits upright, using its forepaws like hands; has a bushy tail; goes to sleep all winter, if the weather be severe. In all these points it is more like a squirrel than a mouse, while its teeth and the manner of growth of its hair differ from those of other mice. But we call it a mouse, and it really does not matter very seriously, either to it or to us, what we call it. Some people think it is a night-thing; but this is not the case. It is "crepuscular," perhaps—a creature of the twilight; but it is also a creature of the noonday. Not that it ever goes out into the sun. I have never seen it do so myself. But here, in the beautiful

sea-water twilight of the nut trees, the loveliest soft shade of green imaginable, the large-eyed dormouse is perfectly happy.

Watch him on the boughs. With what wondering eyes it seems to look about it, and then, on a sudden, as if familiar with every twig, it swings itself along, now above the branch, now below it, its tail, like Blondin's balance-pole, jerking this way and that. With what a dainty agility it leaps from a bough! with what expert precision it keeps its hold on the next! Many of its gestures are curiously like the squirrel's. It lies along a twig and peers over it at something on the ground. It is only a robin. Satisfied, it sits up again and washes its face, passes its tail carefully through its paws, scratches itself here and there. Evidently it has all its day before it, and is certain of its dinner by-and-by. So, perfectly careless, perfectly happy, it loiters along from the tree in front of you to the next one, and is gone out of sight.

Its nest, for it has one all the year round, is in the very middle of that great clump of pampas grass, a lovely ball of the shredded fibres which that beautiful plant throws off from its leaves—so elastic that you can squeeze it up in the hand and it opens out again. There is no hole in it, for the dormouse gets in anywhere, and the wall closes on it as it passes. No leaf or grass blade is needed to protect the tiny inmate from harsh winds, for the pampas grass itself is sufficient shield from any storm. So all that the dormouse has to think about is to make its nest cosy, and cosy it is, with its inch-thick wall of silken threads. Down below, stuffed in between the stems of the grass, are grains of maize, carried off from where the pheasants are fed in the spinney; but whether stored up for winter or not, I cannot say. I know that, in captivity, the dormouse, when winter comes, shows no desire to hoard up food, which I think it would do if the instinct were natural. The squirrel always will, and so, I think, would the dormouse, if, when it was at liberty, it made provision for the winter.

Tap! tap! Something in the tree overhead. Tap! tap! What is it? Only a "great tit" tapping the boughs, as the woodpecker does, in search of insects, which it thus alarms. But if you will listen you will hear another wood-tapper. That is the nut-hatch. His is a far more business-like tap. The tit is an amateur, the other a professional: the former taps irregularly and hurriedly, the latter with a more measured stroke, as if each were intended to tell, and the bird did not mean to waste its strength in unnecessary effort. The nuts are almost too young for it yet. When they are soft its beak pierces without cracking the shell. Besides, the nut-hatch cannot pick nuts off the trees. It has to find them fallen, and even then the long husks of the filbert vex and baffle it. It doesn't (like the squirrel) understand how to rip off the green covering, or, like the dormouse, how to nibble through it. But when he finds a nut that

has slid out of its husk the nut-hatch knows exactly what to do with it. As a rule, it flies with it, holding the nut in its beak, to a tree or wall, in which it knows of, or may find, a convenient crevice. Fixing the nut in this, it sets to work by repeated blows, delivered with the greatest accuracy on the same spot, to split it. I have picked up the two shells and found that the nut-hatch had left no marks of misses on the nut. Every stroke had fallen on exactly the same pin-point of space. But it does not always put the nut in a crack, for I have seen it stand with both feet on the nut—as the marsh-tit will do with maize—and peck it on “the seam.” Picking up the shells afterwards, I found the bird had not made at all a neat job of it, the foothold probably being insecure and the nut shifting its place, thus putting the little hammerer off its stroke.

In front of me as I write I have a tray full of shells that have been rifled by the nut-crackers of the Avenue. Those with the large irregular rent, and some with the whole side ripped off with jagged edges, are the squirrel's work; these with the round oval holes, always near the big end of the shell, have been plundered by mice. But it is curious to note how often the same shell has another hole, much smaller and perfectly round, on the other side, and nearer the small end. Why was this? Did the mouse get all it could reach out through the big hole at the big end, and then—like Isaac Newton with the large door for the cat and little one for the kitten—take the trouble to nibble a little hole in the very hardest part of the nut-shell to get at the rest of the nut? The squirrel would have turned the nut upside down and let the kernel drop out. I wonder the mice have not given up eating nuts long ago. The labour they expend is enormous. But they do not care for trouble apparently. Note these walnuts. Each has two little round holes, one on each shell, nearest the sharp-point end of the nut, and it is easy to see what happened. The mouse nibbled one hole, ate what it could reach—very little indeed—and then found that, for some reason or another, the walnut was fastened inside to the shell. So then it tried the other side with exactly the same result, and then it left the nut in disgust. But this did not prevent it attacking the next walnut in precisely the same way, with precisely the same barren results; and the next, and the next, and the next. The partitions inside the nut prevented the mouse getting at the kernel, but it did not desist from trying. On the other hand, absolutely useless work is never, so far as I know, done by the mice. I never found an empty nut or a bad one that they had attempted. The squirrel, on the other hand, does not care how “high” his nuts are. But when we think that the squirrel relishes young fir-cones, with turpentine oozing out at every pore, we can appreciate the *dura illia* with which Nature has blessed the merry little forester.

How is it that October came to be called “the month of nuts”? that its symbol was a nutting crook, and its totem a squirrel? Nuts,

taking one county with another, are at their best in the last week of August and the first three of September; are then at their nuttiest—pleasant to the teeth, and milky. Early in September the edges of the green husks take autumn tints, and the shells begin to mellow into warm shades of colour, and by the end of the month they are “nut brown.” The juice has gone out of the husks, which are now dry and crackle, and the nuts sit so lightly within that the squirrel, moving, shakes them out on to the ground, and even the velvet touch of the dormouse’s tiny paws makes them slide from their covering. Great, then, the joy of the field-vole, the burly little farmer-mouse, who finds them on the ground, ready to his hand as it were, so that he may trundle them down into his hole at the root of the hazel, or carry them off to the bank where he has his winter home. Not that he cannot climb where he has a mind to, for often, when you are birds’-nesting, you may see the pretty little beast—sad that he should be so destructive—slipping along the hedge, just as the hedge-sparrow does, or, when you are in the garden, running up and down the ladders of the espaliers, or scaling the wall-fruit trees. A nimble little person, but preferring all the same his ways along the ground, and his nuts and berries shaken down for him by squirrel and blackbird, rather than have the trouble to go up and fetch them for himself. So it is that in October he finds them, the shells glossy brown, the kernels hard and in proper condition for storage.

But nuts are not at their best when they are ripe. They have lost nearly all their true nut flavour of earlier weeks, and are granular between the teeth. They need wine to moisten them. Not so in August and the first weeks of September. The filbert and the cob-nut and the hazel are all alike in their prime. In the market they then command their highest prices. On tables in country houses they hold a place of honour. By-and-by they are relegated to the lower levels of esteem. The walnut, then juicy, supersedes them, and the first invasion of foreign nuts displaces them. By Christmas the home-grown nuts have gone from the dessert altogether. The children can have what are left in the apple-room for the asking. But do you know the secret of keeping fresh filberts always with you, and having them almost equally good all the year round? The plan is simple enough. Pick your nuts before October over-ripens them and while they are still clinging in their husks, put them into tin boxes, husks and all, and bury your boxes a foot underground. As you want them, dig them up, and you will find your nuts as sweet and juicy and nutty next September as they were when you packed them the September before. By this means you may exorcise the demon of shrivelled Barcelona and musty Brazil; and when walnuts fail you, you shall always have new nuts with your old wine.

PHIL ROBINSON.

EQUALITY.

THAT all men are by nature free and equal" has been proclaimed again and again in French and American "declarations of rights." Bentham was a sworn foe to those abstract declarations, and yet Bentham's principles in ethics and politics assume the natural equality of mankind. In his "moral arithmetic" it is taken for granted that "every one is to count for one and nobody for more than one." John Stuart Mill asserts that, though for certain purposes inequalities have to be recognised, yet the presumption is always in favour of equality. If we turn from Utilitarianism to the ethics of Kant, we find the same assumption of equality. Every man, simply as such, is to be considered an "end-in-himself;" and Kant makes the principle of equal freedom the basis of his jurisprudence. All those, of whatever ethical or political school, who in any sense accept what are called "the ideas of '89" are accustomed to take for granted the theory of equality, whatever reservations or qualifications they may introduce in applying it in practice.

There is, however, one great influence on modern thinking which is, or seems, quite adverse to equality—the influence of theories of evolution. And the "Anti-Jacobin" feels that he has natural science behind him, when he says "Men are neither born free nor equal. What is the freedom of the helpless infant? What is the equality between the child of parents of the highest European type and the child of the Hottentot?" Such protests, if made in the last century, might have seemed to be simply the product of aristocratic or caste prejudice. People believed in the "noble savage"—when at a convenient distance from contact with him. But now—
ys anthropology and a more scientific study of history supply

convincing proof of the very great inequalities between different races; and the biologist points out that the progress of the world of organised beings depends on the inequalities among them, in virtue of which the fitter for survival come out victorious in the struggle. Nay, we may go farther back than biology and observe that in the whole physical universe inequalities—*e.g.*, in size, in level, in temperature, are a necessary condition of movement and life.

Let us admit all this; let us discard the *dogma* of equality. But let us be careful to bow to science only, and not to any interested or prejudiced misapplication of scientific truth. Granted that, even within any particular race, there are immense differences of natural (*i.e.*, inherited) talent and capacity, that is no sufficient reason why the degenerate great-great-grandson of an eminent man should have a voice in legislation superior to that of the chosen representative of a large number of fairly sane and sensible persons. Granted that the white races are, on the whole, much higher than the negro, that is no sufficient reason why the negro should be bought and sold like a horse or an ox, or why he should be deprived of the means of raising himself as far as he can by education and social opportunities. Granted that the acquisition of wealth in industrial competition is a proof of the possession of ability of a certain special kind, that is no sufficient reason why wealth alone, whether honestly or dishonestly acquired, whether acquired or idly inherited, should constitute a claim to social and political pre-eminence. Granted that the average woman, through the demands made upon her by nature to adapt her to the physical function of motherhood, has less bodily strength, perhaps also less intellectual power than the average man, that is no sufficient reason why a community should be deprived of the public services of its more competent women, and why all women should be deprived of the education that comes from public responsibility. If we are not entitled to apply a dogma of universal equality in an abstract way, neither must we allow the fact of natural inequalities to serve as an apology for artificial inequalities which cannot be defended on other grounds, and which, be it observed, have often very little to do with the natural inequalities that are supposed to justify them.

"That every one should receive according to his merits" is a principle of justice very generally accepted; but, save within very definite limits, is it of much practical value? That shareholders should receive dividends in proportion to the amount of their shares is equitable. Here the principle is easily applied by the help of the rules of arithmetic. But a shareholder is an individual considered only in one particular aspect, and for one particular purpose. If we extend this principle of justice to human affairs generally, how are we to find a standard by which to estimate the "merits" of indivi-

duals? How are we to get a quantitative measure by which to determine the "amounts" they are to receive? How are we to decide between the competing claims of different sorts of excellence? Proportion may be allowed to be the "justice of the gods," but human justice has, in many cases, to be the justice of mere equality, simply because of the difficulties of assigning proportionate inequalities fairly. That is to say—we adopt equality, not as the ideally best or wisest arrangement, but *faute de mieux*; not believing that every man is as good as another—than which the Irish supplement, "Yes; and better too," is not more absurd—but because any system of inequalities we adopt is likely to fall so far short of ideal justice that it will provoke indignation and discontent. Disputes are often settled by casting lots.

Equality, therefore, as a principle is itself ultimately dependent on utilitarian considerations; it is a rough-and-ready device for escaping the difficulty of judging correctly, and the discontent which arises from suspicion of unfair judgments. It is part of that system of compromise which has to be adopted in the regulation of human affairs. Where we cannot get a definite and easily discoverable line to mark off obvious inequalities, we have to content ourselves with an assumption of equality, which we know to be inaccurate. And inequality has often to be accepted on similar grounds of general expedience. Thus many young persons of seventeen or eighteen may be more mature in thought and character than others of twenty-one or twenty-two; but it is necessary to draw the line somewhere, since obviously the child of twelve is not equally capable of legal and social freedom with the man or woman of twenty-five. The line must be a definite one for the sake of convenience, and thus it will seem, in some cases, to be very arbitrary; but this is a less evil than either the hopeless attempt to determine maturity in every single case, or the cruel folly of treating children as if equal to adults. The subordination and discipline of the child is a necessary preparation for the independence of after years. "By obedience we learn to rule." The subordination and discipline must, however, be such as to train for independence. If they are such as to render the individual utterly and permanently dependent and helpless, they are clearly mischievous.

The same principle of compromise must apply to the treatment of inferior races. A wise distinction is established among British colonies between those in which there is a large proportion of inferior races—in many cases, the accursed inheritance from the slave-trade—and those in which there is not; the former class are refused responsible government lest the white minority should practically reintroduce slavery, which we have come to regard as a mischievous form of inequality, or lest the black majority, having no traditions of free institutions, should make orderly government impossible. But with

regard to "inferior races," it is well to remember that, though the mental furniture of the savage seems nearer to that of the higher apes than to that of civilised man, yet the brain of the savage is nearer to that of the civilised man than to that of the highest ape; so that the difference between the savage and the civilised man is due, not so much to "nature" (in the sense in which we distinguish nature from what results from human effort), as to human institutions. If, therefore, we assent to the usual plea of the dominant white caste that "those blacks must be treated like children," we do so on the express understanding, that they are to be treated like children, and not like cattle—*i.e.*, that they are to be trained up to more and more complete independence.

With regard to equality, as with regard to freedom, people are very apt to fall a prey to abstraction, and in pursuit of the form to neglect the reality, preferring shadow to substance. And of this tendency on the part of social reformers, the defenders of established inequalities are ready to take full advantage. It is easy to point out how absurd and cruel would be a formal equality-before-the-law of children and adults; how dangerous to social well-being is a formal equality in political privilege of newly emancipated slaves and their former masters, of the ignorant and those who are ready to take advantage of their ignorance. When it is proposed to enact a very salutary factory law that no woman shall be employed in a factory within a month before and after childbirth, some advocates of women's "rights" are ready to cry out against the gross inequality of a measure affecting only one sex. An abstract claim of equality is preferred to the interests of the whole race, which demand that children shall have some chance of healthy rearing. It is a pity that some one did not propose to make the clause applicable to men also; abstract justice would be satisfied and no harm done. It would be an immense gain if all such questions could be discussed entirely on the basis of utilitarian considerations—*i.e.*, considerations as to what conduces most to general social well-being, nothing whatever being said about "abstract justice" or "natural rights."

It has been objected that manhood suffrage or adult suffrage, irrespective of sex, is no more reasonable than babyhood suffrage, doghood, cathood, rathood, mousehood suffrage; and the objection is a valid one against those who base the claim to equal rights on the mere fact of sentience, and who, in their zeal on behalf of our brethren the animals, are fighting the cause even of the microbes that cause diseases. It will be time enough, however, for the practical politician to consider the question of animal-rights when the babies, the dogs, the cats, the rats, and the mice form themselves into societies for political agitation. The fact that a class of the population are capable of uniting, and, if need be, of rebelling, is a good utilitarian

reason why timely concessions should be made; but it may often be supplemented by reasons of a less ignoble-looking sort.

Among these utilitarian considerations we must not forget to include a higher plea for equality than has yet been mentioned—the consideration that only on a basis of equality is friendship possible. Friends must treat each other *as if* equal. “Between unequals sweet is equal love;” but the love is only equal if the inequality is left out of sight. Where people associate on terms of inequality, there is constraint, suspicion, cringing deference, contemptuous indifference. Aristotle says that in a democracy there is most friendship, whereas the despot can have no friends. And so we get equality as part of our social ideal—something to be striven for in order to increase social well-being by increasing the opportunities for free and unconstrained human intercourse. The truest friendship, indeed, the truest comradeship implies not merely a formal equality, not merely the social possibility of associating with others as if they were equals, but real equality, at least within a certain degree—*i.e.*, a general equality in intellectual training, a general similarity in taste, in manners, in ideals of life. Equality in intellect, in natural capacity, can never be obtained by institutions, though marked deficiencies, bodily, moral and mental, may be diminished more and more by attention to the laws of heredity and to the responsibilities of parentage. Complete equality in intellect—nay, even complete similarity in ideals would be undesirable, could it be attained; because this would mean that progress was at an end. And that progress should be at an end before perfection was reached would mean, first, stagnation and then decay.

It is all-important to distinguish between useful (by which I mean socially advantageous) and useless inequalities. That a community should have in it some persons with greater gifts of mind, with greater artistic powers, with greater vigour of character and a higher sense of duty than others—that it should have its sages, its saints, its heroes—is a necessary condition of healthy and progressive life. On the other hand, rank and wealth represent inequalities whose use is transitory. In certain stages of development they are the necessary conditions of any leisure and culture at all. But gross inequalities in leisure and in culture are not salutary inequalities in the long run. “Spiritual” inequalities—I am using the word “spiritual” to include intellectual and artistic and moral—spiritual inequalities are advantageous, material inequalities are not, because they do not necessarily ensure spiritual inequalities. The peer and the millionaire may be intellectually fitter associates of their parasites, the gamekeeper, the horse-jockey and the prizefighter, than of the poets, artists, politicians and men of science, to whom their social patronage is nowadays a doubtful benefit.

Real inequalities cannot be ignored. The democratic enthusiast may affect to find the companionship of the uneducated labourer more pleasant than that of the professional man whose mind never moves out of a narrow, conventional groove; and the intelligent artisan is undoubtedly a more profitable acquaintance than the *blasé* "Society" idler. But still we cannot get over a real gap which social habits and education place between different groups of human beings. There are in our present social organisation real, and not merely imaginary, castes: and the barriers between them can only be removed by the extension to all of the opportunities of true culture. We cannot do much good by feigning to ignore the effects of different training; we can do the greatest good by endeavouring to place the highest existing or possible culture at the disposal of all who are fit to profit by it, instead of leaving it a monopoly of the idlers. If the man of scientific or literary attainments or the experienced politician goes and becomes a farm hand, and lives as such, he may benefit his own muscles, his own digestion, and possibly his own soul; but if he help to secure for the toiler more leisure and those educational opportunities which make it possible to use leisure rightly, he will benefit a vast number of human beings now and in the future. It is a less picturesque form of striving after the ideal of equality; it is far more useful.

Every diminution of social inequality means a diminution of unhappiness in those who can think as well as feel; for to them at present "all happiness," as George Sand said, "is like a theft in this ill-regulated world of men, where you cannot enjoy your ease, or your liberty, except to the detriment of your fellow creatures."

DAVID G. RITCHIE.

THE RISE OF THE COAL TRADE.

'Of indoor comforts still she hath a mine -
The sea-coal fires, 'the earliest of the year.'"
BYRON.

THE extensive use of coal is of recent date. The great development of our coal resources has taken place in the course of the present century. But the birth and infancy of the coal trade carry us far away from this age of steam and steel, of "flying Scotchmen" and "Atlantic greyhounds," to the romantic times of the Crusades and the Great Charter, of Roger Bacon and Robin Hood.

So highly is coal valued at the present day that it is difficult to conceive of a time when it was regarded as an inferior and undesirable fuel. Yet such was the popular feeling towards it so long as wood continued plentiful.

It was to supply the wants of smiths and lime-burners that our coal began to be systematically dug, about 1200 A.D. This mineral fuel suited the requirements of their crafts even better than wood. An unwonted and widespread demand for fuel for these purposes doubtless sprang up at this period, in connection with the numerous feudal castles and ecclesiastical buildings which were being erected throughout the kingdom. Not only were smiths and lime-burners the sole patrons of coal at this early stage, but for a long time subsequently they continued to be its principal consumers.

Curiously, the word coal was in common use long before, as well as long after, the commencement of the coal trade, with a meaning quite different from that which it now has. The term belonged originally to wood fuel, and was applied in particular to wood which had been charred, or what is now called charcoal.

When the trade in mineral coal began this was usually distinguished by the singular name of sea-coal. It would seem that from having been gathered in early times on the sea-shore, more especially of Northumberland, along with sea-weed and other wreckage cast up by

the waves, this peculiar substance was supposed to be of marine origin. From this circumstance, and its resemblance to wood-coal in colour and burning properties, it obtained the name of sea-coal,* by which it was so long and so widely known. Then, in the course of time, as this new fuel gained upon and superseded the old, the simple name of coal became universally transferred to it.

Though the records of the incipient coal trade are scanty, they show that a traffic in coal soon sprang up between London and the Newcastle-on-Tyne coalfield. A lane in a suburb of the metropolis, where the burning of lime appears to have been carried on, was already known as "Sea-coals Lane," in 1228. A particular notice also occurs of the arrival of shiploads of sea-coal in London in 1257; and small purchases of it were made for forging iron at Westminster Palace in 1258-9. It was usually sold by the quarter. At Billingsgate, in the time of Henry III., every two quarters of sea-coal paid a duty of one farthing.

Sea-coals were likewise bought at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1265, so that by the middle of the thirteenth century a small trade in coal was evidently being carried on along a large stretch of the eastern sea-board. The growth of the trade is reflected in the increasing revenue of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which, from being £100 a year in 1213, had risen to £200 in 1281, owing to the coal trade of the port.

From smiths and lime-burners the use of coal extended to artisans who used furnaces in their trades. In Nottingham, situated on the confines of a great coalfield, this movement appears to have commenced very early. Queen Eleanor was unable to stay there in 1257 on account of the smoke of the sea-coals.

The general adoption of coal by the brewers, dyers, &c., of London, towards the end of the reign of Edward I., caused the smoke nuisance to become a burning question in the metropolis at this early period. Coal smoke was regarded not only as intolerable but very detrimental to health. In 1306 the nobles and commons repairing to London to attend Parliament, together with the citizens of London and the inhabitants of the adjacent villages, besought the King to put a stop to the injurious innovations of the coal consumers. A Royal Proclamation interdicting the use of the obnoxious fuel having produced little amelioration, recourse was had to stronger measures. In 1307 Commissioners were appointed to punish delinquents with heavy fines for the first offence, and upon a repetition of the nuisance to demolish their furnaces.

According to Stow, smiths alone were exempted from the terms of the proclamation, but the same privilege appears to have been conceded to lime-burners. Records exist of the use of the ostracised

* *Carbo maris, carbo marinus*. At a later period another meaning became attached to the name—that of coal carried over sea (*carbo maritimus*).

fuel within the proscribed area by both of these classes, soon afterwards, without molestation.

Though the digging of coal had commenced at the exposed edges or "outcrops" of most of our coalfields before the close of the thirteenth century, up to this time it had been little if at all adopted for domestic purposes. This is not surprising, inasmuch as coal was not well suited for use in house fires, or, to speak more accurately, house fires were not well suited for using coal at this early period. Chimneys as yet were rare, and to be met with only in palaces, castles, and great houses built with massive stone walls having flues carried up in their thickness. Even in these buildings their use was only partial, being chiefly confined to the more private apartments. The name of chimney would seem at first to have been specially applied to the place where the fire was put; not, as subsequently, to the smoke-flue proceeding from it. Hence, in the "Romance of Sir Degrevant," a lady who is expecting her lover directs her maid-servant to have a fire in the chimney:

"Damesele, loke ther be
A fuyre in the chymen,
Fagattus of fyre-tre
That fetchyd was yare."

In ordinary dwelling-houses, which were built of wood, chimneys and chimney-flues were unknown. In these the fireplace was situated in the centre of the floor, and there was generally a hole in the roof above for the escape of the smoke—an ancient type of house architecture surviving in Highland cot or Irish shanty, beyond the limits of the coal traffic, even to our own day. So long as the smoke was of the light and fragrant character derived from fires of wood or peat it did little harm, indeed was considered to be somewhat medicinal and rather beneficial than otherwise to the occupants of the house. With coal smoke the case was different, and any attempts to use coal fuel under such primitive conditions could not fail to prove unsatisfactory.

It is not till the early part of the fourteenth century that we begin to meet with clear references to the systematic use of coal for house purposes. Coincidentally we hear of an alteration of the fire-hearth, consisting in the introduction of a contrivance called an "iron chimney." This was not a fixture attached to the wall, like the modern fire-grate, but could be moved from one room to another. Iron being at this time a scarce and costly material, this apparatus ranked as a very important piece of furniture, so much so as to be frequently entailed by will.

As was naturally to be expected, coal first came into use for domestic purposes in situations where the inducements to its adoption were strongest. Such was the case in the coalfields, where the supply

was cheap and abundant, and perhaps even more so along the sea-coast where fuel of any kind was often difficult to obtain.

Passing over grants of coal of a general character made to towns and monasteries,* in all probability intended to be partly employed for domestic purposes, we have evidence of a more direct kind that coal was now beginning to be so used, to some extent, in the coal districts. In agreements relating to the working of coal at this period, stipulations are occasionally met with as to supplies of coal for household use. Thus, in 1326 the overlord of a colliery property in Shropshire stipulates that he is to receive a sufficient supply of sea-coal for his hearth out of the sea-coal quarry of his vassal. Similar stipulations, regarding supplies of coal, as well as purchases of it, for house purposes, are met with in other coal districts in the course of the fourteenth century.

In the religious houses which flourished on the bleak scaurs of the East coast, from Whitby to Holy Island, coal came to be largely adopted at the same period. At the monastery on Holy Island it had already become the principal fuel in 1344, being used in the brew-house, limekiln, hall, prior's chamber, kitchen, and infirmary. In the inventories and accounts of these houses references to the use of iron chimneys are frequent, and in connection with them those indispensable implements of a coal fire, the iron poker and pair of tongs, figure among the items.

Apart from the monastic records above referred to, little or no information is available as to the early domestic use of coal along the East coast. But the inference that the inhabitants of the maritime towns began to adopt coal fuel simultaneously with the occupants of the monasteries seems supported by the evidence of a later period.

Regarding the coal trade generally at this time it may be mentioned that before the close of the fourteenth century the Wear and the Trent were sharing with the Tyne in the maritime trade. This was not confined to our own shores, an export to the Continent having commenced as early as 1325, in which year the first shipload of coal on record was taken from the Tyne to France.

On the West coast a small trade had commenced on the estuaries of the Dee and the Severn, while in the interior of the country numerous little collieries were at work in the coal districts, supplying the requirements of their own neighbourhood.

In Scotland there was a thriving trade on the Firth of Forth. Even at this early period considerable quantities of coal were purchased for the king's household. It was also bought for Parliament, and for Edinburgh and Stirling castles. Edinburgh was well situated for obtaining a supply of coal, it being not only brought by sea from collieries on the opposite shores of the Firth, but also overland on

* *E.g.*, Swansea in 1306, Beauchief Abbey in 1315.

horseback from the collieries of the Tranent district. We do not hear of any attempt having been made to arrest the spread of the use of coal in the northern metropolis; but it is highly probable that it obtained its by-name of "Auld Reekie" from the coal-smoke which arose from it in early times.

On the shores of coalfields bordering on the sea, both in England and Scotland, an industry, which attained to considerable importance, sprang up in the manufacture of salt with coal by the evaporation of sea water. This was a new development of an old industry which had previously been carried on, in a limited way, with wood fuel. In some districts the coal employed in this process retained for a long period the name of pan-wood.

During the fifteenth century the use of coal kept spreading slowly. The inhabitants of the rural districts surrounding the coalfields came to the collieries with their carts and pack-horses from considerable distances for supplies of the new fuel. In the towns situated in the coal districts, as well as in those on the East coast, the employment of coal for domestic purposes appears now to have been becoming common. Even in London it had begun to be so used as early as the reign of Henry IV., if we may accept the authority of Shakespeare on the point: Mrs. Quickly, hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, reminds Falstaff of his sworn promise to marry her, made as she asseverates "sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire."

Up to the close of the Middle Ages, however, the use of coal continued very partial. The great bulk of the populace clung to their accustomed wood fuel. But at this period changes began which resulted in a rapid extension of the use of coal. The wood supply now first showed symptoms of approaching exhaustion. Already in the time of Henry VIII., wood had become sensibly scarcer and dearer in some parts of the kingdom.

At the same time, and possibly in consequence of the necessity beginning to be felt of using cheaper fuel, it became the fashion to provide common houses with chimneys. Some progress in this direction would seem to have been already made, notably in the maritime towns, but it was not till about the time of the Reformation that this revolution in house architecture became general. Previous to this event, according to Aubrey, "ordinary men's houses, and copyholders' and the like, had no chimneys, but flues like beaver holes." The rapid spread of chimneys in inland towns is particularised by Harrison, in 1577, as one of three things which had been marvellously altered within the recollection of old men then living. These had noted, he tells us, the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas in their young days there were not above two or three, if so many, in most "uplandish" towns, except in great houses.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century chimneys had come to be regarded as essential to comfort, and even the great houses of former times were falling behind the age in respect of chimney accommodation. The paucity of them in the ancient palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, in the sylvan suburb of Croydon—at this time, and long subsequently, a stronghold of “colliers” or charcoal burners—was a source of difficulty in making arrangements for the reception of Queen Elizabeth and her suite there in 1574. On account of the want of a sufficient number of rooms with chimneys in the palace, some of the guests had to be lodged outside. “And for my La. Carewe,” wrote the chamberlain, “here is no place with a chymeney for her, but she must ley abrode by Mrs. Aparry and the rest of the Pryvy Chamber. For Mrs. Shelton, here is no roomes with chymeneys; I shall staye one chamber without for her.”

With the general adoption of chimneys a new era in the use of coal commenced. From this time forward smiths and lime-burners ceased to be the chief consumers of the mineral. The demand for coal for house purposes became the most important branch of the coal trade. “Theyr greatest trade,” says Harrison in 1577, “beginneth now to grow from the forge into the kitchin and hall, as may appeere alreadye in most cities and townes that lie about the coast.” So decided was the advance in the use of coal which took place compared with what it had been in preceding times, that the earliest historian of Newcastle-on-Tyne (1649 A.D.) designates this period (about 1570) as the beginning proper of the coal trade.

Though coal appears to have now gained access even to the parlours of some of the great London merchants, still throughout the reign of Queen Elizabeth it continued to be generally regarded by the upper classes as an objectionable fuel. To have to use it instead of wood was considered to be a hardship. Sir Henry Sidney, when residing at Ludlow Castle as Lord President of the Marches, wrote to the Queen for permission to cut wood in the forest of Deerfold, because the supply of wood in the neighbourhood of Ludlow was so reduced that they were compelled to burn that noxious mineral pit-coal. Regarding the Bishop of London, too, in 1598, we are informed that, owing to the failure of his wood supply, his lordship not only required to buy timber for repairs, but had to burn sea-coals.

Queen Elizabeth herself greatly disliked coal smoke, and the use of coal in the metropolis was stringently restricted during the sessions. To the very end of this queen's reign the London ladies maintained an attitude of unabated hostility to coal. “The nice dams of London” would not enter any house, or room, where coal was burned, and objected to eat meat that had been cooked with it. But a great change was at hand.

When, in 1603, James VI. of Scotland acceded to the English

throne, coal was suddenly elevated to a higher status than it had hitherto held. The king, and his ancestors for generations back, had been using this fuel in the royal palaces and castles of Scotland. Instead of being kept at as great a distance as possible from Westminster Palace, as in the time of his predecessor, supplies of coal were now bought for the king's own use. The royal chimneys at Westminster and Windsor probably now for the first time became acquainted with coal smoke, though coal had been used in their construction several centuries before.

Coal having now obtained the imprimatur of royalty, the world of fashion soon came round and became reconciled to its use. The employment of wood fuel for domestic purposes went rapidly out, and coal was adopted in lieu of it by all classes. Howes, writing in 1612, remarks upon the extraordinary advance which had taken place of late in the use of coal, and states that it had then become "the generale fuell of this Britaine Island," being used in the houses of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, in London and all other cities and shires of the kingdom, for cooking, washing, brewing, dyeing, as well as for other requirements.

The triumph of coal as a fuel for domestic purposes was at length complete, difficulties material and sentimental having been alike overcome. Suiting themselves to the times, the vendors of wood fuel in the metropolis became dealers in coal instead, though for a long time subsequently they retained their original name of woodmongers.

As the seventeenth century progressed, the scarcity of wood became more and more felt, and the necessities of the times led to numerous schemes (usually protected by Royal Letters Patent) being brought forward for the substitution of coal for wood and charcoal in the arts and manufactures.

To pass over the adoption of coal in the manufacture of bricks and tiles, soap, &c., notable among the new applications to which it was now put was its employment in the making of glass. A monopoly of this, in which King James himself was interested, had been secured by Sir Robert Mansell. After several abortive trials at various places, Mansell erected glass-houses in the vicinity of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1619, and here, at length, the manufacture of coal-made glass was successfully established.

In order to render coal suitable for the applications in which a smokeless fuel was required, the process of cooking, or "coking," it, which had been practised with wood from time immemorial, now became common. Coked coal was substituted for straw in making malt in Derbyshire, about 1640, the change of fuel resulting in an improvement in the quality of the brewings, which was widely appreciated. An attempt was made by Sir John Winter, in 1656, to introduce coked coal for domestic purposes. Sir John, we are told,

presented samples of his coal, together with a new-fashioned grate, to a number of great men for a trial, but the project was attended with no success.

Though coal had been employed for centuries in the manufacture of salt on the shores of the coal-fields, wood had hitherto continued to be the fuel at the inland salt-works. The use of coal at Nantwich is mentioned as a novelty in 1656; at Droitwich, wood fuel and leaden pans were in use up till 1691. In this era the sea-salt manufacture was in the zenith of its prosperity. But the substitution of coal for wood in the inland salt trade, aided by the discovery of rock-salt (which took place accidentally in boring for coal in Cheshire, in 1670), led to the gradual decline and final extinction of the manufacture of salt on the coast. The only traces now remaining of this once flourishing industry exist in such names as Howdon Pans on the Tyne, Prestonpans on the Forth, Saltcoats in Ayrshire, and Salt pans in Arran and Kintyre, or in the Scottish proverb, "Carry saut to Dysart," synonymous with the English, "Carry coal to Newcastle."

In no branch of industry was the scarcity of wood more keenly felt than in the smelting of metalliferous ores. Continued efforts to accomplish this with coal began immediately after the accession of James I., and were persevered in throughout the seventeenth century. But for a prolonged period the new fuel proved highly intractable, and scheme after scheme ended in failure and disappointment. After eighty years of oft-repeated trials the tantalising problem remained unsolved. Wood and charcoal still held the field in the smelting furnaces, and all hope of ever seeing coal substituted for them had well-nigh died out. In 1686 Sir John Pettus, in his "Essays on Words Metallick," concludes his observations regarding sea-coal and pit-coal with the remark, "these are not useful to metals."

The unpromising prospect, however, soon began to brighten. Immediately after the revival of lead and copper mining, which took place about 1692—having probably been more or less in abeyance since the interruptions occasioned by the civil wars, when

"The fisher left his skill to rock
On Tamar's glittering waves;
The rugged miners rushed to war
From Mendip's sunless caves."

—these ores came to be smelted with coal. The extraction of silver from lead with coal was accomplished by a Mr. Lydal in 1697; and the same individual appears to have been the first to successfully employ coal in the smelting of tin in 1705.

The ores of iron proved more refractory, no substantial and permanent success in smelting them with coal being obtained till near the middle of the eighteenth century, when the manufacture of charcoal iron had dwindled down to very small proportions, in fact, was dying out for want of fuel. It then at length became an accomplished fact

at Coalbrookdale Ironworks in Shropshire. The success was at first ascribed to the Shropshire coal; but probably the employment of a strong blast had a great deal to do with it. From this time coal became the life of the iron manufacture. The *ex-dévant* drooping trade rapidly revived, and the latter part of the eighteenth century saw coal-iron furnaces in successful operation throughout the kingdom.

Meanwhile, a new application of coal had commenced destined to confer incalculable benefits on the human race. With the invention of the steam-engine, or "fire-engine," by Newcomen in 1710, coal became available as a source of power. This admirable machine—the most wonderful invention, and the nearest approach to animal life that human ingenuity had ever produced—was almost solely employed in raising water from mines for a period of about sixty years. Then began Watt's series of splendid improvements, culminating in the invention of the double-acting engine, in 1782, by which the utility of this "giant with one idea" was increased a thousandfold.

Notwithstanding the length of time the coal trade had existed, the development to which it had attained at the commencement of the present century is as nothing compared to the rapid rate with which it proceeded from this time forward. Though there has been a large natural increase in the demand for coal for domestic purposes, as well as for exportation, the vast extension of the use of coal which now took place was chiefly due to the absorbing requirements of the arts and manufactures.

Among the causes which have specially contributed to bring about the extraordinary and ever-increasing drain upon our coal resources which the present century has witnessed, a prominent place must be assigned to the general adoption of steam-power. It is not a little curious that the endeavours of Watt to lessen the consumption of fuel in fire-engines—in which he was eminently successful—should have brought about such a paradoxical result.

The steam-engine (which might indeed almost be termed the coal-engine) only became generally available in 1800, when Watt's patent privileges came to an end. From this time it entered upon a career of boundless utility. Windmills, water-wheels, and horse-engines—the best powers hitherto known—all sank into insignificance before it. Soon every trade and industry felt the quickening influence of this new power obtained by means of our coal.

Locomotion and navigation early felt the stimulus, the steam-engine being successfully applied to both in 1812. In June of this year, Blenkinsop's locomotive engine began dragging trains of coal-waggons on the railway from Middleton Colliery to the town of Leeds, at the rate of three-and-a-half miles an hour, the humble forerunner of our noble engines which speed on at sixty; and in the same month, Bell's steamboat, the *Comet*, of four horse-power, was launched on

the Clyde, the feeble prototype of the superb "liners" of twenty thousand horse-power which now shoot across the Atlantic under six days.

While the manufacture of iron with coal was being carried on in many districts at the commencement of the century, the total production of the metal was insignificant, being obtained from small furnaces, and by means of a cold blast. Considerable impulses were given to the trade by the discovery of the "black-band" ironstone in Scotland by Mushet in 1805, and the invention of the hot blast by Neilson in 1828. Then, with the opening up of the iron mines of Cleveland, and the great development of the industry in Staffordshire, Lancashire, West Cumberland, South Wales, and other districts, the iron trade has in the course of time attained to its present colossal proportions, and has become such an important factor in the consumption of coal as to exercise a powerful influence over the price of the commodity and the state of the coal trade generally.

In the beginning of the century an altogether new application of coal came into use in its employment for the manufacture of gas. From this time it became available as a source of light. The regular distillation of coal for gas-lighting purposes began about 1803, being first adopted at a few manufactories. The great utility of the new light was quickly appreciated; and, commencing with the lighting of Pall Mall in 1805, it soon spread, until a gas-work became an indispensable institution in every town throughout the kingdom, giving rise to a new and important branch of the coal trade.

From one cause and another the demands upon our coal resources have advanced with prodigious strides in the course of the present century. In the absence of exact statistics it has been estimated that our total production of coal in 1800 only amounted to about 10,000,000 tons. The official returns for 1891 give a production of 185,479,126 tons. Of this vast quantity about one-third is required, in nearly equal proportions, for domestic use and exportation, while the remaining two-thirds is consumed in the arts and manufactures, &c.

When the distillation of coal for the manufacture of gas was begun, the tar and other liquors evolved during the process ranked merely as waste and valueless products, difficult to get rid of. With the improvement of chemical knowledge a wonderful change has been brought about, and the utilisation of the waste or by-products of gas-works, iron furnaces, &c., has grown into a separate and important industry. And now our "black diamonds" not only afford us heat, power, and light, but from them we obtain pitch, ammonia, carbolic acid, paraffin oil and wax, also sweets and scents and brilliant colours—a rich dowry from the ancient vegetation which flourished in Britain in such tropical luxuriance in the remote geological æons of the carboniferous era.

ROBERT L. GALLOWAY.

THE MESSAGE OF ISRAEL.

THE witness to a supreme unity, which is the special characteristic of the Hebrew race, is borne out, not only by the intelligent apprehension of Hebrew literature, but even by the misconceptions and prejudices which encumber its study. We name as "the Bible" a collection of writings no less diverse than one which should include under a single title the writings (for instance) of Milton and Byron, of Thackeray and Keble. The genius of the Hebrew is indeed less various than that of the English race, and any specimen of English literature contains tendencies more divergent than that of the whole body of writings extant in the Hebrew tongue; but, on the other hand, we have no single chronicle, poem, or treatise in the English tongue, to which learned men ascribe a composition so manifold and an authorship so heterogeneous as is the case with the Pentateuch, and with most other writings of the Old Testament. The sense of this heterogeneity, dimly felt even where it is vehemently denied, or where its possibility has never occurred, has rendered the attentive perusal of the Bible impossible, except to two classes of readers. It is a significant circumstance that these are the classes who least of all could have found sympathy with each other. The Bible was intelligible to students who took it up as a kind of dissected map, which they were interested to put together in its right order—a puzzle affording exercise for intellectual ingenuity, and rewarding it with an interesting chapter in the history of human development. And then, again, it was intelligible to those whose vision of the eternal was so keen, that the discrepancies of human divergence might flit across it like those thin clouds which are themselves turned to radiance as they flit across the face of the moon. With these exceptions—that is to say for the vast majority of readers—the Bible has become a book "sealed with seven seals."

For the truth is that one of these classes is as exceptional as the other. To penetrate through narratives which ignore and belie each other to a central truth which glows through each is a power not less rare than that of so fixing the attention on these very discrepancies as to extort from them a confession of their source and their date. And for all who could not take one or other of these points of view, the Bible, if it still remained a mine of sacred truth, was a mine where the precious material was scattered in mere dust through a matrix of dross hardly rewarding scrutiny. A text embodying some truth on which the heart might feed throughout a lifetime was embedded in matter which the pious memory might discard, but could not by any intensity of effort fuse into union with its context, and which therefore opposed itself as an insuperable barrier to any persistent and logical endeavour at apprehension. A certain devout inattention, indeed, had become so indispensable an attitude towards the Hebrew Scriptures that it was supposed by those who had been trained to acquiesce in it to be the appropriate medium for the discernment of all religious truth. A careful memory for the words, sifted away from any apprehension of their sense except in isolated fragments where all that was historical could be ignored, became the unconscious aim of pious endeavour; and the history which has most to teach the human race was shut off from study by barriers more impregnable than an unknown tongue.

The theory which has led to this result is rightly described in the past tense. The attempt to read a set of diverse and often divergent writings as a consistent whole, with its consequent need of interpreting all divergences as resulting from misconception or ill-will on the part of the reader—this has set up a habit of inattention and associations of tedium, but it cannot be said any longer to form a part of the difficulty of any student of the Bible. It is impossible for a generation fed on the scientific ideas of our time to apply to any single specimen of literature and history a canon of criticism which is not applicable to all. A belief in Evolution, even in the dim refraction under which it reaches the average mind, if it fail to co-ordinate difficult and peculiar phenomena, at least meets the demand for abolition of tests on a peculiar soil with peremptory refusal, and sweeps away every hypothesis that will not fall into line with the sequence of elder or younger development. The claim on behalf of the literature of the Hebrew race for a different kind of attention from all other literature was seen to be impossible the moment it aimed at becoming reasonable. In proportion as Churchmen have sought to show that a special character is revealed in the history, they have been forced to concede that a common characteristic must be assumed in the narrative; as they have argued that the contents of those narratives bear scrutiny just as the records of Greece and Rome do, they have established that here also we must seek for the history within records

guaranteed by the same tests which are applied to the records of Greece and Rome. They have not thereby conceded that no exceptional element will be found in the history. This, if it be so decided, must be a conclusion reached through a long path of historic investigation, not an assumption at its starting-point. But they have surrendered the claim that all apparent inconsistencies within the record shall be treated in this book alone as misconceptions in the reader, for this claim is surrendered wherever it is clearly discerned.

The very title by which we name the volume of which the Hebrew records are but a portion, contains for an intelligent ear a refutation of the view which ascribes to it in any external sense an absolute unity. "The Bible" is the Greek term for "the books" * declined as if it meant "the book;" the Greek plural becoming, in the monkish Latin of the Middle Ages, a singular in defiance of grammar. We can imagine a similar distortion of meaning if we suppose a person imperfectly acquainted with English, but aware that the plural ended in the letter *s*, to treat the word "children" as a mere variant of "child." Every time we speak of the Bible we commemorate an analogous mistake, every time we treat it as a single book we repeat that mistake. The most careless reader is aware that all references to the Old Testament in the New imply a literature, not a volume. We have sometimes the name of a single writer, as the prophet Isaiah, sometimes the mere description of "the Scriptures," sometimes a reference to the Law, the Prophets, or the Book of Psalms. In no case have we any mention of a Bible. That word occurs first when the Christian Scriptures had been added to the Hebrew, and formed the more familiar portion of the volume which contained both. A language was no longer the distinctive bond of the Scriptures, they ceased to be a literature, and became a book. The history of the word is an accurate reflection of the history of the thing. It is the history of a plural wrongly treated as a singular—a false unity, hiding from Jewish and Christian eyes the true unity to which it holds the clue.

For in truth it is the outward oneness of a volume which has hidden from us the spiritual unity of a message. It is in seeing that the most opposite lines of narrative may be discovered to be convergent radii leading us to a single centre that we learn to apprehend the true inspiration of Israel, and if we are forbidden to trace the variety of their starting-point, we cannot measure the attractive influence of that which is their common goal. The generations who were educated to believe the book of Genesis a portion of a work written by Moses, and this again a portion of a series of similar works all alike the result of some supernatural dictation, could never know the Hebrew history as they could know any other history. It was impossible to read with any intelligent appreciation what is not one

* τὰ βιβλία. See Edouard Reuss in Schenkel's *Bibel-Lexicon* (1869), i. 435.

narrative, but the *débris* of many. But when we recognise it as the *débris* of many we see that beyond and beneath that diversity lies an actual unity, that through a confusion much greater than that in which we find the record of any other history, we confront a personality as much more definite and coherent. The history of Israel is a biography, in a sense that no other history is. No other race approaches so closely to the unity of an individual—none other has left on the ear of humanity so definite an impression of a single voice.

The message of the Hebrew race to mankind may be represented, when compared with that of other races, as rather a subtraction than an addition to their common stock of tradition. When we turn to the legendary lore of Greece and compare it with that which is least dissimilar from it in the Hebrew narrative, we are struck by the comparative barrenness of that soil which bears the richest efflorescence of Gentile growth. To trace backwards the narrative of Greek civilisation to its origins is to occupy ourselves with the loves and hates, the jealousies and resentments, of beings who must be called divine. To turn to the parallel phase of history on its Hebrew soil is to meet with a blank or a negative. Take the passage most similar to Greek legend in the Bible: * “And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth and daughters were born to them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all that they chose. . . . There were giants on the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown. And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth.” The editor who incorporated this account of the “mighty men” on the page of Genesis may never have heard the name of the Greek race, or of any of its divinities, but not the less his brief and apparently mutilated allusion supplies a framework for Grecian legend. From the parentage of sons of the gods, drawn downwards to the daughters of men, come those “mighty men of renown” whose names stand at the portal of Greek history. From such parentage not only comes no hero known to Hebrew fame, but many pages of Hebrew history are occupied, as it were, in protesting against the possibility of their existence. We are told nothing more of the majority of those names which make up the Hebrew genealogies than that he whom each records was born, became a parent, and died—that he knew the common lot of mortality, and passed away to no Olympus, but to the Hades appointed to the whole human race. And this fragment which seems to suggest a race intermediate between Gods and men stands alone on the page of Scripture, like a block of stone deposited by glacier action on a plain. It associates the attention of the reader with the wickedness that provoked the Deluge, drops a vague and

* Gen. vi. 1-5.

somewhat incoherent hint as to the connection of this wickedness with illicit union between divine and human beings, and then abruptly breaks off, nor does the narrative ever return to the suggestion this opened. It was an isolated excursion into a range of ideas foreign to the whole course of Hebrew thought. The editor turns aside, as it were, from his prelude to the history of Israel in order to throw a brief, impatient glance over the mythology of the whole Gentile world, and when he returns it is only to certify that on this ground Hebrew history is a blank.

This comparison becomes more striking in proportion as it is made with races less remote from Israel. Within the last quarter of a century the records of Assyria have been, by the industry of modern explorers, set side by side with the records of what we have been accustomed to call the page of Scripture, and we have been forced to recognise in the two cognate specimens taken from a single group. The work of Israel in this general scheme of Semitic tradition has, we begin to perceive, been rather the rejection of all within it that has clouded the vision of the Divine Unity than any positive addition to the common stock. The Assyrian legends make some approach to that Greek variety which flings back the manifold of the transient upon the oneness of the Eternal. The Hebrew sees only *the One*. As we turn from the cognate varieties we mark the track of some sifting spirit rejecting at every turn the play of fancy, and bringing all that it gathers to the test of this one fundamental antithesis—the Eternal in the Heavens, the mortal upon earth, and between them, the indissoluble bond of union that belongs to the Creator and the creation. All that play of fancy which imperils this simplicity of belief is in the keen atmosphere and austere elevation of Hebrew faith withered away, and what remains is the bare rock of a faith that scorns mythology. "The first chapters of Genesis," says a writer* who has combined that reverence for an inspired Scripture which has so often impeded criticism with that openness to all the results of study which has so often destroyed reverence, "the first chapters of Genesis form the collection of traditions common to the Hebrew and Chaldean races, but the inspired writers by whom they have been selected and arranged, in disentangling them from their earlier associations, have made them the vehicle of eternal truths." The heroic legends of Hebrew history were heroic legends of a much wider sphere, but as they touched Hebrew soil everything that confused the Hebrew antithesis of God and man shrivelled and faded. Here and there we encounter a shadowy figure (as Nimrod) which obviously and avowedly belongs to a foreign atmosphere, but heroes unquestionably Hebrew have their alien kindred among races unquestionably Chaldean or Babylonian. It is in tracing this affinity we feel most forcibly the influence of Hebrew Monotheism. When we follow a typical figure

* François Lenormant, "Les origines de l'Histoire."

from Palestinian to Mesopotamian soil, we find that we have, as it were, been present at an apotheosis—we seek a man and we find a god. The figures who, on this Eastern ground, replace those familiar to us elsewhere are mostly superhuman. The people of God, on the other hand, takes its start from truly human ancestors—men of characters as definite, as consistent in their frailty, as any one whose history is interwoven with our own. The patriarchs of Hebrew history are indeed far less heroic than its later characters; we find among them hardly any* prodigies of strength or valour, rather strange betrayal of weakness and timidity—strange, that is, for the protagonists of national drama—most natural, if we take it for a true expression of national reminiscence. It would almost seem as if Hebrew tradition, as it retraced the stream of history to its foundation, had exaggerated all that was feeble in national characteristics, as if the contrast of the Divine and human, always present to human thought, intensified itself, when it approached the epoch of creative energy, into an emphatic insistence on the *weakness* of man. This insistence, moreover, comes out strikingly in the gradual separation of Israel; in the successive siftings of the chosen race, which represents itself more than once as the hostility of two brothers, the heritage of election never coincides with the superiority of strength or wisdom. Among the Sethite and Cainite races we find all tokens of nascent civilisation among the progeny of the first murderer; it is the descendants of Cain who built towns and originate arts; of the descendants of Seth we learn nothing but that they bear on the chosen seed. The brief notices of Ishmael suggest heroic and romantic legend; the son of promise appears only as the passive figure in narratives where father, wife, or son take all the initiative and decide everything. In the strife of Jacob and Esau, again, how decidedly does heroic pre-eminence remain with the brother who has sold his birthright! Everywhere we are made to feel that the bleaching influence which acts on the whole Hebrew tradition is at its focus when it touches the direct ancestry of the chosen people. Not that it is a bleaching influence in the sense that it effaces strong human characteristics; quite the contrary. But when we compare it with other nations, and especially with cognate nations, we see that its action has been to efface all that confuses the distinction between the human and the Divine.

The distinctive position of the Hebrew race has thus been forced upon us by our added knowledge of its kindred, whom we have known hitherto as its deadly enemies. Chaldean and Assyrian history have taught us to interpret the history of Judæa both by what is common to the genus and what is peculiar to the species, and especially by what is negatively peculiar to Israel. In this new point of view we see the Hebrew literature as the source of an intense moral influence, transforming all that comes within its scope, and

* Gen. xvi. seems the only exception.

adding to the common inheritance of that stock to which it belongs a special meaning of its own, which as much transforms its whole import as added heat transforms the qualities of water in converting it to steam. We see the common stock of tradition as it touches the Hebrew genius flash into an intense glow where much is consumed and vanishes ; we find that what remains is a message. The legend here owes its originality, it would seem, mainly to what it discards, yet in that shedding of an envelope it reveals truth of priceless import for humanity. The legends of Chaldea and Babylon are interesting to the archaeologist and to the historian ; as we trace those same legends to Hebrew soil they seem to collapse and to wither, but what remains is an appeal to all mankind.

Each race which has left its impress deeply and distinctly recorded in the structure of history has its special lesson for mankind. Roman law and Greek art remain as the enduring legacy of two great races, and in the sense that they were called upon to teach the world the meaning of Law and the meaning of Art, the mission of each may be called exceptional. No other race, surely, except that of the Hebrews, has a lesson so distinct. But the Hebrews have a message as much more distinct from that of the Greeks and Romans, as that of the Greeks and Romans is more distinct than that of the rest of the world. The race of the Hebrews, we have said, approaches the unity of a person in a degree that no other race does. The difference between Hebrew and Hebrew sinks into insignificance when we compare it with the difference between Hebrew and Gentile. We read Greek literature as the work of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, *Plato* or *Aristotle*, *Herodotus* or *Thucydides* ;—we read Hebrew literature as the work of Hebrews. Its grandest specimen is anonymous, and the personal name lacking to the prophet of the Babylonish captivity is of secondary importance everywhere. The individual characteristics of the most individual of Hebrew writers are dwarfed by the fact that he writes in Hebrew. This gives exactly that distinctness, that firmness of outline, that memorable consistency of direction, which in all other cases we associate with the expression of an individual genius. If in the case of Israel we associate it with a race, it is because on this race has been set an exceptional stamp of individuality, to this race has been committed a message unique in its influence on all mankind.

We have only partially exhausted the import of the Hebrew message when we have said that it reveals Humanity as united to the Eternal by the fact of creation. That, we should say, is the part of the Hebrew message which is common with all that is deepest and most enduring in all literature. But it has, in addition to this, its own special lesson, stamped with the impress of long experience and suffused with the colouring of a common feeling. It teaches that Humanity has another union with the Divine, symbolised by the closest union known among human beings ;—that union which, originating

in selective choice, ends in a common act of creation. This is the Hebrew truth, not obliterating the human truth which it repeats, which in its resonant distinctness it seems for a large part of its audience to originate, but adding to it a supplement growing in force throughout the whole development of Hebrew literature, and clothed in a dialect so consistent and so peculiar that its meaning is veiled by this very uniformity of expression. We are accustomed to find all idolatry, on the page of the Bible, described by the word which denotes sexual vice, and forget that the illicit is opposed to the legitimate bond. If humanity can thus desecrate its alliance with the Divine, the closest bond known to humanity must be something more than a type of that which unites humanity to what is above itself. It must be a sacramental expression given to flesh and blood, of the central event in the world of spirit.

The love of kindred, we all know, is not the love which most deeply stirs the heart of man. Few can have passed through life without feeling that no sympathy, no complete apprehension, is so refreshing at times as the neighbourhood of those whose desires and fears are other than our own. By so much as the union of chemical combination exceeds in force and permanence the union of cohesion, by so much does the love of contrast exceed the love of likeness. As much as it is easier to break iron than to analyse water by so much is the love of sex more potent than the love of kindred. Between these two kinds of love on human ground there is a certain antagonism. It is true that the love of brothers may be rendered more tender and intimate by a certain dissimilarity; true that the love of husband and wife may be rendered more wide-reaching and human by a basis of common interests and pursuits; but brothers may easily be too dissimilar, husband and wife may easily be too much alike. The belief—which, if we can conceive it possible, would surely be most natural—that it is impossible to combine in too high a degree all the varieties of that feeling which is the best thing this life has to give, is opposed by those instincts which forbid us even to name certain forms of repugnance. While we are clothed in this garb of flesh, and the emotions of the spirit of man are associated with changes in his physical structure—so long the love of kindred and the love of selection stand in a certain antagonism, and cannot, in their strongest form, be innocently united in the same personalities. Yet, as we turn to what is most sacred in the Hebrew records, we are led to feel that the purest love which man can feel needs both expressions as its type, that these records owe their perennial influence and their universal applicability to the fact that they have associated this deepest love with the keenest love, and taught that human beings are the children of God in a sense which leaves it possible that humanity should be the Spouse of the Divine.

To follow this idea through the Hebrew records and trace the unity it bestows on them, at the same time that their diversity, under

the sifting spirit of criticism, is recognised and to a certain extent expounded, might be a worthy aim for a student of Scripture. The time is come when such an attempt is desirable; till our time it was not possible. The attempt of modern criticism to form a new analysis, separating the varying narratives in Scripture, not according to their position in a book, but according to their probable date and authorship, is not yet a century and a half old, and a labour which would be tardy if uninterrupted has been delayed by bigotry and prejudice as much as by carelessness and indolence. But already certain conclusions are reached which bear the test applicable to everything with which they may be compared—they are accepted by those persons who have listened attentively and impartially to all that has to be said for them and against them. The invariable answer of impartial attention must be accepted as a verdict.

Let it not be thought that an impartial mind must mean a mind indifferent to the value of that which the Hebrew literature attests. Such a condition is more disqualifying for judgment than any amount of prejudice. We have to recognise in the case of the Hebrew records, as of every other, that the value of the possession does not guarantee the accuracy of the title-deeds. On other than Hebrew ground no one has a moment's hesitation in allowing that a narrative may be both trustworthy and inaccurate, or even that a narrative which cannot be called trustworthy in the sense of conveying a literal representation of any past event may be the vehicle of a truth deeper than that of accurate history. To such a mind, we are convinced, the Old Testament as it is reconstructed by the critical labour of the last two centuries is a vehicle of even more precious truth than it was to those who confronted these critical endeavours with indignant horror. For such criticism, while it cannot touch the central revelation, has unconsciously rearranged the Old Testament so as to disentangle this revelation from the additions of men. And the supremacy of the Hebrew over all other literature can be seen, moreover, only when the two are set fairly side by side.

The time is happily past when it was necessary to work at any interpretation of the Bible as the Jews at the rebuilding of Jerusalem, "with one hand working in the work, and with the other holding a weapon."* All criticism thus undertaken has a temporary aspect, for in this case, as in every other, it is the sword which claims the right hand. We may be thankful that the critical and sifting spirit of an age of research, whatever it may have destroyed, has set us free to understand, for the first time, the most interesting as well as the most important book that was ever written. We are no longer obliged to deaden our attention lest we should discover its inconsistencies, to lower our standard lest we should impair our reverence for its aspirations; we are free to recognise the errors, of

* Nehemiah iv. 17.

every kind, which belong to this as to every other work of man; free to discern in it, for the first time, that which is truly the work of God. When everything in the Bible was called Divine nothing was seen as Divine; the human and Divine appear and vanish together. We are set free to condemn the errors of man, and therefore to accept the revelations of God.

We are but just set free, and many fragments of the broken chain cumber the movements they can no longer prohibit. A long-lived prejudice drops, as it withers, many a seed of distaste, the sense of impiety in criticism survives in many minds under its transmuted form of tedium in perusal. The children of those who dared not criticise the Scriptures are found among the ranks of those who classify their contents as false or meaningless; sometimes the two states of mind are found successively in the same individual. Nevertheless, it is true that in the scientific thought of our day, under certain forms of its development, there are ideas and tendencies which seem to hover on the edge of this very Hebrew spirit which the scientific creed has most entirely repudiated. To recognise law apart from all that among human beings makes up the inevitable associations of law; to feel that the spirit of man can in the impersonal world drink in a sense of orderly obedience, of absolute fidelity, of unswerving accuracy—this would be felt by many minds in our own time, and some in a former time, to have constituted one of the keenest delights they have experienced in their passage through this world. It is in truth the sensation, if we may use such a word, of contact between the human intellect and the Divine; but not only is it common to many minds which conceive of man's intellect as the highest in the universe, but it is often very much stronger in such minds than in those which look upon the universe as a creation. The contrast is no less explicable than surprising. The door thus opened to wonder and admiration also admits for Christian intelligence many a shadowy doubt, many an obstinate problem, many a question unanswered through the ages, and, above all, the sense of a vast claim which no human spirit can confront without a deep awe that quenches all lighter emotion, and touches the springs of self-reproach. To minds finding in this sense of non-human law, on the other hand, their sole access to the Infinite, the ideas thus haunted for Christian attention by a crowd of thoughts and emotions so mixed and so perplexing, come alone; their keen thrill brings no disturbing associations, and sets up no centrifugal forces. The "cosmic emotion" of students of Nature has the field to itself, and for the hour draws into its service feeling and habits of mind which it seems to have destroyed. It holds in its absolute sway minds not bewildered by any divergence of thoughts which our finite nature forbids us to follow to their common centre, or even to that point of view whence divergence becomes convergence. It is not wonderful that the discernment of a

central unity at the heart of all phenomena should be most easy and most eager when it is most simple. It would be wonderful, in such a world as ours, if those who hear God's voice in the conscience as well as in science could listen to the difficult harmony with the unmixed delight of those whose ear takes in the melodious sequence of single notes. The fact that there is this difference in the mode of perception is mistaken always by one class of thinkers, and often by both, for a fundamental difference in the object of perception. Those who follow the workings of the Divine on the intellectual side believe that they have nothing in common with those who add to it what, from their point of view, they consider an inconsistent appendage, proving any apparent identity in the same comparison to be illusory. Yet if we return to the Jewish form of that belief, which has become Christianity, we find ourselves on ground which has a close affinity to this cosmic emotion. The delight of humanity in a plunge into the non-human comes very near the awe of the creature in the presence of the Creator, however entirely—or perhaps for that very reason—the one shuts out the other. “Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image” comes to the scientific intellect as the prohibition of admitting any idea from the personal into the impersonal world. The worship of the Formless is common to Hebrew faith and to European science, and we have yet to realise the slightness of change by which this common ground may become a revelation of unsuspected vicinities. The idea of the *Divine in humanity* dawned on the world nearly two thousand years ago, and two millenniums are not long for mankind to have dwelt upon it ; but perhaps the time has come for the emergence of that in our vision of the Divine, which, because it is not human, is what most satisfies the yearnings of humanity. The emotions of sex, we have said, are in their purest form the sacramental expression of this mystery for ordinary human beings ; but it has other expressions for other minds. If it be, as we believe, the deepest truth that human minds can grasp, it must be capable of forms of expression that we may call infinite. Through some of these, perhaps, the evolution of spiritual thought will translate into language intelligible to men whose aspirations are moulded on the study of material nature, the truth that the contrast between persons and things, great as it is, is not greater than that which separates finite beings from the infinite. The idea may seem remote from the belief that the closest union among human beings is a clue to the possibility of union between the human and Divine. Yet in truth the two thoughts are but different stages of the largest conception that humanity can grasp, and differ only as an oak differs in winter and in summer, or as a window's glimpse of blue sky differs from the same expanse at a clear midnight, when the pane maps out uncounted worlds, and leads the eye into unimaginable depths of distance.

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER OF CANADIAN INSTITUTIONS.

THE interest that is now felt in the great dependency of Canada is fairly well illustrated by the number of articles that are constantly printed in the periodicals of the day with respect to her material and political development, and by a reference to the books, the titles of which are given at the foot of this page.* It may be regarded as an encouraging sign of the times that not only in Canada, but in the United States and in England as well, so many works relating to the history, the constitution, and the general progress of the Dominion should appear within two or three years from the press of those countries. It clearly shows that the success so far of the interesting experiment in federal government, which the Canadian provinces have been working out for a quarter of a century, is attracting a fair amount of attention from thoughtful men throughout the world. This increasing interest in the affairs of our great colonial Empire, we must all admit, has only just come in time. The indifference with which too many Englishmen, even in parliamentary and political circles, were long wont to regard the affairs of the colonies did not reflect much credit on the sagacity of the statesmen and the people of the parent State, and if continued would probably, sooner or later, have brought about another separation from the Empire. The time is now obviously passed when any school of politicians can expect to gain popularity by dilating on the uselessness of the colonial con-

* 1. "History of Canada." By William Kingsford, I.L.D. Five vols. London.

2. "Federal Government in Canada." By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., I.L.D. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Baltimore: 1889. "Parliamentary Procedure in Canada." By the same. Revised edition. Montreal: 1892.

3. "The Constitution of Canada." By J. E. C. Munro, Professor of Law, Owens College. Cambridge: University Press: 1889.

4. "Problems of Greater Britain." By Right Hon. Sir C. W. Dilke, Bart. London and New York: 1890.

5. "A Popular History of Canada." Revised edition. By W. H. Withrow, D.D. Toronto.

6. "The Dominion of Canada: An Historical and Geographical Study." By the Rev. William Parr Gresswell, M.A. Oxon. London: 1890.

nection and the impossibility of keeping colonies like Canada for any time within the Empire. It took some years for the great majority of English statesmen and publicists to comprehend the fact of the remarkable expansion of the colonial Empire, and especially of the intellectual and material development of Canada. The change from a studied indifference to a lively interest in the progress of the Dominion was one of the results that eventually followed the federal union of 1867. Mr. Goldwin Smith, Canadians are happy to say, is probably the only Englishman of note who would look with satisfaction on the annexation of Canada to the United States, and he, it must be admitted, is true to his old convictions. No statesman of sagacity or writer of weight now openly professes himself an advocate of separation from the Empire, but, on the contrary, there is for once a remarkable agreement of opinion among Liberals and Conservatives in favour of Imperial unity, and men like Lord Rosebery imagine hazy schemes of a still stronger connection between England and her dependencies. All this means that Canada has got so far in the estimation of English Ministries that she has gained a semi-independent position in the Empire, and finds her counsels prevail practically in all matters affecting her interests--as the correspondence in the Behring's Sea difficulty conclusively proves--and her High Commissioner who represents her so ably in London, as one of the results of the new order of things, is treated with a deference, and is given a place on all public occasions, which would have been impossible some forty years ago or less, when so eminent a public man as Mr. Joseph Howe, who fought so successfully for responsible government in the Canadian provinces, was obliged to declare on more than one occasion that, if he wished to obtain any recognition in London, it was better for him to sink his individuality as a Nova Scotian, and to seek entrance to social circles through the Minister of the United States.

In view then of this growing interest in colonial topics, I propose in the present article to dwell on a feature of the political development of Canada which has not heretofore attracted as much attention as it merits in the English press; and that is, the essentially English character of the political institutions to which Canada owes her present high position among the communities of the world. This fact is especially noteworthy when we consider that the population of the Dominion is not entirely British in its origin, but contains a large and important French element. Two races have now for over a century occupied Canada, and laboured to develop her resources and lay the foundations of a sound government. The history of the political development of the country shows that from the time French Canada became a portion of the British Empire, and was able to throw aside the political system under which it drew, at the best, only a sluggish existence for a century and a half, the ideas of its

best men enlarged, and the people were enabled to enjoy an amount of political liberty which would have seemed a dream to the men who toiled courageously to found a new France in America on conditions generally antagonistic to rapid settlement and free development. At times, in the history of Canada, there has been a decided antagonism between the French Canadian and English Canadian peoples, but happily it has always, sooner or later, given place to wise counsels of compromise and conciliation, and the two races have been energetic and earnest co-workers in the development of the noble heritage which they possess on the northern half of this continent. The history of Canada as a French colony, which ended in 1759, was a record of autocratic government which gave no opportunity to the expansion of Canadian energy and intellect; the history of French Canada as an English dependency, like that of all the other provinces of the Dominion, has been the record of a people working out their political destiny on the well understood principles of that wonderful system of government which the experience of centuries teaches us is admirably calculated to develop individualism, and a spirit of self-assertion and self-reliance, and to enable a people to solve successfully those great social and political problems on which rests the happiness of mankind.

As we look back for the one hundred and thirty years that have passed since the cession of Canada to England we can see that the political development of the provinces now constituting the Dominion is owing to the passage of certain measures and the acknowledgment of certain principles which stand out as so many political milestones in the path of national progress. Briefly summed up, these measures and principles are as follows:

The establishment, by the Quebec Act of 1774, of the principle of religious toleration, which relieved Roman Catholics of disabilities that long afterwards existed in Great Britain;

The establishment of trial by jury and the right of every subject to the protection of the writ of *Habeas corpus*;

The guarantees given to the French Canadians for the preservation of their civil law and language;

The adoption of one system of criminal law in French as in English Canada;

The establishment of representative institutions in every province of Canada towards the close of the eighteenth century;

The independence of the judiciary and their complete isolation from political conflicts;

Complete provincial control over all local revenues and expenditures;

The initiation of money grants in the People's House;

The right of Canadian legislatures to manage their purely local affairs without any interference on the part of English officials in the parent State;

The establishment of municipal institutions and the consequent increase of public spirit in all the local divisions ;

The abolition of the seigniorial tenure of French Canada and the removal of feudal restrictions antagonistic to the conditions of settlement in a new country ;

The adoption of the English principle of responsibility to the legislature, under which a Ministry can only retain office while they have the confidence of the people's representatives.

All these valuable privileges were not won in a day, but were the results of the struggles of the people of Canada from 1792 up to the time of the establishment in 1867 of the federal union which united the provinces on the basis of a central government, having control of all matters of general and national import, and of several provinces having jurisdiction over such matters of provincial and local concern as are necessary to their existence as distinct political entities within a federation. At the present time the Dominion of Canada may be considered subject to the following authorities :

The Queen as the head of the executive authority ;

The Imperial Parliament ;

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as the court of last resource for the whole Empire ;

The Government of the Dominion, consisting of a Governor-general, a privy council, and a parliament ;

The Government of the Provinces, consisting of a Lieutenant-governor, an executive council, and a legislature, generally of a bi-cameral character ;

The courts of law which can adjudicate on all questions affecting the construction of the written constitution.

The British North America Act of 1867, or Constitution, under which Canada is now governed, is the emanation of the united wisdom of the Canadian statesmen who met in Quebec in the autumn of 1864, but derives its sanction as a law from the consent of the Queen, Lords, and Commons—the supreme legislature of the Empire. It defines the respective authorities in the Dominion and in the provinces, distributes the various subjects of legislation among those authorities, regulates the general administration of public affairs, and establishes a financial basis for the provinces. In all essential features necessary for the administration of public affairs the government of Canada is conducted on the well-understood principles of that remarkable system of charters, statutes, conventions, and usages, to which the general name of the British Constitution is given. Exception has been taken by an eminent constitutional writer to the statement in the preamble of the British North America Act that the provinces have expressed their desire to be united into one dominion “ with a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom.” Professor Dicey states his opinion in very emphatic terms, that the word

"States" should have been substituted for "kingdom," since it is "quite clear that the constitution of the Dominion is modelled on that of the Union";* but this distinguished and generally astute writer has failed to appreciate, to its full extent, the character of the government of the Dominion. It is true that the basis of the Confederation necessarily rests on principles akin to those of the great Union, which is the most remarkable illustration of the federal principle that the world has ever seen. As a matter of fact, in the structure of government and in the administration of public affairs Canadians have adhered closely to the great principles that give at once strength and elasticity to the English Constitution. The written constitutional law itself contains indubitable evidence of the truth of the preamble to which exception has been taken. We see this clearly in the nature of the executive authority, in the constitutions of the parliament and legislative bodies, especially of the lower houses, and in the formation of a privy council. But in addition to the written fundamental law we have that great mass of English conventions, understandings, and precedents, which govern the relations between the Crown and its advisers, determine the position of the Ministry and its dependence on the legislature, and otherwise regulate the conditions of a system of English parliamentary government.

Against the opinion of Mr. Dicey we may cite that of one of the most distinguished students of constitutions from the historical point of view, to whom we owe the coining of that phrase applied to the new science, so much studied in these days, known as Comparative Politics. In a review † of the constitution of the Dominion, the late Professor Freeman dwelt upon its essentially English characteristics :

"It is not wonderful that the attention of political students both in Great Britain and the United States should be largely drawn to the third development of English political life which lies between the two. For Canada, very far from purely English in blood or speech, *is pre-eminently English in the development of its political institutions.* The phenomena of Canada at once supply an answer to the cavils which one sometimes hears on both sides of the ocean against the truth of the *still essentially English character of the independent colonies of England.* These colonies, strictly English in their origin, have annexed possessions of the united provinces of Sweden, of France, and of Spanish-speaking Mexico. Settlers from various European nations have found a home among them; there are districts in the United States where more German is heard than English; and the law declares the African enfranchised under President Lincoln's proclamation to be as good a citizen as the direct descendant of the first settler in Virginia or at Plymouth. In this last case indeed nature has proved herself too strong for law. The European settlers meanwhile, important as they are, are gradually assimilated into the greater English mass. It is in several States found expedient for the law to recognise there the language of German immigration, the language of the earlier French or Spanish settlers, as a secondary legal tongue; there are districts in which more German is heard than English, but there is no State which can be called primarily German, French or

* "Law of the Constitution," 3rd ed., pp. 155, 156.
 See *Manchester Guardian*, January 2, 1890.

Spanish. The law of England is the groundwork of the law of every State, save where the eternal law of Rome has been beforehand with it. So, we may say, it is in Canada also; only the French element in the province of Quebec, no remnant, but a living and advancing thing, is quite another matter from the French survival in Louisiana. In Canada there is distinct and visible, which is not English, an element which is older than anything English in the land, and which shows no sign of being assimilated by anything English. But with this marked exception, or something more than an exception, to the English character of Canada, *the political constitution of Canada is yet more English than that of the United States; indeed, both the federal constitution and the constitutions of the several States are as English as they well could be under the circumstances; but the circumstances of Canada allowed a much closer following of English models.*"

We may go even further than Professor Freeman and assert without fear of contradiction from any one who has closely studied the political constitution of the Dominion, that while there is a distinct element in that country which is not English, it is the influence and operation of English institutions which have, in a large measure, made French Canada one of the most contented communities in the world. The language, and law, and religion of "eternal Rome" still remain in all their old influence in the province, but it is, after all, the political constitution, which derives its strength from English principles, that has made this section of Canada a free and self-governing community, and given full scope to its civil and local rights. In its political development French Canada has been, and is, as essentially English as the purely English section of the Dominion.

When we review the political and judicial systems of the Dominion we can see that there are certain broad principles which above all others illustrate in their practical operation the "pre-eminently English" character of our institutions, and which may be briefly summarised as follows:

The Supremacy of the Law.—The old saying is eminently true in Canada,—the law is no respecter of persons: the highest functionary and the humblest individual equally enjoy free speech and all the liberties of British subjects, but they must act strictly within the law. The Governor-general himself can freely exercise that discretionary power which he possesses as the head of the executive, and is guided and limited by well understood rules in the use of his political prerogatives. In the discharge of these discretionary and political functions he is, generally speaking, free from the control of the courts. But exalted as is his position, if he should violate the law, even under the advice of a Minister, his conduct may be brought under the purview of the courts as in the case of the most ordinary individual in the land. The law is the governing principle of the State. The writ of *Habeas corpus*—a principle of common law, given additional force and sanction by the State—has existed in Canada for a century and more, and any man who thinks he has been arrested and confined without due authority of law

has always his remedy in this safeguard of individual freedom. Even in the case of persons who are subject to extradition under British treaties with foreign powers applying to Canada, a person under arrest can avail himself of this writ, and bring himself before the courts to test the regularity of his arrest. There does not exist in Canada, not in French Canada even, that system of administrative law (*droit administratif*) which makes all officials of the State, and in fact all persons who have business or connection with the administration, independent of the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts and provides them with a resort to special official tribunals not open to cases of dealings between private individuals. No doubt this exceptional system of law had its origin in the times when the Crown in France and in other parts of Europe began to exercise arbitrary power and to conduct all the affairs of State, and we see in the claims of prerogative by the Stuart kings the assertion of a principle which is decidedly antagonistic to the spirit of individual liberty and to that supremacy of the law which has ever been a fundamental doctrine of English government.

The Influence of the Common Law.—In the years that preceded the passage of the Quebec Act in 1774, there was great dissatisfaction in French Canada owing to the uncertain state of the laws. The French, or “new subjects,” claimed with justice that they were entitled to the laws to which they had always been accustomed, while the English, or “old subjects,” contended that the English law should prevail. It was decided, in consonance with the spirit of justice and the principles of public law applicable to such cases, that the civil law of Canada, which was based on the *coutume de Paris*, should continue in force in the French province, while the criminal law was accepted from the beginning, and consequently prevailed throughout British North America. From that time to this the civil law, modified in certain respects to suit a new state of things, has remained the law of French Canada. Outside of the French province, however, that great system of customs and judicial decisions which obtains its sanction from immemorial usage and universal reception, and is generally known as the common law, has always obtained in the English-speaking provinces. In Canada, as in the old colonies of America, wherever there is an English community, it was brought with the people as one of their most valuable inheritances, although at no time did they accept it in its entirety, but only such parts as were suited to their new conditions of life,

The Independence of the Judges.—It is a fundamental principle of the Canadian Government, based as it is on that of England, that the judges should be, as far as possible, independent of the Crown, and of all political influence. The Canadian judges hold their tenure “during good behaviour,” the legal effect of which is, practically, the creation of an estate for life in the office. The judges of all the courts of Canada,

except the judges of probate in the small provinces, are appointed by the Governor-general, acting under the advice of his Council, and are removable only on the address of the two Houses—an exception being made in the case of the county court judges, who can be removed for sufficient cause by the Governor in Council. The salaries of the judges, also, are not voted annually, as in the case of the majority of public officials, but are paid under the provisions of statutes. In the case of the salaries of the Supreme Court judges of Canada—a body federal in its character—the Parliament of Canada exercises a control which is very wisely not entrusted to Congress, inasmuch as it is a provision of the United States constitution that the salaries of the judges of the supreme and federal courts shall not be diminished during their tenure of office. In all essential respects, however, the Parliament of Canada can regulate the judicial powers of the Supreme Court; but in the case of the courts of the provinces they are practically beyond federal jurisdiction, inasmuch as the administration of justice in a province, including the constitution of the provincial courts, both of civil and criminal jurisdiction, and including the procedure in civil matters in these courts, forms a class of subjects placed by the fundamental law within the exclusive control of the provincial authorities. The courts of Canada possess powers which are not possessed by the courts of England. The Parliament of England is a constituent and sovereign body, and its power to pass any Act cannot be called into question, or its wisdom or policy doubted in any court of the realm. The judge cannot even speculate on the intention of the legislature or construe an Act according to his notions of what ought to have been enacted. “The power and jurisdiction of Parliament,” says Sir Edward Coke, “is so transcendent and absolute, that it cannot be confined, either for persons or causes, within any bounds.” On the other hand, the Canadian courts, like those of the United States, where there are written constitutions, can exercise responsibilities which place them above the legislature, since they may limit the legislative power by declaring to be null and void any enactment which is not in accordance with the express or implied authority of the constitution or fundamental law which defines the jurisdiction of the respective legislative bodies of the Dominion. In the generality of cases the courts of Canada only exercise this judicial power in the natural process of law; in other words, in cases the decision of which depends on the interpretation to be put on the language of the constitutional law applicable to those cases. The scope of the constitutional authority of the courts has been, however, enlarged by the power given from time to time to the Supreme Court of Canada to state their opinion on a question involving nice and intricate points of constitutional law, and also by the passage of Acts by the Ontario legislature giving the highest courts of that province the right to decide on constitutional controversies after due argument

on behalf of the parties interested. When we come to consider that, in addition to these responsibilities, the courts of Canada can exclusively try cases of controverted elections—a power, previous to 1874, only exercised by the political bodies of the Dominion, and not even now possessed by the courts of the United States—it must be evident how great an influence the judiciary exercise in the 'practical working of the Canadian system of government, and how necessary it is that it should be surrounded by all the checks and guards that have been developed in the working of the judicial system of England. Any federal system like that of Canada must, in a great measure, gather its real strength from the decisions of the courts which are called upon, from time to time, to adjudicate on the many questions that arise with respect to the rights and powers of the several provinces which have entered into what may be considered, a solemn treaty, to which the Imperial Parliament, as the supreme legislative authority of the Empire, has given its authoritative legal sanction. Accordingly the security of the federal union largely rests on the legal acumen and independence of the courts—an independence maintained by strict adherence to those principles which have always made an English judiciary respected. An elective judiciary, like that existing in so many of the United States, has never even been suggested in Canada.

The Controlling Power of the Commons Houses.—When the early constitutions of the Canadian provinces were organised, it was expressly stated by the highest authorities that the object was to assimilate them to the constitution of Great Britain "as nearly as the differences arising from the manners of the people and the circumstance of the country would permit." Accordingly, at the close of the eighteenth century we see, in complete operation, a system of government constituted as follows :

The Crown represented by a Governor-general in Lower Canada, and Lieutenant-governors in the other provinces ;

Executive and legislative councils, appointed by the Crown ;

An assembly elected by the people on a franchise, generally the old English 40s. freehold.

In Canada, for many years, the battle for power was fought between the representatives of the people and the body under the direct influence of the Crown, and owing no direct responsibility to the people. It was clearly the hope of the Imperial Government to found in Canada an aristocratic body, which by the permanent tenure of its members, and the nature of its constitution, would bear such a resemblance as would be possible in a new country to the great house which is the true descendant of the Witenagemot. In the Canadian Constitution of 1791, titles were to be connected with seats in the legislative council, obviously with the view of establishing a body of hereditary legislators, who would probably form a counterpoise to the

necessarily democratic character of the People's House. Such efforts to found purely aristocratic institutions were a failure from the outset. The Upper Houses of the provinces have always contained a number of distinguished men in every pursuit of life, but from the very nature of their constitution they have been exceedingly weak as legislative bodies. Before the days of responsible government they became associated in the public mind with the tyranny of executive authority, and were regarded as antagonistic to every movement or measure connected with popular liberty or in accordance with the people's will. There could be only one result to a contest between the two bodies, the one representing the people, and the other the good favour of the Crown, and the irresponsible government of the day. With the introduction of the English system of Parliamentary government in its entirety, the influence of the Upper House waned, and the people's assembly grew in strength and vigour. Now, in the central as in the provincial governments, all substantial power rests in the Commons House of the respective legislatures. It controls the public expenditures, exercises a direct supervision over the administration of public affairs, and, through a committee of its own, governs the country.

The Principle of Ministerial Responsibility.—In Canada, only within half a century has the English system of Cabinet government obtained full recognition; and now throughout the British Empire, wherever there are self-governing countries, there are Ministries having seats in the two Houses—principally in the Commons House, where the legislature is of a bi-cameral character—and only holding office as long as they retain the confidence of a majority of the people's representatives. It is this system which gives its great strength to the Lower or Elective House, and, in a measure, invests it with executive responsibilities, since it governs through its own members.

So it happens that while the federation of Canada is successfully working out the English methods of Parliamentary government—and I direct Mr. Dicey's attention particularly to this fact—the Federal Republic of the United States still clings to a system of Congressional government, which leaves the administration without any direct control over legislation—a system calculated to prevent unity of action between the executive and legislative authorities, and to offer a premium to ill-digested and hasty law-making. One can well understand that already the attention of thoughtful publicists is directed to the obvious inferiority of this system, compared with that which is in operation in Canada and England. Responsible government works as satisfactorily in the provinces as in the direction of the central affairs of the Dominion.

The Permanent Tenure of the Civil Service.—The evils of a system which requires the great majority of public servants to retire with a

change of party can be seen throughout the political history of the United States for many years past, until at last there is a growing consensus of public opinion, outside of the mere party machine, that permanency should be the ruling principle henceforth. Canada has long been governed in accordance with the sound British principle which places at the head of the government a permanent executive authority, in the person of the Sovereign, and at the basis of the political structure a great body of public officials who hold their tenure, in administrative phrase, "at pleasure," but in practice during good behaviour. Ministers discuss and decide questions of policy, which they submit for the approval of Parliament, and it is for the permanent officers of each department to carry out, with fidelity and intelligence, the methods and rules of that policy as soon as it is sanctioned by law.

In addition to these leading principles of government, essentially English in origin and development, there are also to be observed in the nature and operation of the Canadian system of Parliamentary government, other matters which, though apparently of minor importance, are nevertheless of much significance, since they are intimately concerned with the efficient administration of public affairs, and illustrate the tendency to follow the English model in all essential respects, with only such modifications and changes as a different state of things requires. We see this tendency in the various statutes of the provinces, which continue to follow the statutory law of England, and in the organisation and procedure of the courts of law. We recognise this tendency especially in the close adherence of all the legislative bodies of Canada, principally of the Dominion and the larger provinces, to the rules and usages of the Imperial Parliament. In all these countries Parliament is opened with much ceremony, and the speech is read by the representative of the Crown, with all the formalities characteristic of "an opening" in Westminster Palace. Indeed, in the United States it was the custom of Washington to follow English constitutional usage, and deliver, in person, his annual address to Congress; but since his time it is sent, at the beginning of each session, by the hands of his private secretary.* The written Constitution of Canada does not in express terms require the Governor-general, or the Lieutenant-governors, to open the legislature with English ceremony, or indeed to deliver the speech in person; but in accordance with the practice of invariably following the Parliamentary usages of England as far as practicable, these functionaries always come down to open Parliament with a speech, unless, by illness or other unavoidable cause, they are obliged to

* George Washington used to deliver his addresses orally like an English king, and drove in a coach and six to open Congress with something like an English king's state; but Jefferson, when his time came in 1801, whether from Republican simplicity, as he said himself, or because he was a poor speaker, as his critics said, began the practice of sending communications in writing; this has been followed ever since.—Bryce, "The American Commonwealth," i. 73.

appoint a deputy for the purpose, just as the English Parliament has been frequently of late years opened by commission. The speech is formally answered by an address, petitions are presented, bills are moved and passed through their various stages, committees of supply and ways and means occupy a great portion of time, questions are asked of the Government, debate is conducted, and, in short, all the proceedings are carried on in accordance with the rules and usages which are the result of the experience and business capacity of the great prototype of all the legislatures of the colonial Empire. Indeed, a visitor to the Canadian legislature will see in full operation those old forms and usages of the English House of Commons which existed before the adoption of the closure and other rigid rules rendered necessary by "obstruction"—that discreditable feature of modern parliamentary warfare. Some of the old constitutional usages of England have been considered so important that they have been incorporated in the written constitutional law. It is now a part of that fundamental law, the British North America Act, that Parliament should meet once every twelve months; that the recommendation of the Crown should be given at the initiation of every money vote, and that the Commons Houses alone should commence measures involving public burdens. The Senate generally follows—and so do the Upper Houses generally—the procedure of the Lords; but the constitutional law only gives it and the Commons the powers, privileges, and immunities of the English House of Commons as enjoyed at the time of the passing of any Canadian Act defining such powers. Consequently, the powers of expulsion, suspension, and commitment exist in full force in the Parliament of Canada, and the same is true of the provincial legislatures so far as they have invested themselves by statute with all the powers necessary to their existence as a legislative body. When the business of the session is concluded the representative of the Sovereign comes in State to the Senate chamber, and there delivers the closing speech, in which the principal measures of the session are detailed with official brevity, and at the same time signifies the Royal Assent to the various Bills. In giving this assent he does not use that official phrase which is a relic of the times when Norman influence was dominant in the courts, in Parliament, and in public administration. In the English House of Lords the Sovereign still declares *La Reyne le veult*, though, in accordance with the modern principle of Ministerial responsibility which has brought into disuse the prerogative of veto—a prerogative not used since the days of Queen Anne—it is no longer necessary for her to resort to the official phrase, *La Reyne s'aviscra*. In the majority of the provinces the English language alone is used in the proceedings of the legislatures, but in the Parliament of Canada, and necessarily in the Legislature of Québec, the assent is given in two languages, though not in the

Norman French of the English Parliament. When the list of Bills has been read by the Clerk of the Crown, the Clerk of the Senate uses the formal phrase :

"In her Majesty's name, his Excellency the Governor-general doth assent to these Bills."

"Au nom de sa Majesté, son Excellence le Gouverneur-général sanctionne ces Bills."

In the case of the Supply Bill, it is presented, as in England, by the Speaker of the Commons with the usual formal speech, and the Governor-general then assents, through the Clerk of the Senate, in official terms, which are an adaptation of the Sovereign's assent :*

"In her Majesty's name, his Excellency the Governor-general thanks her loyal subjects, accepts their benevolence, and assents to this Bill."

"Au nom de sa Majesté, son Excellence le Gouverneur-général remercie ses loyaux sujets, accepte leur bienveillance et sanctionne ce Bill."

But while Canadians have adopted, to their decided advantage, the important principles of the parliamentary and legal systems of England, they have at the same time been able, in view of a new and changed condition of things, free from the trammels of the traditions and usages of an old world, to rid themselves of many customs and practices which have not been suitable to the circumstances of the country. Though primogeniture forms a part of the common law of England, it has, like many relics of feudal times—the seigniorial tenure of Lower Canada, for instance—long since passed away from the law of the English-speaking provinces, while it had never a place in the civil law of French Canada.

Slavery had only a nominal existence at any time in Canada, and the moment its legality was brought before the courts, they declared in emphatic phrase that slavery is antagonistic to that principle of British liberty which allows no man to have absolute power over the life, liberty, and future of another, whatever may be his colour. As far back as 1793, a Canadian Legislature passed an Act providing for the gradual emancipation of the few slaves that then existed in the colony. The registration of titles and the conveyance of real estate have been rendered of great simplicity as compared with the old English system, with all its legal complications and expenses ; and improvements are still being made in the same direction—especially in the new territories of Canada—by the adoption of what is known as the Torrens system of Australia. This simple system of land transfer owes its origin to Sir Robert Torrens, who was formerly connected with the Customs in South Australia. Its chief benefit is the indefeasible nature of the title obtained, together with the speed and certainty of transfer, and the abrogation of the necessity of

* "La royne remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur b n volence, et ainsi le veut."

abstracts of title. It is now in operation in Toronto and the county of York, in Manitoba, and in the Northwest Territories.

The municipal system of Canada, especially that of the premier province of Ontario, was for many years an example to the parent State, where the complicated and cumbrous system of local administration which had gone on for centuries has only quite recently been, as far as practicable, simplified to meet the modern conditions of things. In Canada, the present system has been the result of the political development of the country. In the early days of the provinces there was no township system of government such as existed in New England; and, indeed, the spirit of the Imperial Government, for some time after the War of Independence, was antagonistic to the establishment of such institutions as distinguished Massachusetts. The loyalists do not appear to have made generally any energetic effort to reproduce in their entirety the institutions of the old colonies from which they had fled. Be this as it may, the Imperial authorities were not ready to establish the township system of Massachusetts when it was more than once suggested to them in the course of time, or even to adopt such advice as was given them by Lieutenant-governor Simcoe, who, while in charge of affairs in Upper Canada, recommended the adoption of a modified system of local administration over which the Government could always exercise an immediate control, and in which the popular element was, practically, in leading-strings. His plan was to give the principal towns a corporation "which would consist of a mayor and six aldermen, justices of the peace *ex officio*, and a competent number of common councillors, to be originally appointed by the Crown;" the succession to vacant seats to be made "in such a manner as to render the elections as little popular as possible;" such corporations being designed "to tend to the support of the aristocracy of the country." The Duke of Portland, as the mouthpiece of the Imperial Government, regarded the proposition as very unfit to be encouraged by the parent State in a dependent colony, inasmuch as it was "only through the executive power vested in the person having the government of the province that the sway of the country could be exercised." But Englishmen, wherever they may happen to be, are sure, sooner or later, to show the natural tendencies of their race, and make efforts to manage their affairs in accordance with the old methods of the parent State. The colonies of New England, consciously or unconsciously, reproduced the system of primary assemblies and of township government as it virtually existed in early English times. In Canada, on the other hand, it was not until after the establishment of legislative bodies that a system of local administration was slowly developed, generally on the lines of the county system of England, in which the courts of quarter sessions, composed

of magistrates with a chairman, exercised so important a jurisdiction. In all matters of large importance, however, the legislatures were so many municipal bodies, which voted the money required for roads, bridges, and other public works; and it was not until after the concession of responsible government in 1841 that the foundation of the present municipal system of Canada was laid. This system naturally developed with the progress of the country in wealth, population, and enterprise. As we trace back its history we see how, in this particular, the aptitude of the English race for local government enabled them to adopt more readily the methods of an efficient system of local administration than was the case with French Canada, where the mass of people were without traditions of local government, or any practical experience of its advantages, and were, besides, reluctant to adopt changes which would involve local taxation. Although all the provinces now possess a machinery of local self-government, yet it is the province of Ontario which occupies the vantage ground in this respect, just as her people in the old days of Upper Canada always showed greater energy and enterprise than the other provinces in all matters of local importance.

The student of comparative politics will find much to interest him in the names of the various local divisions and of the machinery of local administration in the provinces of Canada, since he will see in them many illustrations of the closeness with which Englishmen everywhere cling, even under modern conditions, to the nomenclature and usages which associate us with the primitive times of English government, and illustrate the gradations in the political and civil growth of England. The most important unit of local government in Ontario is the township, which carries us back to the early days when our English forefathers lived in their village communities, of which the "tun," or rough fence, or hedge, that surrounded them was a characteristic and essential feature. The chief officer of the township is the reeve, who, as an "active" or "excellent" * member of his community, took part in early English time in the various moots, or public assemblies of the township, the hundred, and the shire. The alderman of the city and town councils is a link connecting us with the system of shire government in early English times; but if modern aldermen cannot claim in any sense to be the equals in rank of their eminent prototypes, if they have lost their ancient nobility, still they ought not to have necessarily lost that practical usefulness which was probably also a distinguishing feature of the title in the days when it had much significance. In Ontario there still remains an electoral division, known as riding, which carries us back to the time when the Dane came across the North seas and made his home in the ancient shire of York. But alongside this old English nomenclature, we see also in many names of Canadian local institutions a heritage of the

* See Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary."

Norman conquest of England. The largest division, for municipal as well as legislative purposes long ago became the county and not the shire—a name replaced by the Norman French term when the conquerors reorganised the local divisions for purposes of government. The representative body for the local administration of the county is not the folk-moot, but is called the council, from an adaptation of a Roman name by the French. The mayor of the council is also an inheritance of the blending of the Latin and French tongues. The parish of Lower Canada is, in its origin, a purely ecclesiastical division, established in the days of the French *régime*, though it may be proclaimed a division for municipal purposes by the executive authority. In New Brunswick there is also a division known as a parish, which appears to have been established in the early days of the province in imitation of the local institutions in Virginia. But the name itself connects us with very remote times when the ecclesiastical system of Rome established itself in ancient Britain and Gaul. The coroner—the “crowner” of Shakespeare’s grave-digger in *Hamlet*—is one of the many evidences that our legal system gives us of the predominance of the Latin tongue in the English law. Centuries have passed since he could exercise important judicial functions in the place of the sheriff in the local courts. The sheriff—the shire-reeve, or the head man of the shire—was long ago deprived of the large powers he enjoyed in the administration of local affairs. But it is interesting to note how this title remains to illustrate the history of his English origin just as the *custos placitorum coronæ*—the old Latin name of the coroner—takes us back to later times when the Norman ruled. The humble peace officer of the village and town is still called a constable, but he has fallen decidedly from that high estate when his name represented an offshoot of an ancient dignity which the great nobles of France and of England were proud to wear.

It would be doubtless interesting to the student of comparative politics were I able to continue further this review of the characteristic features of the government of the countries which make up the Dominion; but I think I have already proved sufficiently the truth of the assertion I made at the commencement of this paper, that Canada is still essentially English in the development of those political institutions which are best calculated to give her strength and greatness. But assuredly, in the opinion of statesmen, beyond any antiquarian researches into the origin and evolution of institutions is the practical problem which offers itself for solution when we come to consider the positions of the French Canadians among the English communities of the federal union. Should we endeavour to find an analogy between the position of the Norman in England, and that of the Frenchman in Canada, we cannot but see that the circumstances of the two peoples have been very different. The Norman, in the

course of time, was assimilated by the sturdy English race, and the result of this assimilation was that admirable combination which is now known as the English people. The Norman has enriched the old English tongue with many new terms necessary to that wider sphere of political action which was the sequence of the Conquest, and has engrafted new institutions on the original basis of the old English social and political system which he never at any time destroyed, although he gave it a more effective organisation and a wider scope, in the course of centuries. The Saxon and the Norman have become English in language, thought, and aspiration. In Canada, on the other hand, a century and a quarter has passed since the French Canadian became a subject of the English Sovereign, and has had the opportunity of developing his national instincts under the free institutions of England, and we see no signs of a lessening of attachment to the civil law, to the French language, or to the great ecclesiastical organisation which has always wielded such an enormous influence in Canada from the days of Laval. When the Norman conquered England he found himself among a people with ancient institutions, eminently favourable to freedom, and then commenced that process of assimilation to which I have more than once referred. But no such opportunities for assimilation have ever been possible in French Canada. There, from the outset, it was the policy of England, for various reasons intelligible to the historical student, to surround the French Canadian with all the guarantees that could be given for the preservation of his language and special institutions. He has always had facilities given him—first by the Quebec Act, secondly by the Constitutional Act of 1791, and eventually by the Federation of 1867—for the perpetuation of his local autonomy; and the result has been necessarily to prevent anything like such a blending of the two races as long ago took place in England. What might have been the result had England pursued a different policy towards this people in 1774 and in 1791—the dates of the two great Imperial statutes which shaped the destinies of French Canada—it is idle now to speculate; and we can deal only with a condition of things which seems, in many essential respects, of a permanent character. It is true that in the important centres of thought and industry the French Canadian is forced to speak the English language, but it is only as a matter of business and convenience, since, at home, he and his family cling to the tongue of their ancestors. In the Parliament of Canada, the Frenchman, as a rule, speaks the language of the majority—a task which he performs with ease, and even elegance in many cases—but in the Legislature of Quebec, where the English are in a small minority, it is the French which has the supremacy. In the nature of things, judging from the signs of the times, the language of the new provinces, eventually to be formed in the Northwest Territories, is likely to be exclusively English; and the French tongue and institutions will probably be

confined, for the most part, to the province which the French Canadians have built up by their patience and endurance, and made essentially their own, as far as national characteristics can make it such. But, without indulging in further speculation on the probability of the assimilation of the two nationalities of Canada—an assimilation certainly desirable in the development of a nation, when it is natural, although by no means a condition essential to national greatness—we can see that, after all things are impartially considered, it is to the English principles of local self-government that the French Canadian owes the privileges he has so long enjoyed in absolute security, and it is to English political institutions that his province must continue to owe its prosperity and happiness as an integral part of the Dominion. The French Canadian has worked in harmony with the English Canadian to build up a nation on those principles of English constitutional government which, when applied in connection with a federal system, seem admirably adapted to give strength and vitality to a people. Under no other system of government would it be possible to harmonise the antagonistic elements of race, religion, and language which exist in Canada. Without pressing further a conclusion which must be obvious to any one who looks at the history of the political development of Canada under the benign supremacy of England, let me here quote the suggestive words of an eminent constitutional writer in an Australian colony, who has laid down a doctrine which commends itself to every student of institutions as replete with practical wisdom and statesmanlike foresight, and which can be well applied to a country like our own, composed of a number of provinces, having diverse interests and nationalities to unify and harmonise. "We have been given English institutions," says Professor Hearn,*

"but the gift is worthless unless we care to use it in the spirit in which it has been bestowed. English institutions must be worked by English men in the English way. That way implies mutual respect, mutual forbearance, a readiness to concede what is not material, tenacity in holding fast that which is good; in one word, an honest and loyal desire to promote the public benefit, and to secure to every man his just rights, and neither less nor more than those rights. Such is the course that our own fathers have pursued; it is thus that England has grown to greatness; such, if we wish to obtain the like results, is the course that we too must follow."

Whatever may be the blots at times on the surface of the body politic in Canada, there is yet no reason to believe that the public conscience of the country is absolutely weak or indifferent to character and integrity in active politics. The instincts of a people governed by English institutions are happily in the direction of the pure administration of justice, and of efficient and honest government; and though it may sometimes happen that unscrupulous partisanship dominates, the day of retribution and purification must come sooner

* See his Essay on "The Colonies and the Mother Country."

or later. The history of recent events in the Dominion has a deep significance. The punishment which has befallen some public men within a few months—notably in the province of Quebec—for their faithlessness to the high trust reposed in them, shows that French as well as English Canadians are resolved that English methods must prevail in their country; that “English institutions must be worked in the English way.” It is sometimes said in Canada, and no doubt elsewhere, that it is too much to expect a high ideal in public life, that the same principles which apply to social and private life cannot always be applied to the political arena if party government is to succeed; but this is the doctrine of the mere party manager, who is already too influential even in the Dominion, as he is assuredly in the United States. Some political students still believe that the nobler the object the greater is the inspiration; and in any case it is better to aim high than sink low. It is all-important, then, that the body politic of Canada should be kept pure at this critical period of her history, and that public life should be considered a public trust. Canada is still young in her political development, and the fact that her population has been as a rule relatively free from the infusion of those dangerous elements which have come into the United States with such rapidity of late years has saved her from many serious social and political evils which afflict her American neighbours, and to which I believe they themselves, having inherited English institutions, will in the end rise superior. But no system of government or of laws, it is hardly necessary to add, can of itself make a people virtuous and happy unless their rulers recognise in the fullest sense their obligations to the State, and exercise their powers with prudence and unselfishness, and endeavour to elevate public opinion by avoiding the insidious methods of “machine politicians” influenced by the lowest political ethics. Canadians have every confidence in their system of government—in its ability to make them a prosperous and great people; but at the same time their own history teaches them that the most admirable constitution may be relatively worthless while the large powers and responsibilities entrusted to the governing bodies—powers and responsibilities never embodied in Acts of Parliament—are forgotten in view of party triumph, personal ambition, or pecuniary gain. “The laws,” said Edmund Burke, “reach but a very little way. Constitute government how you please, infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of State. Even all the use and potency of the laws depend upon them. Without them, your commonwealth is no better than a scheme upon paper, and not a living, active, effective organisation.”

LABOUR AND THE HOURS OF LABOUR

THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM OF THE DAY.

THE Trade Union Congress held at Newcastle in 1891, after a long discussion on the Eight Hours Question, formally adopted a resolution instructing its Parliamentary Committee to introduce an Eight Hours Bill during the following Session. Only a year has elapsed since that event, and yet the progress of this question in public attention and discussion has not been equalled by that of any other question, social or political, in recent times. The vast assemblage in Hyde Park last May proclaimed from numerous platforms that an Eight Hours Day would redeem labour from all its troubles, and strong resolutions were passed pledging the supporters to obtain it by legislative enactment.

In due course an Eight Hours Bill for Miners was introduced, and came up for second reading in the House of Commons, when it was rejected by only 112 in a House of 132.

In the Press and on platforms the discussion grew apace as the General Election approached, when the Eight Hours Day for Miners became a burning question for parliamentary candidates, and literally the question of the hour in industrial communities.

Many of us who sat in the last Parliament and did not support the Eight Hours Bill, had our majorities largely reduced solely in consequence of our opposition to it, notwithstanding the abundant proofs we had given of a sincere desire, shared by the public generally, to shorten the hours of labour in mines by other means than by a special Act of Parliament. Some Members lost their seats through taking the same course. Not a few candidates ~~who~~ held the same views changed them in the course of their candidature, after having issued their addresses, solely because of the pressure put upon them by the Trade Unions; while some who

declared for the Eight Hours Bill for Miners were returned by large majorities over those who refused to promise to vote for it; and old Members who supported the Bill when their opponents did not, secured their seats by larger majorities than they had previously obtained. Wherever a candidate enjoyed the confidence of a majority of the electors on general political grounds, and also advocated an Eight Hours Bill, the latter fact undoubtedly added to his popularity and increased his majority.

The outcome of the General Election is that a larger number of Members of Parliament have promised to vote for the Bill, when it is proposed next Session, than even the most sanguine advocates could have anticipated after its defeat last year.

But a far more serious fact must be noted in connection with the movement for a legislative enactment to fix a rigid limit to the working hours of Miners—one which transcends in importance that special demand for a special occupation.

Throughout all trades a strong movement has been started to follow the lead of the Miners' Unions. Many of these have claims equal to those of the Miners to have their grievances met, and speedily, by their employers. The last Trades Congress, held at Glasgow in September of this year, has given to the public the result of the debates of organised trades of all kinds on this question.

No sensible person will condemn the universal aspiration to shorten the hours of labour in all trades, so long as these can be maintained in such a healthy condition as will afford continuous employment and such profit as will keep capital therein and encourage its further investment. Few thoughtful employers will discourage such aspirations. Many would gladly help to realise them.

The serious aspect of this movement is that Parliamentary enactments are demanded to reduce and fix the hours of adult workers in each trade, thus changing the customs of the country, and abandoning the methods so successfully adopted in some instances by the powerful Trade Unions, or such of them as have represented the desires of the majority of the workers in their respective trades. But notwithstanding these instances of successful agitation for shorter hours in the past, it is obvious that the most conservative of Trade Unions—those which have prided themselves on their power, independence, organisation, and full representation of the population engaged in their respective industries—have “caught on” to the Miners’ plan of campaign.

A most remarkable instance of this is afforded in the case of the Textile Trade Unions. Before the General Election these powerful bodies pronounced against a legal Eight Hours Day altogether, and even against any reduction in the hours of labour. But within the last few weeks numerous meetings of their branches

have been held to consider the question, and large majorities have pronounced in favour of it.

It is the recognition of the strength of this movement on the part of Labour that has led me to put forward the following proposals as an alternative to the demand that Parliament should definitely fix a universal Eight Hours Day.

It is not my purpose in this article to question the wisdom of this growing demand for shorter hours. My sympathies are wholly with the workers in their aspirations to obtain a livelihood, while working such hours as will remove from labour the spirit of heaviness, and render it joyous and healthy throughout a long life of toil. To arrive at such a state of things, while maintaining the industrial prosperity of the country, is obviously most desirable in the interests alike of capitalists, employers, workpeople, and the nation as a whole. The one object is not incompatible with the other. On the contrary, as time rolls on, experience and knowledge teach us that each of these objects depends upon the attainment of the other.

We employers owe more than, as a body, we are inclined to admit, to the improvements in our methods of manufacture due to the firmness and independence of trade combinations. Our industrial steadiness and enterprise are the envy of the world. The energy and pertinacity of Trade Unions have caused Acts of Parliament to be passed which would not otherwise have been promoted by employers or politicians, all of which have tended to improve British commerce. And it is worthy of note that this improvement has gone on concurrently with great and growing competition of other nations, owing to the development of their own resources. The enormous production of wealth in Great Britain during the present half-century, which is due to natural resources and the labour and skill bestowed upon their development, has grown most rapidly during a period remarkable for the extension of the power of Trade Unionism. Prosperity beyond the dreams of avarice has followed in the wake of our industrial habits and customs, and these have undoubtedly been largely promoted by the great labour organisations. Some forty Acts of Parliament, affecting the rules and customs of almost every occupation, have been promoted, and mainly supported or extended, by the influence of Trade Unions during the last fifty years. Some deal with the safety and health of the labouring classes as a whole, while in the pursuit of their work. Others protect women and children from oppression or conditions of employment unsuited to their sex or age. Many of them have tended to promote improved appliances in all industries, whereby labour is less of a drudgery. Every intelligent employer will admit that his factory or workshop, when equipped with all the comforts and conveniences and protective appliances prescribed by Parliament for the benefit and protection of his workpeople—though great effort, and it may be

even sacrifice on his part, has been made to procure them—has become a more valuable property, in every sense of the word, and a profit has accrued to him owing to the improved conditions under which his workpeople have produced.

But apart from the influence of Trade Unions on legislation, in informing and guiding statesmen and politicians to promote such supervision over the field of industry as may prevent injustice and wrong, there are other advantages in them of equal importance.

Trade Unions form in the aggregate a vast Friendly Society, with reserve funds accumulated by the constant weekly contributions of hundreds of thousands of workpeople, out of which the unemployed, the sick, the disabled, and the aged are supported upon conditions which insure that present thrift earns future succour. The State is surely saved from a great difficulty by the self-help of masses of men, highly organised for mutual assistance in times of need. It is true that the ordinary Friendly Societies cover a far wider area of the working-class population; but they do not administer relief under some of the circumstances which form a claim upon the funds of Trade Unions.

The latter, however, fulfil their highest function, in my opinion, in forming Labour into compact bodies of men and women, whose paramount object is the promotion of their own trades or occupations as permanent and progressive industries. One of their chief efforts is, no doubt, to obtain high wages and short hours; but there is no case on record where any Union has struck or agitated for one or other of these desirable boons, without believing that the trade could stand it, or rather without utterly discrediting the statement of employers to the contrary, and deriding their fears that the industry by which they both lived would suffer. The belief may have been quite erroneous. A disastrous strike or lock-out has not unfrequently resulted from an ignorance of facts, which proved that the views of the Trade Union were completely mistaken. On the other hand, strong and persistent agitation to benefit the workers has often secured substantial concessions from employers without any check to the progress of the trade.

After all, it is the progress and permanence of a trade that must ever be the measure of the harmony and wisdom with which it is conducted on the part of employers and employed alike, and not the largeness of profit left in the hands of the capitalist. All concessions made to labour which do not impair the resources that are essential to maintain the position of an industry, and to improve it as time goes on, are wise as well as just. No capitalist or employer will abandon an enterprise that continues in a healthy state, even though actual profits, beyond the normal interest of capital and the cost of efficient maintenance of his plant and property, may be relatively small compared with what he might obtain were he to be sole arbiter of wages paid and time worked. It is permanency—which implies

growth in some positive degree—that gives to trade its highest value, not the amount of money amassed by an employer in a short period or even through a lifetime.

Now, as Trade Unions extend, and as their numbers increase, so do they become more deeply interested in the study of the laws which govern industrial and commercial stability and progress. Consequently they are becoming more concerned in the maintenance and permanency of the trades whereby they live. This condition of things is quite compatible with the claim to share more fully in the fruits of their labour and the employers' capital combined, in the shape of increased wages and less hours of work. The keen interest they feel in seeking to secure permanence and progress in the trade they pursue has been strikingly shown by the fact that Trade Unions have agreed to reduction of wages, advocated short time, and offered many suggestions involving sacrifice on the part of the workers, in order to stem the tide of temporary adversity. This shows, at least, a growing appreciation on the part of organised labour of those facts and circumstances of trade which govern its fluctuations, its progress, or its decay.

It has been said by opponents of Trade Unions that they do not represent in numbers the majority of the properly qualified workers in their respective trades. This is true of many of them. Even the powerful Amalgamated Society of Engineers does not contain a majority of the men qualified to become members. Their growth in membership shows, however, a rapidly increasing number of those within as compared with the increase of total workers, though few show an actual majority as compared with the total workers in their trades. But the power and influence of the Unions have nevertheless been felt throughout the whole mass of workers in the trades where they exist at all. The non-Unionists conform in the main to the rules of the Unionists, so far as the customs of the trades are concerned. Their conditions with the employers follow those of the Unionists; and though they have not joined in an agitation or struggle for further concessions to Labour on the part of capitalists, they have benefited by every advance made by the Unions in improving the conditions of employment.

Whatever the causes have been in the past that have retarded the growth of universal trade combinations, and the membership of all workers in the trades, it cannot be denied that in recent years a pronounced increase of confidence and of membership has been manifested. The Trades Congress, held annually, has in recent years acquired, by the common consent of the Press and the public, the dignified title of the Parliament of Labour, and in each succeeding year it records increasing, and rapidly increasing, membership in all the Unions which are accredited to it.

But what we have chiefly to regard is the actual beneficial results

of the action of Trade Unions, irrespective of the magnitude of membership. There are upwards of nine millions of adult workers in the country. Of these it is estimated that about 1,500,000 are members of trade combinations, or, in other words, are organised workers. The skilled artisans number about 3,300,000, or about one-third of the total adult workers, and of these rather more than one-third have joined Unions. It is difficult to ascertain precisely the relative numbers of skilled and unskilled workers, and the proportion of Unionists to non-Unionists in these two branches of labour. It is sufficient to know that as yet only about one-sixth of all adult labour has combined at all, and that of the skilled artisans only about one-third have entered into combinations.

Notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of the skilled workers have not joined their Trade Unions, it is open to question whether even double the amount of combination could have had greater beneficial effect upon legislation, or even upon the relations of employers and employed, than has been exercised by the present minority. It is indisputable that the combined workers represent the highest characteristics of the British workman in a marked degree. Self-sacrifice for the greatest good of the greatest number necessarily forms the basis of Trade Unionism, as now sanctioned by the law of the land. A policy of each individual workman getting all he can for himself, regardless of his fellows, has no part in trade combinations. The physically and mentally strong, the men of most dexterity and skill, have yielded some of the advantages they might have individually gained in order to help their fellow-workers in the mass. Of themselves alone they could well take care. But knowing that all men are not equally endowed, they combine their lot with that of others for the commonweal. When a society is based on such a principle, it must contain men who promote thrift, skill, sobriety and education. A certain standard of moral qualification for membership is established, which in itself is good. The just and proper pride in the trade common to all encourages effort to excel in workmanship, and adapt it to the changing requirements of manufacturing processes. The experience gained by large bodies of workers meeting together, and interchanging views on matters interesting to their trade, must tend to promote intelligence and knowledge in each individual. The foresight to provide for slack times, and for the many emergencies surrounding a workman's life, keeps a strong executive committee of picked men always concerned with the well-being of a large number of their fellows. This educational effect of combination must be of value to the State. The results prove that the State and the industries of the country have largely benefited thereby; and since the quantity of workmen so combining has been small, compared with the total number of adult workers in the country, it is obvious that their quality must have been high.

The most marked effect of Trade Union effort has been on wages and hours of labour. This has not been confined to the men who formed the Unions. The auxiliary occupations have largely participated in these benefits, while those in the same trade have all shared alike in them, whether members of the Union or not. The rules and regulations of the Unions have gradually become the customs of our industrial world, and have almost acquired the respect and force of law. While these changes of higher wages and fewer hours have been made, the manufacturing and commercial interests of the country have increased by leaps and bounds. The stability of labour, the unity of purpose, the organisation of definite and trustworthy rules, the improvement in skill, the heightened self-respect and dignity of labour, have tended to improve the forces and the productive power in all our industries. The great qualities of enterprise, resource, energy, and capital on the part of employers would have availed little, had there not been organised labour in every staple trade of the country. The leaders of these organised bodies have on the whole been men of sagacity and courage. The sense of responsibility among the men for the maintenance of "good trade," the dread of "slack times," have been promoted by such leaders. In the intense competition which has grown up between employers, it has been of inestimable value that each one of them could rely on one common rule among workmen. One element of uniformity existed. All were served alike. No country in the world has experienced so few disturbances and so little friction between capital and labour as the United Kingdom, in proportion to the magnitude of its industries, the capital employed, the number of its manufacturing population, and the increase of the wealth derived from its manufactures.

The loyalty of Trade Unions to the principle of Free Trade is not the least of the benefits they have conferred on the State, by calming the masses of the working population, and teaching them to rely, in times of depression, on great principles rather than on temporary expedients, which, while profiting some occupations for the moment, would destroy our supremacy in the volume and value of the total production of the country. Nor must I omit to notice the efforts made by our organised workers to render the conditions of labour on the Continent of Europe more uniform with ours. In the interests of human welfare that is desirable. It would, moreover, place all employers on a more uniform footing, and lead each nation to produce that for which it is naturally best fitted, and to interchange products with the rest, instead of pursuing a spurious prosperity at the expense of the welfare of its labouring population.

Judging, therefore, by the tests generally applied to such institutions, the supporters of Trade Unions have ample justification for confidence in them. They err at times, as all men do, individually and collectively. In sketching their action and effect upon

our national industries, I have not passed the bounds of historical facts. While I have confined myself to a consideration of the good results of Trade Unions, I am not unmindful that in their struggles to obtain them they have often used unjustifiable means, caused much acute, though temporary, suffering, and employed even brutal methods occasionally. But these mistakes and evil doings have always included among the sufferers from them those who so rashly entered upon a bitter and unnecessary conflict. Viewed historically, they have left no permanent evil and injury, continually sapping our trade, though for a time they have weakened it; while the good effected by them has passed into our industrial life, to strengthen it, and into the laws of our country, to improve them.

The question which the Unions have now taken up—that of demanding that Parliament shall “regulate the hours of labour to eight per day, or forty-eight per week, in all trades and occupations”—holds a unique position in the long list of objects which they have striven for since the Combination Laws were abolished.

The political power recently acquired to such a commanding degree by the working classes of the country has caused Unionists and non-Unionists alike to look to the Legislature for a ready satisfaction of their needs, in order to avoid the conflicts which entail so much suffering to themselves and injury to trade. The triumphs of the past which strew the path of Trade Unions would justify a calm confidence in the adult workers of the country gaining everything they can justly ask or usefully employ, by the steady increase of combination and the force of public opinion, which inclines more and more to regard human welfare as above large trade profits on capital. Had not commanding political power passed into their hands, we cannot doubt that the working men would seek to obtain in the old way what they from time to time may justly ask, and what may be rightfully and wisely accorded as civilisation advances. Whatever use the great mass of workers may make of this political power, we must, as a self-governing people, rejoice in the fact that the franchise knows no distinction of persons. We need not fear any permanent evil consequences from the discussion of proposals to obtain legislative interference in social and industrial affairs. It must needs be for some years to come, after the removal of the centre of gravity of political power from classes fairly well-to-do, and in some cases overwhelmingly rich, to the classes most sensitive to injustice, and most liable to suffer from the inequalities of life, that Parliament will be besieged with petitions and proposals to remedy every kind of wrong.

The first proposal of high interest and far-reaching importance is this of a universal Eight Hours Day for all workers in the land.

The Miners' Eight Hours Bill may be regarded as part of the one great question.

The discussions at the successive Trades Congresses held at Dundee, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Glasgow, in which delegates of Trade Unions representing both the old and the new Unionism took part, culminated last September in the following resolution passed almost unanimously at the Glasgow Congress :

"That the Parliamentary Committee promote a Bill regulating the hours of labour to eight per day, or forty-eight per week, in all trades and occupations, which Bill shall contain a clause enabling the organised members of any trade or occupation protesting by ballot against the same, to exempt such trade or occupation from its provisions."

This resolution was carried as an amendment to one proposing :

"That the majority of organised workers in any trade or occupation desiring to have an eight hours day should have the same by legal enactment."

The long discussions at the Congress showed that considerable difference of opinion existed as to the method of adopting an Eight Hours Day in the various trades, when Parliament had passed an Act fixing the rigid maximum of forty-eight hours in the week. Though this is an important detail, the main issue is not affected by the question as to whether all trades and occupations shall, immediately on the Act coming into operation, work not more than eight hours per day, or forty-eight hours per week, unless any one of them protests by ballot of the organised workers, and so exempts itself, or whether no trade or occupation shall be compelled to accept the limit of eight hours per day, or forty-eight hours per week, imposed by the Act, unless a majority of the organised workers therein desire it. The supreme fact is that Parliament is asked to pass an Act fixing a rigid limit as a maximum working day or week, irrespective of locality, trade, occupation, times and seasons. No change of any kind could take place under the authority of the Act, except an eight-hours day or a forty-eight hours week—that or nothing. It is true that all trades might exempt themselves by protest from the operations of the Act, and then the *status quo* would continue. That, however, would not be progress. And some trades might not protest by their organised workers, in which case they would at once come under the eight-hours limit, which would affect both organised and unorganised workers. In case of the organised workers in a trade protesting, presumably all the unorganised workers in that trade throughout the kingdom would likewise be free to work as long as they liked. But were these latter anxious to come under the protection of the Act, they would be debarred from doing so until the organised workers had also decided in favour of it. In any case, Parliament would assume the entire responsibility for all the consequences that might arise from fixing a rigid maximum of hours in all

trades, if exemption were not claimed ; and for those who, while seeking a considerable reduction, could not go down at once to eight hours, there would be no protection. It would mean that the trades now working little more than eight hours per day might easily and reasonably accept the legal limit, while to those trades in which excessively long hours are worked, and where gradual reduction would be most advantageous in the opinion of the workers, no possible advantage could come from the Act.

I hold that in the present condition and variety of our industries it is impossible to frame a general Act on such lines as those indicated by the Trades Congress, even if Parliament were composed of men all pledged to the principle that the Legislature should enter the field of industry, and take the entire responsibility of shortening and restricting to one rigid limit the maximum hours to be worked in all trades. But is nothing to be done to promote the proper aspirations of the working population for shorter hours, simply because, on the one hand, Parliament will not assume this responsibility ; or, on the other hand, because, being willing to assume it, Parliament cannot, with all the wit of man at command, pass a measure to suit the circumstances of all trades alike ?

Let us see if there be not a better, speedier, simpler, and more natural way.

During the debates on this question at the Trades Congress much side-light was thrown on the reasons why legislative action was advocated. Some of the delegates reminded the Congress of the past achievements of Trade Unions in raising wages or shortening hours. They contended that, in order to preserve the power and independence of trade combinations, all changes in the hours of labour must be effected by the workers themselves. The delegate of the Durham Miners, *e.g.*, said :

“They were in full sympathy with all Trade Unions which sought to reduce the hours of labour to the lowest possible practical point ; but they objected to legislative enactments, because they had confidence in self-help and manly independence. They did not believe in the Trade Unions asking Parliament or anybody else to do for them what they could do for themselves.”

These words were applauded by some members of the Congress, but chiefly by delegates of Northumberland and Durham Miners, who already enjoy shorter hours than any of their fellow-workmen. In the preceding Congresses similar views were expressed. In the discussions it was admitted that shorter hours had been obtained by Trade Union action alone in many trades, but only after agitation which had caused much suffering, expense, and conflict. Moreover, it was urged there was no absolute security for the permanency of these gains, and the system of overtime, which no Union had yet been strong enough to abolish, practically whittled away much of what had been gained. The weaker Unions could not face an expensive

agitation as the stronger had done; and in any case it meant conflict for a time, which embittered the relations between employers and employed. In all this there is much truth. Long-continued agitation to obtain what men consider to be their rights produces worry and weariness, and much vexation of spirit. In the peaceful pursuits of industry, strife between those who are bound to work side by side, as capital and labour must, makes industrial life a burden to workmen and a terrible anxiety to employers.

Much of the strife in the past seems to have arisen from a mistaken notion of the true relationship of employers and employed. The employer, who has the money, owns the plant, and pays the wages, has been regarded as a master. The employed is therefore necessarily under his orders, and has to obey implicitly the rules he lays down, and is called a servant—a person inferior to and dependent upon him. This is a false relationship, if contentment and equity are to rule in the industrial world. The true relationship must be equality of service, and the contribution of two parts to make one harmonious whole. That whole is industrial success—the wealth of the community based upon Nature's resources, developed and utilised by the work and skill of man. Actual manual labour is that which creates out of raw natural resources a thing of value and use. Capital provides the instruments and appliances whereby this manual labour can be turned to most account, its products disposed of, and a continuous demand for them maintained. These two elements are coequal in forming the whole. It is a remnant of a low state of civilisation, which still clings to our own times, to designate them as master and servant. If these two contributors to industrial prosperity are coequal, each has inherent rights of control over the property which it possesses, and from which it makes its contribution. Capital controls its possessions of raw material, lands, buildings, machinery and appliances; designs and conceives enterprises; prepares the channels for labour and manual skill to flow in and through, so that to Nature's resources may be added in the best way human skill and intelligence, for the continuous production of all that may satisfy the requirements of man. In the distribution of these products Capital has sole control, as it has in the acquisition and collection of the raw material and appliances from which they are produced. Thus Capital in the aggregate must ever increase so long as industrial life flows; and even in the periods of stagnation it is not lost. What some may lose, others gain. The growth of English Industry and Commerce, so admirably described under this title by Dr. Cunningham in his recently published book, testifies to the fact that, though men who labour perish, Capital never dies.

The property possessed by Labour consists solely of time. The earnings of Labour cannot, like the earnings of Capital, go on

increasing apart from the individual. A working man cannot transmit to another his time and skill. With these alone he must provide all he needs through life. He has an inherent right to control this capital in the manner that will make the most of it through the longest period within the span of human existence, even as the employer controls his possessions. In the course of nature this capital decreases as years increase. It may be exhausted in a few years after adult age by excessive physical strain, unhealthy occupation, or imprudent conduct, and, though existence may continue, it is worthless. Or it may be conserved to be used throughout life to the period of old age in active, healthy employment. Experience has taught him that he can make the best use of his capital by union with his fellow-labourers, which has enabled the individual man to secure, in some degree, the rights to which his capital is entitled by its contribution to the promotion of the industrial prosperity and commonweal of his country. But in the aggregate the rights of Labour have not been secured, and even in particular occupations they have only been gained by great effort and strife, and after long delays. Hence the overwhelming demand now made to secure them at one sweep by legislative enactments, since the working classes have acquired legislative power.

We employers cannot afford to disregard this great uprising of Labour to obtain the full rights to which it is entitled, so long as it contributes an equal quota to industrial success as a whole. We must not regard the subject only from the standpoint of how it may affect large profits on our capital. The magnitude of capitalist profits in trade and commerce is not the measure of a nation's industrial supremacy and well-being. It is the widest-spread prosperity that enriches a nation, not wealth amassed in few hands. The wider the distribution of profit derived from the combined forces of Capital and Labour, the better security we have for permanent investment of capital, and for the increased consumption of those products which keep the wheels of industry in constant and steady motion, though individual employers and great companies may have lower dividends.

The neglect of employers to look into the causes which have given rise to the Eight Hours movement, or their refusal to listen to the reasons offered for appealing to the Legislature, will not retard or prevent its progress; whereas by timely and sympathetic attention they may guide and direct it so as to promote mutually beneficial changes. To treat the subject as beyond discussion will only tend to animate the working classes with increased determination to use their political power solely for Labour purposes, without regard for the interests of Capital.

The recent General Election has proved beyond doubt that the balance of power rests with the labouring population. It has shown

also that this power may be exerted without waiting for the election of a large number of Labour representatives. The numerous instances of candidates being induced or coerced to promise their votes for an Eight Hours Bill are an indication of the quality of this power, and also of the weakness of the material on which it works, and which it may mould "as clay in the hands of the potter." The object of all should be to preserve this power for use in the interests of the whole people, and not to drive it in bitterness and resentment to be used solely in the interests of a class. To avoid this, it seems to me that employers are bound to weigh well all serious proposals of the labouring population, with a sincere desire to meet every just demand, to examine alleged grievances, and to co-operate with labour to remove them. In this spirit the great movement for the shortening of hours can be met and discussed with much advantage to all interested therein, and to the benefit of the whole country. The plan I venture to propose has been conceived in this spirit, and though it differs from all those discussed, or even suggested, at the Trades Congresses, it follows the line of procedure hitherto adopted by the Unions.

Among miners, shipbuilders, joiners and carpenters, builders, textile operatives, gas-stokers, engineers, and many other trades, a large reduction of hours has taken place during the last twenty-five years, and higher wages are paid to-day than were paid when the longer hours prevailed. These changes have not been promoted by employers. They have been on each occasion wholly or in part opposed by them. They were obtained by the will and power of Labour combinations. The usual plan has been that the members of a Union have passed a resolution recording the opinion of a majority that the normal day's work was too long, and fixing the hours at a reduced standard. But as most Unions have very wisely determined that their branches should have local authority as to the times and means of putting new rules into force, so with this question of the reduction of hours, the branches have selected their own time and method of arranging with the employers in their districts. But a remarkable example of non-Unionist men actually leading the Unionists occurred in the engineering trade at Newcastle in 1871, when they demanded a reduction of the hours of labour from fifty-nine to fifty-four per week, or a nine-hours day. The Trade Unions had but few members in the district compared with the total number of skilled workers. A "Nine Hours League" was formed outside the Unions, but with their sympathy; and of this Mr. Burnett, now Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade, was president. After long and fruitless negotiations with the employers, at which, notwithstanding offers on the part of the men to accept reduced wages, no compromise was arrived at, work was stopped by Unionists and non-Unionists alike, and a strike ensued which lasted sixteen weeks. The men's action was approved and supported by the Amalgamated Society

of Engineers and other Unions of the trade. Eventually the employers gave way unconditionally, without a reduction of wages, and in January 1872 the new regulations came into force. The Unions throughout the country then notified all employers that the Nine Hours Day would be the rule of the trade, and the employers everywhere—some earlier and some later, as arranged with the local branches—accepted the new regulations. Thus the men determined and regulated their hours, but only after great loss and suffering to employers and employed alike—a loss due solely to the non-recognition of the rights of Labour to dispose of its own time.

This action on the part of the working men in disposing of their time (which I have termed their only capital) has been justified. The volume of the trade has not diminished. The number of employers has increased. Wages have risen. The cost of production is reduced. The quality of our manufactures has improved. In a word, industrial success, in which employers and employed alike are equally concerned, and in which they are coequal forces, has been maintained. One indirect benefit to employers, which the Unions did not foresee, perhaps, but which they do not regret, is that marked impetus was given to labour-saving appliances, new methods of working, and remodelling or designing of the manufactured articles. The Trade Unions are now doubtless fully aware that there is no limit to the ingenuity of man and the resources of science it may command—all of which come into the hands of capital, if called for—to meet any undue strain which labour might impose. Such means, of course, have their limit of profitable use, and only in case of great injustice on the part of labour would they be employed as a defence. The knowledge of these possibilities, which would threaten to diminish the quantity of labour required, is now widespread through the Trade Unions.

It is obvious that, when men are compelled to weigh the consequences of their actions, industrial success must be the all-controlling consideration with those who propose such important changes as the reduction of hours of labour. The preservation of a great staple industry is self-preservation to the trained workers therein. And this is the element of absolute safety in regard to this question when it is left solely to the workers to determine. The law of self-preservation, which is the foundation of the individual man's life, is equally the law of the aggregate of men in a trade combination. I might give examples of similar actions and experiences in other trades, especially that of the miners; but my object is to point to a tried principle, rather than to multiply instances of its working. The case of the Engineers shows a method of applying the principle that men, combined for their commonweal, knowing the requirements and conditions of their common trade, may safely be trusted to use their power, in the main and in the long run, in the interests of that

trade. It further proves that the changes made, though dreaded by many employers and resisted by some, were wisely conceived and well applied to prevent any diminution in the progress of the industry affected by them, when viewed as a whole.

The acute and immediate suffering of Labour, when from any cause depression of trade occurs, makes Trade Unions peculiarly alert in watching and forecasting events likely to injure their industries permanently. They will face ordinary fluctuations caused by times and seasons, bad harvests, rising tariffs, and wars between nations. To their honour it is surely recorded that in the promotion of any effort to substitute arbitration for war they have exercised a beneficent influence. They will also face suffering for a time deliberately, though sometimes unwisely, by "striking" for what they hold to be their just rights. But no one can doubt their anxiety not to destroy the industry by which they live. Capital cannot suffer physically as Labour does from any cause that depresses trade. The first sign of the ebb of the tide of trade causes employers to reduce production, and work at once begins to slacken. This means that men employed one week are discharged the next, and find themselves not only without income, but weighed down with deep anxiety for the future, which is altogether dark. Such individual suffering cannot attack Capital, though workpeople do not realise how great is the anxiety of employers, even if bodily deprivations do not accompany it. It is this sensitiveness to the danger of actual bodily suffering to themselves, their wives and children, which must ever keep the members of Trade Unions alive to the consequences of their own acts. The more knowledge they acquire, the keener will be their sense of danger. As our public elementary education and technical instruction become more rational and practical, the enlightenment of the working classes upon questions of trade and commerce will lead them to the recognition of the fact that the enterprise and confidence of Capital are essential to success. Meanwhile we have ample security in the very nature of things against permanent injury to trade through the exercise of such power as Trade Unions have exerted or may exert in determining when and what reductions shall be made in the hours of labour.

Now, it may be urged that such trades as the Engineers possess an intelligent body of men as workers, and they are not likely to go far wrong. My answer is that in such trades, with such intelligent workers, a steady reduction of hours has taken place through the sole action of the men themselves, and they have almost acquired the ideal working day—leaving out the question of overtime, which grows more and more distasteful to workers and employers alike. It is among trades not requiring such high intelligence as the Engineers, and whose hours are unreasonably long, that Trade Unions have least flourished. But when combination does take place in them, the immediate effect is a reduction of hours, and the trade does not suffer.

In some towns in the north of England the gas-stokers recently combined for the first time. Theirs is not a skilled trade. The hours of work were so painfully long, that the first act of the Union was to ask for eight hours a day with the same wages as for twelve hours. The new and untutored Union behaved foolishly in the agitation, and did some wrong under the excitement; but it got the eight-hours day, which became the rule for Unionists and non-Unionists alike. Without this combination the employers would have made no change. The workers had been for years labouring under unjust conditions, which the action of the men alone changed for the benefit of all.

These combinations are a necessity of our times in the interest of trade, especially in view of the fact that manufacturing industry tends more and more to become guided and managed by Boards of Directors instead of by private individuals. These corporate bodies conform to law, and deal justly within it, but think more of shareholders' pockets than of promoting the workmen's ideal of shorter hours, and they need permanent associated bodies of workers with whom they can deal, as one man deals with another. The chosen representatives of large numbers of men must be exceptional men of their class. Great responsibility rests upon them, for they have to meet and discuss trade interests with representatives of Capital, who exercise the influence of culture, intellect, knowledge, and large enterprise.

To promote the combination of workers—all of them, in every trade and occupation, great or small—is to promote greater knowledge of the world in which they live, and of the healthy conditions necessary for the trade by which they have their being. It will do for all occupations what it has done for those artisans who are commended for their intelligence, and who have not failed to obtain advantages for themselves as a body, as time and improvement in their trades sanctioned. The tardy growth of combinations among masses of unskilled men and among women has caused occupations by the score in this country to be conducted under conditions which are disgraceful to the employers and demoralising to the workers.

In the endless variety of our trades and occupations there is great difference in the effects produced by long hours of continuous work. In some trades the working life of a healthy man is exhausted at forty years of age, and lassitude and decay begin much earlier. In other trades the excessive working hours may not shorten the working life so much; but though the years be longer by reason of less unhealthy surroundings, yet the life is unduly burdensome. It is difficult for the best-intentioned employers to understand the effects of trades and occupations on the health and spirits of the workers. When once we have conformed to the

laws, and perhaps obeyed our natural inclination to make our factories and workshops sanitary, well-ventilated, and cheerful, we are apt to assume that everything must be right. But the remarkable revelations of the invaluable work on "The Diseases of Occupations," recently published by Dr. Arlidge, show that even where such conditions exist, there yet remains the fact that almost all occupations engender diseases peculiar to themselves. The workers alone know from experience what they are. The consequences may be mitigated by their care and prudence, and much responsibility rests with them after the employers have done their best to render the occupations as little injurious as possible. Yet beyond all this the question of the hours of continuous work, according as they be long or short, will affect one way or other the rate at which the working life becomes exhausted. Now, only in combinations of working men can these questions be fully and clearly investigated by the light of experience. Hence we find that legislation for mitigating the evil effects of manufacturing processes has been chiefly promoted by the Trade Unions.

From these bodies alone can we likewise expect the demand for shorter hours, and the demand has come with no uncertain sound. How shall we meet it? Not by a simple *non possumus*, for that would not affect it. If we refuse it a hearing, the great political power of the workers will enable them to go past us, and put the State in control, by rigid Acts of Parliament, over employers and workers—but with this difference: that the State would act as the workers alone had determined, while they would have escaped all responsibility for the consequences of their own action; and should injurious results follow, employers and workers alike would look to the State for compensation and reparation.

On the grounds of simplicity, safety, expedition, and harmony, I propose to meet the demands of the workers by giving legal sanction to the usage and power which Trade Unions have hitherto employed to reduce the hours of labour. Not a few among the leaders of the workers have urged that they object to yield their power and independence to determine what they will do with their own; and this feeling has interfered with the unanimity of Trade Unionists in supporting proposals to fix their hours of labour in the future by Parliamentary enactment. It is possible, in my opinion, to maintain this independence, and yet to carry out the desire for shorter hours, where trades require it, without the delay and strife and agitation which have attended their past efforts in this direction.

An Act of Parliament should, I submit, be framed to confer on all Trade Unions the prerogative of determining the hours of work in their respective trades and occupations, whenever they can show that the preponderance of opinion among the workers is in favour of the

change they suggest. The nature of such prerogative and the method of exercising it may be described as follows :

"Any Trade Union in a district, having ascertained the opinions of the majority of its members on a proposal for shortening the hours of labour, and desiring to carry it into effect, shall notify the same to the employers of that trade within the district; and with a view to arrive at such rules as shall best conduce to the convenience of the trade, they shall request the employers to meet them and confer upon the said proposal.

"After such meeting and conference have been held, the Trade Union may, by a majority of its members, pass a definite resolution embodying the proposed rules for the hours of labour for their trade in that district, and after such a resolution has thus been adopted, the Trade Union shall ascertain the opinion of the adult workers of either sex in that trade within that district, whether members of the Union or not, as to whether the resolution shall be put into force or not.

"But it shall be provided that no resolution for shortening the hours of labour, which shall reduce them below a minimum of forty-eight hours per week, shall come under the provisions of this Act.

"If it be decided by a majority of the adult workers of the district who vote, that the resolution shall not be put in force, it shall not be lawful for the Trade Union of that district to propose another resolution for the purpose of shortening the hours of labour within the space of twelve months from the date on which the said opinion was ascertained.

"But when and if the opinion of the adult workers of the trade within the district has been ascertained, and it shall have been proved that a majority of those who vote are in favour of the resolution being adopted and put into force, then the Trade Union shall notify the adoption of such resolution to the Local Authority or Authorities of the district, and the said Local Authorities shall thereupon give notice to all the employers of that trade within the district, that having ascertained that the resolution has been passed in accordance with the provisions of the Act, the said rules for shortening the hours of labour in that trade within the district will take effect and come into operation within three months from the date of that notice, and that any employer or worker who shall transgress them will incur the penalties provided under the Act, and will be prosecuted by the said Local Authorities.

"When the rules affecting the hours of labour in a district have come into operation, they shall obtain and be law in that district, unless and until the Local Authorities shall have received notice from the Trade Union that it has ascertained that it is the wish of the majority of the adult workers in the district that they should be altered, and that such knowledge has been obtained by the same methods as are prescribed by the Act for ascertaining the wish of the majority for the adoption of the rules, but no notification for the purpose of altering such rules shall be given to or accepted by the Local Authorities unless a period of not less than twelve months has elapsed since they came into operation.

"On receipt of a notification from the Trade Union for the altering of rules, the Local Authorities shall proceed to put the said altered rules into effect in the same way and within the same period as are prescribed by the Act for giving effect to a resolution for shortening the hours of labour."

I would suggest that the Trade Unions themselves should decide upon the areas which shall constitute "districts" for the purposes of the Act. It is now the custom of Trade Unions to form districts of several branches, which might be grouped together. The recasting

of these, where necessary, to form areas which should afford the greatest convenience for the working of the Act, is a task which the organised trades may well undertake, if they desire to use the prerogative which the Act would confer upon them. It is desirable that the local trade option should be exercised within areas large enough to be representative of distinctive trade centres, in order that a consensus of opinion may be arrived at based upon the interests of each trade as a whole. Each Trade Union in the district would determine, as it deemed best, when to propose an alteration in the hours of work ; but it might depend upon the action of the national organisation in that trade whether the proposals should be made simultaneously throughout the country, or whether, when the decision had been come to that the hours should be shortened, it should be left to the districts to decide when the changes should be carried out. The power of arranging districts, and of determining whether all shall act simultaneously in promoting the alteration in the working hours, or whether each district shall decide the matter for itself, is now exercised by the national Trade Unions. The Act would not interfere with this liberty of action at the discretion of the Unions.

The invitation to the employers in the district by the Trade Union to confer on proposed alterations of hours would only be in continuance of the practice of seeking interviews with employers from time to time which organised workers have adopted and already exercise.

The method of ascertaining the opinion of non-Unionist workers in any trade must rest with the organised workers, and must be such as to satisfy the Local Authorities that the Act had been complied with, when the resolution of the trade is notified to them.

The introduction of the Local Authorities in a district to administer the Act will prevent any question arising between the employers and employed as to the validity of the proceedings for testing the opinion of the workers, and will also obviate any friction between the two bodies on questions of violating the rule for limiting the hours of labour when passed. Moreover, there will be an indirect advantage in bringing Local Authorities, which are elected bodies, into closer touch with the trade interests of the locality, by affording opportunities for conciliation to be exercised by trusted representative bodies on matters outside the hours question. There is at present a greater tendency to elect labour representatives to Town and County Councils than to Parliament, and it is desirable to encourage this participation by the workers in the local government of industrial districts.

The provision that a rule or resolution may be rescinded by the same procedure as that by which it was framed, under the initiation of the Trade Union of the district, is a sure safeguard against permanent injury being done to a trade through the adoption of an unwise or reckless resolution. After one year's operation it may be

revoked or amended by those who will be the first to suffer, if injury has been caused thereby to the industry by which they live.

It will be observed that the prerogative given by the Act to Trade Unions is limited to the shortening of hours down to forty-eight per week as a minimum. This is the reverse of fixing an Eight Hours Day, though it would be easy to obtain an universal Eight Hours Day under the Act if the majority of workers in every trade and occupation were in favour of it. But if all trades have to take the responsibility of deciding the question for themselves, it is utterly impossible for them to come to an immediate decision for an Eight Hours Day. Yet many trades and occupations would be glad to reduce their hours by one, two, or three per day, by successive steps, where now they are working ten, twelve, or even fourteen hours. Among women workers combinations might be formed for the purpose immediately after the passing of the Act; and unskilled workers, who might in some occupations reasonably demand shorter hours, could combine to form responsible committees to utilise the Act, provided that their combinations came under the Trade Unions Act. There is a flexibility in this mode of reducing hours which would enable workers to adapt the change to the peculiar nature of their employments. Locality, weather, seasons, have great effect on some trades, none on others. In framing the resolution to reduce hours, all important considerations in each trade could be carefully weighed, and a resolution would be passed which, while securing a positive reduction and easier hours in the main, would be flexible on some points to meet trade peculiarities.

Personally, I should have no fear of any evil results, even if no limit were fixed to the prerogative here proposed for Trade Unions. The minimum of forty-eight hours is introduced into my scheme in deference to those who may not have the same confidence as I have in the sagacity of large bodies of men. Since, however, nothing less than eight hours per day, or forty-eight per week, has ever been suggested as forming an ideal standard, my proposal embraces the possibility of this standard becoming the rule in course of time. If the majority of the Miners in the country wish to establish a uniform and universal Eight Hours Day for all those who are included in the Federation, this Act will enable them to do so. Those who now, as in Northumberland and Durham, by voluntary arrangement with their employers, work less than eight hours, will not require the Act to be put into force at all. In the mining districts of Scotland, in spite of the weakness of their combinations, the reduction of hours could be obtained under this Act, if the majority of the Miners desired it.

It may be a sanguine view, but I should not be surprised to find, as an outcome of this Act if passed, that at the conference prescribed as part of the procedure, a Trade Union and the employers would at once adopt, by mutual agreement, a plan for

shortening the hours, which would not have to be notified to the Local Authorities, unless some breach of the agreement was discovered. Once the employers became cognisant of the fact that the workers in their trade could fix the hours of work down to a limit, they would be constrained to confer with them in the spirit of conciliation rather than conflict, and trade rules might be adopted which would obviate the necessity of putting the Act in force.

The peculiarity of the employment of Railway servants—engine-drivers, stokers, guards, pointsmen, and others—would require that the Board of Trade should be the authority to carry out the rule passed by their Trade Unions. In this case the necessity of giving these bodies the power of shortening hours according to the requirements of each trade, instead of fixing them by a rigid Act of Parliament, is obvious. Engine-drivers, stokers, and guards cannot leave their engines and trains midway between stations. A rule to meet the demand for shorter hours, which shall be adapted to the peculiar conditions of a trade, can only be framed by those who understand its nature. Hence, if the prerogative of framing rules for this purpose be bestowed by Parliament on Trade Unions, the most trustworthy guarantee would be secured against anomalies and injuries to trade.

In order to promote a wise and trusty exercise of this power, it is essential that reliable sources of information on the trade and commerce of all nations should be at the disposal of employers and workers alike. There should be established a Labour or Industrial Department of the Board of Trade, manned with an ample staff of well-qualified officials, to collect and distribute information, rapidly and in the most intelligible form, upon all questions affecting the conditions of labour in every variety of occupation or trade at home and abroad. Such information may be obtained with sufficient accuracy to place before organised bodies of labour in the country, as well as before employers and the public generally, the main facts and considerations which must guide us in our industrial progress. In a word, the function of this Labour Department would be to supply full information as to how the life of labour is lived, and how it may be improved from the point of view of human welfare as well as from that of industrial success.

In the preceding pages I have tried to show :

1. That Trade Unions have become permanent institutions of the country, sanctioned by law, dealing with large funds which are the result of thrift and self-denial for the commonweal of their members ; that they are continually increasing in numbers and influence ; and that their members include the most thoughtful, steady, and skilled workers.

2. That the action of Trade Unions in the past, though sometimes

passionate and for a time destructive, has contributed to the stability and improvement of labour, by causing large masses of men to act with one accord in the interests of their respective trades, thus placing all employers on the same footing as regards hours and wages.

3. That while large concessions of time and great increase of wages have been gained for labour solely by the action of its combinations, yet the industries in which these advantages have been gained have enormously prospered, judging by the number of employers, the amount of capital invested, and the wealth realised in property.

4. That the influence of Trade Unions far exceeds the bounds of their membership. For while they do not at present represent more than about 40 per cent. of the skilled adult workers in the country, they have virtually controlled and improved the rules and customs of labour among the unorganised workers, who have voluntarily acquiesced in the new regulations established by the Unions, sometimes immediately on their establishment, and sometimes after a lapse of a year or two.

5. That time—*i.e.*, the working hours—is the sole possession of Labour, which it must lay out, as its capital, to the best advantage, so as to secure for itself the longest possible period of robust life; and that this can only be done by men combining to make rules affecting their working hours, which it is incumbent on all of them to observe and enforce, and which must accord with their common interests and their common employment—with its peculiarities, dangers, hardships, and diseases, as well as with its advantages, and the conditions of its continued success and growth.

6. That these combinations should be extended to all trades and occupations, as affording the safest means by which improvements may be made, evils remedied, and wants supplied, through the self-reliance, self-help, and determination of bodies of men with like needs and like aims.

7. That to such combinations of men may be safely entrusted by Parliament the prerogative of determining, by a majority of adult workers, what shall constitute a working day in their trades or occupations, thus making positive a power which labour organisations have always rightfully assumed, but which in the past they have only been able to exert with great pains and difficulties, even when the object sought for and finally attained has been to the advantage of employers as well as employed.

8. That the scheme is comprehensive, and rests on a principle applicable to every trade and occupation; that it is adapted to meet the changes which time may bring in our industrial life; and that in passing such an Act as will accomplish this, Parliament can fairly meet the growing aspirations of the people, without assuming control or incurring any responsibility beyond that of sanctioning and making legal a procedure which has long existed as a custom.

9. That spasmodic and sudden changes would be impossible, as the growth of opinion in any trade must precede the definite action of the Unions in that trade.

10. That a ready remedy for any evil effects that might result from mistaken action would be available in the hands of the workers, who would necessarily suffer much more acutely and quickly from such effects than employers; and that the responsibility attaching to the action of the Unions would temper the use of their power.

11. That the gradual diminution of hours in many trades that do not admit of a sudden drop to the ideal standard of forty-eight hours per week, could be immediately commenced without dislocation and annoyance.

12. That the political power of the working classes would not be diverted from its true purpose of promoting legislation for the good of the whole people.

The foregoing views and proposals are offered as a contribution to the controversy on a subject of national importance, which must obviously precede any alteration in our present system of regulating the hours of labour. I am aware that there is ample scope for the trivial, thoughtless, ignorant, and prejudiced to deride these views and the proposals arising out of them. To such as these, whether they be workers, employers, or writers in the Press, it is useless to appeal for a calm and dispassionate consideration. My scheme may also displease both those who would compel Parliament, though lacking the knowledge and qualifications for such a task, to control the most vital element in our industries by fixing a rigid universal Eight Hours Day, and those who regard Trade Unions as conspiracies against superior persons and the privileges of wealth. But there are many among the employers and capitalists of the country, as well as the general public, who are anxious to meet the requirements of our growing industrial life with the earnest desire to render its conditions less burdensome and exacting to those who cannot individually remedy their lot. From these I may expect a serious and careful consideration of my scheme, though they may regard it at the first glance as bold and even rash. The mass of the workers of the country will, I believe, give it thoughtful and unprejudiced attention.

My opinions have been formed and my proposals framed in the light of a wide experience and carefully acquired knowledge of the industries of all nations, the result of years of travel and personal investigation. I put them forward with all the sense of responsibility that attaches to one who is an employer in one of the great staple industries of our country, who is in intimate association with many other trades, and whose whole interests are involved in a right decision of this great question.

WILLIAM MATHER.

ERNEST RENAN.

IT is difficult to speak justly of a great man at the moment when death has just snatched him from our sight. To judge of his life and work as a whole, one must have time to look at it from a distance and, as it were, in perspective, as one stands off from some work of art in order to obtain the true effect. Time simplifies and harmonises everything, allowing the trivial and the evanescent to fall away, while it brings out into full relief the essential and the permanent. Time alone can select from among the materials of unequal value which go to make up the reputation of a living celebrity those nobler and more solid elements which are destined to build him an imperishable monument.

Yet more difficult is it when one has known the man and loved him—when the caressing voice, the subtle smile, the pregnant look, the gentle pressure of the hand, still haunt the memory, and one still feels oneself not only the conquest of his genius but the captive of his kindness and his charm.

And when it is of Ernest Renan that we have to speak—whom all the civilised world now mourns—there is yet another difficulty. So great and so various was the work of his life, so vast his learning, so wide the range of subjects that came within the scope of his research or of his thought, that in order to render an adequate account of them one would need an erudition equal to his own, and a mind capable, like his, of embracing the whole round of human knowledge—the whole of nature, and the whole of history.

For all these reasons, it will easily be understood that, on the morrow of his death, I speak of him with hesitation, and that I make no pretence of passing judgment either on him or on his work. I find in myself neither the intellectual competence nor the disengagement of the heart necessary for such a task—for I loved the man.

as much as I admired him. But having had the privilege of seeing him close at hand, and of belonging to the generation which followed his, and which was nurtured on his writings and after his mind, I may attempt to recall something of what he did and was, and to analyse the influence he exerted in France during this latter half of our century, and indicate its nature and its causes.

I.

Nothing could be simpler, or more of a piece, than the life of Ernest Renan. Study, teaching, and the joys of family life are its whole fabric, and fill it from end to end. For diversions, a little travel and the pleasures of conversation—friendly dinners, and a few frequented *salons*. Twice, indeed—urged by the thought that a man of his standing owed something of his time and strength to the public service—he solicited the popular vote: once in 1869, as Deputy for the Seine and Marne; and again in 1876, as Senator for the Bouches du Rhône. But he carried into these electoral contests no trace of the fever of ambition, and when he saw that he was not likely to command a spontaneous majority he retired from the field without vexation and without regret.

Not that this tranquil life was without its troubled hours, its history, its drama, so to speak; but the drama went on behind the curtain, and the trouble was inward trouble—of the intellect, the moral sense, the religious instinct.

He was a native of Tréguier (Côtes du Nord), one of those ancient episcopal cities of Brittany which have retained their ecclesiastical character even down to our own time, which seem like vast convents grown up under the shadow of the cathedral, and which, in their somewhat melancholy poverty, have nothing of the commonplace middle-class ease of the provincial towns of northern or central France. The humble house is still to be seen, close under the great cathedral founded by St. Yves, where Renan was born on the 27th of February 1823, and the little garden, planted with fruit trees, where he played when quite a child, letting his eyes wander over the still and sad horizon of the hills which skirt the river bank. His father—a captain in the merchant navy, who also carried on a small trade—was of ancient Breton descent, the name of Renan being that of one of the oldest of the Armorican saints. He transmitted to his son the dreamy imaginative nature and the disinterested simplicity of his race. His mother was of Lannion, a little commercial town which has nothing of the monastic look of Tréguier. Pious as she was, she had an elasticity and joyousness of nature which her son inherited from her, and which he attributed to her Gascon origin. Renan has too often insisted on the co-existence of the two natures in himself—the Breton seriousness and the Gascon vivacity—

for us to venture to contradict him on this point ; but, in spite of the appearances which have led some superficial observers to suppose that the Gascon element predominated over the Breton, it was really the other way, and the serious side of him was first and last and strongest in all he wrote, or did, or thought.

For the rest, life began for him austere, and more than austere ; it was hard and painful. While he was yet a child, his father was lost at sea ; and it was only by the most self-denying economy that his mother could provide for the education of her three children. But Renan had no grudge against his destiny for giving him these years of privation ; he was grateful for having been brought up in the knowledge and love of poverty. All his life he loved the poor, the humble, the common people. He never turned his back on the lowly relatives he had left in Brittany. Down to the last years of his life he loved to visit them ; and it is characteristic of him that he kept the little home of his childhood just as it was. His sister Henrietta, twelve years his senior—a woman as remarkable for her force of mind and character as for her passionate tenderness of heart—worked hard for her family, giving lessons first in Tréguier, then at a school in Paris, then in Poland, and all the while watching with a sort of motherly solicitude the progress of this young brother, whose gifts she had already recognised. Young Ernest was meanwhile doing his “humanities” under the good priests in the seminary at Tréguier—a gentle and studious scholar, carrying off all the first prizes as a matter of course, and seeing before him no larger future than that of a simple and learned priest among his own people, with perhaps, at last, a canonry in some cathedral. But it so happened that his sister had met in Paris a young, brilliant, and ambitious abbé, M. Dupanloup, who had just been appointed head of the seminary of Saint Nicolas du Chardonnet, and who was looking out for clever recruits. She spoke to him of her brother ; and the result was that, at fifteen and a half years old, Ernest Renan found himself transplanted to Paris, where he astonished his new masters by his marvellous facility of acquisition and the early maturity of his mind, and, after passing through his course of philosophy in the seminary of Issy, was entered at Saint Sulpice for his theology. Saint Sulpice was then the only seminary in France which kept up the tradition of the severer studies, and which, in particular, taught the Oriental languages. Its teachers—especially the eminent Orientalist Father Le Hir—recalled, by the austerity of their life and the profundity of their learning, the great scholars of the Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Renan rapidly became the friend, and then the rival, of his masters, who discerned in him one of the future glories of their house, and little guessed that the very lessons he received there were to separate him from it for ever.

The crisis, when it came, was a purely intellectual crisis. The

priesthood had no repulsion for him ; none of its moral obligations seemed to him burdensome ; he looked forward to it with pleasure ; he had already taken the minor orders with pious joy. The life of the world seemed terrible to him ; the life of the Church was sweet. He had no taste for trifling or frivolity. But by training him in comparative philology and criticism, and by encouraging the scrutiny of the sacred writings, the priests of Saint Sulpice had placed in the hands of their young disciple the most formidable instrument of negation. His quick intelligence, lucid, penetrating, and sincere, perceived at once the weakness of the theological structure on which rests the whole weight of Catholic doctrine. All that he had learnt at Issy of natural science and philosophy served to reinforce the doubts inspired by historical and linguistic criticism as to the infallibility of the Church and the Scriptures, and the teaching which makes the Christian revelation the central fact of history and the explanation of the universe. It was a heart-breaking process, since it was to carry disappointment and dismay, not only to the teachers he venerated but to a mother whom he tenderly loved ; but he did not hesitate for a moment to take the step imposed upon him by honesty and conscience. He left the peaceful asylum which had held out to him the promise of an assured future, for the hard life of an assistant schoolmaster in the Quartier Latin, and began, at twenty-two, to prepare for the examinations necessary to his entering on the career of a professor. At this difficult juncture his sister came to his aid. Her own thoughts and her own studies had already brought her to the same negative views with regard to the Catholic religion, though she had steadily avoided unsettling her brother's mind with her doubts ; and when he opened his heart to her, and told her his reasons for quitting the seminary and renouncing the priesthood, she received the news with joy, and sent him her savings—some twelve hundred francs—to help him over his first difficulties.

But he had no need to exhaust this reserve fund. With his extraordinary powers and the knowledge he had already acquired, he soon made himself an independent position, and henceforth he went on from one success to another. The record of his achievements during the five years which followed his withdrawal from Saint Sulpice (1816–1850) is simply astounding. He passed through all his university degrees, from the B.A. to the “agrégation” in Philosophy, where he took a first in 1818 ; he took the Volney prize the same year at the Académie des Inscriptions for an important work on the general history and comparative grammar of the Semitic languages, and another prize two years later for an essay on the study of Greek in the Middle Ages ; he made a tour of research among the Italian libraries, whence he brought back his *thèse de doctorat*—a book on Averrhoes and Averrhoism, which contains an admirable history of the introduction of Greek philosophy into the

West by the Arabs; and at the same time he published an essay on the origin of language, and composed a considerable work on the "Future of Science," which was not published till 1890.

This book, written in the space of a few months by a young man of twenty-five, already embodies all the ideas on life and the world which he elaborated in detail in his later writings; but they are here affirmed in a tone of enthusiastic conviction which became more and more modified as he went on, though the basis of his teaching remained unchanged. He hails the dawn of a new era, in which the scientific conception of the universe shall take the place of the metaphysical and theological. Natural science, and especially the historical and philological sciences, are to be not only the liberators of the human mind, but also the guides of human life. Politics, ethics, education—all are to be regenerated by science. Science is to establish the reign of justice among men, and to become the source and final form of religion.

It was by the advice of Augustin Thierry and M. de Sacy that Renan suppressed this volume, in the fear that its hard and dogmatic tone might repel the reader, and that its ideas would prove too new and too daring to be accepted all at once. Frenchmen might, moreover, have been scandalised by its enthusiastic admiration for Germany, the fatherland of that scientific idealism of which Renan was making himself the apostle. Besides, Augustin Thierry was uneasy at seeing his young friend ready to give away at a stroke his whole intellectual capital. He persuaded him to dispense it in detail in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*. And thus it was that Renan became the first of our essayists, giving currency to his most audacious conceptions, and to all the discoveries of comparative philology and rationalistic exegesis, under the light, easy, and accessible form of literary and philosophic criticism. It was in these essays that his pen acquired its suppleness and finished grace, and that his solid wealth of thought and fact found a fit vehicle in that magic style. They were republished in the volumes entitled "Moral and Critical Essays," "Studies in Religious History," and "New Studies in Religious History." His literary fame grew fast, while his learned works obtained for him, in 1856, at the age of thirty-three, the membership of the Académie des Inscriptions.

II.

From the year 1851 onwards he was attached to the Bibliothèque Nationale; and this modest post, together with the growing income derived from his works, had enabled him to marry. He had found in Mlle. Scheffer, the daughter of the painter Henri Scheffer, and niece of the celebrated Ary Scheffer, a companion capable of understanding him and worthy of his love. This marriage had very nearly

been the occasion of another dramatic episode in his private life. He had lived, since 1850, with his sister Henrietta; their fellowship of thought and feeling had grown with their fellowship in life and work; and Henrietta—who supposed that in abandoning the Church for science her brother had but exchanged one priesthood for another—had never dreamt that anything could separate them. When he told her of his intended marriage, she betrayed such acute distress that he determined to renounce the project which caused her so much unhappiness; and it was Henrietta herself who flew to Mlle. Scheffer and entreated her not to give up her brother, and Henrietta who hurried on the marriage, the mere idea of which had been too much for her self-control. The marriage did not, after all, involve her separation from her brother. She attached herself passionately to his children; and when he and his wife made a journey to Phœnicia on an archaeological mission she accompanied them, and stayed with her brother when Madame Renan was obliged to return home. These few months of dual life were her last happiness. They were both attacked by fever at Beyrout. She died, while he, prostrated by the malady, was too ill to realise his loss. In the little biographical sketch, which is his most exquisite work, and one of the purest masterpieces of French prose, he has given her portrait to posterity and made us share his loss.

III.

He brought back from Syria, not only the inscriptions and archaeological observations published in his "*Phœnician Mission*," which appeared in numbers from 1863 to 1874, but also the first sketch of his "*Vie de Jésus*," which forms the first volume of the great work of his life, "*L'Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*," in seven octavo volumes. He had already touched, in his essays, on many religious problems, and on questions of religious criticism and exegesis; but he was not disposed to confine himself to critical analysis. He wished to undertake some great synthetic work—to set himself to the task of historical reconstruction. The religious questions had always seemed to him the vital questions of history, and the ones which most needed the application of the two essential qualities of the historian—critical acumen, and that divination of the imagination which resuscitates the men and civilisations of the past. It was upon Christianity, the greatest religious phenomenon of the world, that Renan turned the whole resources of his erudition, of his poetic insight, and artistic skill. He was afterwards to complete the work by adding to it, by way of introduction, a "*History of Israel*," of which three volumes have been already published, and the remaining two are finished and ready for the press.

The appearance of the "*Vie de Jésus*" was not only a literary event, but a social and religious fact of vast import. It was the first

time that the *Life of Christ* had been written from a purely laical point of view and apart from any supernatural conceptions, in a book destined not for doctors and theologians but for the general public. In spite of the infinite delicacy with which Renan presented his idea, the softened and reverent tone in which he speaks of Christ—or, possibly, even on account of that delicacy and reverence—the scandal of it was colossal. The Catholic clergy felt at once that this form of incredulity, expressing itself with all the gravity of science and all the unction of piety, was far more formidable than the flippancy of Voltairianism; and, coming, as it did, from a pupil of the ecclesiastical schools, the sacrilege and the heresy were complicated with treason and apostasy. The Imperial Government, which in 1862 had nominated him professor of Semitic philology in the Collège de France, had the cowardice to revoke the nomination in 1863 in deference to the clamour set up in the clerical camp, but innocently offered him, by way of compensation, a curator's post at the Bibliothèque Nationale. "*Pecunia tua tecum sit*," was Renan's reply to the minister who offered it; and freed henceforth, by the extraordinary success of his book, from material cares, the "European blasphemer," as Pius IX. called him, went quietly on with his work. It was not till after the fall of the Empire, in 1870, that his chair was given back to him. Not only did he occupy it thenceforward till his death, but he became in 1883 the honoured head of the great scientific establishment from which he had once been driven with indignity.

Forced, by the publication of the "*Vie de Jésus*," into the arena of religious conflict, attacked by some and passionately championed by others, and suffering not a little from the vulgarity of some of his admirers, Renan never stooped to polemics. He kept the quiet of his thoughts, untouched by all this wrangling; and he continued to speak of Christianity and the Catholic Church with the same even fairness—I may say more, with the same respectful though independent sympathy. The English public had an opportunity of appreciating these high qualities of intellectual liberty and calm when, in 1880, he gave his Hibbert lectures on "*Rome and Christianity*," and another admirable lecture on *Marcus Aurelius*, at the Royal Institution—a lecture in which he anticipated the generalisation of the last and finest volume of his "*Origines du Christianisme*."

IV.

The year 1870 marks an important epoch in the life of Renan. It was, indeed, the year of a new crisis. From the moment when he emancipated himself from his first foster-mother, the Church, and from his ecclesiastical education, Germany had been the second foster-mother of his mind. He had gloried in her pure idealism; he had hailed her as the world's mistress in learning, in metaphysics, and in

poetry. She now appeared to him under a new face, coldly realistic, proudly and brutally victorious. And as he had broken with the Church without ceasing to recognise her greatness and the services she had rendered, and still renders, to the world, so now he suffered, not without pain, the relaxation—almost the rupture—of the moral ties which bound him to Germany; but he never repudiated the debt of gratitude he owed her, nor ever sought to depreciate her virtues and her merits. He gives eloquent expression to his feelings in his letters to Dr. Strauss in 1871, in his speech on his reception into the French Academy, and in his letter to a German friend in 1878. At the same time a new development took place in his political conceptions. An aristocrat by temperament, and a constitutional monarchist in opinion, he found himself called to live in a democratic society and under a Republic. Convinced as he was that the great movements of history have their real origin in the very nature of things, and that one can influence one's contemporaries and one's compatriots only by accepting the tendencies and conditions of the time, he was able to reconcile himself to the democracy and the Republic, and to appreciate their advantages without ignoring their difficulties and their dangers.

Henceforth, therefore, Renan was in full possession of his powers and in full harmony with his time. Emancipated from the Church, he was the interpreter of free-thought in its loftiest and most learned form, in a country which regarded clericalism as the most formidable enemy of its new institutions. Emancipated from Germany, and finding in the very misfortunes of his country a stimulus and a spur to his patriotism, he sought to make his writings the most perfect expression of the genius of France. Emancipated from all the fetters of extinct political systems, he offered to a new France the counsels and the warnings of a clear-sighted and devoted friend. A professor of the Collège de France, the only institution of the kind which has come down through the centuries unaltered in organisation and unchanged in spirit, the home and asylum of free and disinterested research—a member also of the Académie des Inscriptions and the Académie Française, those twin creations of the Monarchy re-organised by the Revolution, the representatives respectively of learning and of literature—Renan was aware that in him, more than in any of his contemporaries, breathed the soul of modern France. He gave it free expansion both within and beyond its formal boundaries, enjoying the popularity which made him the courted guest of the fashionable *salons*, the favourite speaker on the most various occasions and in the most various companies, gay or learned, aristocratic or popular, and, above all, the natural prey of the interviewer. On all of these he lavished without stint the treasures of his wit, his fancy, his knowledge, his goodwill. In his writings there was no ground on which he did not venture. In the midst of his great historical and exegetical

work, his translations of Job, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs, his superintendence of the difficult undertaking of the "*Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*," his contributions to the literary history of France—contributions which are triumphs of minute and accurate erudition—and while drawing up, year by year, for the Asiatic Society, a survey of all the new works on Oriental subjects, he was giving to the world his views and his visions of the universe and humanity, of life and of morals, now under the severer form of the "*Philosophic Dialogues*," now in the light and softly ironical guise of the dramatic sketches—"Caliban," "*L'Eau de Jouvence*," "*Le Prêtre de Nemi*," "*L'Abbesse de Jouarre*"; and, in addition to all this, he was working hard at the reform of the higher education, and finding time to write those exquisite fragments of autobiography which are collected under the title "*Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*."

V.

In this expansion of all his faculties of thought and action, favoured by the triple life of the study, the world, and the family, Renan was happy; and his joy in life and its activities gave to his philosophy a sunny optimism which might at first sight seem hardly reconcilable with the absence of all certitude, all metaphysical or religious conviction. People were surprised, and a little shocked, to find the author of the "*Moral and Critical Essays*," the writer of those unforgettable pages on the dreamy melancholy of the Celtic races, the critic who poured reprehension on the frivolity of the Gaul and the *bourgeois* theology of Béranger, preaching, at times, a gospel of light-heartedness which Béranger himself would not have disavowed, and regarding life as an amusing entertainment of which we are at once the puppets and the spectators, and the wires of which are pulled by an amused but indifferent Demiurge. So anxious was he to be thoroughly abreast of his country and his time, to know everything and understand everything, that he seems sometimes to regard even the faults of the French character with an indulgence which verges on complicity. When he speaks of the theology of Flaubert's immortal druggist, M. Homais, as, after all, the true theology, and says that perhaps the man of pleasure is the man who best grasps the meaning of life, he chills his very friends—not, indeed, so much by any shock to their personal convictions, as by breaking in too sharply upon the admiring tenderness with which they had regarded one who spoke as none had spoken before of St. Francis of Assisi and of Marcus Aurelius. To many readers Renan became the mere apostle of dilettantism, for whom religion was but an empty dream of the imagination or the heart, morality but an assemblage of conventions and conveniences, and life an illusive phantasmagoria which one must not be duped into taking seriously. Those who did not love him

dubbed him the Célimène, or the Anacreon, of philosophy ; and, even of those who loved him, many thought that worldly prosperity and the desire to dazzle and to charm had taken such hold upon him that he had come to look upon the gravest problems of human life as the mere topics and opportunities of his literary and artistic skill.

Nevertheless, those who best knew his work—and, above all, those who best knew his life—knew that this dilettantism, this apparent epicureanism, did not really lie at the foundation of his mind and heart ; that it was in part the result of the inward contradiction between his deeply religious nature and his conviction that there is no such thing as knowledge, except of phenomena, no such thing as certitude, except of finite things ; and, for the rest, he was too sincere to affirm anything on subjects which could not be brought within the range of positive cognisance. He was too modest, too averse to anything like posing or Pharisaism, to hold up as a standard or an example, or to vaunt as any sort of superiority, the virtues and the moral principles which formed the basis of his own life. His life—the habitual attitude of his nature—was that of a Stoic, a Stoic without haughtiness and without rigidity, and with no idea of proposing himself as a model for others. His optimism was not the beatified self-satisfaction of a frivolous mind, but the chosen and cultivated optimism of the man of action, who feels that, in order to act, one must believe that life is worth living, and that some things are worth doing. Never was there a man more deeply benevolent, serviceable, and kind than Ernest Renan, however he accused himself of coldness in the service of his friends. Never was there a more scrupulous devotee of duty, public and private, faithful to the verge of heroism to every undertaking to which he had committed himself, accepting no office of which he could not fulfil all the obligations, and defying, towards the end of his life, the sharpest sufferings, in order to discharge to the last his professional duties. This apparently light-hearted man was subject for many years to attacks of a most painful illness ; but he never allowed them to interfere with the integrity of his thought, or to hinder the accomplishment of the tasks which he had set himself. The last months of his life bore witness to the reality of his stoicism. He had often expressed the wish that he might die without pain and without any enfeebling of the mind. He had, indeed, the happiness of retaining his faculties to the last ; but pain was not spared him. He dreaded it beforehand, as depressing and degrading ; when it came, he did not allow himself to be depressed or degraded by it. From the month of January he knew that there was no hope ; he told his friends so ; and he asked nothing more but time and strength to finish his lectures and complete the works already in hand. He wished once more to visit his beloved Brittany ; then, feeling himself grow worse, he insisted on returning to Paris, to die at his post as head of the Collège de France. His death took place there on the 2nd of October.

During these eight months he suffered incessant pain, sometimes so severe that he could not speak ; but he was still gentle and affectionate to those around him, trying to cheer them, and telling them that he was happy. He told them that death was nothing—a mere appearance; he was not afraid of it. The very day of his death he found strength to dictate a page or two on Arabic architecture to his wife.¹ He congratulated himself on having attained his seventieth year—"the normal life of man, according to the Scriptures." One of his last utterances was : " Let us submit ourselves to these laws of Nature, of which we ourselves are one of the manifestations. The heavens and the earth remain."

This strength of the spirit, sustained to the last moment through months of ceaseless suffering, may suffice to show how serene were his convictions, and how deep his moral life.

VI.

To those who have known him, he leaves an ineffaceable memory. There was nothing in his personal appearance to suggest that irresistible charm. Short of stature, with an enormous head set deep between wide shoulders, afflicted all too early with an excessive stoutness which made his gait heavy, and was the cause—or the symptom—of his mortal malady, he seemed to those who saw him only in passing an ugly man. But you had to speak with him but a moment, and all that was forgotten. You noticed at once the broad and powerful forehead, the eyes sparkling with life and wit, and yet with such a caressing sweetness, and, above all, the smile which opened to you all the goodness of his heart. His manner, which had retained something of the paternal affability of the priest, the benedictory gesture of his plump and dimpled hands, and the approving motion of the head, were indications of an urbanity which never deceived, and in which one felt the nobility of his nature and his race. But the indescribable thing was the charm of his speech. Always simple, often even careless, but nevertheless incisive and original, it seemed at once to penetrate and to embrace. His portentous memory kept him supplied with new facts to contribute on every subject, while his splendid imagination and the originality and distinctness of his ideas enriched his often paradoxical conversation with flights of poetry, with illustrations and comparisons the most unexpected, and now and then with prophetic glimpses into the future. He was an incomparable story-teller. The Breton legends, passing through his lips, acquired an exquisite flavour. Never was there a talker, save only Michelst, whose talk was such a combination of wit and poetry. He had no liking for discussion, and has often been satirised for the facility with which he would give his assent to the most contradictory assertions. But this complaisance towards other people's ideas, which had its

source in a politeness not always quite free from disdain, did not prevent him from firmly maintaining his opinion when any serious question was in debate. He could be steadfast in the defence of what he believed to be just; but he had made sacrifices enough for his convictions to be excused from wearying himself with useless discussion. He detested controversy. It appeared to him inimical to courtesy, to modesty, to tolerance, and to sincerity—that is to say, to all the virtues he most esteemed. For the rest, he had a wonderful way of expressing the finest shades of feeling by an illustration. One day, at a little dinner of friends, one of the guests was arguing, in a paradoxical vein, that chastity is nothing but a social convention of a more or less artificial kind, and that the most modest girl would not be uneasy at being naked if no one were there to see her. “I don’t know,” said Renan. “The Church teaches that beside every young girl there stands a guardian angel. True chastity consists in fearing to offend even the eye of the angels.”

VII.

As I said at the beginning, the moment is not yet come for appraising the work of Ernest Renan, and his contribution to human thought. But it is nevertheless impossible, after saying so much of his life, not to attempt in some way to indicate the causes of his immense renown, the place he holds in our own century, and the way in which he merited the exceptional honours which France has paid him at his funeral.

One merit he had which no one dreams of disputing. He was beyond comparison the greatest writer of his time; and he is one of the greatest French writers of all time. Brought up on the Bible, the Greek and Latin classics, and the standard authors of France, he had accustomed himself to a fashion of speech, at once simple and original, expressive without oddity, and supple without languor; a style which, out of the somewhat restricted vocabulary of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, could sufficiently furnish itself to render every subtlest shade of modern thought—a style ample, sparkling, and sweet beyond all parallel. You find in Renan bits of narrative, of landscape, of portraiture, which are models for all time; while his philosophic and religious pieces present in their most delicate gradations of atmospheric perspective thought and sentiment and dream. If now and then, in his later writings, the attempt to modernise has led him into some small errors of taste, these false notes are few and far between, and, generally speaking, the propriety of expression equals the delicate poise of the style and the consummate skill of the construction. Renan will outlast all the other authors of our century, because he has equalled the most illustrious of them in force and picturesqueness while surpassing them in simplicity

and artistic sensibility. Beside him, Chateaubriand seems a mere declaimer, Lamartine limp and redundant, Victor Hugo brutal and monotonous, and Michelet restless and unequal.

But the real triumph of Renan's style is this—that he has never been a stylist; he has never treated literary form as an object in itself. He had a horror of rhetoric; and what he understood by perfection of form was the means of presenting the thought in all its force and individuality, in the fulness of its character, "in its habit as it lived." The simplicity of his style was just the reflection of his simplicity of nature; its force and its brilliancy were derived from the plentitude of his knowledge and the abundance of his imagination.

In the region of the learned studies Renan has not been a creator. Neither in philology, nor in archaeology, nor in exegesis, has he made any of those great discoveries, or founded any of those systems, which renew the face of science. But no other man can lay claim to an erudition at once so universal and so precise as his. Language, literature, theology, philosophy, archaeology, and even natural history—no branch of human knowledge was alien to him. His profound acquaintance with the past, together with the magic gift which enabled him to clothe it with flesh and make it stand upon its feet, made him an incomparable historian. This is his highest glory. In a century which is before all things the century of history, in which arts and literatures, religions and philosophies, are chiefly interesting as successive manifestations of human evolution, Renan had the supreme historic gift. In this he is a true representative of his time. And it may be said that he has enlarged the domain of history by admitting into it the history of religions. Before him the history of religion was the private preserve of the theologians, whether rationalistic or orthodox. He first took it up in a purely secular spirit, and made it the property of the public. The Church was not wrong in thinking him her worst enemy. To give the history of religion a place in the general history of the human mind was to strike a blow at the ideas of revelation and the supernatural which no mere tenderness of sentiment could heal or soften. On the other hand, he stimulated curiosity with regard to religious questions; and if the orthodox accuse him of profaning holy things, we may at least accord him the merit of having vindicated the necessity of the science of religion to the understanding of human history, and awakened in many minds a new taste for religious subjects.

If Renan was not a creator in the domain of learning, neither was he an innovator in the domain of philosophy. His theological studies, while they developed in him the qualities of the critic and the *savant*, tended to disgust him with metaphysical systems. He was too much a historian to see in these systems anything but the dreams of human ignorance amidst an assemblage of things it could not understand,

the successive *mirages* thrown up before the mind by the changing spectacle of the world. But if he was not a philosopher, he was a great thinker. He flung broadcast on every subject he touched—on art or politics as on science or religion—the most original and the most pregnant ideas. Thus, as a thinker as well as an historian, Renan was the faithful interpreter of the time in which he lived. Our era has lost faith, and admits no source of certainty but science; but it has not been able to make up its mind, as the Positivists would have it, to turn the conversation and talk no more about what it does not understand. It cannot help throwing its sounding-line into the bottomless deep of the unknowable, producing into the infinite the lines of hypothesis suggested by the sciences, and lifting itself on the wings of dreams into the world of mystery. It feels that without the faith—or the hope—of invisible realities, life loses its nobleness; and it feels for the old heroes and mystics of the religious life, an attraction and a tenderness made up of vain regrets and formless aspirations. Of this state of mind Renan was the supreme representative; and he himself contributed to create it. No one ever affirmed more blankly, more unflinchingly, the sovereign claims of science as the only source of positive certainty, and the necessity of finding in it a sufficient basis for life; no one ever more resolutely excluded the supernatural from history. But at the same time he piously gathered up the tears and sighs of humanity, panting for a super-terrene destiny; he restored to life in his own soul the souls of the founders of religions, the saints and mystics; he set before others, and before himself, all the hypotheses which science still permits to the religious soul. Curiously enough, it is three Bretons—three sons of that serious, inquiring, and yet mystical Celtic race—who have been in France the representatives of the whole philosophic and religious movement of the century—Chateaubriand representing the poetic and imaginative Catholic revival; Lamennais, first the reconstruction of dogma, and then the revolt of reason and the heart against a Church which closed itself against the ideas of liberty and democracy; and Renan, the positivism of science, combined with a sentiment of regret for the lost faith of humanity and a vague yearning after something to take its place.

As to his scepticism and his so-called diletantism, they were but the consequence of his sincerity. Afraid, above all things, of deceiving or being deceived, he had no fear of proposing contradictory hypotheses on subjects where he believed certainty to be impossible. People have wondered that the same man who wished to have the words "*Veritatem dilexi*" placed upon his tomb should so often have asked with Pilate, "What is truth?" But these questions, not unmingled with irony, were themselves a homage to the truth. He perceived that for most men the love of the truth means intolerance, fanaticism, particular opinions received by tradition

or born of the imagination, always destitute of proof and destructive of freedom of thought. To assert opinions which he could not prove seemed to him an insufferable impertinence, an infringement of intellectual liberty, a want of sincerity towards himself and others. And he bore himself this testimony: That he had never consciously uttered a lie. He regarded it as Stoicism, not scepticism, to go on in the practice of duty without knowing whether it had any objective reality; to live for the ideal without believing in a personal God or in any future life; and in this twilight of uncertainty, where man lives here and now, to create, by the fellowship of pure and noble minds, a celestial city where virtue is the more divine because it expects and asks no recompense.

There are some who think themselves disciples of Renan because they can imitate the ripple and the sparkle of his style, his tone of irony, his attitude of doubt. They have not given themselves the trouble to imitate his virtues, his colossal labours, his consummate devotion to truth. They have not found out that his scepticism was a compound of gentleness, modesty, and sincerity. Those who read his "Future of Science," written at the age of twenty-five, and who see the intimate connection it holds with the whole mass of his life's work, will add their testimony to his own: "*Imitation diletta.*"

And now, if we are to ask what is the special characteristic by which Renan must take rank among the great writers and great thinkers of the world, we shall find that his supremacy resides in his peculiar gift of seeing Nature and history in their infinite variety. He has been compared to Voltaire, because Voltaire, like him, was the mouthpiece of a century; but Voltaire lacked his learning, his real originality of thought, his charm of expression. He has been compared to Goethe; but Goethe was above all things a creative artist; and, besides, Goethe's intellectual horizon, vast as it was, could not have the extension of Renan's. Never has there been a more comprehensive, a more universal mind. China, India, classic antiquity, the Middle Ages, modern times, with the infinite perspective of the future—all the religions, all the philosophies, all civilisation—he knew and understood it all. He recreated the universe in his own brain; he thought it out again, so to speak; and that in a variety of versions. The spectacle that he thus inwardly conceived and contemplated it was given him to communicate to others by a sort of enchantment of persuasive speech. This power of creative contemplation was the main source of the continual gladness which illumined his life, and of the serenity with which he accepted the approach of death.

G. MONOD,

IMPRESSIONS OF PROVENCE.

OUR first impression of Provence struck us just beyond Mondragon. For some miles we have traversed the romantic valley of the Rhone, which at this point might almost be the valley of the Rhine. The river is hedged in by tall cliffs covered with ruins as steep and as inhabitable as the granite which supports them. Every mountain bears its castle and tells of feudal rule, brigand oppression, all the violence and picturesqueness of a mediæval tale by Sir Walter Scott. The train carries us through a narrow gully, with barely room in it, above the strangled river, for the ledge on which the rails are laid. Suddenly, at the other end of the gorge the climate changes: the air is milder, the plain more fertile, the country widens into a great amphitheatre enclosed between the Alps of Dauphiné and the rounder hills of the Cévennes. And here, with the suddenness of magic, the first olives begin—no stripling trees, but gnarled and branching orchards, showing their ancient limbs on every southern slope. In the twinkling of an eye we have come into the kingdom of the South. With a deep breath of the sharp-scented sunny air, we inhale the beauty of it, and understand—how intimately—that horror of the mountain which has distinguished every race capable of appreciating beauty. Our recollection of the black gorge, the barren peaks, the swirling torrent, renders still keener our feeling for the fertile plain where the blood-red boughs of the Judas-tree make their deep southern blots of colour against the blue of the delicate serrated hills behind. Among the fields the pollard mulberries gleam like baskets of gold filigree, in the splendour of their early April leaf. The tall pastures are white with starry jonquils, bending all one way in the wind. The hedges are sweet with hawthorn, great southern bloom,

a'most as big and plump as apple blossom. And the same delicious contrast of delicacy and abundance which strikes us in the plain, surrounded by its peaks and barren hills, is repeated in the difference between this riot of blossom and the austerity of the foliage, much less green than in the north. The ilex spreads its cool grey shadow at the homestead door. Every little red-tiled farm is screened by its tall hedge of cypress, planted invariably north-west of the building. For through these narrow gorges of Mondragon, where there seemed scarcely room for the train and the river, the mistral also passes, like a blast from a giant's bellows—the mistral, the terrible north-western wind that devastates these plains of Paradise.

II.

Our first halting-place is at Orange, a white and charming little town, filling up its ancient girdle with many an ample space of green garden and lush meadow. Few towns appear more provincial than this charming Orange, which gave William the Silent to the cause of the Reform, a dynasty to Holland, and a king to England. There were princes in Orange long before the Nassau: the House of Baux, with their pretensions to the Empire of the East; and the House of Adhémar, which brought forth the great Guillaume d'Orange, the peer of Charlemagne. Of all their glory naught remains save one meagre wall, one tumbling buttress surmounting the hill above the city. Compared with the beautiful amphitheatre beneath, still important and majestic as in the days of the Roman occupation, these remains of chivalry appear little more venerable than the ruins of the jerry-built villas of some demolished London suburb. Yet as we look at them an emotion awakes in our heart and a mist comes before our eyes that Roman antiquity does not evoke. For the monuments of the Middle Ages are other than of stone.

And we remember how, in the beautiful old romance of "Guillaume d'Orange," after Roncesvalles, the unhappy hero comes home to his castle wounded, the only living knight of all his host, and sounds the horn that hangs before the castle gate, the porter will not admit him: none may enter in the absence of the master, and no man of all his garrison recognises the hero in this poor man, suddenly aged and pinched and grey, seated on a varlet's nag, with nothing martial in his mien. Their discussion brings the Countess on to the battlements: "*That*—my husband! My husband is young and valiant. My husband would come a conqueror, with tribes of captives, covered with glory and honour." Then, seated still on his poor nag, outside his inaccessible castle, the Count of Orange tells the story of Roncesvalles, and how he alone escaped the carnage of that day.

"Less than ever my husband!" cries the Countess. "My husband would not have lived when all those heroes died." But at last he persuades her that he is in very truth himself, and she consents to take him and tend his wounds if, so soon as he can ride to battle, he promises to set forth and avenge the death of his comrades.

"Le monde est vide depuis les Romains," said St. Just. Beneath the ruins of that castle on the hill there stands, erect, eternal, built into the very framework of the cliff, the immense theatre of the Romans, still fit for service, resonant to every tone. Four years ago, many thousand people were collected in the theatre, which still serves on all great municipal occasions. But I prefer it as we saw it yesterday—its sweep of steps graciously mantled in long grass growing for hay, and full of innumerable flowers; its stage tenanted by bushes of red roses and white Guelder roses; the blue empty circles of its wall-space rising serenely against the flame-blue sky. Never have I seen the huge strength of Roman antiquity appear more sweetly venerable, more assimilable to the unshaken granite structure of the globe itself, than thus, decked and garlanded with the transitory blossoms of its eighteen-hundredth spring.

The front wall of the theatre is about one hundred feet in height, thirteen feet thick, and more than three hundred feet in length. The colony of Arausio was an important colony, remembered only now by the monuments of its pleasures and its triumph. When we shall have disappeared for near two thousand years, what will remain to tell our story? Our Gothic churches are immense and beautiful, but already in their infancy of nine or seven centuries they are falling into ruin. Our castles will go the way of the Castle of Orange; and of our pleasure-houses the oldest I remember is the little flimsy seventeenth-century theatre of Parma, already quite a miracle of cardboard antiquity. We have built too high, or too thin, or too delicately. We have read too long in our prayer-books that here we have no abiding city. Our souls have no capacity to imitate that great solid souvenir of civic use, of pleasure, of triumph, which the Romans have left behind them in all their provinces. About ten minutes' walk from the theatre, on the other side of Orange, stands the Roman Arch of Triumph, the most beautiful in Gaul. It is perfect in its great perspective, as it rises from the meadow-grass at the end of a shadowy avenue. On its sculptured sides the trophies of ancient battle are still clear, and on its frieze the violent struggle of men in battle—

"Et tristis summo captivus in arcu."

We end our afternoon by a long drive through the fertile plain of Orange, all the brighter for the severeness of its setting, for the

spires and hedges of cypress, for the gaunt dim blue of the distant mountains. The spring is luxuriant and ample here. The hedges toss their fragrant boughs of may: the sweet Japanese peonies are pink in every garden, the quince-orchards seem a bower of tiny roses, the purple flags are out by all the watercourses: but the prettiest sight of all is on the grass. Even in Italy I have never seen such hay-meadows, with their great golden trails of buttercups, their sheets of snow-white narcissus, springing innumerable and very tall above the grass. There are little children and boys, and tall young girls, grown women and men of all ages, in the fields gathering great posies of the delicious flowers. Never have I seen so bright a picture of the sheer joy of living, the mere gladness of the spring's revival. It seems to us that we have driven by some happy byway into the Golden Age, into some idyl of old Greece.

III.

Here the towns are set as close together as the jewels in a crown. We have scarcely left Orange before we see, beyond the green belt of the Rhone, the mediæval outline of the Palace of the Popes. *L'Île Sonnante*, as Rabelais called it, rises out of the plain and the water like an island indeed, much as our own little Rye stands up out of the Sussex marshes. With its steeples and convents, its towers and buttresses massed round the tremendous fortress on the central rock, girdled by an outer circle of crenellated ramparts, this fair town of Avignon appears the very sanctuary of the Middle Ages.

The great interest of Avignon is that it is a town of one time—a flower of the fourteenth century, still full of life and vigour. The great Palace of the Popes, the fortifications of the town, with their battlements and machicolations, the Tower of Philippe la Bel at Villeneuve, and the vast round yellow fortress of St. André, massive against its background of olive-coloured hills—all these, and many smaller relics, date from the third quarter of the fourteenth century. Even here in the South, few cities can show so many or such pure examples of fourteenth-century military architecture.

The city wall of Avignon has a circumference of about fifteen thousand feet. It is twelve metres in height. It has thirty-five towers, many turrets, is crowned with battlements, and pierced with machicolations. These last, as every one knows, are open spaces left between the wall and the frieze of arcades which supports the balcony intended for the garrison (the *chemin de ronde*), spaces which form great oblong holes in the flooring of the balcony, and through which boiling water, flaming tow, lighted oil, arrows, stones, and other missiles might be poured down on assailants engaged in undermining the foot of the wall. The walls of Avignon,

they appear, would be but a phantasmal protection against a good mitrailleuse: the town wears them as an ornament, and not as armour. The gates, dismantled of their old portcullises, serve for the collection of the toll, and the officials of the *octroi* lodge in the romantic gatehouses. One of these guardians, moved by our interest in his unusual dwelling, led us up, through his kitchen and bedroom in the gate-tower, on to the balcony that crowns the wall. He left us there in company with his wife and several babies, whom I expected at every instant to tumble through the holes of the machicoulis; they showed, however, the address and ingenuity of true mediæval babyhood in avoiding these pitfalls, and appeared to find the super-annuated battlements an admirable playground. Less adroit, we found the *chemin de ronde* very dizzy walking; and our interest in this relic of military architecture was chequered by the fear of being precipitated into space.

The walls of Avignon are less interesting than its vast central fortress. It is difficult to imagine a monument so irregular, so labyrinthine, a mere sombre maze of towers and walls, of corridors and staircases. Not a tower is absolutely square, not an angle true, not a communication simple or direct. All is unexpected, dædal, disconcerting, in this gigantic relic of an era of confusion.

The Palace of the Popes was not only a palace, but a fortress—necessary as an answer to the fortress which in 1307 the King of France had built at Villeneuve across the Rhine, necessary also for defence against the troops of marauders who infested France after Crécy and after Poitiers. We remember how, in 1357, a knight, by name Sir Reynold of Cervole, commonly known as the Archpriest, scoured all Provence with a company of men-at-arms of all countries, who, since the King of France was captive and their arrears unpaid, turned brigand, and made a good thing of escalading castles, and ransoming rich and timid cities. Froissart has told us how the Archpriest and his men laid siege to Avignon, striking terror into the hearts of Innocent VI. and his cardinals, who agreed to pay forty thousand crowns to the company as an inducement to its withdrawal. The brigand came to terms as regards the money, but he demanded certain small additions to the contract, remembering that he was not only a marauder, but a person of good family, with other claims to consideration. He exacted, therefore, a free pardon for all his sins, and several invitations to dinner. The Pope and his cardinals received him as reverently as he had been the son of the King of France himself." Then he consented to lead his followers elsewhere; and after his departure the Pope considerably improved the fortifications of Avignon.

By 1370 the city was strong enough to set such besiegers at defiance, and the palace had grown into the fortress we admire to-day.

It is composed of seven huge *corps de logis*, separated by courts or quads; and these are riveted to each other by seven immense and sombre towers. The whole forms a parallelogram of over twelve thousand square yards. It is an imposing, a tremendous pile—not beautiful, but unforgettable; conspicuous by the rare height of its walls and towers, and by the extraordinary up-leap of its buttresses, which shoot right up the wall to the balcony, and form the great arcade which masks the largest machicoulis that I have ever seen. Not only pitch and Greek fire, but great beams and boulders could pass through these openings to crush the assailant underneath. Such a fortress appears impregnable to the eye: the height of the walls renders an escalade impossible; the garrison on the balcony atop is out of bowshot, and the huge buttresses defend the base against the sapper. At one-third of its height the wall supports a second balcony whence the besieged could deal deadly damage on their assailants.

Within, the palace is disfigured by its present service as a barracks. The vast halls are ceiled over at mid-height and turned into dormitories. Nearly all the frescoes, painted in the melancholy, elegant manner of Simone Memmi and the Sieneese, have been disfigured within this century. There is a party in Avignon naturally indignant at this defacement, which is all for buying the palace from the Government and turning it into a museum. This, however, would cost a great deal of money. And as a mere impression, the great bare dædal building, gay with the crowded life of these youths of twenty, racing up and down stairs in noisy troops, sitting in the shadowy window-seats, picturesque figures in their white undress, black haversacks and deep red caps, filling the sombre quads with march and drill—yes, as a mere impression, it is certainly more appropriate than a museum.

IV.

“ Sur le pont d'Avignon
 Tout le monde danse, danse;
 Sur le pont d'Avignon
 Tout le monde danse en rond.”

Many generations of children have doubtless wondered why. Make an effort to cross the Rhone when the wind is blowing, and you will arrive at any rate at *one* explanation. O masterly wind! *Vent magistral*, or *mistral*. With what a round, boisterous overmastering force you blow from the north-west! How you send the poor passengers of Avignon-bridge whirling in all directions, dancing to all tunes, battling comically and ineffectually against you! We ourselves were nearly blown from the hill-top at Villeneuve; yet I can cherish no rancour against the mistral, the tyrant, sweeping us all out of his way as he rushes, wreathed in dust, towards the sea. 'Tis

a good honest wind, like our west-country sou'-wester, and quite devoid of the sharp, thin, exasperating quality of the east wind of our isles. And, but for the *mistral*, they never would have planted those dark long screens of soaring cypress which streak so picturesquely the wide blue prospects of Provence.

V.

There is something Athenian in the little literary class of Avignon, and in the evident pride and joy that all the citizens take in it. Yesterday our cabman stopped us in the street: "Look at that, monsieur! Look at him. He's a poet!" cried the good man in great excitement. It was M. Félix Gras. People waylay you to point out the name of Aubane or Roumanille written over a bookshop. Every person of every degree treasures some little speech or anecdote concerning M. Mistral, the hero of the place. Doubtless the *Félibrige*, with the little extra romance and importance which it has given to the South, has something to do with this literary enthusiasm. In Provence, a taste for poetry is a form of patriotism, even as it was in Ireland in the days of the "Spirit of the Nation." The sentiment, which is pretty and touching, appears quite genuine.

We had forgotten that Roumanille was dead, and we made a pilgrimage to his bookshop. We were greeted by a dark-eyed little lady; when we asked for the poet, the tears started into her fine black eyes, and we realised, with a tightening of the heart, the cruel carelessness of our question. But Madame Roumanille (for it was she), with the beautiful courtesy of her nation, would not let us depart in this unhappy mood. She talked sweetly and seriously of her husband's latter days and of his death-bed, cheerful and courageous as the last pages of the "*Phado*": these Provençal poets have a classic temper in their souls! He would not let them wear a mournful face. "Life is a good thing," said he; "chequered, no doubt, with melancholy moments, but none the less bright and excellent as a whole. We have come now to one of these melancholy passages, but, believe me, my friends, the sadness of death is greatly overrated! There is nothing cruel or tragic to lament about. Life has been very good and now—at the end of it—death comes in its place, not unkind."

So the good *Félibre* passed away, mindful, no doubt, of that passage in one of his poems where he says—but I have forgotten the words—

"Now let me depart in peace,
For I have planted in Provence
A tree that shall endure."

If even the gay, the cordial Roumanille gave out at the last this savour of antique philosophy, the likeness of Mistral to the elder poets is far more striking. He is the Provençal Theocritus, and his

poems, with their delightful literalness of touch, their unforced picturesqueness and natural simplicity, will probably endure when more striking monuments of our nineteenth-century literature are less read than remembered. We cannot imagine, at any distance of time, a Provence in which some posy of Mistral's verses will not be treasured. He will be to the great province what Joachim du Bellay has been to Anjou. True, he has written too much, but posterity is an excellent editor, and reduces the most voluminous to a compendious handful. Mistral is the greatest of the *Félibres*, and perhaps the only one whose works will survive the charming *David's-bund* of poets and patriots which so loudly fills the public ear to-day.

We went more than once to see the great man in his garden at Maillane, a pleasant place surrounding a cool, quiet villa, where the poet lives with his young wife. It is the only house of any pretensions in Maillane, and to the good people of the commune Monsieur Mistral is both the poet and the squire. He comes out to receive you—a strikingly handsome man with a beautiful voice; so much like Buffalo Bill in his appearance that one day, when the two celebrities met by accident in a Parisian café, they stared at each other, bewildered for one moment, and then, rising, each advanced towards the other and shook hands! We talked of many things, and among others, of course, of *Félibrige*. I ventured to ask him the meaning of the name, which is a puzzle not to philologists alone. He confessed that it had no particular meaning; that thirty years ago, when he and Roumanille, and the other five discussed their projected Provençal renaissance, one of them reminded the others of a quaint old song, still sung in out-of-the-way Provençal villages, in honour of certain prophets or wise men dimly spoken of as

“Les félibres de la Loi.”

No one knew precisely what the word designed—so much the greater its charm, its suggestiveness! The name was adopted by acclamation; and henceforth the meaning of *Félibre* is clear.

VI.

We went the next day, in company with Mistral and his charming, intelligent wife, to see the races at Saint Remy. “Regardez nos fillettes!” said the poet. “On dirait des statues Grecques.” A Greek statue is severer in its beauty; but certainly the girls of St. Remy might be the sisters of the statuettes of Tanagra: so dignified, so graceful, do they appear in the beautiful costumes of Arles. They were the great adornment of these mild provincial sports, as they came in troops from Maillane and Tarascon, from Avignon, from Arles, all dressed in the plain-falling skirt, the fichu of pure fresh tulle, and the

long pointed shawl, or "Provençale," which recalls the graceful garb of Venetian women. Sometimes the skirt is pale pink or apricot, with a dove-coloured shawl, or green with a lilac shawl; but nearly always the skirt and shawl alike are black, relieved only by the narrow muslin apron, which reaches to the hem of the skirt before, and by the abundant fulness of the white fichu across the breast. Every one who has been to a fancy ball recalls the charming coiffure which surmounts this costume—the thick wavy black tresses, parted in the middle of the brow, taken down either side of the face loosely, then suddenly raised from the nape of the neck high at the back of the head, coiled round there and fixed under a tiny band of white lace, and a large bow or sash of black ribbon. Few head-dresses are at once so irresistible and so dignified, and none could be better suited to the regular features, ample beauty, and melting eyes of the daughters of Provence.

We fell in love with St. Remy: we stayed there for a week, in the Hotel du Cheval Blanc, where the long dark convent-like corridors and the cypress-screens behind the house give one already, as it were, a waft of Italy. St. Remy is a delightful little place. All its streets are avenues of great zebra-trunked, century-old plane-trees, garlanded in April with quaint little hanging balls, or else of wych-elms, gay with pinkish-buff blossoms, and yet so gnarled and hollow that they might almost be those famous elms which Sully planted about the towns of France. "La Ville Verte" the people call it, and never was name better chosen. Even as at Orange, the town has shrunk within its ancient girdle, and has filled out its space with gardens, with orchards, with hay-meadows. The gardens of St. Remy are the fortune of the place, and owe to their happy situation behind the range of the Alpines an earlier harvest of flowers and fruit than elsewhere, even in the sunny South. In the roomy inn-garden we wondered at the luxuriance of the spring, as we sat in the shadow of the blossoming Guelder-rose bush, or picked great trails of rose and syringa. We gathered our first dish of strawberries on the 23rd of April. There are but two openings at St. Remy—miller or market-gardener: the two prettiest trades, suitable to this greenest, most pastoral of cities.

St. Remy is but gently raised above the plains; still low enough to nestle among the white-flowered hawthorn hedges by the runnels bordered with flowers. But, scarce two miles beyond, there rise the scarred fantastic sun-baked crags of the Alpile mountains—the Alpines in modern guide-book parlance. These are true southern hills, barren and elegant, grey, lilac, blue, pink even, or purple against the sky; but never green. Walk thither along the upward road till, at the mountain's feet, you come to a round knoll of fine turf, fringed with stone-pines, under every tree a marble sarcophagus for a seat.

Hence the view is beautiful across the wide blue valley to the snow-streaked pyramid of Mont Ventoux. But you will turn your back upon the view, for, placed on the middle of this grassy mound, is the pride of St. Remy, the Antiquities, sole relic of the prosperous town of Glanum Livii. Nowhere in Provence have we seen so beautiful a setting to monuments so perfect in their small proportions as the Triumphal Arch and the Mausoleum. Time has much ruined, it is true, the decorations of the Arch: the winged Victories are bruised and battered; only the feet of one warrior remain, the head and fighting arm of another; the chains of the slaves have fallen into pieces. But nothing has marred the style, the grace, the purity of the exquisite outline, Greek rather than Roman in its simple elegance. The Mausoleum is less correct in style, but more picturesque, more suggestive. A flight of steps leads to a sculptured pediment, from which there rises a quadruple arch, itself supporting a small round temple, roofed, but enclosed merely by a ring of columns, in the style of the Temple of Fortune at Rome. Within these columns stand two tall figures, robed in the ample toga of the Consul, and seem to lean forward as though they gazed across the valley to some ancient battle-field. Standing so high, and screened behind their wall of columns, the statues do not show the trace of the modern restorer. The opinion of archaeologists is still, I believe, divided as to their identity, but the peasants have views of their own on the matter. Some of them aver the figures to be the portraits of those twin emperors, Julius and Cæsar; but most of them, with some show of reason, consider that they commemorate the victories of Caius Marius, the hero of all this countryside. The figures are twain, so the peasants have doubled the General; Caius and Marius look out towards the Fosses Mariennes. Others, aware of the individuality of their hero, have solved the difficulty by giving him his wife as a companion! One shepherd, however, offered me the best explanations.

"Those two figures," said he, "represent the great Caius Marius and the Prophetess Martha, the sister of Lazarus, and the patroness of our Provence. They were, as you may say, a pair of friends."

"Dear me!" said I. "I thought there was a hundred years or so between them."

"Maybe," said the good man, "that well may be, madame; but, none the less, they remained an excellent pair of friends."

The facts of these good people were, as you see, a little incoherent. Yet, indistinct and fallacious though it be, their vision of a distant glorious past gives their spirit a horizon, their minds a culture which I have never met in the provinces of the North, where ancient history begins with the French Revolution. Every ploughman, every shepherd, in the kingdom of Arles is aware that their country was to

Rome, two thousand years ago, much what Nice and Cannes are to the Parisians of to-day. Their inheritance of so ancient a civilisation, their contemplation of the vast and beautiful monuments of Latin triumph, have given them a certain dignity and sense of importance which may degenerate here and there into the noisy boastfulness of Tartarin, but which far more frequently remain within the limits of a proper pride. Those whom I met, the peasants and shepherds at St. Remy and Les Baux, had each a theory of his own concerning the great campaign of Marius, and pointed me out—at varying quarters of the horizon—the line of the retreat of the barbarians. If I sometimes felt that, from the height of their ancient glories, they looked down on me as one of that defeated horde, their attitude was always that of the kindest, the most courteous superiority. They are citizens of Arles or Avignon, as one was a citizen of Rome when the greatest honour was to boast *Civis Romanus sum*.

VII.

One day we drove across the plain to Tarascon, a cheerful little town beside a yellow river, overshadowed by a great yellow castle, the Château du Roi René, the painter-king. On the other bank of the river rises the Castle of Beaucaire, and the two old fortresses, whose enmity was once so cruel, glare at each other as harmlessly in our days as two china dogs across a village mantelpiece. Tarascon possesses a fine old church, whose porch would seem still finer were it not so near a neighbour of St. Trophime at Arles. We descended into the crypt to pay our reverence to the wonder-working tomb of St. Martha, sister of Lazarus, who, as every one south of the Côte d'Or is well aware, was cast ashore upon the coasts of Provence in company with the two holy Maries. She founded the city of Marseilles, and is buried under the church at Tarascon. As we picked our way underground we perceived in a dark recess of the staircase a second tomb, unvisited of pilgrims, but far more interesting to our eyes. A marble youth lies along the sarcophagus, dead. It is Jean de Calabre, the son and heir of King René, an old friend of ours, for we have followed him in many a Neapolitan campaign. But after all he did not gain his crown of Naples, the brilliant young pretender. He lies here, forgotten, in the mouldy vault of St. Martha.

When we emerged to the outer air from this underground sanctuary of saint and hero, we remembered modern times, and asked our guide for the latest news of M. Tartarin. She protested her ignorance, but with a certain subdued irritation (or so we thought) as of one weary of a *scie* that has lost its edge. We were more fortunate, however, when we asked for the Tarasque. She ran with us along a narrow

street in great impatience until we reached a large stable. The door swung open, and we beheld a sort of huge long-tailed cardboard whale, green, with scarlet scales stuck all over with yellow spikes, like the almonds in a plum pudding. The creature has a half human head with goggle eyes, a vulgar, good-natured smile, and a drooping black moustache, with a long horsehair mane depending from its neck. It suggests a cavalry "sous-off" who has in some way got mixed up with his charger.

The eponymic monster of Tarascon is no longer led along the streets in glory once a year, accompanied by men and maidens, in commemoration of the day when St. Martha tamed the dragon by a prayer, and led him along in fraternal peace, tied in a leash of her slender neck ribbon. The recent law against processions has stopped all that. 'Tis a pity, for the monster is a pleasant, vivid, childish-looking monster, no more terrible than a devil by Fra Angelico. He made us remember the horrible Tarasque which is to be seen in Avignon Museum. This noble monster was excavated under the foundations of an Early-Christian chapel in the Church of Mondragon. He is a panther-like person; his fore-claws are dug deep into two half-scalped human heads. A portion of a human arm remains between his gruesome jaws. Flaxman himself never imagined a more hideous devil. "Le progrès a du bon," we sighed, as we looked at the amiable vulgar Tarasque of Tarascon.

When people come to stay at St. Remy, it is nearly always in order to make the excursion to Les Baux: a more desolate cannot well be imagined, nor one that places in stronger relief the contrast between the sane and beautiful relics of antiquity and the misery, the squalor of mediæval ruins. Who was the misguided man who first made it fashionable to admire mountains and ruins, and other such dismal monstrosities? I should like to quarter him to all eternity in a palace at Les Baux.

The road thither quits the lovely flowery plain, to rise among barren limestone mountains. Flocks of sheep are grazing there, but there are more herbs than grass, and as the poor beasts climb in search of a more succulent blade, they send out beneath their feet the exquisite fragrance of mountain thyme and lavender and myrtle. On the steeper scurs, the pale mountain roses of the cystus are all a-flower, and shed a spring-like beauty about the desolate scene.

It soon becomes more desolate. We wind higher and higher up the barren flanks of the Alpines. The wind-eaten crags of white friable stone defy even the mountain herbs. It is a melancholy cinder-grey lunar landscape.

This white stone is the sole harvest of these regions. As we advance we find the mountain scarred and hacked into countless quarries. Here and there, the great pale slabs are piled into a tomb-like dwelling for the quarrymen. Far off, on the very crest of the mountain, we see, above all this desolation, an orchard of almond-trees, the sole thing that betokens a human presence more happy than the slave-like labours of the quarry. Behind these trees there rises, as it seems, an uttermost wall of crags, yet more jagged, more pettily desolate than the others. They are, as a matter of fact, the ruins of churches and palaces, the residue of the once princely city of Les Baux.

When at last we jog into the tiny *Place* of the city, we find a squalid village nestling in the centre of the former capital, like a rat in the heart of a dead princess. About three or four hundred poor creatures live here. God only knows what they find to live on! Slices of white stone, I suppose, and almond-shells.

They are, at any rate, eager for pence and human society. The carriage has not stopped before a guide pounces out upon us, and carries us up through a steep unspeakable wilderness of dead houses, deserted these three hundred years, and all falling most lamentably into dissolution. There is a poor Protestant temple, with its elegant delicate sixteenth-century carvings all in ruin. "*Post tenebras Lux*" is proudly carved above the dilapidated portals. All these ruins, varying over some two-and-twenty centuries, appear of the same age, the same dead-level of abjectness. The "*baums*" of the cave-dweller, their cupboards and door-holes still perceptible, appear little older than this or that mediæval palace. Ah, the place is terribly changed since I came here with Jean Lefèvre in 1382 to purchase for the Duke of Anjou the rights of the Seigneurs des Baux to the Empire of the East!

Under the crag-like tower of the castle there is a wind-swept mountain-top, whence you look down on the vast level of Camargue and Crau. From these coast-like summits the sad-coloured salt marsh appears infinite; it is treeless, melancholy beyond words. That blue streak on the horizon is the Mediterranean. There the three Maries landed, and began their inland march. Their three effigies, carved by their hands, are still perceptible yonder, on a stone at the very foot of the mountain where we stand. Apparently they were wise enough not to seek the inhospitable summits of Les Baux.

There was one thing I should like to have seen in the dead city, but when we were there the relic had departed to a barber's shop at Aigues Mortes. Some time ago, the landlord of the tavern at Les Baux, digging in his garden, came on a slab which, being removed, exposed a mediæval princess, still young and living. A moment after she had crumbled into dust, all save her wonderful golden hair—yards

of it, crisp, silky, and shining---which filled the stone coffin with its splendour. In this poetic treasure-trove the landlord saw an excellent opportunity. He changed the name of his inn, which forthwith became "The Sign of the Golden Hair," and there, sure enough, on the parlour table, in a coffin of glass and plush, lay the thousand-year-old tresses of the dead princess. The curiosity attracted custom, and having made his pile, the landlord sold the tavern and retired to shave the inhabitants of Aignes Mortes "at the sign of the Capello d'Or."

The villagers of Les Baux spend most of their time in delving for similar treasure. No one else has found a coffin full of golden hair, but skeletons, coins of all periods, and armour, are every-day occurrences. I made a mistake in thinking that these people lived off free-stone and almond-husks. They dine on Gaulish tibias, skulls of Roman soldiers, dead cats of the Stone period, and a miscellaneous assortment of rusty iron. Not one of them but will sell you a human bone from a desecrated sepulchre as an appropriate souvenir of your visit to Les Baux.

IX.

Les Baux is on the way to Arles, and you cannot do better than push on to that delicious city. Among our impressions of Provence, Orange gave us an exquisite sense of ancient peace, of dignity not uncheerful in its seemly ruin; and St. Remy, with its flowery paths, its lilac mountain scaurs towering above the Roman arch and temple on the pine-fringed knoll, has left in our memory as it were a perfume of poetry and grace. But for a profound and melancholy beauty we saw no place like Arles. In that tiny city every step calls up a new picture, an unforgettable souvenir. How many of them arise before me as I write! The lovely ruined theatre, so perfect even in its abandonment, two columns still supporting the fragment of an antique *fronson*; the great arena where the bulls still fight on Sundays before an eager audience of stalwart Provencal men and large-eyed women in the solemn dress of Arles; St. Trophime, with its wonderfully living portal crowded with saints and prophets, with enigmatic Tarasques and dragons, with strange cat-like wild animals creeping stealthily about the basement. There is a poem of Mistral's, which I do not remember very well, telling the adventure of a little country girl who, arriving too late at Arles to hear the mass at Saint Trophime, cried herself to sleep in the porch. When she awoke it was moonlight, and lo! in order to console her, the carved saints came down out of the portal and said the mass for her. They are so living, those saints, that the fable seems the most natural thing in the world.

And the cloisters within, how melancholy in their peace! And

then, across the way, the Museum, with its unparalleled sarcophagi. The finest was discovered about two years ago in digging the new railway across the Camargue. Never have I felt so strongly as in this Museum, as rich in Early Christian as in Classic monuments, the difference between the Pagan and the Christian conception of death. The Roman tombs are carved all over with beautiful and cheerful pictures, some scene of daily life, some vine-gathering or olive-harvest, perfectly human and natural, as though they would have placed between the sealed eyes of the dead an abiding souvenir of the pleasantest things on earth. The figures on the Christian coffins have lost their early grace; but these large-headed, large-handed, awkward saints and mourners have an intensity of expression, a pathetic conviction in the reality of a Beyond, which we have not seen before. The Roman mourners look back, the Christian look forward; the vision of the one is all regret and beauty, the other is exalted by an ardent and a yearning faith.

We have not yet done with the tombs of Arles. It was the first of May when we walked through the Alyscamps, and the latest hawthorn bushes were abloom about the Sacred Way. To tell the truth, we were disappointed with the Alyscamps. The railway has come too near to these Elysian fields, sadly narrowing their proportions. The most beautiful tombs are all in the Museum or in St. Trophime. There is left but one long alley of sarcophagi, shaded by a fringe of poplars which leads to the ancient church of St. Honorat. This is a quaint and melancholy place, with the raised quire built over the crypt, as at San Miniato. Its round, short pillars, five feet thick, wear an air of sturdy age. There is a great charm in this damp and curious old Norman church, with its illustrious perspective of the Alyscamps. Yet for a last impression of Arles we would fain go a little farther up the hill, through the lovely Public Gardens to the Roman Theatre. Here we will sit on the marble steps awhile, and gaze on the unchangeable elegance of its proportions, serene in ruin, unabated of their dignity, and no less beautiful in their decay.

X.

If any of my readers decide to spend their autumn holiday in Provence (it would be a wise choice for those who cannot get away till mid-October), let them consecrate the fine weather to Arles, and Avignon, and Orange, and St. Remy, where the inns, though very tolerable, are barely second-class at best, and go to Nîmes for that wet week which rides behind every holiday-maker. Nîmes is a gay, bright, cheerful little city, with good shops and well-paved streets, and plenty of "Protestant temples"—there is, in fact, a business-like prosperous Protestant air about all the place. At the Hotel du

Luxembourg you will find good rooms, excellent cooking, the *Times*, and every British comfort. Moreover, while thus armed to endure the worst of the rain at home, there is plenty to see without. Nîmes is, in fact, the most resourceful of provincial towns. It possesses the prettiest public gardens I know, built with avenues and terraces in the manner of Versailles, about the relics (one really cannot say the "ruins") of the Roman Bath. High above this scene of orderly beauty towers the jagged ruin of the feudal Tour Magne, known to every student of Marc Monnier by the celebrated lines :

"Gal amant de la reine, alla--tour magnanime"
Galamment de l'Arène à la Tour Magne à Nîmes."

As a matter of fact, it is not a very far cry. Indeed, no walk in Nîmes could be described as very heroic, though I believe the mythic "Gal" was supposed to carry the queen pick-a-back. While in the Roman Garden you will of course visit the beautiful Temple of Diana; it is a spot one could return to many a day. Then you must visit the Maison Carrée, still unique in its beauty, although for us late comers its proportions have been sadly hackneyed by that clumsy imitator of its Roman grace, the Madeleine at Paris. The old temple is full of statues and tombs and coins; it is only less interesting than the Museum at Arles. But the Arena here is far more impressive than that we left behind us in the sister city. Nothing, save the theatre at Orange, in all the *Provincia Provinciarum*, is more apt to impress us with the hugo unpretentious strength, the massive dignity of Roman work. It rained when we were at Nîmes, and we did not make the excursion to Pont de Garde. We have regretted it ever since; but I console myself with thinking that it is as well to have left oneself a reason to return to so exquisite a country as beautiful antique Provence.

MARY DARMESTETER.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

A DIALOGUE.

THEY had entered the church of Fiesole just as the Candlemas procession was descending the steps of the chancel and winding through the nave below : seminarist boys in black skirts and white surplices in front, canons in various purples—from violet to brown—behind ; the lights of their tapers yellow in the dim daylight, against the pale grey stone. Baldwin was under the spell, due to boyhood passed in the still pontifical Rome, which the ceremonies of the Catholic Church invariably threw over him. The gold altar-piece shimmered among the wax lights in the bare grey apse, surrounded by those solemn faces lit up by the tapers ; the white and gold stoles moved slowly backwards and forwards, the great silver candlesticks fell and rose with the genuflections, in the lilac incense smoke ; the notes of the organ, the solemn enharmonic chants, the majestic Latin words circulated, themselves a procession, among the arches and the capitals, once a temple of the pagan. Below, glimmered the lamps that hang from the roof the crypt.

“There is nothing in the world to be compared with it,” remarked Baldwin, as he lifted the heavy leather curtain for Lady Aithea to pass out ; “things, to be as perfect as these Roman rites, must be manipulated by unconscious centuries, welded by them into one homogeneous work of art : church, priests, vestments, lights, incense, chants ; and, on the top of everything, the venerableness of old age. Nothing in the future will ever replace them.”

The Professor, who was returning to the faith of his childhood, under the stress of a passionate pity for the animals tortured by science—the Professor had been kneeling throughout the ceremony ; and for a moment or two afterwards seemed absorbed in thought.

“Ah !” he suddenly said ; “you rationalists, what are you made

of? You throw away the kernel, and regret the husk. If these rites were not hallowed by the thousands of souls who have witnessed them, what value, what charm would there be in such pageantry? The remains of the pomp of Paganism and of Byzantine Courts, mere perfect ceremonial—and you regret it, you, who have willingly thrown away what is really beautiful: the spiritual church, the invisible rites, the splendour and the music in the souls of the saints.”

“Are you fair, my dear Professor?” answered Baldwin, as they crossed the square in front of the church and struck off into the steep lane which leads to the top of the hill. “Are you fair to the souls of us poor, unpicturesque moderns? I always hope that as you are a saint, one of the old sort, there may be given to you that special grace bestowed upon one of the Fathers of the desert, who, having been allowed to see the glory, invisible to earthly eyes, which surrounds God’s saints, saw this halo round the head—no, there were no rationalists in those days—round the head of an acrobat showing his tricks in the market-place.”

“There are acrobats who twist their legs and arms, and acrobats who contort their wishes and beliefs,” answered the Professor.

“Well, then, let me show Lady Althea and you some of my tricks. First of all then, I wish to point out that the religious ideals which have been handed down to us from times of comparative ignorance——”

“Not ignorance of God!” interrupted the Professor.

“Well, from times, at all events, of simpler social organisation: and of asceticism quite unsuspected of exaggeration; such religious ideals have accustomed us to look for a moral picturesqueness which we miss in the ideals of our slow-paced times. For we have learned that not every well-meant act produces benefit to others; while every act does produce an alteration in human affairs with consequences often impossible to forecast, and still oftener impossible to undo. We have learned that there are gifts, delightful to the giver, which are full of evil to the receiver; and that there are self-sacrifices which really sacrifice the ultimate welfare of others to our own impatient enthusiasm. We can no longer strip off our clothes like St. Francis; and the stripping ourselves of what we ought not to keep is not a picturesque, inspiring; or, in fact, even a very visible proceeding. People forget that modern saintliness must often take the form of refusing to appear saintly.”

“Picturesque!” exclaimed the Professor; “there you are again with your love of embroidery, and candles, and incense. Can you not understand that saintliness is not *picturesque*, but—I wonder whether you will think of candles and incense again—*holy*; and that what is holy is ineffably beautiful? But first, my dear Baldwin, are you sure

your modern renunciation is not akin to the Emperor of China's clothes in Andersen's stories? Is it not unpicturesque, uninspiring, invisible, simply because it does not exist? You have found out—your Mills and Spencers—that to give away one's money is pauperising, and to mortify the flesh bad for the health and temper. Tell me then, of what do you allow righteous philosophers to strip themselves, besides, as you said, the possibility of appearing saintly?"

"A great many things," answered Baldwin, a little hotly. "Some of which, my dear Professor, you could not strip off because you have never allowed yourself to possess them: luxuries, lazinesses, cowardices, big and small; and others which, allow me to say, you never will consent to throw away: foregone conclusions, which you suspect to be wrong, but which you feel to be comforting."

The Professor smiled at Baldwin's unusual impetuosity; his own warmth of character made him love indignation in others, even when directed against himself.

"You make me out a righteous man, which I am not, in order to overwhelm me the more with the sin against the Holy Ghost."

"Yes," interrupted Baldwin, "that is just it: the sin against the Holy Ghost, in Goethe's interpretation rather than St. Paul's."

"But I refuse to consider myself such a sinner. I don't want to burn Herbert Spencer, nor to disperse the ashes of Riccardo; I am quite willing every one should have their own ideas; and so long as a man does no harm, what does it matter what he thinks?"

Lady Althea had been following the discussion with that intent, rather puzzled look of hers, earnestly separating the grain and the chaff.

"But surely," she said, "we are bound to have opinions on all matters which lie within our practical influence; and for that reason to see to their being correct. You seem to leave out of the discussion the fact of what truth is: that truth is the expression of how things are. You speak of it as something abstract, about which we can afford to have very approximate, varying, and conflicting views; as a matter of individual taste. But *truth*, that is to say, the *how things are*, is of the same quality in whatever branch of thought; and if we base our action upon a mistake in intellectual or moral science, we must expect a practical failure or catastrophe as inevitable as that resulting from a mistake in the most elementary physical matters. We should cry out, should we not, if any one built a bridge without knowing the nature of the arch, or even cooked a dinner without knowing the action of quick and slow fire, and water and butter? But in the more complicated questions which involve the possible destruction not of bridges or of dinners, but of happiness and usefulness, people feel, or at least act, quite differently. They accept some one else's conclusion, or rush at one themselves, as if,

instead of playing for life and death in the terrible game between ourselves and the nature of things, we were playing for counters; as if words were mere words, and opinions incapable of producing any practical results."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Professor, as they walked up a steep lane, whose rusty cypress hedge and white walls, overtopped by olives, framed in the snow-veined blue of a distant mountain; "ah, my dear young lady, you have been to school with Baldwin; and he has made you believe that if only people would cease to look forward to a Paradise in Heaven they would quickly make one on earth. And then you wonder at the silly faith of us poor old fogies!"

"I don't think Mr. Baldwin has ever taught me that there is any chance of the world becoming, within any appreciable time, anything of the nature of a Paradise. Once upon a time I thought the world was a box of puppets going about to amuse nobody in particular. Mr. Baldwin taught me that it was different, and that there are things I never dreamed of, called *cause* and *effect*; therefore that certain acts give pain or pleasure, or produce it in the long run; that the world would be rid of so much pain if it could be rid of so many such acts."

"In fact," broke in the Professor, "that it was your business to diminish people's pain—merely their pain—that you needn't think of serving God so long as you served man?—or rather, as you preached the service of man?"

Lady Althea did not seem to remark the contempt in the Professor's voice and manner.

"Yes," she answered simply. "But as to the service of man, I don't think I should venture to preach it to others, still less to propose it to myself. I say *still less*, because one can't hope as much from oneself, whom one knows, as from others whom one doesn't know. It will be time enough later, don't you think, to consider how we can *serve* man? All we need think of at present is not to rob, or imprison, or poison, or starve him in the pursuit of our pleasures and vanities, and in the indulgence of our sloth——"

They had reached the highest point of the hill of Piesole, a bleak spot, where the olive ceases to grow, and the cypress and the hellebore seem to have ousted all more cheerful vegetation from the crumbly slate soil. A solitary stone cottage has lost its way to this spot. A wretched, battered little place, dirty bed-clothes out of its windows, looking down on to the bleak rubble slope of the Mugnone Valley, looking up to the blue bleakness of Montesinario, to the Apennine circle, where the snow lingers and the storm-clouds hang. A wind-vexed, desolate, God-forsaken place. But in front of it are two tall wind-warped bay trees, and on the lichened wall is inscribed, "Canto dei Poeti"—Poets' Corner.

The three friends rested for awhile before this allegoric hovel ; for to each of them the place had a symbolic significance, of the sort which is rather felt than reasoned, and which is therefore the more potent.

"Look at this," at last remarked the Professor, with a smile on his thin Tuscan face, in which, as in his gentle and fiery soul, his friends were apt to trace a likeness to St. Francis, "if Baldwin had had the managing of the world, he would have bade the snow-wind deflect a little from this house, and the thunder-storms burst a little to its side ; at all events, he would have provided it with a first-rate drain and an air-tight roof. Her Ladyship 'Sister Nature'—as St. Francis would have said, arranged matters at less expense : she bid these laurels grow. You wish to put comfort into life ; but God has already put poetry."

"Yes," answered Lady Althea sternly ; "but while we look at the laurels, and repeat the pretty name, 'Poets' Corner,' the people inside are aching for the damp and cold. What would you have answered, dear Professor, if, when you were fighting with that carter the other day, some poetical person had remarked that, after all, there was good in the infamous brute, because his torturing the unfortunate horse called forth such beautiful sympathy in you ?"

"I don't think our dear Professor means that," said Baldwin, taking the hand of his friend, who had felt a sudden horror at the light which Lady Althea had let into his soul. "And I think, in a measure, we both agree with him ; not when he follows the false saints in blessing evil ; but when he asserts with the true ones—the true saints, philosophers, and poets, all those who deserve some of these bays about their head—that there is something besides what the world calls pleasure and pain."

"And still you, you *do* reduce everything to pleasure and pain, Baldwin !" exclaimed the Professor. "You have taught Lady Althea, who ought to have walked, with the laurel crown you mention, in the company of the great Stoics ; you have taught her the wretched little Epicurean heresy, that in this empty universe there are only two realities—pleasure and pain ; and that what we call soul, Good, God, are merely dreams which arise when our body is comfortable or the reverse ; as Omar Khayyam expressed it long before Herbert Spencer, and in a better literary form : 'Hell is but a spark from our useless torment ; and Heaven but the breath from a moment of ease.'"

"Yes," answered Baldwin, "I do reduce everything to a question of pleasure and pain ; and yet I do agree with the Stoics, with Sister Nature when she planted the two laurel-trees ; and I disagree with—well, the philosophy which no one has ever had the face to formulate, but which forms the basis of most of our proceedings. I don't know

exactly what name to give it, so I call it in my mind the philosophy of the donkey-cart. The donkey-cart in question was being pulled by a microscopic donkey, and driven by two stout men, outside the gates of Siena on a broiling August evening; and it flew, as only carts can which have a donkey as big as a rat, and a driver as big as a tun. The philosophy thereof is as follows: This furious pace is very amusing, and, in that first coolness of the evening, extremely exhilarating to the two men; but it is difficult, painful, and exhausting to the donkey. In more abstract terms, our pleasure frequently coincides with the discomfort, pain, or detriment of others; but there is nothing repulsive that warns us off pleasure; on the contrary, when we view it quite simply in regard to ourselves and the moment, it has even, besides its own specific attractions, an agreeable air of naturalness and fitness; it is, in fact, the combination of sensations or ideas or feelings which fits our nerves at that particular minute. The circumstances yielding this pleasure may also yield discomfort or detriment, but this discomfort or detriment is either in the future, or to somebody else. The perception thereof is indirect, incomplete, far from spontaneous, and very often it does not exist at all. So we crack the wind of the donkey incidentally to getting an agreeable ventilation for ourselves. . . . This is, briefly, the philosophy of the donkey-cart; all the vice in the world depends upon it; and all the saints and sages have been railing against it since the beginning of Time, that is to say, since the beginning of Pain."

"And yet," burst out the Professor, "your own philosophy knows no other basis. You and the donkey-cart drivers are at one in recognising only pleasure and pain."

"Not at all. The donkey-cart drivers and I differ most essentially. They recognise the existence of pleasure and pain not too much, but infinitely too little. Only a very small portion of pleasure and pain exists for them as a reality; they are very imperfectly connected, because they have imperfect reason, imagination, perception, with the world that contains them, the world extending not merely in space, but in time, not merely the world of pain and pleasure to the north and south, east or west, but the world of pain and pleasure in the past and future. Know pleasure and pain? Why they know only their own, or a little of that of their nearest and dearest; not so much as their donkey knows of the pleasure and pain of yesterday and to-morrow. All around is fog, vagueness; as there is fog and vagueness around us when we feel faint, and our eyes no longer catch hold of the things not ourselves, and our ears are isolated in the same way."

"Say simply that the world is full of the pleasure of tormenting others," exclaimed the Professor.

Lady Althea looked at the Professor with the same surprise as if he

had been saying that it was easier to use one's left hand in drawing, or to ride a horse with one's face to the tail.

"Surely," she said, "that is a mistake, and due, in some measure, to the very insufficiency of realisation which makes people seem to get pleasure out of their neighbour's pain. Surely we need not even take into consideration, since they are abnormal and therefore uncommon, the cases where pleasure is taken in the perception of pain; the few miserable creatures who experience such pleasure must be of the same sort as those whose disease makes them experience pleasure in pain of their own. Surely, except in such cases, the pain and the pleasure are always separate; one exists because the other is not perceived, or not enough. I remember a doctor telling me that born criminals are deficient in the power of perceiving pain in others, and sometimes in themselves. Even with barbarous nations, even with street-boys, the pleasure most likely is in the exercise of certain instincts and powers of observation, in the watching of action and expression due to pain, rather than in the perception of the pain itself."

"Oh, but some people actually like giving pain. I *wish* to give pain, and as much pain as possible, to the brute who was beating that lame horse uphill," exclaimed the Professor.

"I am sure you do," answered Baldwin, laughing, "but at the same time I quite agree with Lady Althea that in such cases your own pleasure is preventing, not arising from, the complete perception of the other's pain: you want to hurt your carter just in proportion as he seems deficient in sensitiveness; if you were suddenly to perceive that you were hurting him as much as he was hurting his horse, or rather if you were to perceive it as thoroughly, you would immediately leave off; and your momentary blindness to any pain save his would probably make you inclined to kick yourself in turn."

"Well, perhaps I should—though no. I should not. I should recognise that Christ was right in refusing to return evil for evil; but I should do it all the same—I should do it all the same."

"Perhaps it has been given as yet only to Christ," answered Baldwin, touched, though amused, at his friend's ferocity, "to completely realise pain and pleasure, and to feel in his own agony only the pleasure of the good it should buy for others. Anyhow," continued Baldwin, "the vivid representation to ourselves of what is hidden behind the barriers of another individuality must evidently be painful in proportion as it is real: if it is not painful, it is not vivid, or rather it is not there; our nerves are in advance of our mind. To realise, to perceive pain, means to participate therein in a greater or lesser degree. The mischief, therefore, I think, lies in our insufficient realisation of pain, in our not really perceiving it save in ourselves. In the majority of cases, and, despite the evidence of cries and contor-

tions (which we sometimes perceive only as ugly, as our ancestors perceived them apparently only as funny), the pain remains too much of an abstraction; the tortures of the *not-myself* being perceived very slightly compared with the most moderate discomfort of the *myself*. We are deaf, blind, and, so to speak, under chloroform as regards other creatures. 'Tis a case, the largest in the world—as large as the world—of Bastiat's *what is seen and what is not seen*. We feel our own pleasure; the other fellow's pain is left to be felt by himself; just as the after effect, the *to-morrow* of an act, is so rarely vivid in our mind, and the various complications *round the corner* are so difficult to imagine."

"You asked me, in what I differed from the Omar Khayyams, of to-day and yesterday, including those who drink without philosophising over their cups," continued Baldwin, after a long silence, as they descended the steep hillside which faced, at this moment, an empty universe, a valley hidden in white winter mists, against which the sharp line of cypresses, nay, the green palm growths of the hellebores, stood out as against a dim white sea. And as they descended, they were accompanied, along the steep walls, by the little brooks darting, with constantly varying motion, under their half-broken crust of ice: wayward live things, glistening forked creatures, always shifting and changing, seeking a new way, breaking the ice and accumulating its broken scales, with ever new crackle and babble on the way.

"You do not seem to grasp—somehow you saints never do—that the philosophy of Pleasure and Pain—of the Pleasure and Pain of the world and the universe—must teach the only valuable lesson of all religions and all philosophies: the lesson of a life transcending the senses and the ego, a life with all men and in all things. We exist at the beginning, enclosed in our shells. The barbarian, the child, the brute, the degenerate, knows as little of what is passing in those around him as does one of the lower animals, less, one would think, than a horse or a dog. He exists in a shell of egoism thoroughly impenetrable, which preserves him isolated in the midst of the world, solitary with his own lusts and sensations, and as incapable of refreshing, of renewing himself in the great universal life, as a man covered with india-rubber from head to foot is incapable of being wetted by the stream he is wading in. His senses, indeed, are holes of communication with the outer world; but through them pass only communications isolated among themselves, leading to little, connecting him permanently with nothing: he is hungry and eats, thirsty and drinks, a sensation, an act, and no more. 'Tis something else, infinitely complex, something comprising intelligence, memory, imagination, the power of loving in the past and future, in the distant and problematic, which liberates us from this hide of impervious personality. It is this by which, more and more, man

knows the pleasure and pain of others, by which his life merges into the life beyond. It is this which allows us to perceive the pain of to-morrow as that of to-day; the pain of another as that of ourselves; and forestalls and prevents the one and the other. It is this which extends our pleasures to those of the distant and the future. It is this which prevents the past from becoming the mere gone and wasted thing. By this, enabling others to live, we are enabled to live ourselves; not detaching us from ourselves, but attracting us to the great not-ourselves."

They had come suddenly, at the turning of a hedge red with hips and the berries of butcher's broom among the purple brushwood, to a group of osiers in a hollow on the hill: a film of orange magnificence against the olives, a sudden flame against the mist below.

"And what," asked the Professor, stopping by those burning bushes, and looking vaguely at a space of blue sky overhead, whence the sun was beginning to melt the frost, to suck up the mists which filled the valley to its brim. "And what do you call this *something* which enables you to do so many fine things?"

Baldwin smiled as he answered very gently:

"I have hitherto called it *soul*, but if you will show me in what it falls short of the genuine article, and if you will find me a fitter name, I am most willing to call it something else."

"I thought as much!" exclaimed the Professor. "But, my poor Baldwin, don't you see that you are merely playing hide-and-seek with the *beast*; and that what you call having a *soul*, is merely taking a care for other people's body, in order that they may take care of yours? Your philosophy of pleasure and pain turns spiritual life into a complicated conjurer's trick out of which there comes at last—what? a comfortable human animal!"

"Well," answered Baldwin, "is that so very common and so very much to be despised?"

"Not to be despised, certainly. Heaven knows I am convinced that a sound human animal is requisite before we have any right to ask for a clean human soul. But the means is not the aim. Do you remember a beautiful passage in Thoreau, about his picking up the jawbone of a hog, and being struck at the sight of its white, sound tusks, at there being, as he says, 'an animal health and vigour distinct from the spiritual,' and at the creature succeeding by other means than temperance and purity?"

"But I disagree utterly. I imagine the creature's temperance and purity would not have been our temperance and purity; but if the hog succeeded, it was because he had more of hog's virtue than his fellows."

The Professor gave a contemptuous growl of "Hog's virtue!" and then went on with his reflections, but addressing them to Lady Althea.

"Do you remember that passage?"

"I remember nothing, because I have read nothing," answered the girl simply.

"Oh, yes, you have; a good deal more of some things—of certain trash—than you should. But you shall read this! Well, do we not, every now and then, find such another on our road, such a hog's jaw, 'with white teeth and sound'? And are we not surprised and in a degree confused by the impression that whiteness and soundness make upon us? There is left in us, from pagan days, I suppose, a notion of completeness and the power arising thence; a charm of the thing rounding itself off, enough material existing for the pattern, enough pattern, the right pattern, for the material. We feel in the presence of this perfection *sui generis*—for there are perfections of all sorts, good and bad—a sense of awkwardness, of inferiority: we are poor creatures, incomplete, incoherent, full of rents and patches. A desire comes over us to cover our spiritual nakedness, which consists so largely of misshapen limbs or impotent muscles, in the presence of this unabashed naked animal. Yet it is different. The human animal, when we come to look at it closer, is not the fine thing we took it for: no, your pagan athlete is ugly in the eyes of God (and in our eyes when seeing in God's light) compared with a saint of the desert who has crippled body and brain in the search for something higher. To be an animal, on the part of a human being, is to be, in a measure, a monster; for it is monstrous to possess the human faculty of reason and to employ it merely for the satisfaction of what the beast satisfies by bestial intuition; and it leaves a hidden horror about what is seemingly a normal creature. The Faun, it seems to me, is not a real creature, though occasionally we talk as if he were. When man takes to the woods, eats roots and berries, he does not eat only that much which is necessary. Instead of the fabled Faun, a pleasing, cleanly creature, much beloved by poets, we get something like those goat-legged followers of Pan whose statues defile our museums, hirsute, stinking. That additional gift of God, a human mind, when it is not developed to a human soul, revenges itself for neglect by marring this apparent animal perfection: the beasts, if they knew it, would turn aside in contempt."

"I can't understand what it all has to do with pleasure and pain," remarked Lady Althea, folding her cloak about her; "besides, I have never felt in the least abashed or awkward before people who seemed healthy animals and no more. They very often have about them a taint of what, even in the animal, would be diseased, for animals are temperate. Also, to obtain any physical beauty in a human being, we require more than the mere fitness of animal faculties to animal functions; we must have the promise, in head and face and gesture, of a soul fit for spiritual life. Of course there is more health, if we

understand what health means, in an emaciated saint than in a bloated sensualist: but the latter is exactly *not* like the nice, sound, white hog's jaw, which is a beautiful thing in its way."

"No, no, you shall not call it soul!" exclaimed the Professor, after a silence, suddenly reverting to his dominant thought. "It may be an excellent thing, one of which you can't have too much. It may be, it is, doubtless, the *sine qua non* of the existence of soul. But it is not soul. Call it, if you like, virtue; it stands to human beings as what you called *hog's virtue* stands, I suppose, to hogs—it keeps them sound. The soul teaches the rule of the soul. This mixture of intelligence, memory, imagination, of *ego* and *not-ego*, teaches us only the rule of the body and the body's vanities and pomps. The virtue of the soul is positive, efficient; 'tis the virtue of appreciation and love of the greatness of God. Your virtue is negative, teaching the respect of *meum* and *tuum*, the old insufficient pagan virtue of temperance."

"Temperance, the great *Temperantia* of the poor pagans, is not the mere *hog's virtue* after all," interrupted Baldwin; "its component virtues—chastity, serenity, and moderation—even if they were not necessary for the preservation of the body (supposing an individual to be benefiting in bodily strength by the temperance of his ancestors) would yet be necessary for the preservation of the soul—— But I forgot, I must not call it *soul*."

"Poor Baldwin!" exclaimed the Professor, "your philosophy is but a vicious circle—pleasure, pleasure, pleasure. My body to receive pleasure, thanks to your soul; my soul to see the pleasure of your body. Some day, perhaps—through no effort of reasoning, but through some sudden emotion—it will be revealed to you that the holy men of all times have been right—that all real life of the soul implies asceticism."

The world at that moment seemed to repeat the Professor's last word—asceticism. High against the sky—the high sky of bright cobalt—high, high up, separate from all things else, out of the bluish mist and the bluish olives, rose a jag of hill, vivid with glare of pink and white houses, printing itself, enamel upon enamel, brilliant, southern like an oleander blossom in June. But below, hundreds of feet below, the chill white vapours were moving slowly; slowly rolling themselves and unrolling, fold upon fold of damp gauze; settling in the hollows, hanging from the projections; luminous, colourless, hiding, you would think, an absent disappeared world. And, as the mists and the frosts went on shifting in those deeps, there emerged out of them vague and unlikely slopes of green and troughs of streams, fretted gradually more and more by dim rows of leafless trees; a chill and exquisite fairyland of grass and woods, too pale for this earth, yet blooming with a faint bloom of sere branches and

stems, and sere leaf-encrusted frosty grass. A country of winding streams and sloping lawns, and flower-like trees, widening away; fit playground for some slim and thin-lipped allegoric nymphs, flitting about in pale, waving robes, or hurling javelins against the intruder Amor, as in some picture of the Triumph of Chastity.

"But who would deny that there is wisdom in asceticism, nay that there can be no wisdom without it?" answered Baldwin. "Temperance, the temperance of the ancients, means more than merely limiting our lower desires, our lusts of the flesh, of vanity, and of power. 'Tis not enough to restrain them within such limits as shall hurt neither ourselves nor our neighbours; nay, we shall hurt both ourselves and our neighbours, defraud, and mutilate, by aiming merely at that. The great goddess *Temperantia* should have been painted, not merely clad in steel and grasping a sword, but reading in the book of the world, looking beyond earth to heaven. We must direct the bulk of our vital sap upon such parts of us as transcend the mere necessities of our physical continuance, or our half-physical social comfort; on that which is over and above, which needs to grow, and whose complete development is a sort of ideal of perfection for us all, the something in which alone there is room and shelter for the greatest happiness of all. All baser wants—and I am very far from considering as such only those of the flesh—are legitimate not merely when kept within the bounds of doing no injury, no injury to the legitimate baser wants of our neighbours. They are legitimate only under the condition of actually conducing, directly or indirectly, positively or negatively, to wants whose satisfaction in ourselves never threatens the satisfaction of others. Asceticism, for all its disastrous exaggerations and follies, can never lose its charm for the mind; for asceticism possesses, however mixed up with rubbish, the secret of all spiritual progress: the rule of not indulging, but employing, our commoner and more self-seeking part, of replacing a negative virtue by a positive one. For the soul, and after all by *soul* we mean the same, all of us, is not a thing for merely ruling the body and keeping it wholesome, our own body or the body of others; it is an aim in itself, a thing for whose perfection the body must be used. The soul, the intelligence, the sympathies, the memory, sense of beauty and imagination, is what keeps at bay the pain which walks the world; but it is also what alone can extract from the world its full tribute of pleasure."

The Professor was silent for a moment. "And yet," he said, "we do not understand one another; you cannot yet perceive the real life of the soul, the aim of the soul's life, as distinguished from the soul's mere discipline. The soul is not merely *useful* because it serves man; it is *noble*, because it can be united to God."

Baldwin shook his head with a melancholy smile, and was silent.

Those valleys below had widened out, clearer and clearer, though still bathed in frost, till their streams and tree rows wound themselves away into the vague chill blueness of the plain; the plain, stretching you knew not whence nor whither, formless and without landmark, till it defined itself against the pale blue sky in the glittering snow-crests of Vallombrosa. And above the pale allegorical valley, marked with faintly outlined houses and cypress clumps—above this valley of Britomart and under that snow brilliancy of the great mountains—rose gradually towers and battlements, distinct though disembodied: farms and villas transfigured into a Van Byck or Memling vision of the celestial Jerusalem.

"I have been trying to understand what you mean," said Lady Althea thoughtfully. "For I think you must mean something real—something that can be thought and understood—when you say that the soul can be united with God. Of course you cannot mean a God whom man could ever approach, except in thought. But if that is so, do we not, after all, mean the same thing when we say that the soul, through perception of cause and effect and perception of beauty, through sympathy and memory and fancy, can participate in the life of all times and all things; and can find its complete life and joy only in the life and joy of the universe?"

This time it was the Professor who shook his head. "Ah," he said, "words cannot explain such things."

11.

Some weeks later the three met again; and as had become inevitable since the Professor's return to the beliefs of his childhood, the conversation gravitated at once to the question of a spiritual life.

"I have been thinking," he said, "about your definition of that beautiful antique virtue, or sum of antique virtues, *Temperantia*; and I understand now the dissatisfaction which made me, I fear, momentarily almost blind to its beauty. 'Tis the virtue of people who looked at life mainly from the æsthetic point of view—the virtue of the athlete and the artist—heeding nothing so much as the debasing of a type, the degeneration of a muscle. Christianity views things more nobly. It takes away from man the sole proprietorship of himself, his thoughts and actions: his soul belongs to God and to Christ; he is responsible for it, must keep it pure because it is not his to dirty; must make it agreeable, so far as lies within him, to its real owner—to the Lord. What if the flesh tempt? God claims His own. Without such a conception, there is no real spiritual life; and where in Antiquity there is spiritual life, 'tis because the light of Christianity has illumined the higher souls—the souls of Plato and Marcus Aurelius, before it has risen above the horizon and become sensible to the lowlier."

The day and the place were appropriate to such discourse. It was the Thursday of Holy Week; and the solemnity possessed by such days, even for those to whom they commemorate but the holiness of a holy man, the solemnity of the austere spring arising again out of winter, was intensified in the silence of the bells awaiting the symbolic signal of new life. The place was the convent of some teaching and nursing nuns, whom the Professor had met in his rambles among the poor; he had taken his friends there as a silent expression of his constant, innermost thoughts. On passing through two formidable doors, they had found themselves, surprised and charmed, in a large cloistered garden; little box-enclosed beds—here and there already a pale, precocious rosebud—and stacked up orange and lemon trees, all flooded with sunshine; a wide square of blue sky above, and nothing to intrude save the vigilant over-topping tower of the neighbouring observatory. And the infinite charm had grown with the realisation that such a place—garden, tiers of cloisters, orangery, wide arched stairs and pillared halls—should be contained, silent, airy and sunny, in the midst of those close, black streets, always damp and cold, with their constant rattle of omnibuses and carts, their jostle of dirty, hurrying people.

"I don't quite agree with you," answered Baldwin, as they sat, with Lady Althea, who was making a drawing for the Professor. "Both these theories take for granted that man's soul is his own; for the Christian must give his soul to God; and other men have claims upon his justice, charity, and love only because such is the desire of God, and obedience to that desire is the expression of his giving his soul to God. The *Temperantia* we were speaking of the other day, starts from a different conception, possible perhaps only in recent days: the conception that, whatever the laws of the country may say, and whatever may be taught by its religion, a man has no absolute proprietorship over anything—neither his chattels, nor his dependants, nor his time, nor himself."

"Then what becomes of liberty, without which man cannot have the merit of good deeds, nor even accomplish deeds which are in any sense good?"

"If by liberty you mean freedom from the interference of other men," answered Baldwin, "liberty in the sense in which Mill used the word, it is to the increase of such liberty of the individual that we owe this new conception of duty. The freedom from a number of socially and religiously imposed notions and habits; the liberty of imagining relations between men and things different from those actually existing, has allowed us to suspect, among other things, that we are not the proprietors, nor even the irresponsible life owners of anything; least of all, of ourselves."

The Professor, absorbed in the charm of the place, was watching

the sisters silently coming and going in the cloisters below, and the flutter of the white curtain of the cell opposite, whose window framed in, together with the white pillow, the big crucifix, and the white-washed wall, a vision of contemplative life.

"All that is exaggeration," he answered; "and Christianity alone has seen the truth in these matters. God wishes us to fulfil certain duties to our country, and our neighbour, and our family; but such public duties once fulfilled, our private life is in our power; and indeed it is only in so far as the world has no rights over it, that we can fully give it to Him."

Lady Althea had closed her sketch-book.

"But how can you make a distinction," she asked, "between private and public life, as if the one belonged solely to the individual while the other did not? There is no life a man may lead with one or two others which does not spread and affect the life of all and every one; nay, not even the life he leads with his own thoughts. For although, taken separately in each single instance, the individual's deeds and performances, and thoughts and judgments, may seemingly affect no more than the immediate surroundings; we shall surely find that as each unit is but one of many units, so acts become important because more than one person is likely to commit them; it is the old rule, of asking ourselves, what if all, or many, others, or even but a few besides ourselves, should do alike? And in reality our doing a thing, so far from excluding the doing of it by others, almost invites them to do the same. So that the idea of isolating a case for examination must be false and lead to mistaken practice."

"Oh, my dear young lady," said the Professor sadly, "what a disciple has Baldwin found in you!"

"I can't understand why he hasn't found many more," answered Lady Althea. "I had never heard about such things before I met him; but when he told me it seemed wonderful that I could have lived so long without finding it out for myself. Because it is so evident, is it not, that there can be no case of conduct hanging midway between heaven and earth, and that by cutting away the complicated web of connection—however microscopic—between all actions we are destroying the very fact upon which our judgment depends? A great many actions would be innocent if they were disconnected with all further actions, and their guiltiness consists in their being connected with actions beyond, connected to the extent of helping to produce them. An example would be harmless if nobody followed it; but the very nature of an example is that it should be followed. Hence I should have said that no life is in reality so public as that which a man or woman lives irrespective of what we call public life. For do not people affect their neighbours by the way they spend their time, their money, their brains; by the children and friends they leave;

the mischief or good they propagate all day long; much more than by a vote given on a subject they can affect only by a vote, or a counsel which probably remains but a counsel?"

"I see," answered the Professor bitterly, "this is the discipline of what you imagine to be the soul, but which is in reality the quality Bastiat and your other economists call *foresight*, a mixture of calculation and imagination, with just a sufficient dose of sympathy to teach you when your galled jade will wince; the whole apparatus allowing you to perceive *the effects which are not seen*, as well as those which are seen, and to have a better time in this world by interfering only as much as necessary with the good time of your neighbours. And you call your apparatus the soul!"

Lady Althea flushed, but she checked her indignation as she reflected, from her own candid example, that surely no one could really wilfully misunderstand.

"Yes," answered Baldwin quietly, "that is a necessary part of the soul's work. But it is not enough. We must not be satisfied with training ourselves to picture the future consequences of our actions; taken alone, it would produce merely selfish calculation. Still less, almost, must we be satisfied with the powers of sympathy with our immediate neighbour which produces already such a crop of vicarious selfishness under the guise of unselfishness, such a sacrifice not merely of our own small preferences, but of the larger interests of the world, for which our harsher virtues are vainly pleading. What we require to develop is the faculty of passing from the near to the distant, from the particular to the general, and of perceiving that this distant, abstract theory—class, country, mankind—is but the agglomeration of concrete creatures, creatures like ourselves, with possibilities of suffering and enjoyment like our own; creatures who will become visible, tangible only if we fix our eyes well upon them; as objects in the distance or in the half-light seem to draw nearer after a second or two of attentive looking."

The Professor had begun walking impatiently up and down the long cloister, the shadow of whose columns converged in a solemn purple procession to the great wooden crucifix at the end.

"Do you know," he said, "what grieves me most in your philosophy is that you have admitted into it a certain portion of the teaching of every noble religion? No, no; not that I am pained by the contact: truth is not soiled by adjacent falsehood, and we must be grateful that any of it should be received. But the presence of this borrowed beauty—for, of course, I think it is borrowed—prevents your perceiving the ugliness of your philosophy of—the name, is yours, not mine, dear Baldwin—hog's virtue. Do you not see how you spoil everything with your perpetual insistence on pleasure and pain?"

"I can't understand," answered Lady Althea meditatively, "why

you should treat pleasure and pain as if they were base; why, pleasure is the very thing which should make us unselfish, since we care for it in others; pleasure is what would be increased by our understanding and appreciating all things around, and pain means that there is want of sympathy or knowledge or harmony somewhere."

"Of course God means us to be happy. That is His aim; ours to love Him; and the expression of our love and worship is unselfishness and self-sacrifice."

Lady Althea thought for a moment. "But are you sure," she asked, "that self-sacrifice, unselfishness, is all-sufficient? Has not our sense of the utility and rareness of this power of the soul made us hold other powers lightly? Have we not set it up as an idol, as our ancestors erected fire and cloud and all other great forces, irrespective of its employment and the results of its action? And have we not in so far wasted it, made it destructive of its own best effects, nay, actually harmful? It seems to me that unselfishness has been allowed to foster its opposite vice, to strengthen selfishness, active and passive. The renunciation of pleasure, the acceptance of pain on the part of the self-sacrificing, has meant the receiving of pleasure at another's expense, the avoiding of pain devolved on another, on the part of him who accepts the sacrifice. It has produced a deadness to the sense of duty, a dulness of sympathy almost equal to the very sense of duty, to the very sympathy which had given it birth; and it has fostered that dull habit of thinking that we have a right to accept whatever is freely given, without questioning the lawfulness of the gift. It has, above all, narrowed human relations to those of individual with individual, isolating and sterilising that meeting of two creatures which should make but an additional link, an additional cell, in the great wholeness of life."

"I understand perfectly," answered the Professor. "The sum total of pleasure and pain remains unaltered, and the world is none the richer than by the mere transfer of material wealth from one individual to another, when such transfer of material wealth is not accompanied by an increase of that wealth due to its coming into hands more capable of making it fructify. You see, my dear young lady, that I once thought, as you do, that religion could be replaced by political economy. But, like me, you will one day discover, that although there is no gain to the world in the mere shifting of the satisfactions and dissatisfactions of life from one individual to another, there is great gain to Heaven."

"I don't understand what you mean by *gain to Heaven*," answered Lady Althea, as they stopped at the door of the convent, and gave a last look into that sunlit cloister before passing into the black street outside. "I always imagine that by God and *Heaven* you mean whatever seems kind and reasonable and beautiful in the world's

tendencies, do you not? If so, does it not seem to you also a gain, a gain to the power you wish to serve, that we should realise the distant, the hidden, the seemingly abstract; that we should live for a wider life, in a wider life than our own; that we should make selfishness and unselfishness a question no longer between two or three creatures, but between every creature and the whole world? The only practical difference between us is that we wish to ask not merely, Shall I take up my neighbour's burden? but: May not my taking up that burden affect others besides my neighbour and myself? and if so, will it increase or diminish the amount of evil in the present and the future?"

The chant of a litany, the weary voices of women, the bleating, indifferent voices of children, came from across the cloister as the door swung behind them.

"Ah," exclaimed the Professor, as the three friends threaded their way through the black, damp street, crowded with dirty, half-starved-looking people, pushing barrows and staring in at shop-windows, "those know, those poor little sisters in there! they know that God looks not at the result of actions, but at the amount of love which inspires them; and they know that the aim of life is not to avoid pain or attain pleasure, but to be united in spirit with Him."

"Yes, if you conceive the Creator as hostile to the creation, and imagine that if He has turned His back to this world, we must follow and turn our back also. You don't really think that, Professor; for what you really love is the image, the reflection, of your own loving-kindness."

Baldwin's remark was lost on the Professor, and they walked along in silence, joining the crowd of devout or idle persons who were making the day's round of the sepulchres.

The cathedral, which they entered after two other churches, was even darker than usual, with a darkness befitting the day's solemn memories. Out of the circular choir under the dome rose the chanting of priests and of boys, a queer sound, a swell and a rattle, like the breaking of the sea on the shingle. Or, rather, it seemed to descend, this harmonious dull clashing of broken echoes, from the cupola above. At least, as the three friends stood listening in silence, it seemed less and less to connect itself with the circles of black and white acolytes (faces, framed in blackest hair, under the grey twilight, or the yellow light of the tapers), and the heaps of dull purple and crimson and white of the far-off canons, their faces mere orange blurs.

"The world," answered the Professor, "is not sufficient for man's happiness, for he is made to find full happiness only in God. Those who, instead of being led on to the Creator, stop short at the creation, are doomed to disappointment. All religion is founded on this knowledge. And its truth is confirmed even by the blasphemous

cravings after unattainable pleasure of those whom poor Baudelaire calls *de la réalité grands esprits contempteurs*."

"The dissatisfaction of those particular great minds," replied Baldwin, "great minds who systematically cultivate their ego, and decline responsibilities towards other egos, is due, on the contrary, not to their recognition of what this world really is, but to their very gratuitous assumption that it was created solely for their individual delectation; or, rather, for the delectation solely of their individual nerves, palate, sex, eyes, ears, and vanity. And they scold mankind and the universe, which, after all, are bulky and old-established institutions, for not fitting into the pocket of one small, selfish, superfine man."

"Poor things!" said Lady Althea gently, "they are very odious, they and their books; but I suppose it's equally odious of any of us to hate them, for it's awful to think of any one being so wretchedly crooked and ill."

The Professor, whose books were full of anathema against this school of Baudelarian pessimists, felt suddenly as if Lady Althea had prevented his treading on some poor bruised worm or toad. "Poor things! poor things!" he repeated.

"The people, on the contrary, who recognise the reality of things," went on Baldwin, his voice turned into a whisper by the great echoing chants; "ask less and give more, and giving, receive more in return. They see the past and the future, and the immensity of the present; very dimly and fragmentarily, but enough to measure their own infinitesimal share. And, instead of importuning the universe to pay more attention to them, they try, consciously or unconsciously, to give more attention to the universe; to enlarge their position by going outside themselves. They increase their points of contact with the rest of Nature, and live in a greater number of its processes; becoming through sympathy and dutiful activity, not merely men, but limbs of the bigger man, Humanity; and, through æsthetic perception and philosophic thought, clients, frequenters, familiars of the nearer and further circles of the great life beyond mankind."

Turning away towards the door, they were stopped short by an impressive sight. The great velarium of the pulpit, intended as a sounding-board for the preacher's voice, was spread over the nave like a vast bird; poised in the gloom, floating on steady wings, mysterious, darkening the church with its presence, a sailing, brooding incubus, beneath whose shadow the crowd was hurrying along, quiet and vague; the darkness of the hours on the cross grown into a terrible, mystic, semi-living creature.

Baldwin put his arm through that of the Professor. "For all our differences," he said, "we are seekers after the same thing; a higher happiness possible only in a wider existence, a union with some-

thing transcending our ego, its wants and experiences, a union with all that is, and has been, and shall be. For you, as for us, the real life is as little that of this church with its egoism of the soul, as of the tavern outside, with its egoism of the body."

"Perhaps you are right," answered the Professor; "perhaps—who knows? God speaks in parables to all of us, and we, instead of seeking for their meaning, are disputing about their unreal figures. I am not grieved, my dear friends, at your having lost this," and he turned back and pointed to that brooding horror across the church; "but I wish that you had still, like me, something analogous to the cloisters and cells of those dear sisters—a sunny, silent place, swept and garnished, wherein your soul could retire at times to live its life."

"But why retire, why shut out the world?" asked Lady Althea, after a pause. "Surely the soul ought not to be limited to one habitation; it ought to be wherever we are, in our relations with all things; it would make all places peaceful and sweet. Why should there be a spiritual life set apart? Life should be honest, and intelligent, and appreciative, and loving; is that not being spiritual?"

One of the side doors of the cathedral was open, letting in a flood of day. And in it, their bodies merged into wide beams of luminous spray, their blond heads outlined with little loose locks, golden in the pale golden halo, stood a group of young girls.

VERNON LEE.

THE STORY OF A COLONY FOR EPILEPTICS.

SOME twenty-seven years ago, a number of gentlemen interested in social and philanthropic questions, met together at Bielefeld, in Westphalia, to consider what could be done to alleviate the sufferings of epileptic patients, and prevent their being a burden to themselves and to their fellows. Epilepsy was at that time alarmingly prevalent in North Germany, no less than one-tenth per cent. of the population being afflicted with the disease. There was hardly a village but had its epileptics, men, women, and children, who passed their days just waiting for the coming of those awful paroxysms, which rendered them at once the terror and the derision of their neighbours. Many of these people were full of life and energy, willing, nay, eager to work, for, as they well knew, in steady work lay their one chance of warding off the doom that threatened them. Every day epileptics sit with folded hands brings them the nearer to hopeless idiocy. It is this that renders their fate so infinitely pathetic. Work they must, unless they are to become insane; and there is no work for them to do! Masters do not care to run the risk of employing men who, at any moment, may be stricken helpless. Thus thousands are compelled to pass their days in enforced idleness, an idleness fraught with disaster to themselves, and with the loss of much good service to the community. It was to put an end to this state of things, so far at least as Westphalia was concerned, that the Bielefeld Committee began its work. The problem its members had to face was how to arrange a condition of life under which the labour of epileptic patients might be rendered economically productive. This they set to work to solve in an eminently practical fashion, by opening a labour home for epileptics. This home, Bethel as it is called, has now developed into one of the most important labour

colonies in Europe. What gives a special interest at present to Bethel is that a committee has just been formed for the purpose of establishing a similar institution in England.

Bethel was started in a very humble way. A small farm was bought at Sparenberg, near Bielefeld, with money raised by voluntary subscriptions, and there the first patients were installed. A committee of management was appointed to watch over the working of the Home, which was placed under the direction of Herr Unsöld, a kindly, energetic man, a practical farmer, too, as well as a skilful organiser. There were at first only four patients, but before many weeks had passed the house was full. The inmates all lived together as one family, and cultivated the land attached to the homestead. The discipline maintained was of the least irksome kind, the men being allowed as much as possible to go their own way, so long as they obeyed the doctor's orders. Steady work and regular hours were, however, insisted upon, and the patients were required to pass the greater part of their time in the open air. They were supplied with light, nourishing food, and a moderate quantity of tea and coffee. No intoxicants were allowed to be brought to the farm, and only a limited amount of tobacco. The men were carefully guarded from everything that could excite or irritate them; and, at the same time, infinite trouble was taken to render their lives as bright and cheerful as possible. The beneficial effects of this *régime* were soon apparent. The physical and mental condition of the patients improved rapidly, and the attacks to which they were liable became less frequent and less severe. The fact of all around them being subject to the same misfortune as themselves, seemed to deprive that misfortune of half its terrors: a fit became merely an unimportant episode in life when it no longer rendered him whom it befell a pariah amongst his fellows.

The fame of the Labour Home, and of the good work being done there, soon spread through North Germany, and applications for admission arrived from all parts. By 1870 the success of the undertaking was so marked that the committee of management felt justified in reorganising it on a much more extensive scale. An appeal for funds having been liberally responded to, a small estate adjoining the old homestead was bought, and on it a building was erected large enough to receive 180 patients. The new Home was placed under the care of the Westphalian Brotherhood, an order of laymen who devote themselves entirely to practical philanthropic work. So far the institution had been reserved entirely for men; it was now, however, resolved to admit both women and children. The new departure was not an unqualified success. Female epileptics are, oddly enough, much more difficult to manage than male: they are more passionate and less tractable; they seem, too, less able to grasp the fact that

rules must be obeyed. Their somewhat flighty ways made them a disturbing element in Bethel; and it soon became evident that they must not be allowed to remain there in the same building as the men. Difficulties also arose in connection with the children, owing to the impossibility of keeping them apart from the older patients, some of whom were by no means desirable companions for them. A brief experience showed, too, that many disadvantages result from clubbing together in the same house a large number of patients of different ranks in life and in different stages of their common disease. The patients are required to contribute to the expenses of the Home according to their means. This necessitates their being divided into classes; and it was found very difficult, when they were all living together, to provide first and second class patients with the comforts for which they paid, without exciting the jealousy of the third class patients, many of whom are admitted free. And, what was much more serious, it was proved that people subject only to occasional attacks suffered severely from being brought into close contact with those who were already sunk in idiocy. Thus, there were strong reasons for making a radical change in the organisation of the Labour Home; and, after much anxious consideration, its managers, principally by the influence of Dr. von Bodelschwingh, decided on a bold move. They resolved to give up the large new house entirely to the female patients, and to provide other homes for the boys and the men.

On one side of the Bethel estate, the great Teutoburgian Forest stretches for miles away, forming a barrier, as it were, between it and the outside world. The forest is traversed by little valleys, each separated from its fellows by high ridges densely covered with trees. Before the colony was started, the only human habitations to be found in these valleys were a few small homesteads and some Jäger-huts. Although, here and there, little patches had been cleared, no serious attempt had been made to bring the forest land under cultivation, the amount of labour required for the work being too great for any ordinary capitalist to be willing to undertake it. The Bethel institution, however, occupies a different position from that of an ordinary capitalist; its difficulty is to provide work for its workers, not workers for its work. Thus the forest offered it the very thing it stood most in need of, an almost boundless field for the employment of the unskilled labour of its epileptic patients. The land was supposed to be of little value; the managers of Bethel, therefore, secured upon easy terms the two valleys which lay nearest their estate, together with the houses and other buildings which stood there. Hither by degrees they transferred all their male patients. In compliance with the strongly expressed wish of the men, instead of building a few large houses for them to live in, it was decided to

utilise the little homesteads which were already there, and to erect others of a similar kind. The patients themselves were set to work, and soon quite an important village sprang up. There are cottages for the old, for the young, and for the middle-aged; for the mentally or physically feeble, and for the mentally or physically strong. Some are reserved entirely for imbeciles, whilst others, remote from the rest, are set aside for the hopelessly insane. There are, in fact, homes for people in all stages of the disease, homes, too, for people of all ranks and stations; for one of the great advantages of the cottage system now in force in Bethel—the whole colony is Bethel—is that it admits of the most minute classification of patients. Each house is to a certain extent autonomous, the ten or twelve persons who live in it forming, as it were, a separate family. At the head of it is a House Father, generally a Westphalian Brother, who passes his whole time with the patients, working with them, and throwing himself heart and soul into their interests.

Meanwhile, Dr. von Bodelschwingh and his colleagues had been compelled to grapple with another serious difficulty. As the colony increased in size it became evident that, if it were to continue a success, other occupations besides agriculture must be provided. Some of the patients were too weak physically to bear the fatigue and exposure of an out-of-door life in winter; others, especially the artisans, manifested a decided distaste for the work. As it is of the utmost importance that epileptics should have congenial occupation, it was decided to open workshops, so that the men might be able to practise the special craft in which they had been trained, or for which they had most natural aptitude. One by one various industries have been established in the colony. In very early days a regular building department was organised, and attached to it are now workshops for painters, joiners, locksmiths, and cabinet-makers, as well as a brick-kiln and a saw-mill. Shoemakers' and tailors' shops have also been opened. A linen mill, too, now gives occupation to a number of the colonists, whilst the printing-office and the book-binding works are the pride of the whole place. Thus, when an artisan now arrives in Bethel he can at once be set to some work to which he is accustomed, a fact which contributes not a little to his happiness, for an epileptic, after a certain age, seems almost incapable of turning his hand to a new occupation. Most of the things made are consumed in the colony, but if there is any surplus stock it is sold in Bielefeld. The organising of these industries was no easy task. An attempt was made, at first, to employ as overseers in the workshops such of the patients as were skilled artisans, but it proved a failure. Epileptics are, as a rule, lacking in initiative; and they have neither the patience, nor the self-control, necessary for directing the labour of others, especially when these others are them-

selves of defective intellect. It therefore became necessary to appoint a paid overseer for each factory, an arrangement which has materially increased the working expenses of the colony. From first to last, in fact, these workshops have proved a somewhat costly experiment. In spite of the most rigid economy in their management, not only are they now worked at a loss, but there is no prospect of their ever becoming self-supporting. One serious expense in connection with them is the salaries of the labour-overseers, another is the enormous amount of raw material that is wasted. It must not be forgotten that a number of the people employed, even the most skilled amongst them, are at times quite irresponsible for their actions. A man may do good steady work for months, and then, for some inexplicable reason, suddenly seize the coat he is sewing, or the book he is binding, and tear it into atoms. Work done under such conditions can never be lucrative. But although financially the workshops are a failure, in every other respect they are a decided success. They give variety and interest to life in the colony, and they have indirectly a most beneficial effect upon the morale of the patients, many of whom have become much more alert and mentally vigorous since they have been working at their old trades.

Agriculture, however, is, and always must be, the staple industry of the colony; and as agriculturists these epileptics are certainly doing good work—work, too, which from year to year tends to become more productive. They have already cleared and brought to a state of high cultivation much of the land they possess in the forest, and they have completely transformed the great Senne. Until they took it in hand this marshy common produced nothing but thistles and heather; now it yields fairly good crops of barley, oats, and potatoes. Parts of it have even been turned—and with the best results—into vegetable gardens, flower gardens, and fruit orchards. Market gardening is undoubtedly the most profitable industry carried on in the colony. It is, too, the calling for which the majority of male epileptic patients show the most marked preference. Men who are dead to all other emotions seem to derive intense delight from their own special allotments. They will work in them from morning until night, and there is neither bound nor limit to the care they bestow on them. They watch over their plants and seedlings with infinite tenderness, and talk about their early vegetables and first strawberries with enthusiasm. The crops they obtain are surprisingly good considering the soil they have to deal with. Not only do they supply the entire colony with the fruit and vegetables it requires, but they carry on a thriving trade with the manufacturing towns in the neighbourhood. For fifty miles around the fruit and the flowers raised in the Bethel hot-houses are in great request. In connection with the flower garden, a large building is set aside for drying seeds

and storing bulbs, a most profitable undertaking. The colonists, in addition to raising their own vegetables, grow their own corn, feed their own cattle, and make their own butter and cheese. Their well-stocked farms are most delightful places, and the dairies attached to them are perfect models of what dairies should be.

One of the most difficult tasks which fall to the lot of the managers of Bethel is that of providing suitable occupation for the women. There are few things female epileptics are capable of doing. They can wash, clean, and sew, though only under supervision; but they dislike gardening, and cooking is entirely beyond their power. They cannot be relied upon to lay tables, or to do anything, in fact, which requires memory or attention. Their helplessness, however, is evidently merely the result of previous neglect; for the young girls who are trained at Bethel exhibit comparatively few of the defects which characterise the women who go there later in life. First and second class female patients are now lodged in large cottages, but the third class still remain in the great building which was originally assigned to them. The first floor of it has been turned into a sort of restaurant for the whole of the colony, 600 of the patients dining there every day, and the food for all the houses in the immediate neighbourhood being cooked there. The women and girls are entirely under the care of the Deaconesses, some fifty of whom are stationed in the colony.

The pleasantest part of Bethel—the one, too, in which, perhaps, the most valuable work is being done—is that set aside for children. The brightness and gaiety which prevail there are simply indescribable. Far from being depressed by their affliction, the little patients seem to look at life through glasses of even brighter rose than healthy children. They are more excitable, more keenly alert, more easily moved by every passing emotion. They literally dance with delight at the merest trifles, and make their playground ring with peals of the merriest laughter. Not but that there are specks in the sunshine even there, for on one and all the fell disease casts its shadow. There are wild outbursts of grief just when the games go most gaily, heart-breaking sobs of which no one knows the cause. In the midst of a class, a bright, intelligent girl falls to the ground a shrieking maniac; a boy, beaming with light-hearted fun, lifts his bat, and in a trice he is a thing strong men might shrink from. Wherever these children may be, whether at work or at play, some guardian must always be at hand, for no one knows the moment at which they may be stricken. About 150 children are now attending the schools in Bethel. There they are thoroughly well taught according to their capacity. Some of them learn with quite marvellous quickness; but, unfortunately, they forget what they learn with equal speed. The greatest care is taken in cultivating any talent they may possess; and special importance is

attached to their acquiring dexterity in the use of their fingers. When they have passed through the ordinary course of study, they are sent to a sort of technical school, where they are regularly trained for some handicraft which will enable them later to take their place as self-supporting colonists.

It is noteworthy that none of the children who have been brought up in Bethel have ever lost their reason, at least not so long as they have remained in the institution. Indeed, the medical statistics prove that not 3 per cent. of the epileptic patients, of all ages, who take up their permanent residence in the colony, become insane. Unfortunately, 30 per cent. of them are already imbecile when they arrive, and of these very few recover their senses. This success in warding off insanity is not so much the result of any special medical treatment the patients receive in Bethel, as of their being kept steadily at work, and being preserved from all unwholesome excitement. But cheering as the medical reports on the condition of the patients are in one respect, in another they are decidedly depressing. The investigations into the causes and symptoms of epilepsy which have been carried on in Bethel have led to the adoption of remedies by which the sufferings it entails are materially lessened, but, so far at least, no cure for the disease has been discovered. By submitting to the conditions of life as arranged in the colony, epilepsy may be rendered dormant for years; those suffering from it may, for all practical purposes, become as able as their fellows; but the taint of the disease still remains. Worry or excitement may at any time lead to a return of the disorder. Out of 3300 patients treated in Bethel, only 228 were dismissed as cured, and even of these several were obliged later to return to the institution.

Great hopes are entertained by the managers of Bethel that in time the colony may become self-supporting. So far, however, its expenses have been twice as great as its regular income. During the year 1890 there were 1277 patients in Bethel, 1073 of whom were there on January 1, 1891. Of these, the first class paid £100 a year, the second class £50, and the third class £21 a year or less. These terms include board, lodging, and medical attendance for all classes, as well as clothing and washing for the third class. Only 25 per cent. of the patients belong to the first and second classes, and the remaining 75 per cent. to the third class. Although theoretically the terms for the lowest class are £21 a year, as no one is refused admittance merely because he cannot pay the fees, the majority of those belonging to it pay considerably less, and many of them nothing at all. During the year 1890 the patients, roughly speaking, paid, on an average, £12 per head; whereas they cost, on an average, £25 per head. The working expenses of the colony for that year were £31,155, whilst the fees paid by the patients amount only to £12,351. To this amount must

be added the value of the articles produced in the colony and sold—viz., £3452. At the end of the year there would thus have been a deficit of £15,352, if outside aid had not been given. The Provincial Stände, which send their pauper imbeciles to Bethel, however, voted a contribution of £2,838, and £12,260 was raised by voluntary subscriptions. £3452 does not, of course, represent the full value of the work done by the colonists in the course of a year. Their labour is in a great measure embodied in the real property now held by the institution, in the 2000 acres of land which have been brought under cultivation, and the various houses and other buildings which have been erected in the colony, together with their furniture, &c. Much of this real property is the produce of epileptic labour, and its value is estimated at £133,429. If Bethel had restricted its enterprise to farming and market gardening, its balance-sheet would no doubt be more satisfactory reading; but, on the other hand, its usefulness as an institution would have been impaired. The colony was established as a philanthropic experiment, and as such it is a brilliant success. Those responsible for its management have acted wisely in choosing to postpone indefinitely the day of its economic independence, rather than sacrifice, in the slightest degree, the interests of the sufferers under their care.

The colony is at present in a most flourishing state, and it is increasing in size and usefulness from year to year. The village itself is charming, with its quaintly formed, bright-coloured houses, which stand out in bold relief from the dark forest behind them. The Church, the headquarters of the Westphalian Brothers, and Sarepta, the home of the Deaconesses, are quite imposing buildings; and there are also public baths, a hospital, a museum, and even a savings bank. Hermon and Bethany, the cottages reserved for first-class patients, are most attractive abodes; they stand in the midst of beautiful gardens, and have lawn-tennis courts attached. It is, however, the air of general prosperity about the place which renders it so delightful. All the people are well clothed, well fed, too, as one may see by their faces. All sorts and conditions of men are there, all hard at work—at work, too, with their hands, be they princes or beggars. That is the law as of the Medes and Persians: there is no “leisured” class in Bethel. It is this incessant work and bustle that makes the village so cheerful. The people have no time to brood, no time to wonder why their lot should be cast thus apart from their fellows. Considering their condition, it is startling to note the expression of content—nay, happiness—on the faces of many of these colonists; even the imbeciles amongst them seem at least to have found rest. Of course it is not always thus; ghastly scenes are witnessed from time to time; and here and there—but only in those hidden nooks remote from other dwellings—one comes across a some-

thing that is hardly human. These eleven hundred colonists form a wonderfully united little community. The sense of their common affliction seems to draw them very close together, whilst the knowledge of their own dependence teaches them to be ever ready to give a helping hand—to give it, too, gently, tenderly. Epileptics have a terrible cross to bear at the best; but in Bethel it is lighter than elsewhere. In the world such people are burdens on the labour of others, pariahs whom all men shun; in their own colony, however, they are respected citizens doing good work in the world, and living upon terms of equality and sympathy with their fellows.

EDITH SELLERS.

DEMOCRACY AND OUR OLD UNIVERSITIES.

THERE are several tendencies in the present day which lead one to suppose that before long the position and privileges of our old universities will have to come once again under searching review, and will probably have to submit to a stringent revision. Three of these tendencies are sufficiently marked and important to be briefly denoted, though perhaps, as they are all the outcome of the modern democratic spirit, they need hardly be strongly differentiated. The first of them is the education movement, of which the Board schools, University Extension classes, technical education, the demand for secondary and intermediate education, and the Public Free Libraries, are the various signs: this tendency means that men recognise more and more the value of education, and intend to bring education more within the means and reach of all. Another tendency is that which may be called the revolt against privilege, and which claims that the public Services shall be open to all, and not kept, as they have long been, and still are to a too large extent, as the preserves of the nobility and wealthy classes; many posts are practically only open to those who can pay for the education which they presuppose, or can afford to wait for the opportunity when it arises. Democracy will not be content till the line of stepping-stones leads clear, without any gaps, from the Board school to the Horse Guards, Trinity House, and the Privy Council. The third tendency, which makes in the same direction, is that which gives force and cogency to the word "disestablishment." It is not that the Church of England is not growing in energy and genuine philanthropy every year; it is not that Dissenters envy the rich endowments and the high political and social places belonging to the richest Church in Christendom; it is not even that the comparatively few disabilities under which Nonconformists still

labour excite great popular sympathy. But the feeling of the democracy is, and must increasingly continue to be, that the Church of England has an exclusive use of what is national property, is a great cause of dissension in religion by its refusal to co-operate with other religious bodies, always sides with the party that is thwarting democracy, and is in a word incompatible with democratic progress.

Incompatible with democratic progress ! That is just what the old universities are also, not only because the weight of the Church as by law established is more heavily felt there than almost anywhere else, unless it be in a small rural parish where squire and parson are uniting "to stamp out Dissent," but because the universities and the colleges are privileged corporations, more or less close, in which, spite of all University Commissions, the Tests Act and new statutes, the dead hand of past ages is more strong than the living breath of modern progress. The question, therefore, arises : Can these old universities, which are now incompatible with democratic progress, be made consonant with the progressive element in our national life ? The question whether they ought so to be altered in character, if such alteration be at all possible, need not detain us ; for nothing is more certain than this, that democracy regards as her own the national institutions and treasures which the past has set up and collected, and in future will use them as seems best for the people at large.

There is another consideration, also, which makes it advisable to ask what is to be the future of the universities. To those who hope and believe that the Church of England is to be disestablished before long, it is a matter of sincere desire that when that event comes the universities shall not be handed over to the disestablished Church to dominate, even under limited conditions : this is what happened with Trinity College, Dublin, on the disestablishment of the Irish Church. It is hardly likely to happen again. Nevertheless, it is surely one of those questions which should be considered early, for it is one which should certainly not be decided on the spur of the moment, nor left to the Government that will be in power at the time to settle as it chooses, without any expression of popular opinion and without any adequate discussion.

The past progress, present position, and future prospects of the old Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the universities *par excellence* of England, I shall make no excuse for illustrating by reference solely to my own University of Oxford. It will be a gain generally, on account of clearness and continuity, to deal with one university only ; while, since the two great universities are so parallel in their history, their constitution, their work, and above all in their position in, and relation to, the national life, conclusions to which we may come concerning the one will hold almost without modification when applied to the other.

It must never be forgotten, in discussing the past and present of Oxford or Cambridge, that the university and most of its colleges were originally ecclesiastical institutions, dating from the time when there was complete communion and accord between the Church of England and the Papacy. The colleges were originally, like the old hospitals, eleemosynary establishments, and, like the monasteries, under a common rule of life, and intended primarily for religious purposes. From the original statutes of the colleges, moreover, it is abundantly clear that they were in many cases founded "*ad studendum*"—*i.e.*, with the idea that the inmates should devote themselves to study, not to teaching. Their founders desired their inmates to acquire more learning themselves, but did not require them to impart more learning to others. After the Reformation, the compromise between Catholicism and Protestantism, which is the basis of the Book of Common Prayer and the Church of England, was fully reflected in the university and its colleges. The old statutes were retained and professedly respected, but practices which those statutes enjoined were disregarded. The universities remained, indeed, the nursery of the clergy and the headquarters of ecclesiastical learning, but as the Anglican Church now professes to be both Catholic and Protestant, and is really neither, but only Anglican, so the universities then professed to be national and religious, but were neither, and only academic. In 1850 their position had become incompatible with the England of Free Trade; and the Royal Commission appointed that year as the Oxford University Commission, while a similar Commission was appointed for Cambridge, was the recognition of this fact.

This Royal Commission was presided over by Bishop Stanley of Norwich, while his son, afterwards to be known as Dean Stanley, was appointed secretary. Their report, which was concluded after eighteen months' hard work, is to be found in a bulky volume containing a large amount of most interesting information, opinions, and conclusions, which to the historian of the university make it a veritable storehouse of knowledge. It is curious to see that some of the colleges at that day found it either convenient or consistent with their prejudices to refuse to the Commission any information, though the Royal Commission was appointed by the Queen "to inquire into the state, discipline, studies, and revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford." Such a high-handed answer to her Majesty's Commission is not, perhaps, surprising, if we realise that only a hundred years before the university was deeply tainted with sedition against the illustrious house of Hanover, and that up to that time there had been nothing to teach the Dons of Oxford that

they held their high positions and easy emoluments as a public trust, not as a private heirloom. The University Act of 1854 (17 and 18 Vict. cap. 81) followed on that Commission's report, and was a measure which, as we think of the opposition it received and the vested interests it attacked, should make us thankful indeed for the courage, the practical wisdom, and the popular instincts of its author, Lord John Russell. It was the present leader of the Tory party, Lord Salisbury, who mainly distinguished himself as an opponent of it in the House of Commons; and his recent biographer, Mr. H. D. Traill, speaks of this very moderate measure, which was really only remarkable for acknowledging that the universities exist for the nation, and not for the Dons of the various colleges, as "the beginning of that course of academic horticulture which has uprooted a few weeds of comparatively harmless abuse to plant and rear a crop of noxious crochets in their place."

The effect which the Oxford University Act of 1854 had on the constitution of the university and colleges may be understood if a short account is given of the main provisions of that statute. It created, in the first place, a body of Commissioners, under whom the changes enjoined were to be brought about, and who had power to confirm, amend, or reject the statutes of reform which the colleges were to make for themselves. But its chief direct object, apart from the new statutes which it enjoined on the colleges to make, was to change the constitution by which the internal government of the university was carried on. Previous to 1854 the administrative power of the university had been vested since 1631 in the so-called Hebdomadal Board, an institution attributed to Archbishop Laud, and consisting of the heads of houses and the proctors. This was, of course, an unrepresentative body. In 1854 it gave place to the Hebdomadal Council, which is a body consisting of twenty-three members, of whom eighteen are elected by the congregation of the university. The House of Congregation is the name by which an old institution has long existed and still exists, being left untouched in its ancient form by the Act of 1854. Though an integral part of the university, its present function is solely to grant degrees. The body known as the Congregation of the University of Oxford was created by the Act of 1854, and consists, to speak roughly, of the heads of colleges, professors, and the resident Masters of Arts and Doctors of the university. This body may be considered the legislative force of the university, though its power of initiating legislation and of discussion are under certain limitations and restrictions. Finally, the House of Convocation was left in the same position by the Act of 1854 as it held previously. This body consists of all the Masters of Arts and Doctors who are on the books of any college or hall or of the unattached students.

It is this body, scattered over the country, not necessarily in touch with the university or knowing anything of its present condition or needs, that formally and finally concludes every act of business and passes every statute that the university in its corporate capacity effects or enacts. It also has the right of electing to nearly all the offices in the gift of the university, and Convocation elects the members of Parliament who are supposed to represent the university, but really represent the country clergy, whose touch with the university has ceased save in so far as they retain their names on the books of their colleges. The same body elects the clergymen for presentation to the benefices in the gift of the university.

It will be seen that the Act of 1854 proceeded in its dealings with the university on two principles: first, that the State had a right to step in and reform and regulate the administration of the university, and secondly, that the university ought to be allowed along certain lines to control its own affairs and order its own development. It may be said that these principles were by no means new: this is true, but they received then a new application and a wider recognition—just what they should receive afresh to-day.

It is even more noticeable in the legislation of the Oxford University Act of 1854 how very stringent were the changes wrought, when one turns to see what it did to affect the colleges of the university. In this connection section 24 of the Act is significant, making the oaths illegal, which had hitherto been so frequently taken by members of the university, "not to disclose any matter or thing relating to his college," and "to resist any change in the statutes of the university or college." Again, colleges were allowed and counselled to amend their statutes with the object of making the headships, fellowships, and scholarships conferable more according to personal merits and fitness, and of increasing the number of scholarships and exhibitions. The Act also contained a very significant clause, which declared that "no person who after the passing of this Act shall become a member of any college . . . shall be deemed to have acquired or possess" a vested interest in his college position or emoluments.

Two other points in this Act are worth remembrance. First, the power to alter the conditions of trusts was granted to the university, subject, of course, to the assent of the Commissioners: this recognised clearly the principle that modern progress may justly demand the rearrangement of ancient endowments, and that it is unreasonable to respect for ever the wills and intentions of pious founders. The other point is, that section 43 of the Oxford University Act of 1854 made it unnecessary to take any oath or make any declaration on matriculating in the university; hence it became possible to study but not to graduate at the university without professing oneself a member

of the Church of England and subscribing to its XXXIX. Articles; signing the Articles was only imposed as necessary before any student could take his degree or become a fellow of his college. It is not to be wondered that this grudging admission to study at the university, granted to those not of the Anglican communion, was hardly utilised, and that until the passing of the University Tests Act in 1871 the university remained an exclusive denominational institution.

Just this point formed the next position captured in the progress of reform, and the University Tests Act, 1871 (34 and 35 Victoria, cap. 26) was passed, as its title declares, "to alter the law respecting religious tests in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham, and in the halls and colleges of those universities." The preamble of this Act is remarkable, for it fully recognises that principle, which the defenders of the universities as sectarian institutions are constantly denying--viz., that "the benefits of the universities should be freely accessible to the nation." The chief provisions of this statute are contained in clauses 3, 4, 5, and 6. Clause 3 declares that persons holding lay degrees or holding lay academical and collegiate offices are not to be required to subscribe to any religious test; clause 4 prevents the interference with the lawfully established system of religious instruction, worship, and discipline, in the universities and colleges; clause 5 goes further, and enacts that the governing body of every college shall provide sufficient religious instruction for all its members *in statu pupillari* belonging to the Established Church; and clause 6 provides that morning and evening prayer, according to the use of the Book of Common Prayer, shall be said or sung daily in all college chapels. These clauses are all significant in showing that the Church of England is regarded as the lawfully established institution in the university, and *par excellence* the religious body of the colleges; while disagreement from that body is not recognised as reasonable, only permitted as inevitable. Supposing that all the governing body of a college and all the undergraduates were, say, Jews, Roman Catholics, or Methodists, the college could not provide any religious instruction or worship consistent with the religious views and wishes of the whole college; and if all the members of the college but one undergraduate were Jews, Romans, or Methodists, and that one were a Churchman, the college would have to provide religious instruction and services for that one, and could not provide them for all the rest. This is no doubt the supposition of an extremely unlikely circumstance; but it sufficiently shows the dominant position of a single section of the Church in the national universities. The same thing is shown in a well-known and keenly felt grievance--viz., that the theological degrees of the universities are only open to the clergy, and any English Nonconformist divine who places the letters D.D. or B.D. after his name takes the

right to do so from some Scotch, American, or Continental university, not from either of the great English universities. This grievance is the more real, since at Cambridge there have been several cases of distinguished theologians who have been recognised as such by receiving professorship, readership, or fellowship, but who cannot bear the honoured degree of Doctor of Divinity. At Oxford two institutions have lately arisen, Mansfield College and Manchester New College, which impose no religious tests on their students, nor on most of their teachers, whose members are all members of the university, and have in a remarkable measure been successful in carrying off the university theological prizes; yet these distinguished alumni of the university, who become Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, or Unitarian ministers, however learned, pious, or otherwise distinguished, can in no case receive the theological degrees of the university in which they have been trained, and on which is reflected the credit of their learning or of their virtues.

The last University Commission at Oxford—that appointed by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act, 1877—needs but a brief notice. It was a most important and on the whole a most liberalising set of changes which were enacted by it. But they were none of them changes of very great magnitude singly; it was in the aggregate that they were weighty and valuable. The working of this Act depended, as did that of the Act of 1854, on the appointment of Commissioners, to whom was entrusted the power of making new statutes and repealing and altering old statutes for the university and for any college or hall. The new statutes thus made included very many and various provisions, the general tendency of which was decidedly liberal: this may be gathered from the facts, that Lord Selborne, chairman of the Oxford University Commissioners resigned his position before the Commission's labours were complete, being dissatisfied with some of the innovations made. The abolition of clerical headships of colleges and of the necessity of remaining celibate in order to hold a fellowship, the creation of the so-called prize-fellowships, and the making colleges contribute to the establishment and endowment of several new university professors were the chief outcome of the Commission.

II.

After having thus traced in outline the main steps in the progress of university reform at Oxford, let us look at the present position of the university. This can be done by considering the audited and published accounts of the university and the colleges. By this course we can review the way in which, and the cost at which, the university does its work.

The gross income of the university (apart from the colleges) is about £65,000 per annum; the expenditure of this income includes

the following sums: £9868 on professors, £2389 on readers, £4775 on examiners, assessors, and invigilators, £1165 on the university police, £5449 on interest and sinking fund on loans, £1130 on printing, £18,947 on institutions and public buildings.* These items cover a large part, though not the whole, of the internal expenditure of the university. A further examination of them, in no great detail, will show how the university is worked.

Nearly £10,000 for about fifty professors does not seem extravagant, averaging only £200 each. But it must not be forgotten, first, that some professors do not even reside in Oxford, many more do little teaching or lecturing, while most are fellows of some college, or have some other position in the university, which means an increase, small or large, in their emoluments—*c.g.*, out of the chapter fund of Christ Church (£15,000 per annum) five theological professors receive very large stipends, which do not appear at all in the university accounts.

The £2389 which is paid for the services of about fourteen readers is an amount which cannot be grudged. Some of the readers are really doing professors' work, and some of them are men whose scholarship, research, and ability have given them the widest reputation. The late Dr. Hatch, for instance, never held a professorship of any kind in the university, but only a readership; yet I found, when visiting the universities of Germany some years ago, that he was the only Oxford theologian who had at that time a European reputation.

Concerning the £4775 to examiners and others it may be noted that the examination fees charged amount in the same year to £5621, so that the university makes a substantial profit on its examinations. As to the £1165 for the university police, those acquainted with the university will wonder how so large an amount is spent presumably on the "bull dogs" who attend the proctors in their nocturnal perambulations, while those unfamiliar with university life will wonder why the university needs police at all. The amount paid as interest and sinking fund on loans—*viz.*, £5119—is not at all to be complained of, considering the magnificent buildings which Oxford has seen erected in recent years as new examination schools and as laboratories and museums. The sum of £1130 for printing will appear rather extravagant, even when account is taken of the numerous notices, lists of examinations, &c., which are printed up in every college, and most of which no one reads.

The enormous item of £18,947 for institutions and public buildings includes some of the best work of the university, for under this heading appear the museum, the scientific departments and laboratories, the university galleries, the parks, the botanic garden, and

* The figures of income and expenditure are throughout taken from the published "abstracts of accounts for 1890" (Oxford University Press, 1891); shillings and pence have been omitted, and occasionally, for sake of clearness, only round numbers given.

many other buildings—in fact, all the great institutions and departments which make Oxford probably the most magnificently appointed university which the world has ever seen. But though no one can grudge the institutions of the university being well maintained, yet there can appear little doubt, even to any one who looks through the published accounts, and none at all to any one who knows these institutions personally, that an enormous amount is spent in maintenance, and very little indeed in making the collections more perfect or the institutions more effectively and widely useful. This might be illustrated by reference to nearly every institution in the list: I shall, however, only refer to one, but that shall be the greatest and most important of all—viz., the Bodleian Library.

The Bodleian Library is in many ways unique, and its peculiar attractions are known to all scholars. The expenditure upon it for 1890 was nearly £8000. Of this sum not quite £2000, about one-quarter only, went in purchases of books and manuscripts. This sum is perfectly inadequate to keep the great library up to the standard which it should maintain: it may be urged that, besides the Bodleian Library, each college has its library; nevertheless, considering the very small amount expended on those college libraries, the very small use of which most of them are, and the way in which the various colleges have neglected the arrangement made some years back, by which they undertook to develop their several libraries in certain particular or specialist directions, the Bodleian Library ought to be maintained by far better and larger purchases than at present. It receives, of course, about 10,000 volumes, all the published books of Great Britain, every year, without payment, under the Copyright Acts; but to the British Museum Library are added annually about 35,000 volumes, in addition to the 10,000 which it receives under the Copyright Acts, and, taking this number as some approximation to the number of new foreign books, from which an academical library has to choose, it may be safely inferred that the Bodleian Library does not pretend to keep itself supplied with the chief works of academic interest published on the Continent or elsewhere. But indeed no such inference is necessary; for have not the best authorities and scholars of the university complained quite openly of the neglect and niggardliness pursued in reference to the Bodleian Library? The last event in the struggle against this reactionary and obscurantist policy took place a very few months ago, when Professor Max Müller, the most learned and widely famous man now in Oxford, was defeated, when he was a candidate for the post of curator of the Bodleian Library, by a clergyman who owed his position in his college and in the university to a personal privilege, and who was pushed forward as a champion of the reactionary and clerical obscurantism which still reigns so powerfully in Oxford.

The impression that the great wealth of Oxford produces far less in

actual results than ought to be expected is confirmed when one passes from an examination of the university finances to those of the colleges. For the sake of convenience and comparison the following table may be found useful; it shows at a glance the immense wealth and some of the chief items of expenditure of the colleges of Oxford:

TABLE I.

College.	Gross Income.	University Purposes.	College Library.	Aggregate Amount paid to Fellows, and number of same.	Aggregate Amount for Scholars (or Exhibitioners), and number of same.	Tuition.
University	£13,191	£152	£85	£2,655 for 11	£1,633 for 26	£2,400
Baillol	18,451	111	200	2,170 " 13	7,031 " 59	3,115
Merton	20,020	2,653	229	4,293 " 18	1,947 " 28	2,301
Exeter	14,002	99	379	1,833 " 9	3,292 " 38	2,685
Oriel	17,795	450	133	1,945 " 14	1,289 " 16	1,787
Queen's	30,232	450	228	4,074 " 14	1,545 " 34	2,290
New College	47,334	1,449	105	5,371 " 24	3,321 " 30	4,431
Lincoln	10,607	—	55	2,895 " 10	2,786 for 33	1,742
All Souls	27,555	3,771	559	6,506 " 35	1,273 " 18	—
Magdalen	50,002	3,022	149	6,023 " 24	2,514 " 30	2,600
Brasenose	19,863	473	155	2,775 " 13	1,010 " 12	2,580
Corpus Christi	21,276	2,216	125	2,820 " 12	1,962 " 27	1,800
Christ Church	75,680	2,982	101	5,351 " 20	1,653 " 45	4,688
Trinity	18,104	76	97	2,481 " 11	1,380 " 16	3,424
St. John's	28,277	193	178	3,318 " 16	2,602 " 20	1,983
Jesus	17,709	687	403	2,771 " 10	1,872 " 20	1,896
Wadham	10,804	164	59	1,220 " 8	1,250 " 15	2,086
Pembroke	8,254	74	59	1,612 " 8	1,775 " 25	1,255
Worcester	9,260	43	199	900 " 9	1,054 " 15	2,107
Hertford	6,679	15	—	1,345 " 17	381 " 30	1,473
20 Colleges	£375,254	£12,710	£3,798	£62,933 for 306	£40,173 for 511	£16,722

A few comments on this table are necessary. The gross annual income of the colleges, nearly half a million sterling, will surprise some, and ought to be full of hope to all who look for a time when our great national resources are utilised in a more efficient and more popular spirit. At the same time it must be remembered that much of the income of the colleges comes from agricultural estates, which are perforce costly in management, and at present suffering from the general agricultural depression.

The column in Table I. giving the various amounts contributed by the colleges to university purposes shows an aggregate of over £19,000. It must not be overlooked that this sum is counted again in the £65,000 which has been quoted as the gross income of the university. The amounts contributed by the colleges to university purposes vary greatly, £3771 being contributed by All Souls and nothing by Lincoln. It must not for a moment be supposed that it is a great virtue in All Souls to contribute so much, this contribution of £3771 being due to the late University Commission, which allowed that college exceptional privileges, and exacted in return this and other concessions. Similarly, the absence of a contribution from Lincoln is not due to its unwillingness to pay, but to its poverty.

The third column shows what the colleges return as the expenditure on their libraries. Of the unsatisfactory condition and progress of the college libraries mention has already been made: this list, showing that the aggregate sum spent by the colleges on their libraries is well under £1000, amply bears out the contention that they are neglected. In the case of the Bodleian Library, it was seen that only one-fourth of the expenditure went in the purchase of books and manuscripts. If only one-fourth of the less than £4000 spent by the colleges on their libraries goes in purchases, then the colleges are not spending £1000 a year among them in keeping their libraries up to the standard, at which they should aim, of being abreast of modern research and learning. It is perhaps as well that the full details of their library expenditure are not given in the accounts of the colleges; one is thus enabled to give them the benefit of the doubt, and to hope—what is most unlikely—that the great university, which has an aggregate income of about half a million a year, spends altogether £6000, about one eighty-fourth part of its income, in adding to the libraries, that should be its armouries of learning.

The column in Table I. which shows the amounts paid to, and the numbers of, the fellows of colleges, reveals the fact that on the average the mere fellowship is worth about £200 a year. But this average is often largely exceeded, as apparently at Lincoln, or falls far short of realisation, as at Worcester, where the average seems to be only £100 for each fellow. Though the average seems no great sum,

and far less than most persons would associate with the idea of "a fat fellowship," nevertheless the total sum expended under this head, £62,838, for little over 300 fellows, is very great: and when it is remembered that many fellows have enjoyed their fellowships for thirty years or more and have done little or no work at all for their privileges, that many fellows are men of large private means, and that many get large incomes from college and university appointments as tutors, chaplains, examiners, lecturers, and in many other capacities, it is no hazardous statement to say that the position and privileges of the fellows need as much reconsideration and revision as most other features of the colleges of Oxford.

The aggregate amount, £40,173, for 511 scholars, shows that the average value of a scholarship is £74 a year: of these figures it need only be observed that when the cost of living at the university is made more reasonable, when the university itself becomes more democratic, no doubt the scholarships may be reduced in amount of value and increased in number, and with entirely good results. It should be remembered that many scholarships carry free tuition, free rooms in college, and in some cases other privileges—the money total paid to scholars does not represent nearly all the benefits which they receive.

Concerning the amount paid for tuition—i.e., to tutors for instructing the undergraduates of the colleges—it need only be remarked, first, that of course most of this amount goes into the pockets of the fellows of the colleges, and a return, if it could be obtained, showing the amounts received under this heading by all members of the university, would show many a Don to be getting a good income from this source; secondly, that the colleges which do not show good results in the Honours Lists of the university seem to spend as much in tuition as those that do. But the whole question of tuition at our universities is so largely educational, and so much bound up with the discussion as to the merits and proper place of professorial and tutorial education, that it cannot be further entered into here.

Table I., showing in a general way what the colleges do in endowing and advancing education, may well be followed by another—Table II.—showing some of the less severely educational aspects of the work of the Oxford colleges.

The various columns of this table speak for themselves, but a few remarks on them will not be superfluous. The heads of nineteen colleges receive (column B) £23,124, or about £1232 each on the average—a quite extravagant endowment of men, who in the great majority of cases do the most perfunctory duties. It will be said of course that the heads of colleges have to entertain visitors and to keep up a dignified position in society, but that is no justification of amounts altogether extravagant for duties altogether easy. Proof of

this is afforded by the fact that the Master of Balliol, who is without question the most notable of all the present heads of colleges at Oxford, and who leads and entertains the best society, receives only £628 per annum, by far the lowest amount given to any head of a college on the list, and absolutely £604 less than the average amount received by all the others !

TABLE II.

Colleges.	Gross Income.	Head of College.	Number of Livings, with Amounts paid in Augmentations of Benefices.	Table Allowances.	College Entertainments.	Maintenance.
	A.	B.	C.	D.	E.	F.
University . . .	£15,191	£1,080	7, 282	663	£15	£339
Balliol . . .	18,451	628	18, 22	—	221	791
Merton . . .	29,020	1,500	19, 626	177	79	914
Exeter . . .	14,092	1,100	10, 97	133	70	567
Oriel . . .	17,795	1,111	15, 200	291	80	685
Queen's . . .	30,232	1,118	26, 17	—	184	1,913
New College . . .	47,331	1,950	42, 2,805	215	225	570
Lincoln . . .	10,607	609	9, 39	72	91	319
All Souls . . .	27,555	1,500	15, 150	368	220	250
Magdalen . . .	50,902	1,800	40, 1,311	257	162	206
Brasenose . . .	19,863	1,500	28, 126	105	127	291
Corpus Christi . . .	21,276	1,500	17, —	69	84	308
Christ Church . . .	75,680	—	92, 1,139	216	162	1,112
Trinity . . .	18,101	1,200	9, 196	84	53	25
St. John's . . .	28,277	1,460	33, 20	138	204	753
Jesus . . .	17,709	930	20, 360	105	21	352
Wadham . . .	10,861	1,105	12, 17	—	36	412
Pembroke . . .	8,251	800	8, 19	41	85	175
Worcester . . .	9,260	7,500	10, 70	61	37	237
Hertford . . .	6,679	1,000	10, —	—	—	198
	£475,254	£23,121	440, £7,196	£2,405	£2,156	£10,423

The number of livings in the gift of each college is set out (in column C) with the amount paid as "payments to vicars and augmentation of benefices"; the number of Oxford college livings—from various reasons an exact number cannot be given—is, roughly speaking, 440, the stipends of which are augmented by £7496 per annum, which the colleges pay to the incumbents of these livings; these augmentations amount on the average to a donation of £18 a year to each college living. This is very generous, but one wonders whether the Earl of Lonsdale with his forty-three livings, or the Marquis of Ailesbury with his eleven livings, or the Duke of Marlborough with his nine livings, is equally generous in the way of augmenting the stipends of the clergy whom they appoint. In connection with this point it must be remembered that the colleges spend thousands of pounds annually in gifts to the churches and schools attached to these college livings, so that the £18 a year, by which each college living may be "augmented," cannot be taken as

help for the work of the clergy, and must be regarded as so much college property, which should be used for education in the university, but which is permitted to be given away to men who in almost every case have not for years done anything for their college or for university education.

The lists of the amounts spent by the Oxford colleges on Table Allowances, College Entertainments, and under that comprehensive term Maintenance (columns D, E, F, Table II.), show that over £1500 is spent in what we may call "dining," and just £15,000 in maintenance, entertainments, and the table. It will be said that out of respect to Oxford traditions, the memory and the intentions of pious founders, and the dignity of university life, this is not unreasonable. It can only be replied to this that it is utterly unjustifiable for the colleges of Oxford to spend £700 a year more on their tables and their entertainments than they do on their libraries. This is all the more incontestably so when one looks into the accounts further, for it there appears that one college (Queen's) puts down a loss on kitchen of £200 under its payments, which is, of course, equivalent to a table allowance; and besides the amount of payments set down in each college's accounts for maintenance, there are invariably large payments set down against maintenance and repair of buildings, college servants, rates, taxes, insurance, building fund, so that the great marvel is what is left for this term Maintenance to include, and the still greater-marvel is how it can possibly reach to over £10,000.

But this £10,000, and even the £15,000 which is reached by adding to it the costs of the table allowances and entertainments, in no way conveys the amount of money spent by the Oxford colleges in the amenities of life to the loss of true education. Almost every college could tell a tale of more money going in ways far from strictly educational: the published accounts give an occasional clue at times: thus, Christ Church spends £65 on its stables; Balliol, £27 on its common room; Merton spends £17 on "other internal expenditure"; University spends £6 16s. on plate; Queen's spends £204 on "sundries." Lastly, another opportunity of spending money by the colleges on objects which are only educational in a very secondary sense is in chapel services and choir fund: under this head New College spends over £2000 a year, and Magdalen very nearly £3000 annually.*

III.

Can this administration of the university and its colleges, pleasant though it be in so many aspects, be expected to remain unchanged in the face of the rising democratic spirit of the age?

* Will any one declare that Magdalen, which spends about twenty times as much as Balliol on chapel services, is twenty times as religious as Balliol?

It will be urged by the defenders of the *status quo*, who plead so pathetically—and illogically—for allowing our dear old universities to remain what their pious founders intended them to be, that much of this extravagant expenditure on other than educational purposes is due to a laudable desire to follow old tradition and usage, and to realise the idea that these colleges are the training-homes of England's gentry and the Alma Mater of England's bishops and clergy; as such the colleges must be kept up as the homes of gentlemen, not with the severe economy of an industrial school. The answer to this is short: so long as this view prevails to such an extent as it prevails to-day in the common rooms of Oxford, just so long will the universities be out of touch with the democratic spirit of the age.

There is another argument upon which the privileges of the colleges, and from the privileges the extravagant expenditure is of course inseparable, are defended: it is that so long as the statutes of the colleges are observed, and the objects for which the colleges were founded are respected, the State and the public have no right either to complain or to interfere. How utterly inapplicable such an argument is may be shown by taking the single instance of All Souls College: by their original statutes the fellows of this college were to be "poor and indigent," were to attend chapel five times on Sundays, and every Friday and Saturday throughout the year to chant the Burial Service and the Requiem for the Dead, &c. ! That the Catholic and religious services enjoined are now optional may be passed over, but the intention of the founder that the college should be for the poor and indigent ought not to have been so lightly disregarded. How it is now observed may be judged from the fact that out of about 130 names on the books of All Souls about thirty, or nearly one-quarter, are names of titled persons ! Can any one plead for allowing this college to go unreformed on the ground of respect to the pious founder's intentions ?

Surely these facts are enough to found a basis for the contention that if democracy is to become the dominant spirit of our constitution, of our government, and our social life, the old universities will have to submit to sweeping changes, and will have to accept remodelling on democratic lines. What those lines ought exactly to be is another question; the plea put forward in this article is simply for democratising the old universities. But in conclusion it may be permitted to point out, tentatively, several ways in which the change might be wrought; a few such suggestions will go a long way towards showing that to make the old universities more democratic will neither make their life less beautiful nor depose them from their position as the training-homes of our leading citizens.

The two University Commissions of 1850 and 1877, and the legislation in connection with them, which have so altered the

universities for good during the last forty years, might be followed either by a standing University Commission. or by the establishment of an Education Office, under a Minister of Education ; the University Commission or the Education Office should be as progressive in its policy as the Education Department is now in dealing with elementary education ; and a similar, though less rigid, superintendence of the educational work of the universities and colleges should be exercised by the Education Office or the University Commission, like that now exercised by the Education Department over the work of our primary schools. Many ways in which this might be done without destroying the independence or individuality of the universities or colleges will suggest themselves—(1), the expenditure on purposes external to education might be limited, the prize fellowships might be coupled with a condition that certain work be done or certain results shown by the holders, the emoluments of heads of colleges, professors, and tutors might be reviewed with the object of seeing that those who really do the work get the pay, and not those who do not do it.

The three great advances along the path of democracy which the old universities have taken during the last forty years are the admission of unattached or non collegiate students, the abolition of religious tests, and the University Extension movement. Each of these advances must be followed up further. Students must be admitted to, and allowed to study at, the universities whenever they show that they are serious in their desire for knowledge, and they must be allowed to graduate even though they have not acquired that rudimentary knowledge of Greek which is sufficient to pass them through "Little-go" or "Mods," but quite insufficient to enable them to appreciate the masterpieces of Greek literature in the original. The principle of unsectarian teaching must be carried further by allowing the theological professorships to be held by men of any creed, and theological degrees to be obtained by any students who are worthy of them, even although they are not clergymen of the Anglican Church. The University Extension movement must be recognised as an integral part of university work, and the university must not only contribute men and funds to this purpose much more liberally than heretofore, but some method must be found to make the University Extension student in a real measure a member of the university ; or, at least, certificates must be given to University Extension students, which will represent an actual value in seeking appointments in the Civil Service, under local authorities, and in elementary schools. It need hardly be added that a true democracy will admit women equally with men to the advantages of university life and culture.

There are many other directions in which an intelligent democracy may be expected to remodel our universities. It will insist on the universities affording as much the stepping-stones to a mercantile

career, to the engineer's office, to the life of an agriculturist or a scientific man, as it does at present to the Church, the Bar, or the schoolmaster's profession. It must be the home, not only of classical learning and academic studies, but of practical and technical teaching. The French schools of agriculture and the German schools of forestry are institutions the like of which might be grafted on to our university life. Yet again, the old universities must be brought more into line with the other universities. Any member of the Universities of Durham or Cambridge may be incorporated into the University of Oxford, but the members of London or Victoria Universities, however brilliant their attainments or degrees, have no such privileges. An institution like Lampeter College, again, finds favours in the eyes of Oxford University which are not extended to Owens College or our great colonial universities.

On such lines and with such changes the old universities of Oxford and Cambridge might pass from being—what they once were entirely, and are still far too much—the English gentleman's universities, and become the British citizen's universities. With wide tolerance for all creeds and all branches of learning, with generous encouragement for all noble sciences and arts, with a place for the poor student as well as the peer's son, with the aim of sending out men to work and to lead in all departments of our national life, the old universities would add a new lustre to their great traditions, would make their enormous wealth vastly more useful, and their undoubted influence for good more powerful and more pure.

JOSEPH KING.

THE LOOTING OF THE ORCHARD.

A NOBLE nut avenue down the centre. On either side an old orchard, with broad open stretches of turf between the rows of gnarled grey fruit-trees, and set with beds filled with standard roses. They are now in their second bloom, standing up to their knees in asters, violet and pink and crimson. A broad turf path—how beautiful they are, these green grass-ways of our old English gardens, as compared with the gravel of the new!—runs along either side, and the apple and pear, cherry and plum trees meet overhead all along; making an aisle of beauty the whole year through, whether in the full glory of bloom, pink and white, or in young leaf; or, as now, in dark foliage studded with bright-cheeked fruit; or in winter, when there is no green but the tufts of mistletoe, and the lichened boughs are traced out in snow. Always lovely, and the abiding-place of peace. No gardeners disturb it much. In the very early morning they go round the rosaries, trimming and weeding and tying up, and once a week the turf is cut close down to a velvet pile. While the machine goes whirring up and down the paths, and round and round the rose-beds, the blackbirds sit in the shrubbery, impatient of the interruption of their looting; the squirrel, from his post of observation on the tall acacia, overlooks the operation and the nut avenue he wishes to return to, with ill-concealed annoyance at the intrusion; the purring of the doves in the surrounding spinneys stops for a while. Only the greenfinch lifts up its voice.

That Cowper should have spoken well of it! Many is the time it has driven me from my seat where, quietly seated with a book and a pipe, I had meant to spend my morning. The wretched bird, thinking that it, and it alone, has “discovered” you—you, sitting fully exposed to view on a garden seat—perches itself as near you as it dares, and

commences its monotonous lament. Is there anything in Nature more exasperating than the note of the greenfinch when it is complaining? It will go on repeating the same one note till it drives you into a passion. If you get up and hurl a stone at it, it only flies a little farther off and begins again. The most miserable note a bird ever uttered. You would think it was the wretchedest thing in the garden. And with it all an indescribable undertone of hypocrisy, of affectation, that robs its dolorous voice of all pitifulness, and makes its lament an intolerable impertinence. What have you done? Nothing but sate yourself down near its nest. Yet the miserable little fowl at once commences to tell all the garden of the intolerable burden of your tyranny, the monstrous oppression under which it suffers.

There is one method of self-defence if you ever wish to sit on that seat with enjoyment, and that is to get up and walk across to the bush or tree the bird is on, find its nest and pull it out. It will at once go away and begin building another, where, perhaps, it will not be in your way. If it is, pull it out again, until the greenfinch has gone out of earshot of your favourite retreat. No bird, not even the house-sparrow, is so persistent in nest-building. For one thing the edifice is what the poets would call "artless"; what we may call, without offending the greenfinch, slovenly. An untidy foundation is laid of fine twigs—by preference birch—and into the hollow is put flocks of wool and dead grass. A rough lining of horsehair is added, and the nursery is complete. It is begun and finished in a day. You will find an egg in a greenfinch's nest on the same day that the foundation of the nest was laid. And the worst of it is, that this prolific creature, one of the very prettiest of English birds, is perhaps the only one that can claim no merit, beyond its plumage, in the male. It is mischievous from its birth. Fed on flower-buds and sprouting seeds, it grows up to devastate the fruit and ripening produce of the kitchen garden. It picks the tiny lettuces to pieces, nips off the fine tender sproutings of the spinach, and lays waste the peas just showing above ground in their first faint green. Deterred from these by netting, or driven from them by the rancorous voice of hard-scaring youth, it ravages the setting berries, and plays the Vandal (destroying what it cannot devour) among the unripe fruit. What does it give in return? Nothing, but now and again a glint of green and yellow plumage. It seldom eats an insect, never sings a note. It is, like all thieves, unsocial and evasive. But it builds with a fearless confidence that is absolutely wonderful. My host here, who is surely one of the tenderest of all men living towards the wildings whom his pleasure-grounds harbour and protect, has issued a ukase against all disturbance of birds. He knows their faults, and their virtues, and he keeps open house for all. For all but the greenfinch. Their nests are piled up in an armour a dozen

together, most of them with eggs. These go to feed a beautiful Persian cat with fur like a thunder-cloud. It eats eggs. And yet the garden is full of greenfinches to-day, and in the nut avenue alone there were, early in September, at least two nests with young ones. "They can hatch them now if they like," says my host, "for by the time they are grown there will be nothing left in the garden that they are not welcome to."

They are wonderful little birds, truly; accepting the destruction of their homesteads with an invincible indifference, and not repining by as much as a twitter at the dragging forth of their nurseries. And yet, when no offence is offered, when there is not even a demonstration of ill-will, they will sit whining, murmuring, drivelling, within a few feet of you, as if you were the cruellest, cat-heartedest wretch in the world. One thing is certain when the greenfinch begins to complain you must either get up and go, or murder it. Albeit, the woeful cry is only uttered when they are nesting, and as a protest against your presence, and yet they always sit as near their nest as possible, as if to tell you where it is. Its head is flat atop, and it has the receding forehead of the fool.

Far away, on the other side of the grounds, is a spacious kitchen garden, with walls where the peach and nectarine, apricot, greengage and morella ripen, and along the trim gravelled paths are set choi fruit-trees, prim little pyramid apples, and pears on cordons. In these the birds are allowed no possession. Gardeners are always moving about, and "the bird-boy" is busy with his recurrent maniac shout and strident clapper. Cats sun themselves upon the garden walls, the highways of the mice.

But in this old orchard here the trees do as they please, and the birds. By-and-by will come a day when the household will come down to a man, and the boy, with wheelbarrows and baskets, and the orchard will be formally looted of its harvests. Only the winter pears will be left, and the medlars, the bullaces, and the dausons. All the rest will be wheeled away to the house, and the maids will lay them out on straw in the apple-room against the coming winter, and for the privy delectation of certain rats, who wot of the fragrant store, and circuitously from the stable, find their way to the fruit. So the old trees grow as they will.

They were originally planted in straight lines, and a foot from the ground may be said to be still all of a row. But above that they have leaned away to one side and to the other, taken queer fits and starts of growth, got knobs on them, and, to the everlasting delight of the nest-building chaffinch and goldfinch, are shagreened with grey lichens that lie flat like lizard's skin or are tufted all over with grey mossy growth, so that if you stroke the tree it is like stroking a goat's back.

Wise fruitmen and apple-prigs shake their heads over these old trees, and prod them, as they go, with their sticks, just to show how the scientific gardener despises aged vegetables. They talk "canker" and "moss," and tell you for how much a hundred you can buy "good sound plants"—small precocities with no bodies and one huge fruit atop, like a misgrown child with water on the brain—which are "excellent table-fruit and always marketable." Perish the markets! If it were mine, I would not exchange an acre of this shady orchard, with its shaggy trunks and mistletoed boughs, for a square mile of prim miniature market-garden prodigies that you can throw your leg over passing by. And as for a seat in the shade of them! A toad might lord it on his stool. But that is all.

Nor, apart from beauty, and to meet Goodman Apple-prig on his own ground, am I convinced of the superior value of his disciplined dwarfs. This old orchard, without any care except its annual nourishment of manure, bears every year, without fail, apples enough, and pears, to satisfy the household handsomely, until what time the rhubarb and green gooseberry shall come to their relief. What will your scientific grower do more for you? Give you larger fruit? True. But go to California, where the largest fruit in the whole world grows, and you will find the beautiful painted bulk is all pith and water. A single little warted English russet from the old orchard here has more fragrance and more flavour than a barrow-load of San Franciscan monsters. Children are very wise in some matters. Let them go up to the apple-room to help themselves—and what do they bring down? The largest fruit? Never—unless it be to roast.

Ah! then the joy of it! To sit on the floor in front of the nursery fire, the tall brass guard being put into the corner for the while—that alone a joy—and to watch the fruit twirling, each on its own bobbin-thread, and blistering, and fizzing, and dripping juice into the sugared saucers all arow beneath them. And the sleet is driving against the nursery windows, and outside it is dim and cold. And the nursery, how bright and fragrant! Next year, the children say, we must have more apples picked with long stalks.

Oh, those beautiful old apple-trees! Look at them now: some with only here and there a red apple, others bending their branches almost to the turf. In the middle a wondrous crab: its every branch thickset with little golden-orange fruit, exquisite in flavour, as close as figs on the banyan-boughs. Next is a wizard of a pear-tree—a hawfinch built this year high up in its straight up-pointing boughs. Those boughs are now hanging to one side and another with weight of brown fruit: so hard that the blackbirds get tired of those that have fallen on the turf, and leave them to the wasp the excavator, and the ant the annihilator. Next is an old plum, from which the gardener picks

for the children great lumps of clear sherry-coloured gum with ants imbedded in it, teaching us how amber was made, and how the old-world ants got embalmed inside.

And look at the shadows that are thrown on the turf. In places it is solid, but elsewhere chequered, dappling the path like a deerskin. Does not the view, looking down the line of quiet trees arching in the pathway, possess you with repose? Even the wind can hardly come here. On three sides the spinney shields the orchard; on the other, a tall hedge, beyond which the pasture slopes down to the stream. To this enclosure, I really think, come all the birds of the parish. For miles round there is only corn-land and meadow, and the hedges are stubbed down so low that only the wren and the robin and the nettle-creeper can build there, or a chance chiff-chaff; and the trees that are left standing in the hedges are nearly all pollarded. So that between the garden I write of and the High Woods, lying like blue-green clouds along the uplands yonder, there is no sylvan refuge for the feathered folk. And they come here with the confidence of many years of protection, and behave when here as if the garden was their own. So it is for most of the year.

They eat up all the red currants, and then all the white. But they cannot eat up all the black—there are too many of them; and one fine morning the small plunderers, assembled for the usual looting, are astonished by the appearance of a company of village children, who strip the bushes for the great jam-making. No house can have too much black currant jam in it in winter-time. And how the children hasten to report the first symptoms of a sore throat, when they know it means a dose of black currant syrup sweetened with honey! And when the small village folk are trooping down the lane, chattering over their pence and their pottles of berries, going along, as children when happy cannot help going, in alternate steps and skips, the birds are in convocation among the empty bushes, picking up the occasional berry that has fallen, the other that has been overlooked on the bough. But they are ill-tempered.

The thrushes flatten themselves upon the ground, stretch their heads out as far as their necks will let them, till they look like snakes, and cry "Keek-keek" at each other. The blackbirds puff themselves out, droop their wings, and spread and shut their tails like fans, and proceed to blows. The greenfinches open their beaks, and, with outspread wings, hiss at one another; and the robin,

"Always of an equal flame,
To fight a rival or to court a dame,"

falls in with the prevailing humour, and, spying another redbreast, flies full tilt at him, and thereby commences a feud which will last them all the morning, with intervals of defiant challenge-singing from opposite apple-trees, and much pretty tournament work upon the turf,

and infinite chasings of each other in and out the shrubbery. I know no other birds of ours that will keep up a quarrel at such a level of pugnacity, for such a long time, as two cock-robins. I never see this bird without remembering the delicious legend, universal in England, of the intrigue of the robin with the wren :

' O ! Robin, jolly Robin !
Tell me how thy lanan doth '

Nor, seeing the wren—surely the sweetest of our birds, with its charming song and its lovely plumage and fascinating ways, and yet so exquisitely funny—can I help laughing when I think of that scandal. Not that bird-society was shocked out of all sympathy, for when Redbreast is killed and Jenny follows his corpse in tears to the grave, "all the birds of the air" attended, and

Tell us him and old Ian
Tell the story, death of poor Cock Robin

But the birds soon give up bickering over the gleanings of the black currant bushes, and abandon such exiguous pastures. The gooseberries are better worth their attention, and the cherries are softening into pink. Beside, all said and done, they had a month at the bush-fruit before anybody interfered with them ; so that they have had their share. As for the cherry-trees, they bear enormous crops, but not for the house. Every morning by sunrise the birds are there, and the boughs are searched for such fruit as have ripened sufficiently to be eaten, and all day long there is always a blackbird or two scrutinising the tree. In weeks this will go on, and then, once and for all, a ladder will be carried down, and the scanty residue of the crop be gained. But, after all, there were cherries and to spare on the walls in the other garden. So no one begrudges the birds their month of the fast-fruits, and in one way they have repaid it, for, near the cherry-trees and the plums, the spinney is thickened with an undergrowth of cherries and plums, very beautiful in the early spring when in blossom, and at all times pretty. In the same way, a tall hedge of filbert-trees, on the other side of a ditch at the end of the orchard, is due to the field-mice, who stored up nuts in the bank, and never ate them. After the cherries comes a long gap for the birds, for the strawberries and raspberries are not for them. Albeit, they sometimes get under the netting, and are caught, paying for the fearful joy they had snatched by captivity in the aviary. But the mountain-ash was in full bearing, and the hawthorn had reddened, and now, with October coming on, there is a feast of plenty. In many of the apple-trees there are some that are ripe enough for the birds, and the earlier pears are pecked upon the sunny side. The plums are everywhere soft, and the birds leave but few—the hornet and the wasp helping in the loot.

Have you ever noticed how very often wall-fruits are eaten

behind, from the face near the wall? Sometimes they are quite hollow, the fair skin only remaining. On trees, too, you will frequently find that, when two plums or greengages are growing together, they are attacked on the sides that are touching. This is not the work of the birds, but of slugs and winged insects. Even the bluebottles assist by sucking up their small portions of juice. It is wonderful how a fruit will conceal the secret of its emptiness, and will dissimulate. The original wound heals up all round, the edge of it hardening, and the stone inside remains attached to the stalk. But between the skin, still with its bloom on it, and the picked-clear stone inside, there is nothing. Tiny pincers have nipped it all away with exquisite precision, but without betraying their exploitation, and the fruit goes gravely on through the process of maturing, and, "over-ripe," drops off. You pick it up. It is a purple husk, with a brown stone sticking to the skin, and a family of most comfortable earwigs.

But do not say, "Confound those blackbirds." Yellow bills had no share in the excavation. They are not cheats, whatever else they are. If they prey on the damask chuck, they do not do it like the canker-worm, but boldly from the outside, where the fruit is easiest to get at. Look at that one now on the pear-tree. Its foothold is only indifferently secure, but it can reach the best pear of the bunch, and it is pecking it exactly in the middle of the rosiest bit. When the bird finds itself reaching the harder part, it will probably leave the fruit for another, and the hole it has dug in the pear catches the eye at once. There is nothing of the hypocrite about the blackbird. When he goes into a fruit-tree it is to eat the fruit. There is no pretence of prospecting for insects in the bark, or attacking only the diseased fruit. Not a bit of it. He scrambles about boldly on the outside of the tree; picks out the best apple he can see, and begins eating it at once. If he knocks it off in the process, he looks at it on the ground with head awry, and for a second or two argues with himself as to whether it were better to go down and finish the fruit he had begun or begin another. As a rule, he stays where he is, and commences afresh; because on the ground the apple rolls about every time it is pecked, giving a great deal of trouble.

And here on the ground the ants and earwigs find it, and the red admiral butterfly and the gamma moth. You can always tell which the insects have eaten. They nibble round and round the seed-column, hollowing out the fruit and eating the rind, often with mathematical accuracy, in a circle; so that, when it is nearly finished, the pear looks so like a toadstool that you might pass it round for one. The seed-column is the stem, and it is capped by a circular umbrella, exactly toadstool shape.

Birds, when they eat fruit, go straight to the middle, and pick

out and eat the seeds; and, if you will notice it, you will see how many apples and pears are left half-eaten by birds. But the seeds are gone, which looks as if the feathered plunderers looked upon the seeds as an end in themselves, and the rest of the fruit a means thereto; the core their objective point, the pulp only an agreeable preliminary.

For bullfinches and chaffinches and bud-eating birds, it is often said that they injure a tree for its own good, destroying insects which would eventually have done more harm than they. This may be as it may be. But I never heard any one suggest that blackbirds and thrushes have any ulterior beneficence in mind when they visit an orchard. Nor do I think, if frankly asked the question, that those birds would hesitate to give a straightforward answer. There is nothing in their demeanour to lead you to suppose that they affect any more virtuous intention than the satisfaction of their own appetites. They squabble in the trees without any pretence of concealment, and if disturbed in their looting, only fly a short distance, and wait for your departure, in attitudes that are positively impertinent.

Is there no good in them, then? Are they marauders; nothing more? Do not think so. Come out here into the orchard after a shower, and see the turf dotted with blackbirds and thrushes. Look at them hard at work among the worms. Was there ever such conscientious work being done before, without overseer? Tempted by the shower, the worms and snails are abroad, but the word has gone round, and scores of terrible little eyes are watching, little feet are fidgeting, little beaks are waiting. If you could only chalk the birds' feet and trace their course, you would find every inch of ground had been traversed, not once, but a dozen times. Every bird is busy at once, either watching or catching, and with such a single-heartedness of purpose as does you good to look at, and makes you forget the pilfered plums, and the brigandage of the cherries. Or sit quietly on any of the seats: this one by choice with the tall foxgloves on either hand, and see them under the nut-trees, among the gooseberries. There is no fruit left, but how desperately hard they are working, these small fanatics! Every dead leaf in the shrubbery will be turned over in the twenty-four hours; all the borders of the beds patrolled; and the whole ground searched for full-fed fallen caterpillars, hurrying off to find a soft burial-place wherein to turn to chrysalids. No, they are not mere marauders; for even in the sunny fruit-time, these first mellow days of October, they are doing good half the day, and by-and-by will come months of inclement weather, when there are no orchards but those of hedgerow and copse, and when all their time is spent in the incessant benefit of man.

Nor forget the three months of the year when these little tithe-gatherers make your gardens and your pleasure-places so beautiful

with song, and "for their quiet nests and plenteous food pay with their gentle voice."

The nuts, too, are being plundered,* and as you sit here between the screens of foxgloves, heavy with pods of seed, you can hear the squirrel plunge from one filbert-tree to another, and the tapping of the nut-hatch in the deep-creviced bark of the acacias. If you were nearer you might hear the mice at work; small teeth rasping on the brown shells.

Under the nut-trees, one hot, still afternoon, I remember hearing a queer, crisp noise among the leaves, and, following the sound, I found a colony of buff-tip caterpillars—forty feeding like one—all upon a small branch, and each with its leaf held by the edge between its feet, eating prodigiously, as if by contract, and with the same sound, in miniature, as rabbits make nibbling up a lettuce-stem.

The nuts are now full ripe: if you bend down a bough with a jerk to pick a bunch, the odds are that your hand grasps only empty husks; the nuts themselves have slipped out, and are lying among the tinted leaves, a puzzle to find again. How handsome the husks of the great "filbeards" are, now they are scorched by the sun! The "cobnut" husk has shrivelled back, leaving only the thick juicy calyx, and this even is mellowed into honey-yellow. The "soft-shell" has parted with its nuts, leaving its pretty husk still green. Is this last a common nut? I have met it nowhere else, and once met there is no mistaking it, either growing or on the table. The husk is very fine in texture, deeply fringed and incut, and not long enough to cover the nut, which, unlike all others, is highly glazed when ripe, and from its polish distinguishable at once in a plateful of others. The shell is so thin and soft that it can often be cracked between the finger and thumb; while the kernel, which is invariably as large as the shell will let it be, is as smooth-surfaced as a billiard-ball. If you look at a filbert or a cobnut, you will see upon the kernel the impression of the brown woody lining of the shell, but in the "soft-shell" this lining is itself so soft and keeps moist so long, that the kernel expands to its fullest size, and is quite polished. It is incomparably the best of all the nuts, and my host and his family know this so well that the children are not allowed to loot the soft-shell trees, and on the table they command, like the nuts of Avella of old, a respect which is never extended to their more imposing comrades with the longer beards. The mice, who are curiously unintelligent, judged by human ideas, as to nuts, have not apparently found out these admirable "soft-shells." The nut-hatch is wiser than they, and so is the maggot's mother. How does this small weevil know which nuts are going to be good when she leaves her egg on the spot where the nut is to be? When the egg is laid the nut

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for October 1892: "Of Nuts and Nutcrackers."

that is to come is merely a soft bud-like thing, and it may grow up full or may grow up empty. Does she ever make a mistake, and leave an egg inside a nut that belies its promise, and never has anything else inside it? How disgusted the small maggot must be when he hatches and looks round at the unfurnished larder in which, poor little wretch, it has been born only to starve to death. And if one could only convey to the maggot's mother the intelligence of what she had done, what distraction of maternal feelings should ensue, to think that she had shut her offspring up inside a shell which was too hard for her to get into, too hard for it to get out of; the tiny prisoner helpless to escape, and she helpless to assist it; and all her own doing, too. But some instinct no doubt guides the mother, for the nut-grub, as he is usually found, is a very pottle-bodied person, looking like one who has fared well all his life, and carefully abstained from doing any work between meals. Do you remember Southey's lines on the filbert?

Nix, caternet but filbert Nicholas
There is nut at ther - it is his house
His castle - oh commit not him 'Lux'
Strip him not naked - tis his clothes his shell
His bones the very umber of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder Nicholas

"Know of dangers and of enemies
With Nature's wisdom for the worm ordained,
Increase not thou the number! him the mouse
Gnawing with mbling teeth the shells defence
May from his native tenement eject
Him may the nut hatch pricking with stronger bill,
Unwittingly destroyed to his hand
The quiet beetle I said to be cracked

And then the poet suddenly bethinks him of the reverse of the picture of the maggot's life:

'Man also hath his pleasures and his foes
As this poor maggot hath - and when I muse
Upon the aches - anxieties - and tears
The maggot knows not Nicholas methinks
It were a happy metamorphosis
To be encircled thus - never to hear
Of wars, and dominions - and of plots
Kings Jacobins - and tax commissioners
And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! - the perfection this
Of snugness! - It were to unite at once
Hermit retirement - idyllic bliss,
And stoic independence of mankind

It is a delightful piece of humour. Nor does it matter that the naturalist might object that no one could tell if a maggot were inside a nut or not without cracking it. The hole which Southey saw is only used by the maggot once, and that is when it leaves the nut for the first and last time in its life.

PHIL ROBINSON

GOETHE AS A MINISTER OF STATE.

WITHIN the last thirty years or less the criterion by which the value of the poetic life is estimated among people of authority has obviously changed. Our fathers were inclined to decide the merits of a poet's conduct of life by a standard which has become obsolete to us, though in its day it really added a new terror to the poet's existence. There has, indeed, always been abundant cause for poetic lamentations over the slights to which the poet's trade is exposed. But in earlier times the satiric shaft was aimed chiefly at the poet's obscurity and poor estate. His dulness was sometimes hinted at, but it was his hunger which appeared most ridiculous. For this century, whose chief glory it is that in it hunger has at last ceased to be a reproach—for this century it was reserved to discover a fresh taunt, hardly less galling than the old. At the time when the formulae of civic progress and prosperity were almost as dominant in literature as in economics, this further burden was added to the poet's ancient woes, that he knew himself to be regarded with suspicion as a being of doubtful utility by leaders of thought, whose philanthropy was set on improving human conditions. The poet had often but little of definite importance to show in justification of his manner of life; and it was obviously absurd for him to plead that his productions, as a member of society, contributed to the greatest happiness of even a considerable number. In the popular mind something of this reproach, no doubt, still lingers; for, having once grasped a philosophic formula, we are loth to let it go, and we always hope for finality. The average plain man still smiles when the word "poet" is mentioned. To his mind the poet evidently still suggests a useless decorative luxury, or else an idler of the ditch and gutter. The man who devotes his life to poetry, and spends the margin of his income on

the publication of his poems, is still not only an easy mark for tea-table satire, but must be prepared also to lose his place in the equal community of his fellows, who will listen to his opinions on all serious subjects with the polite indifference with which the doctors of lunatic asylums listen to their patients. It is not merely that the average man feels an Aristophanic distrust of the man of words, for he allows himself to be governed mainly by rhetoric. He is haunted by an uneasy suspicion that a poet is not quite a serviceable person, and that he ought to be spending his time on business of more distinct utility. He is dimly conscious of the same kind of dissatisfaction as prompted the essayist, himself far removed from the common utilitarian position, to write of Shakespeare: "The best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement. The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakespeare the player, nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner." *

But, in a leader of modern thought, how antiquated all such criticism would now appear! Linger as it may, it is none the less a thing of past history, to be remembered only as an inevitable and rather disagreeable phase of human thought. The tide of judgment has set quite the other way, and already has borne us so far that mere uselessness has almost become a test of excellence, even in conduct. It is its uselessness which maintains true learning. A society for the diffusion of useless knowledge would find many contributors. Uselessness may be the foundation of the next ethical system. Has not its fine uselessness done much to revive religion itself? And in the sphere of art also, the Puritanism unspiritualised, which once played the censor in the name of utility, is in reality dead. We are now taught to assume the artist's uselessness, and to delight in it. The artist's individuality, not his use, is of sole importance. Let him live his own life, careless of laughter or reproach. Whether it is a useful life or not is no concern of ours, nor even of his, save in so far as that may affect his personality. The presumption, indeed, is that if a poet has chosen to pursue a useful life, according to accepted definitions, his admirers will now have to stand on the defensive. And, in that case, it will not count a single point to the poet's credit that he has worked at charities, or drained a town, or controlled an empire, or even elaborated a metaphysical system. The only possible line of defence must be internal, must vindicate the growth of the poet's inmost soul, must establish individuality; else no justification can be pleaded.

A remarkable instance of this complete alteration in the basis of our judgment on men and things is afforded by the gradual change of tone in all the many hostile criticisms which have ap-

* Emerson: "Representative Men: Shakespeare, or the Poet."

peared upon Goethe during the sixty years since his death. It used to be a commonplace to accuse him of a refined egoism, a narrow and selfish devotion to his own culture, as though such things were criminal. Many used to sympathise with Emerson's indignation when he wrote that, if he had been Duke of Weimar, he would have cut the poet's head off rather than let him continue to lead that "velvet life," and retire to arrange his coins.* Our fathers were irritated by the story of such a career, for they regarded it as inactive and perhaps immoral—a story conveying no lesson in conduct, no stimulus to the formation of upright character. It was against such charges that Carlyle had to defend him, and in his defence he drew that great picture of his ideal poet, which he presented to the English people under the name of Goethe. But to us the reproaches against which Carlyle had to contend have an unreal and antiquated sound, like the dimly remembered outcries of an enemy long ago silenced. The attack has lately come from a very different side. We now hear that Goethe frittered away his time and powers on political and social occupations—parochial services, as, in the case of little Weimar, they must be called. By what right, it is asked, did a poet take upon himself the trivial labours of Privy Councillor, Minister of War, of Finance, of Education, Chief Commissioner of Mines and of Roads, and amateur fireman? And all for the sake of a State which may be estimated by the size of its standing army, amounting to one small battalion of foot and one small troop of hussars. It was not such a country that Milton served; and yet, to some critics, even Milton's political life seems one long mistake of powers misapplied. When it is remembered further that Goethe performed all these diverse functions with such minute exactness that some of his friends admired him more for his business capacity than for his poetry, it is only natural for the modern critic to assert that the poet sold his birthright for a mess of political philanthropy.

And, indeed, Goethe himself recognised his danger, and in certain moods was tempted to chafe against the limits of his position. In the mid activity of his public life, when he was on the point of undertaking large new duties, he uttered many complaints about the stress of his official work.† And as an old man he looked back with a regret very rare in his reminiscences to his labours in the petty fields of State. "How grievously," he cries, "was my creative power disturbed, limited, and hemmed in by my external position! If only I had held back from public affairs and business matters, and been able to live more in solitude, I should have been happier, and have produced more as a poet."‡ It is the saddest of lamentations. Like the tyrants under the Roman poet's curse, he seems blighted by the

* "Carlyle and Emerson: Correspondence," Nov. 20, 1831.

† "Letters to Frau von Stein," early in 1779.

‡ "Conversations with Eckermann," Jan. 27, 1824.

vision of a virtue he had lost. Had he been a born reformer as well as a poet the case might have been different. But he had an artist's natural horror of reformers, whose zeal destroys so much to which association has given beauty. He had studied the processes of Nature too closely to believe in the likelihood of rapid transformation or in the efficacy of tender methods. One of his fears for the future of the world was that it would become a great hospital in which every one would be engaged in nursing his neighbours.* He warned the reformer against the stimulating illusion that the world had been waiting for him to save it.† He was not carried along by that rush of confident and energetic emotion which now and again has transformed a philanthropist into an almost poetic figure. In the midst of the Revolutionary outcries about universal rights and brotherhood, he was one of the very few to remain unmoved. Evidently he was not of the stuff of which active reformers are made; nor was he possessed by Dante's passion for his country. It seems hard for a modern critic to avoid the inference that all this public energy was but another instance of the deadliest of artistic sins, the sin against the individual spirit.

And, indeed, to some mistake of this kind the obvious inequality of his works may, no doubt, be partly attributed. No great poet requires a more rigid selection. In many of his works only the literary scavenger can find a fair and useful field of labour. Inequality was, it is true, part of his nature, for there are strange instances of it before he entered public life at all, and in his old age his secretary thus describes the outward evidence of a deep-lying division of spirit: "At times he would be occupied with some great idea, and his speech would be rich and inexhaustible in its flow. Then again he would be taciturn and laconic, as though a cloud lay upon his soul. There were days when he seemed to be filled with icy coldness, as if a keen wind were sweeping over plains of ice and snow; and next day he would be like a smiling summer morning."‡ It must also be remembered that after all he came of a race which endures tedium with pathetic meekness, and that he inherited from his father a certain stiffness and pedantry of mind. But even when allowance has been made for the double nature remaining in him so strangely unfused, it may be argued that the cold and prosaic side was emphasised by public duties which often choked the true poetic spirit. Hence, it may be said, come those dreary lengths of "Privy Councillor language," as German critics themselves call it, in which the sudden jewels of thought are set at such wide intervals. Worse than all, it might be maintained that his position in Weimar tempted him to sink to the level of an amateur in literature, and to write, as in fact he confesses that he

* "Italienische Reise," May 27, 1787.

‡ "Conversations with Eckermann," Preface.

† "Sprüche in Prosa."

wrote, not for a great public, nor even for audience fit, but for a narrow circle of three or four intimate friends.* A starving poet, struggling in the spume and surge of our cities, has obviously, in spite of drink and journalism, a better chance of poetry than the Prime Minister of a German State. And this may be what Tieck meant when he said that Goethe's best work was done before he left Frankfurt. Perhaps this is what the French critic means in calling Goethe "the sublime Philistine." †

And yet there is to all this another side, which seems to escape the notice of the critics. "Action," said that Secret Society which watched Meister's career, and often irritated him with its wisdom; "action animates, but narrows." ‡ The sentence is weighty, and English history is a commentary on it. But in Germany, during Goethe's youth, it was exactly animation that was needed, and not breadth. Germany was still, for the most part, peacefully submerged in what Goethe called the Watery Period. Only Professors now know or care about the writers of that dreary time. But to the humourist a pathos hangs around their fading names, like the weeping cherubs on monuments of emblazoned and forgotten glory. Poor stepsons of the Muses, creeping through life in slippers and dressing-gown, they were still the sole representatives of the higher literature to a prosaic nation on its way through its most prosaic age. Destitute of nationality, members of an impotent collection of paltry States, inactive, isolated, unvisited by universal emotions, devoid of subject they still strove to maintain a certain standard of excellence, if only by the handicraft of imitation. Shut up in the close studies of bleak northern towns, professors and private tutors produced those lengths of pastoral idyl, erotic ode, and anacreontic eulogy of wine and roses, which occupy an unturned page in the necrology of literature. Their less creative moments were spent in frivolous but bitter literary controversies and theoretic criticisms, which often severed friendships, and left a lifelong rankling. But the day is long, and so is the night: a man cannot always be writing poetry and criticism, as Goethe sighs in speaking of them. And so, being deprived of a sphere for their activity, they exaggerated into importance the little events and harmless jests of every day, and poured out their mutual admiration with feminine endearments in those volumes of inane correspondence, which are indeed an astonishment to a modern reader. "And yet," says Goethe, "they are worth preserving, if only as a warning that the most distinguished man lives from but day to day, and has a poor time of it if he turns in upon himself, and refuses to thrust his hand out into the fulness of external life, in which alone he can find the

* "Letters to Frau von Stein," Aug. 13, 1784.

† Paul Bourget: "Mensonges," p. 328.

‡ "Meisters Lehrjahre," bk. viii. chap. 5.

nurture and the measure for 'his growth.'** Vacant and diffuse, regarded by the common people as a freak of Nature, and by the aristocracy as something between a tedious jester and a nursery governess, how many a so-called poet of the time fell a victim in middle age to the moral leprosy of hypochondria, and trod the remainder of the road to death, melancholy, querulous, and forlorn! "For all melancholy," Goethe said, "is the child and nursling of solitude."†

But, as is well known, by the time Goethe reached early manhood, a new epoch had already arrived. It had its origin in the activity and enthusiasm of the Seven Years' War, in the keen words of Lessing, in many subordinate causes. Herder had a hand in it; so had even the milk-mild Klopstock; over-shadowing them all stood the great name of Rousseau. Under such influences Germany had seemed to renew her youth. "Fortune favoured me," said Goethe, "in that when I was eighteen, all my country was just eighteen too."‡ The extravagances of the time have been made familiar to us by the poet himself, and by other satirists; but in spite of all absurdity, it will always be an attractive passage to the young in mind. The young will readily forgive the anarchy of the time; for the nation was alive and awake, and for once its life seemed touched by true emotion. As was observed by a shrewd critic in the midst of the confusion, all mistakes arose because, whilst it was Goethe's mission to give poetic form to reality, the others attempted to give reality to poetic forms,§ whence came the whims and humours so startling to the quiet dwellers in the grandmother-land—the revival of Arcadian costumes, the Ossianic rhapsodies poured out with copious tears to the German moon, which has always done so much service. The temper of the time is summed up in Livator's admiring words on Fuseli, then an unknown Swiss artist "His look is lightning, his word storm, his jest death, his vengeance hell." No wonder that spirits of such essence felt ill at ease in the confines of this poor world, where civilisation produces the fruit of commonplace after its kind. The long peace following on the Seven Years' War did not afford them the outlet which would have been most wholesome for their pent-up emotions. Indignant at reality's pettiness, generous rebels against all limits, they took Genius for their watchword, and by Genius they meant, not the power which creates rules, but the power which defies them. Perhaps the most fortunate were those who, by suicide, released the cramped soul into the inane. For to such as stayed at their posts, worse things than death often remained—disillusion, estrangement, fading love, official appointments, a comfortable middle-age. A few went

* "Aus meinem Leben," bk. x.

† *Ibid.* bk. xiii.

‡ "Conversations with Eckermann," Feb. 15, 1824.

§ "Aus meinem Leben" bk. xviii.

more regularly mad, like Lenz, at one time Goethe's rival and best imitator.* A few turned to Roman Catholicism, not from conviction, but from despair. By the end of the century, the whole country was strewn with their wrecks. And yet the movement was worth the pains. Germany rose above her usual sober level. It was an effort for expansion, for freedom; and, to quote the wise poet again, "There is so sweet a sound in that word Freedom, that we could not do without it, even if it always implied error."⁴

Though not the creator of the movement, the author of "Werther" inevitably took his place as its leader. For he alone gave it artistic expression in that the most artistic of all his works. Hot with the fermentation of revolt, writing a style spasmodic and exclamatory, as in whirlwind gasps of love and hate, carried away by queer social paradoxes, untamed and astonishing in demeanour, "coming upon you," as was said, "like a wolf in the night," he was recognised as the embodiment of the new spirit. As such he was invited to Weimar, and for some months the character was well maintained. Then the change began to appear; a new stage was entered upon in the long process of 'makkin' himself, to use Scott's phrase; and it is the meaning of this change which has been the theme of so much contradictory opinion. To his contemporaries he seemed to be effaced, ruined by Society, as so many a child of Nature has been ruined. And something, no doubt, was inevitably lost. There is a vivid charm about the story of Goethe's youth. Mr. R. L. Stevenson tells us that, if he had been a woman, he could imagine himself marrying one of two men only, Goethe in his youth or Leonardo.† That rush of tumultuous spirits, so bewildering to the ordinary German, that valorous social defiance in which discretion had no part, that spontaneous and inexhaustible fertility of brain, all combined with strength and beauty of person to compose a figure of rare attraction. As years went by, the early charm necessarily diminished. If life is to be effectual, loss of some kind must be faced. For there must be choice; and it is probably a commonplace with moralists that all choice implies loss. It is impossible that every promising shoot should be developed to perfection. As the German proverb says, "Care is taken that the trees do not grow into the sky"; and the English poet has supposed that Dionysus chose the goat because he browses on the untimely vine-shoots, and prunes the tree to fertility.‡ Only the outside critic, the ineffectual man, can avoid limitation and loss; and he therefore is the companion most delightful to the idle. As soon as choice is made, and deliberate energy is

* It is in speaking of Lenz that Goethe says: "Man kennt jene Selbstqualerei welche, da man von Aussen und von Andern keine Noth hatte, an der Tagesordnung war, und grade die vorzuglichsten Geister beunruhigte"—"Aus meinem Leben," bk. xiv.

† *Ibid* bk. xi.

‡ "Fifine at the Fair."

‡ "Virginibus Puerisque," p. 47.

at work, the walls of life seem to close in. First one vista, one possible course, and then another is shut. The man becomes the servant of the deed, and is thrust forward along an ever-narrowing channel. What Goethe lost was a certain wild charm of luxuriance and unconstraint. We may regret it, for all have a secret affection for the rebel and the savage. But sooner or later it must have gone in any case, unless he was to die out as one of those vagrant and fleeting meteors whose appearance is so frequent, so pathetic, and often so ludicrous in the sky of literature.

Within a few months of his arrival at Weimar, Goethe writes: "I don't know what Fate would have of me, that she makes me pass through all the schools."* It was, indeed, a new school, a change and advance in the discipline of life. So much was left behind that it seemed almost like a fresh start. It was one of those crises which justified the poet's own comparison of himself to a snake that casts its slough. For he possessed a capacity of self-renovation which may remind us of the critic's words: "With a kind of passionate coldness such natures rejoice to be away from and past their former selves."† And certainly, in outward circumstances no change could seem sharper than the change from the large and free existence of Strassburg, Frankfurt, and Switzerland to the narrow circle and petty duties of the Weimar Court. In many ways Goethe seems to come so near to our own time, his influence is still so widely felt, that we are apt to forget how much of his life was spent in those white, pseudo-classical palaces which stud the little German States, and are still haunted by the formal ghost of the eighteenth century. The one quality which enabled him to pass into his new surroundings without loss of individuality was a deep fibre of inner seriousness, often overlooked. Diffused and distracted as his energies sometimes were owing to his insatiable curiosity, he was saved from the common fate of dilettantism by this seriousness of mind, which pursued the various forms of knowledge, not for the sake of knowledge, but as revelations of truth. From boyhood this serious mood had coloured his life. His boyish essays and speculations had been largely theological. His earliest remaining verse is a religious poem on the Descent into Hell. In morality his boyish sympathies were with the Stoics, especially Epictetus. As a student, he submitted with reverent patience to the religious influence of his mother's friend, whose spiritual biography is narrated in "The Confessions of a Fair Soul." Even at Strassburg he endeavoured to induce the Pious or Evangelical party to include him in their number. And it had been a similar seriousness which drew him into the revolt against formality and artificial narrowness. There was something genuine in the stir, something which reached

* To Auguste von Stolberg, May 1776.

† "The Renaissance," by Walter Pater; "Winckelmann," p. 242.

the primitive depths of man. "Werther" is often called sentimental, but, in spite of all those tears, the passion is too real and serious for sentimentality. The truly sentimental works were the tender pastorals and elegies which "Werther" drove from the field. "Götz," again, had by its seriousness created a new and fascinating ideal for men of action as leaders of their country, champions of the poor, servants to nobility's obligations. Amidst much that was vague and exaggerated in the movement so closely connected with his name, Goethe had thus revealed the two vital principles of reality in emotion and energy in action. Inspired by them, he entered upon the new scenes of Weimar life, his inner history becoming a process of development by limitation rather than a process of change. For a deep seriousness is throughout the clue to his character, and seriousness is possible even in a German Court.

To despise the ordinary life of the man of letters, spent amidst the phantoms and echoes of things, was a first principle of the new school, and Goethe himself now turned to action with all the delight of a healthy nature. He always felt an almost exaggerated admiration for Englishmen, with their open and energetic lives, free from theories and self-consciousness.* His own opportunity was small; but he seized it with avidity, throwing himself upon life as upon a prey. His spirit seemed inexhaustible. No labour, no adventure, not even drudgery came amiss. We find him directing the mines at Ilmenau, relieving the destitute weavers of Apolda, converting the barbaric university of Jena into the true home of German thought, prescribing for the cattle-plague, choosing recruits for the little army, repairing roads, travelling with unwearied rapidity up and down the State, riding out night after night to the scene of some distant conflagration among the wooden cottages of the peasants.† And it was all done without a trace of philanthropic unction, but simply with that high stoicism which we have been told is characteristic of a naturally aristocratic mind.‡ Patience and long endurance among the complexities and compromises of actual life gave him a close sympathy with all classes, and an intimate knowledge of the poor, such as the eager democrat, though much occupied with discussing schemes for their amelioration, is often too busy or too fastidious to obtain. "What admiration I feel," he writes from among the miners of the Harz, "for that class of men which is called the lower, but which in God's sight is certainly the highest. Among them we find all the virtues together—moderation, content, uprightness, good faith, joy over the smallest blessing, harmlessness, patience: but I must not lose myself in exclamations." §

* "Conversations with Eckermann," March 12, 1828, and in several other passages.

† "Tagebuch": *passim*.

‡ Carlyle's "Miscellaneous Essays," vol. vii.: "Shooting Niagara," &c.

§ "Letters to Frau von Stein," December 1777.

Even more significant is the sentence, also written on the same wintry journey through the Harz: "My imaginative power derives unspeakable benefit from sole companionship with men who are engaged upon some distinct, simple, enduring, and important labour." * It is no uncommon thing for the man of letters to feel humiliated and depressed in the presence of miners, reapers, shepherds, fishermen, and others, who labour at the primitive and eternal arts, compared to which his own art of words appears so intangible and unnecessary. We remember with what self-contempt Carlyle would watch the Lowland peasants gathering in the harvest † But, in Goethe's case, association with the working classes, so far from depressing him by a sense of literature's unreality, stimulated him rather to further production. This was partly due perhaps to the tendency to contradiction, such as makes light of learning among the learned, and acclaims it among the ignorant. But there was a deeper reason, for he knew that no one could reproach him with inactivity, quite apart from literature. The daily drudgery of his practical tasks raised him to the level of his fellow-men, the level battle-field of the struggle for life, on which alone heroism and happiness are possible. As he says in a sentence which rings like a slap in the face of Society: "Work makes the comrade." ‡ As one among comrades, he was able to discover where it was that common humanity failed, and so to retain unimpaired through life his delight in beauty and his faith in things intellectual. Whereas, in how many artists and men of letters who live apart from the common plain does the delight expire of swift, and the faith shrivel into a thing of dead routine! Two passages from the Diary, written at the very time when he was loudest in complaint about the duties of his position, may serve further to illustrate the poet's own views: "The pressure of business is of great advantage to the soul; when she is disburdened of it, she plays with greater freedom, and enjoys existence." "There is nothing so wretched as the comfortable, idle man. He sickens over the finest gifts." §

In this Diary, kept between Goethe's arrival at Weimar and his departure for Italy, there are other entries besides which take us a step nearer still to the heart of the matter. In the midst of memoranda on the practical work of each day we come upon such words as these: "Peace and foretaste of wisdom. A more definite feeling of limitation, and thereby of true expansion." || Or again: "Refreshed, and with energies knit up, let me now enjoy *Reinheit*." That word *Reinheit* runs through the pages with increasing emphasis. Under it Goethe included cleanliness of surroundings, personal purity, and clearness of thought and word—qualities never very distinctive of the party

* "Letters to Frau von Stein," December 8, 1777.

† "Carlyle's Life in London." By J. A. Froude. Vol. ii. p. 98.

‡ "Sprüche in Prosa." § "Tagebuch," January 1779. || *Ibid.* Feb. 1, 1778.

which claims for itself the title and privileges of "Genius." By energy in action and a wide intercourse with average men and women, he was purged of the eccentricity common among clever young men. He began quietly to lay aside all vulgarity of excess, whether in speech or conduct. The principle of renunciation was not new to him, for he had been attracted by it long before in Spinoza's "Ethics," to say nothing of the New Testament.* But now it became his habit of life, not because renunciation destroys personality, but because through it alone personality can be fulfilled. As he sang in old age :

"Und so lang du's nicht hast
Dieses stüb und werde!
Bist du nm ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunklen Erde '†

After the perplexed and passionate chaos of youth he cried for peace, for the stern calm of unhesitating activity—the peace of the limits which make true expansion possible—the peace of the service which is perfect freedom. The energetic routine of life in Weimar became to him what Initiation may have been to a thoughtful Greek, when, after the lustral rites of brau and hemp and fennel, he was bidden arise and utter the solemn formula of a nobler life, purified and illumined. Or we might compare the change to a new Puritanism which with deliberate austerity puts itself to school under Temperance, not in obedience to some external command, but in the certain hope of attaining to an inward peace, the "severe delight" spoken of by Wordsworth.

As to the effect of all this external activity upon his work as a poet, it must be remembered that Goethe was scrupulous almost to excess in the use of his creative power. He regarded it as his only true self, something almost divine, or at least "dæmonic, an indwelling ghost, remote and individual. To constrain so fine a spirit to the common uses of every day was an abhorrent thought. From boyhood he had treated it with a reverence which professional writers may regard as exaggerated, and perhaps demoralising, as the mediæval reverence for women is sometimes said to have been. "Towards such poems," he writes, in speaking of the inspired productions of this inner or secret self, "I felt a peculiar awe. . . . My early pleasure in publishing them only by reading them aloud returned, and the thought of exchanging them for money appeared perfectly horrible."‡ In the midst of his labours at Weimar he asserted a paradox even more at variance with the habits of the average author: "Talent is like virtue; one must love it for its own sake, or entirely renounce it. And neither talent nor virtue is acknowledged and rewarded, except when their possessor can practise them unseen, like a dangerous secret."§

* "Aus meinem Leben," bks. xiv and xvi.

† "Westöstlicher Divan: Buch des Sängers."

‡ "Aus meinem Leben," bk xvi. § "Meisters Lehrjahre," bk. iv. chap 2

It is quite possible that if he had brought pressure to bear upon himself, or had even definitely written for money, he would have produced more good work. At all events, his creations would not then have remained unfinished at his side for years together. But in an age of violent self-advertisement, the precept that talent must be practised as a dangerous secret is so soothing as to recompense us for any possible loss. In his solicitude to preserve this hidden power unvulgarised and disinterested, he early determined to devote the intervals when genius was not at work to serviceable action, thereby escaping, at all events, from the empty triviality of his poetic predecessors.*

And besides allowing him to preserve this reverential carefulness of his power, his choice in life had a further, perhaps unexpected, effect upon his works themselves. His genius, once so random and exuberant, now learnt the beauty of measure, and became enamoured of limit. "It is limitation," he cries, "which makes the poet, the artist, the man."† In art, as in conduct, it is only under law that true freedom or development is to be won. Unconsciously, but with strange suddenness, his genius ceased to speak in the old spasmodic style of tempest. His language became as clear, exact, and brief as German can. His lyrics of those years, few, but perhaps the most beautiful he ever wrote, are all marked by the same tone of subdued passion, reticence, and self-restraint; and they are all cast in strict, simple, and regular forms. In the unfinished, and perhaps rather artificial, allegory of "The Mysteries" ("Die Geheimnisse"), the principle of perfection to be reached only by self-conquest, of liberty to be gained only by limit, is set forth with almost religious solemnity. At times also, as in "The Triumph of Sentimentality," the poet turned with something of a convert's savageness upon the party which had once claimed him as their leader; for it is a bitter thing to witness inferior imitations of our past selves in modes which we have abandoned with aversion. Or, as a striking evidence of the change in style, one might read in succession the two series of letters written from Switzerland—one about the time of "Werther," the other after four years of public work in Weimar—the one so stormy, passionate, and indefinite, the other calm, intelligible, and clear in outline, without having lost the personal charm, too often wanting in the later letters from Italy.

But it is in "Wilhelm Meister" that the true principles of the change are most fully expounded. That strange chaos of wisdom, beauty, and what Jeffrey called "the greatest nonsense anywhere existing in the universe,"‡ is, in fact, a discourse on a few main texts

* "Aus meinem Leben," bk. xvi.

† "Letters to Frau von Stein," July 22, 1776.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, August 1825.

of human life. Ill-constructed and full of contradictions, as it is, owing to the length of time it was in hand, it may still be read by students of life for the seriousness of its intention—a cold and pedantic seriousness it may seem to those who search for the qualities of a modern novel. At first, it might be supposed, the purpose had been to illustrate the artist's superiority to the ordinary existence of merchants, nobles, and clerks, to excite a tolerant sympathy for the careless freedom of Bohemians who bid society and propriety go hang. But as we advance, another note is perceived, unexpected, but not necessarily at variance with the first. It may be called a protest for sanity—for a sanity to be maintained by healthy action and sound vitality, even at the cost of apparent loss of artistic beauty. Either ridicule or pitying condemnation is shown to every sign of overstrained emotion. Exaggeration, Goethe seems to say, is the law of death. Aurelia almost deserves her brother's taunt that she might as well come naked on the stage as make such parade of her feelings. A judicious course of digging potatoes and cabbages, varied by the enforced perusal of the daily papers, fails to restore the Harper to common rationality. Poor Mignon does not escape. Even the Fair Soul is perhaps intended as a warning rather than an example, though by piety and consequent peace of mind she may be said to reach the highest culture.* As though to establish his point even at the risk of burlesque, Goethe makes his hero turn from these fascinating and pathetic creations to healthy young persons who have been trained to manage farms and households, and possess some knowledge of economics. The theme of the whole is the ultimate necessity of limitation. Freedom proves to be as impossible for the artist as for the ordinary man. Indeed, the test for the artist is the question, What will you give up? It is the test for all who would avoid the common fate of the ineffectual and dilettanti: What have you the courage to renounce, that your personality may be fulfilled? The alternative to renunciation is ignorance of your own powers and of "the whole," resulting in half-hearted trivialities to the life's end. It is not without meaning that one of the few intelligible parts in "Meister's Travels"—the second title—should be "The Renunciants."†

The poet's own sincerity in this severe gospel was further proved in the so-called "classical" dramas of "Iphigenie" and "Tasso." Their importance lies in their form and their personal interest. Both are pictures of Goethe's own surroundings at Weimar, idealised by the removal of the scene to distant times and lands. The Greek priestess who serves to illustrate woman's wrongs, and her consequent power,

* "Frömmigkeit ist kein Zweck, sondern ein Mittel, um durch die reinste Gemüthsruhe zur höchsten Cultur zu gelangen."—"Sprüche in Prosa."

† Cf. "Conversations with Eckermann," Feb. 24, 1825.

is but a thin disguise for the delicate lady with whom the poet enjoyed for some years a peculiar intimacy. The purification of Orestes under her influence had also a parallel in his own life. In "Tasso" the personal element is even more distinct. The poet's art has been warped by the very seriousness with which he enforces his lesson. The drama is little more than a desert of good advice, but the lesson is the summarised result of toilsome experience. The Italian poet is shown as the type of character from which Goethe had succeeded in freeing himself—the self-conscious, uncontrolled, and rather hysterical sort of person who has so frequently done duty for the ideal poet. The other side of Goethe's nature is represented by Antonio, the able, clear-headed man of affairs, who plays his part of satiric chastisement with such insistence that it is doubtful whether he or Tasso becomes the greater bore in the end. But as to Goethe's intention there can be no doubt; it was to prove that a poet of classic and universal quality can only be formed from the union of these two types—the sane, active, and critical principle being always present to impose its limits on the passionate and fluent.

For the poet's biography the form of the dramas is no less significant. That the author of "Götz" should have complied with the supposed rules of Attic tragedy as followed by the French dramatists was naturally annoying to his contemporaries. People expect a writer to reproduce his early successes till they have the satisfaction of saying that he is written out. And in the case of dramas so essentially modern in tone, it might be maintained that the antique form often plays the poet false. But there was a further object in his choice. The form was to serve as a protest against chaos. In the midst of the shambling and unwieldy growths of the new German literature, so vague, indefinite, and desirous of excess, Goethe was searching after the great architectonic principle of shape and plan, which alone reveals the true greatness of the master-builder. Perceiving the formlessness of Germany in thought and speech, her singular incapacity for drama, her easy satisfaction with mediocrity, and the comfortable barbarism of her life, lulled into torpor by beer, tobacco, and uninspired research, he turned to the Greek forms of art as the surest weapon to stimulate the languid and to constrain error. By examples of the Greek method he hoped to instil into his own people the Greek faculty for clearness and form. He failed, but his attempt was fully justified by the subsequent history of German thought and life up to the time when it was carried on, late and partially, by the more rapid and easier discipline of war. And such being his aim, it was natural for him to think of Italy with an almost diseased longing. For in Italy he sought what relics might be left of the definite and disciplined forms of Greek art, and what tradition

of the old Greek life might still linger in a country so full of shadows of the past. Winckelmann had been dead not many years, and art-criticism was but young. It is Goethe's entire devotion to the antique and its imitations, his apparent incapacity even to perceive the qualities of mediæval art, which perhaps puzzles and offends the English reader of the "Italian Journey." But whether his opinion on matters of art is in the abstract to be accepted or not, it was the inevitable result of his situation and mode of life. The same causes urged him to his far more questionable attempts to constrain the German language into the strict forms of hexameter and elegiac. Many strenuous natures are driven into extremes by their own protest; and the formlessness and commonplace of German life and art compelled him, through very disgust, to seek a higher beauty under the antique forms, which at least are never vague or mean.

There is another side also from which we may regard this force of contrast and contradiction as being in itself one of the main advantages in that routine of practical life which seems to many so unworthy of an artist. The contact with the outer world supplied the needful salt, for lack of which many lose the keen relish of higher things. A man of affairs and active interest often brings to the pursuit of knowledge, or the contemplation of beauty, not only a breadth and decisiveness of judgment, but a reality of delight almost forgotten by the professional student or the poet, who, by long habit, has come to regard the universe as primarily created to be a theme for authors. It is this which gives a peculiar value to the criticisms of soldiers and statesmen. In contrast to the bare and often disgusting details of common life, every glimpse of beauty or of higher truth may appear endued with triple radiance. No constant priest in the service of the Muses can realise how sweet beyond measure it is from the midst of the Court, the Market-place, or the Assembly, to remember that their temple still stands in its quiet place with open doors. We have been taught that when the Greek proclaimed contemplation as the highest good, he did not by the contemplative life understand an existence isolated and remote as in a hermitage, but rather a habit of mind to be cultivated by the patriot and man of business no less than by the strict philosopher; and so in Goethe's case it may be said that his association with every-day affairs kept alive in him the flame of enthusiasm for intellectual beauty, and thus became one of the means by which he was enabled to retain his freshness of interest in all the varying phases of mind and emotion, like a being endowed with immortal youth.* On the other hand, it is, perhaps, significant that the years when, after his return from Italy, he gave up most of his public work in order to devote himself to art alone, were, in fact, the

* Cf. Heine: "Buch der Lieder." Preface to second edition; 1837.

most barren of his life. When Schiller came, "like a second spring," to rouse him to new productiveness, he had almost ceased to be a poet.*

After all, then, it would seem that Goethe's choice of action in life and his devotion for many years to the public service may be defended on other grounds than the general plea of usefulness to his fellow-men—a plea once so acceptable, but now of no avail. It seems that the true value of all those efforts lay, not in any external and obvious result, but mainly in the furtherance of the poet's own mental discipline. So rigorous a training of mind and body by the daily cares of active life, far from numbing the sense of beauty, tended rather to stimulate it and to purify. Thus preserved from the lethargy and intellectual satiety of his predecessors, he was also enabled to avoid the insanity which so often clouded the careers of his early comrades in revolt. It is a point not to be overlooked, now that the old relationship between madness and genius is again argued, and some are tempted to show evidence of madness in the hope that an illogical inference may be drawn. To the open activity of his public life may be attributed his unfaltering sanity, and the sense of proportion which made him so indifferent to the opinion of others. By association with responsible men, and with people whose contact with the primal realities of life was sharp and continuous, the natural seriousness of his mind was deepened, and his energy was directed to labour strictly in the search for truth alone, whether in art or science, or the conduct of life. Hence was acquired the strong fibre of his best work, the masculine tone of thought and style, rare among modern poets, and in Germany almost unknown. To the same cause might be traced his belief in whole-heartedness and strenuous endeavour as the ultimate test of morality.† For to be half-hearted is to be half-dead; and, as he says: "The important thing is, not what we do, but the spirit in which it is done."‡ If we compare such a temperament and character as his, when he reached maturity, with the moods so frequent in the biographies of other poets and authors—the diseased nervousness, the ravenous vanity, the absorption in self, the ridiculous sensitiveness, as of creatures born without a skin—we shall, at all events, cease to regret that he did not follow the life of the ordinary man of letters. "The scholar," said one of the truest lovers of classic style; "the scholar may be sure that he writes the tougher truth for the calluses on his palms."§ Goethe was born too early to serve as an actual example of the paradox; but it is significant that in the myth of the life of Faust, who

* *Annalen*, 1794; "Goethe's and Schiller's Correspondence," Jan. 6, 1798.

† Cf. "Generalbeichte" and "Faust," part ii. act v.

"Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen."

‡ "Sprüche in Prosa."

§ "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." By H. D. Thoreau. P. 113. (Riverside Press.)

from first to last remained a scholar at heart, he depicts as the fairest moment of his existence, not the capture of Helena's ideal beauty, but the drainage of a stretch of sea-washed sand, an undertaking which any unpoetic engineer of our fens would have set about with a laugh. Through action alone Faust attains, not only to the ordinary advantages of benevolence, such as they are, but to the clearness of vision and purity of thought, which are the scholar's aim and highest reward. Like the sea of Euripides, action purges the ills of all mankind,* and for some scholars and poets it intensifies their peculiar faculty of catching and revealing in more permanent form the fleeting patterns which the Earth Spirit has woven, and still unceasingly weaves, upon the loom of time. So, at all events, it seems to have been in Goethe's case, and that was his true justification. He himself would have been the last to suppose that there was any obligation for others to follow his course.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

* "Iphigeneia in Tauris," 1193.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE HIGH CHURCH PARTY.

THE revival of interest in matters ecclesiastical, which has been the necessary result of certain recent occurrences fresh in the memory of most of us, may be a good or a bad thing in itself; but whether good or bad, it is at any rate as well that those of the public who intend to think or to talk, or to vote about it in their various public or private capacities, should understand as clearly as may be what are the real points in question among the different parties in the Church of England.

In endeavouring to set forth intelligibly some of these points, I propose to take as my text two articles which appeared in, perhaps, the two best accredited organs of the High Church party—viz., the *Guardian*, and the *Church Quarterly*, in the year 1890, in the form of reviews of a work which I published in the spring of that year.* This I do not by any means by way of defending my own work against its reviewers, still less as complaining of the treatment which it has received at their hands (than which nothing could have been fairer or more courteous), but simply because in dealing with the historical questions before them the writers of these articles have set forth several of their views in a shape in which it is convenient to deal with them.

The writer in the *Guardian*, though he maintains throughout the theory of the identity of the Church as existing in Elizabeth's reign in England with that which existed in Henry the VII.'s, yet admits (1) that "from the time of St. Augustine the English Church was never in any real sense independent of Rome;" (2) that "Henry VIII. overruled the bishops and clergy, whether as represented in Parliament or Convocation, and that they passively submitted to his arbitrary and overbearing will;" (3) that Episcopal descent

* "Church and State under the Tudors."

considered necessary to the validity of ordination in the Church of England during Elizabeth's reign, and finally that the re-action which began with the reign of James I. was a re-action "against the principles of the Reformation."

The writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly Review* occupies almost exactly the same ground as does the writer in the *Guardian*, only that his admissions are, if anything, more explicit, though less numerous. Thus he says (p. 152), "we freely admit that no such idea (as that of the identity of the post-Reformation Church in this country with that which had previously existed) could have existed in the days of Elizabeth, that not a whisper of an Apostolic Succession was ever heard, and not a syllable of any such doctrine is to be found in the writings of Elizabethan divines until the celebrated sermon of Bancroft was preached and published in the year of the destruction of the Spanish Armada." And he adds a further admission of the corrupt state of the monastic system.

To some of their points I shall have occasion to refer in greater detail further on. At present I will only call attention shortly to the entire change of ground which they present from that on which the High Church party took its stand in earlier days, and will appeal to all who are familiar with the ecclesiastical disputes of the last half century, whether they have not during more than half that period been accustomed to see every one of these propositions contested by High Church disputants. The *Guardian* writer early in his article gives a string of disputed points as maintained by the late Dr. Hook, which he admits can no longer be defended, yet similar propositions were maintained with the sublimest indifference to facts, as lately as the year 1882, by the late Mr. J. H. Blunt, in a book which he was pleased to call "The Reformation of the Church of England, its History, Principles, and Results." I may refer also to one of the earlier of the famous *Tracts for the Times* (No. 15) for an account of sixteenth-century history, which will sound to those really acquainted with the facts, to whatever party they may belong, little less than ludicrous. Thus the writer says, speaking of the Apostolic Succession in the Church of England, that it was "the bishops and clergy in their convocation who made the separation from Rome," and that "Mary drove out the orthodox bishops" (*e.g.*, Ridley, Barlow, Hooper), "and reduced our Church again under the Bishop of Rome; but this submission was only exacted by force, and was in itself null and void," that "on the accession of Elizabeth the true successors of the Apostles in the English Church were re-instated in their ancient rights," and further, that "there was no revolt in any part of these transactions against those who had a commission from God, for it was the bishops and clergy themselves who maintained the just rights of the Church." Now it is admitted on all hands that

Henry VIII. and Edward's council coerced the clergy to the full as much as Mary did—albeit in a different direction and by less sensational methods, while I suppose no High Churchman would be found to contend that Ridley and Hooper were pre-eminently "orthodox bishops," compared with their predecessors, or that Pilkington and Cox were more legitimate "successors of the Apostles" than were Tunstall and Thirlby, whom they supplanted in their respective sees when Elizabeth came to the throne.

Similarly as to the necessity of Episcopal orders in the Church of England. It is not so many years ago since a long correspondence on this subject took place in the columns of the *Guardian* itself, in which Dr. Littledale and some others declared that they had always been insisted on; and Mr. Blunt, in the work to which I have just referred, says distinctly that "no minister of any Protestant community, British or foreign, has ever been received as, or permitted to act as, a priest of the Church of England, whatever form of ordination he may have gone through, until he had been ordained at the hands of a bishop." This last statement is one of which one can only say that, if a man could write, it believing it to be true, he must be so ignorant of his subject that he ought not to attempt to write at all, and if otherwise, it would be equally unnecessary and uncourteous to characterise him as he deserves. This point also is, as we see, unreservedly given up by the writers with whom I am now dealing, and further than this, both of them go out of their way to express surprise that any one should, at this time of day, think it worth while to prove a fact so indisputable as that of the habitual admission of non-episcopally ordained ministers to the cure of souls in Elizabeth's reign. The instances which I have just given, both written within the last dozen years, may perhaps serve to diminish their surprise.

We may, I think, shortly, but without any unfairness, describe the change of position which the High Church party has recently effected somewhat as follows:

The earlier High Church writers professed to give us a new reading of the Reformation history. Historical study had been somewhat neglected, but new methods had just arisen and a new vigour had been infused into them, and men were in some degree prepared for the reception of new lights and the correction of old blunders and misconceptions. The modifications introduced by these writers were all on the same side, and accumulated gradually until we were taught that the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century was but a moderate reform, which had at most for a moment run away with its authors, that its true originators were the clergy themselves, and that they had never any intention of cutting themselves loose from their former allegiance, but, on the contrary, held to a close continuity both of history and doctrine throughout; that the true "principles of the Reformation"

were thoroughly Catholic and conservative; and that, in short, the current ideas of Protestantism were the growth merely of eighteenth century laxity and carelessness, and had no grounds in the times when the Reformation changes had actually taken place. As the writer in the *Guardian* now candidly admits, Dr. Hook, one of the greatest and certainly the most candid of High Church historians, wrote a book in which he not only minimised to a misleading degree the extent of the Papal influence in pre-Reformation times, but so far misrepresented the post-Reformation primates that "any one might read his lives of Parker and Grindal without discovering that they were distinctly Zwinglian, and would find the Calvinism of Whitgift almost concealed."

Now, just within the last few years, all this is changed, and we find, as already said, the two best accredited organs of the High Church party admitting, with a candour that is almost cynical, that after all the research of recent times, the unearthing of original letters, and publishing or republishing of State papers and official documents, it at length comes out that the old beliefs about the history of the Reformation are, with few and slight modifications, the true beliefs; that the pre-Reformation Church in England was at least as Papal as it was elsewhere; that the changes made in the sixteenth century, so far from being made by the bishops and clergy, were made in the teeth of their most strenuous opposition; that the Reformers had no care to preserve that continuity which is now generally understood by the phrase, Apostolical Succession; that the views of modern High Churchmen were not held at all in the early Reformed Church of England; and that the principles of the Reformation are "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

The state of facts thus demonstrated suggests one or two further observations. The first is this: that the above history of the change of front in the High Church party in recent years, if it be taken as a whole, looks what our fathers would have called somewhat jesuitical. I do not use the word with any personal application, nor do I mean to charge insincerity upon any individual, or conscious insincerity upon any body of individuals, but I mean this, that if the High Church party had come before the world fifty years ago with an avowal of the principles which are put forward openly by the writers with whom I am now concerned, they would not even have obtained a hearing from the English public of that day. It was just because they boasted themselves to be the true representatives of the Church of the Reformation, and avowed that the true reading of its history was on their side, that they did, though at first with much difficulty, obtain such a hearing. I do not, of course, mean to say that this is the whole account of their success, though it is, or at any

rate was, one very essential part of it. They have, as we all know, been deficient in none of the arts by which a new party rises into popularity, and in particular their seizure upon the modern taste for sweet music, bright colours and pretty ceremonies, and their somewhat unscrupulous application of these in their services, to the detriment of all their more severe and directly devotional, as well as of all their congregational, elements, must be acknowledged to be a distinct stroke of genius.

Another instance in which circumstances have arisen that greatly favoured the development of the High Church party, and in which those circumstances have been adroitly and, as some old-fashioned persons would think, not over-scrupulously taken advantage of, is that of the writings of certain fanatical and inaccurate authors. One book to which I have already had to refer is a striking instance of this, viz., Blunt's "Reformation of the Church of England." This book, which makes a great show of learning in quotations from State papers and other somewhat recondite sources of knowledge, favours in all respects the extreme views and opinions of the extreme section of the party, and supports them by a vast series of inaccuracies, misrepresentations, and direct mis-statements—to use no severer term—one of which I have adduced above. It is true no doubt that if one of the learned men of the party be asked about this book, he will probably treat it as it deserves, as the production of a mere party book-maker, whom it is neither his wish nor his duty to defend; but meanwhile the book is published, advertised, and glorified in a certain number of reviews, and obtains a certain currency, and its falsehoods are believed by a certain number of ill-instructed readers. The leaders of the party make no sign. They may say with perfect truth that they are not responsible for all the foolish or dishonest books that come into the world, and cannot undertake to refute them. The effect, nevertheless, is to put themselves somewhat in the same position as that which Pope Nicolas occupied in reference to the false decretals. He did not compose them, he did not—at least he might not—know who did, his hand did not "touch the accursed thing," but he let it alone, he did not throw away the advantage which the great fraud brought him, it became the chief support of the Papal claims in the Middle Ages, and though it has now been discredited for centuries it is impossible to know how much of the existing Papal authority did or did not owe its permanent establishment to it.

I would refer here to two other recent books which clearly illustrate these remarks, though from different points of view—viz., to the late Mr. Aubrey Moore's "History of the Reformation," and to Father Gasquet's "Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer." Mr. Moore endeavours to rehabilitate the very ideas which the writers

in the *Guardian* and the *Church Quarterly* give up, and moreover refers throughout to Mr. Blunt's book as an authority. Father Gasquet, on the other hand, writing from the Roman Catholic standpoint, but as the result of valuable researches into original documents, displays throughout the progressive character of the English Reformation up to the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, when it was her own personal authority and influence, as I have elsewhere shown, which alone prevented it from going further still.

We have thus far seen that the modern school of High Churchmen, while they have been compelled to give up the unhistorical history upon which their predecessors built their theory of continuity, still hold on to the theory itself with as much tenacity as ever. I will now take the four points above mentioned, and inquire how far they can any longer be maintained in the light of the facts which recent historical investigation has brought to light, though considerations of space compel me on this occasion to confine myself, with regard to all but one, to the merest reference. I will take first the question of Apostolic Succession. And here I must, in the first place, point out that the phrase Apostolic Succession is one which requires a little care in the using, since it is liable to a certain ambiguity of meaning. It stands, in fact, for two different ideas. First, for the simple belief that, as a matter of historical fact, there has been an uninterrupted succession in the Christian ministry from our Lord's Apostles down to the present day, and secondly, it stands for the doctrine founded upon this belief, that without that succession there could be no real ministry, nor any valid Sacraments within the Church. It is important to keep this distinction clearly before our minds, since it is evident that, though the first of these two propositions might be true without the second, the second, on the other hand, could not be true without the first. Of the first, the one thing which is certain is that it cannot be proved. It would be quite impossible to take any of the lists of bishops which have been given, and to produce clear and satisfactory proof that each had actually succeeded the one before him, legally and canonically. In the case of the most important bishopric, and one of the best authenticated---viz., Rome, we have several lists, given by different writers, each some centuries after the Apostles' time : there is no sufficient evidence to bridge over the earlier successions, and, moreover, the lists differ : so that all we can *know* of the matter is that they cannot all be true, though all, of course, may be false. Nevertheless, I confess that, considering all we know of the early Christians and their habits of mind, the reverence in which they held the apostles first, and their bishops and pastors afterwards, it is far easier to believe than to disbelieve that the succession was uninterrupted. It seems to me almost inconceivable that any Christian Church in early times should have appointed their chief pastor, by

whatever name they may have called him, or even any of their pastors, without the sanction and approval of those whom they revered so deeply, so that, though proof may be impossible, to me there can be no doubt of the fact. But with the second proposition it is otherwise, though here, again, something of the same line of argument may hold good. It is highly unlikely that, while specially ordained pastors existed the sacraments should be administered by unordained persons, and the longer the custom continued the less would be the danger of its breach. But this does not prove that that which *was* not done *could* not be done. We must look further here, and ask why it could not be done; in other words, we must ask what are the doctrines which have been held in regard to the grace of the sacraments. We shall find then that the Roman Church holds what is known as the doctrine of intention, i.e., in the words of the canon of the Council of Trent, that "there is required in the ministers while they perform and confer the sacraments, at least the intention of doing what the Church does." The objections to receiving this doctrine are great and obvious, and have, moreover, never been put more forcibly than by the Bishop of Minori in the Council of Trent itself (see "Father Paul Sarpi," pp. 242-1), yet they were overridden partly apparently as having been already decided in the Council of Florence, partly because the opposite doctrine led to mere Lutheranism, and more than either, as one cannot help suspecting, because the Lutheran doctrine, as was felt rather than expressed, really cut at the root of sacerdotalism altogether. For, indeed, the Lutheran doctrine making the grace of the sacraments depend upon the state of mind of the recipient—viz., his faith, and not upon that of the administrator, at least tends to make it a matter of indifference who the administrator may be.

A further dogma of the Roman Church on this subject is the well-known doctrine of the *opus operatum*—i.e., in the words of the Council of Trent itself: "per ipsa novæ legis sacramenta ex opere operato conferri gratiam"—i.e., says Bishop Harold Browne, that "from the mere fact of their administration they convey Christ to the soul." As the same authority tells us on the very same page, "all the Reformed, whatever differences may have existed between them on these subjects (and such differences were sufficiently great), appear to have much objected to the statement of the *opus operatum*."

From all this it appears that while the Roman Church maintains that the grace of the sacraments is conveyed by the mere fact of their administration, provided the lawfully ordained priest administers them duly and with the due intention so to do, and says nothing of the state of mind of the recipient as a condition of grace, Luther, on the other hand, and all the Reformed with him, reject this proposition and make the condition to consist in the faith of the

recipient. The English Articles give no support to the doctrine of intention nor to that of the *opus operatum*, but insist strongly on the necessity of faith in the recipient; while all except a few fanatical sects equally deny that the unworthiness of the minister can affect the validity of the rites he administers. Thus we see that all these doctrines require certain states of mind on the part either of the giver or the receiver of the sacraments as a condition of their conveying the grace proper to them. Now orders are a sacrament in the Roman Church, and according to the authority already quoted, Bishop Harold Browne, the Church of England "retains them scarcely less than does the Church of Rome as an appointment of Christ Himself," only, so far as he asserts, abstaining from ranking them with the other two sacraments, because the actual practice of the laying on of hands can be traced only to the Apostles, and not to our Lord himself. We may conclude then that in the estimation of both Churches alike orders are at least a sacramental ordinance of the very highest dignity and sanctity.

How then does this view of the sacramental ordinances agree with the history of the English Church in Elizabeth's reign? Or in what way can the facts of that history be reconciled with the requirements of the Anglo-Catholic theory? It is perfectly clear, in the words of the *Church Quarterly Review*, that not a whisper of an apostolical succession was ever heard and not a syllable of any such doctrine is to be found in the writings of the Elizabethan divines until the celebrated sermon of Bancroft was preached and published in the year of the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and this implies that not only the bishops did not believe in it, but also that the candidates whom they ordained deacons and the deacons whom they ordained priests did not believe in it either. Thus the grace of orders, if transmitted at all in accordance with High Church theory, had to be transmitted without any of the conditions required, whether the intention of the priest as in the Roman Church, or the faith of the recipient as in the Reformed. And this continued, be it remembered, at the very lowest calculation for thirty years (a more really accurate one would about double this number) and those thirty years were a time when ordinations were being performed in unusual numbers.

Now, may we not ask: What sort of continuity is this? And what idea does such a continuity give us of Christian sacraments and sacramental ordinances? The grace of a sacrament surely must be in any case something supernatural—in other words, it must be miraculous; can any one point out any single miracle in the New Testament any way analogous to this, that is a miracle performed without the will either of the performer himself or the subject, not to mention in this case we might, against the will of both? Our Lord himself in his own miracles constantly appealed to the

faith of the recipient. "Thy faith hath made thee whole." And again: "According to your faith be it unto you." So also with the Apostles, as when St. Paul cured the cripple at Lystra, "perceiving that he had faith to be healed." Even in the case of the very miracles which have the most ecclesiastical appearance of any in the New Testament, those in which handkerchiefs and aprons were brought from St. Paul's body to sick persons, there is no reason to doubt either the intention on the part of the Apostle, or the faith on that of the recipient of his benefit. In point of fact, the only history of miracle, in the Acts of the Apostles, which in any degree recalls the modern Anglican theory of the transmission of the grace of orders, is that of the temerarious experiment of the sons of Sceva the Jew, attended, we may remember, with results somewhat unfortunate for themselves. It is really so—for if we are to suppose that grace can accompany the mere use of a certain form of words with the due accompaniment of manual acts, without or against the wills of both the active and passive agents, how can the whole proceeding be distinguished from the vulgarest magic? How does it differ, for instance, from the muttering of a spell by Vivien, of which she understood neither the meaning nor the effect. She, according to the story, bound Merlin in a trance, which neither she nor others could unloose; and if we are told that this is so, where, I would further ask, is anything at all like it to be found in the New Testament; and is not anything of the kind most plainly contrary to the whole spirit and tone of Christianity? Does it not degrade Christianity from the spiritual religion which Christ preached, and in which he makes all depend on the "honest and good heart" of the disciple, into a crafty system of thaumaturgic magic at once elaborate and unmeaning? If we are told that not a syllable was heard of the doctrine of Apostolic Succession in the first thirty years of Elizabeth, and yet almost in the same breath God is thanked for having preserved it; what other conclusion is possible than that which I have drawn? Bishop Jewell we know almost scoffs at it; and yet Jewell's book was held to be, for all intents and purposes, the authoritative exposition of the doctrines of the English Church till long after the date now mentioned. Jewell's brother bishops were all in the same boat with him, and the men whom they ordained, and who formed the bulk of the clergy of all the middle and latter part of Elizabeth's reign, no more dreamed of being made "priests," in any sacerdotal sense of the word, than the bishops did of making them so.

The kind of reasoning which appears to have satisfied the earlier High Churchmen of the modern revival may be seen by a short examination of an argument used by no less a person than the late Mr. Keble, in the preface to his edition of "Hooker," p. lix. In the course of some remarks on the predecessors of Hooker as champions of the Church of

England against the Puritans—viz., Jewell, Whitgift, and Cooper—he expresses some surprise that they did not use the argument from “exclusive apostolic prerogative” as appertaining to the bishops which he says they notoriously did not use. He then proceeds as follows: “They do not expressly disavow, but they carefully shun, that unreserved appeal to Christian antiquity, in which one would have thought they would have discerned the very strength of their cause to lie. It is enough, with them, to show that the government of archbishops and bishops is ancient and allowable; they never venture to urge its *exclusive* claim, or to connect the succession with the validity of the sacraments; and yet it is obvious that such a course of argument alone (supposing it borne out by the facts) could fully meet all the exigencies of the case. It must have occurred to the learned writers above mentioned, since it was the received doctrine of the Church down to their days; and if they had disapproved it, as some theologians of no small renown have since done, it seems unlikely that they should have passed it over without some express avowal of dissent; considering that they always wrote with an eye to the pretensions of Rome also, which popular opinion had in a great degree mixed up with the doctrine of Apostolical Succession.” Of this reasoning I will not say that it is double-edged, but rather that such edge as it has is on the wrong side for the swordsman’s purposes. If a man in conducting a controversy omits to use the one argument which is plainly conclusive in his favour, and the hypothesis of ignorance is excluded, the inference assuredly is not that he *does not dissent* from it, but that he does dissent from it, and therefore cannot use it. Controversialists are not generally in any haste to “avow dissent” from the only argument which can “fully meet the exigencies of their case,” and if, as Mr. Keble no doubt rightly insists, these writers could not have been ignorant of the doctrine of Apostolical Succession the natural inference would be that they did not use it because they did not believe it. That this was in fact the case of the most famous of them—viz., Bishop Jewell—we know from his own writings;* and indeed had they believed it, and had they “connected it with the validity of the sacraments,” how could they have suffered men with only Presbyterian orders to administer them, as Mr. Keble tells us in this same preface,† and, as the writers with whom I am dealing now admit, they constantly did? The fact is that no controversialists of that day, whether Romanist or Puritan, would ever have expected an Anglican opponent to hold any such doctrine; and if, as Mr. Keble says, he did not allege it, the fair, and indeed the only possible inference is, as I have said, that he did not believe it; that he probably shared the popular opinion that it was indeed a **Popish doctrine**. But how Apostolic Succession can have been a

* “Works,” vol. iv., pp. 433 and 480 for example.

† P. lxxvi.

doctrines of the Church of England through all these years when her best accredited champions never thought of alleging it, even though it was the only argument that would "fully meet the exigencies of their case," I do not pretend to explain.

An example of how this dogma, which has become an almost necessary support of the modern High Church theory, has maintained its ground in spite equally of logic and history may be taken from the last work which has marked an epoch in the Anglo-Catholic reaction of our own time. The Church, according to Mr. Loch's theory of it, as developed in Essay ix. of "*Lux Mundi*," would hardly stand at all without the Apostolic Succession - not the fact only, but the doctrine also yet Mr. Loch calmly assumes this last to be an acknowledged and well-recognised part of Anglican theology, apparently quite unconscious of Keble's failure to show it to be such. Considering, no doubt, that the name of a learned and fair-minded Nonconformist would go further than that of any professed advocate in recommending his view, Mr. Loch quotes a passage from Beard's *Hibbert Lectures*, in which that author speaks of the retention of the Episcopate as having helped to preserve the continuity of the English Church before and since the Reformation. That a man who views the whole question so completely *ab initio* as did Mr. Beard, and who was certainly an able, learned, and candid writer, should have been so much struck by this apparent continuity is a fact of which Mr. Loch is entitled to the full value, but I would draw his attention to the words with which Mr. Beard concludes the very paragraph from which he has quoted, viz.: "The Church may be Protestant now, as it undoubtedly was Catholic once; but it is impossible to fix the point at which the transition was legally and publicly made." These words point to a kind of "continuity" to which, for the purpose under discussion, probably neither Mr. Loch nor I would attach much value.

Once more, if "Episcopal descent was not considered necessary to the validity of orders during Elizabeth's reign" i.e., during many generations of ordainers and ordained, how could Apostolical Succession with the corollary of its necessity to the validity of the sacraments be through all that period a "doctrine of the Church of England?" If the bulk of the English clergy throughout Elizabeth's reign, ordainers and ordained alike, had no idea of their own continuity with the pre-Reformation Church, and, on the other hand, looked upon that Church, as they assuredly did, as anti-Christian, how could that continuity, in any intelligible sense of the word, have subsisted notwithstanding?

Similar reasoning applies to the other admissions which I have enumerated at the beginning of my essay, and it is curious to observe that the old arguments, which this reasoning appears simply to pulverise, are revived in so recent a book, and one by a writer so

generally acute, as the late lamented Mr. Aubrey Moore. If, as the writer in the *Guardian* admits, "from the time of St. Augustine the English Church had never been in any real sense independent of Rome," and if, as no one has shown more clearly than the present Bishop of Oxford, the anti-Papal statutes of the Plantagenet kings were intended to prevent the encroachment of the Popes into the region of *temporal government*, to what purpose is it that Mr. Moore endeavours to re-establish the old myth of independence by balancing the appointment of Archbishop Theodore from Rome by the story of the rejection of Wilfrid by the Witan of Northumbria, at the same time omitting all notice of the Synod of Whitby, with its formal acceptance of Rome and rejection of Colman, under the influences of the very same Wilfrid? (Moore, "Reformation," pp. 27-29.) In a similar manner Mr. Moore endeavours to re-establish the old craze of the English Reformation being the work of the clergy, in spite of the historical facts which have wrung from the writer in the *Guardian* the admission that Henry overruled the bishops and clergy, whether as represented in Parliament or in Convocation, and that they "passively submitted to his arbitrary and overbearing will."

A similar inconsistency will be found between the views of High Church writers on the last of the five propositions which I quoted at the beginning of my paper from the *Guardian*. Therein it is boldly stated that "the reaction which began in the reign of James I. was a reaction against the principles of the Reformation." Here, again, as in the former case, the earlier High Churchmen took a different line and insisted that the true "principles of the Reformation" were all on their side, and it is only of late when careful research has driven the best informed of them from this absurd position, and when, at the same time, the arts to which I have already referred, together with dogged persistence, accompanied by not a little truckling* to popular prejudices, and relieved by some "placid and painless martyrdoms," have gained them a certain popularity, that some of them have thrown down the ladder by which they rose to their present position, and stand forward boldly in their true colours as men whose avowed object it is to undo the work of the Reformation in England.

As to the fact itself, I should emphatically agree with the writer in the *Guardian* that the reaction which commenced in James I.'s reign was a reaction against the principles of the Reformation, however widely I might differ from him in my estimate of its character, inasmuch as it was the first step towards the rehabilitation of that system of sacerdotalism which it was the main object and is the principal merit of the Reformation to have overthrown; but we have

* I refer here to the ultra-Liberal or semi-Socialistic principles avowed of late by many of the younger Ritualistic clergy, especially during the recent elections.

only to refer to the last chapter of Mr. Blunt's history in order to see how completely he is in disaccord with the *Guardian* writer as to the fact itself. Mr. Blunt asserts in his concluding chapter that the maintenance of the Apostolical Succession, of a sacerdotal ministry, and of what is generally understood as the high doctrine of the sacraments, were principles of the Reformation throughout, and not, as they clearly were, reintroductions of the Laudian reaction against those principles.

It may be opportune to call attention to such matters as the above when we see that as time goes on, though there seems less and less reason to suppose that the apocryphal history of the older school of modern High Churchmen should establish itself permanently in the public belief, yet that doctrines and practices originally founded upon it are more and more working their way into popularity. The very latest important utterance upon modern ecclesiastical disputes, viz., the Lambeth judgment, serves to illustrate this proposition. The very ground, so far as I understand it, upon which much of the Bishop of Lincoln's ritual remains uncondemned is that the practices used by him do not historically involve the doctrines which have been popularly associated with them; but that statement of historical fact will not do away with the association in the popular mind, and if a clergyman chooses to practise the ritual and at the same time to preach the doctrines with which it has been associated, he will find no difficulty in re-establishing the association in the minds of his congregation more firmly than before. The more intimate becomes our acquaintance with the original documents of the Reformation period, the more it appears that the conclusion at which Cardinal Manning is said to have arrived about it more than forty years ago is the only one to which consistent reasoning can lead, and it is this, "that what he had supposed to be the theology of the English Church was only the opinion of a school beginning with the end of Elizabeth's reign and neutralised at the Revolution."*

As we have seen, the bold statements of the earlier writers are now being gradually withdrawn, but it may be feared that they have already in a great degree served their purpose; that, like the false decretals, their fictitious history, though it has now become laughable, has conduced to the establishment of ideas concerning the English Church and its authority and its orders which are just as fictitious as itself, and, because they are embodied in ritual and ceremonies, vastly more difficult to eradicate. One thing, however, may be with safety predicted—viz., that every advance in knowledge of the actual history of the Reformation period will tend more and more to show that High Anglicanism is but an attempt to "halt between two opinions" where there is in truth no halting-place; that men

* See the "Life of the late Bishop Wilberforce," vol. ii. pp. 49, 50.

must either be Roman or Protestant; that a succession in which for many years no one believed can be at best but a broken succession; that an identity which no one acknowledged can be no real identity; that, in other words, if the Church of England is to take to itself the attributes and the authority which mankind has for ages associated with the Church of Rome alone, it must be content every year, as knowledge increases and thought widens, to appear to a constantly increasing class of persons to be merely enacting the part of the jackdaw in peacock's feathers. The charge that in point of fact the High Anglican theory is a novelty, and that whether true or false it is at any rate not Anglican, is one in which Protestants and Roman Catholics concur. The reply practically comes to this: "These are both equally our enemies, and they must not be accepted as fair judges." There is, however, a work which was published only ten years ago, but which, notwithstanding that it bears on its title-page the name of Cardinal Newman as its editor, seems to have attracted but little general attention, which seems to show that a very similar opinion in regard to it is held by the best informed members of another body, which is impartial as regards all the three. It is called "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Year 1840-1," by the late Rev. William Palmer, and with a few remarks on it, and some extracts which seem to illustrate the position which I have taken up, I will conclude my paper.

Mr. Palmer was a man of learning, ability, and piety, distinguished in his university and Fellow of his college. He was fully possessed with the spirit of the movement of 1833, with the anxious desire for the unity of the whole Church, which was one of its distinctive traits, and with the idea that the Eastern, the Roman, and the Anglican were each and all legitimate branches of the one Catholic Church, separated for the time by reason of the weakness and imperfections and sins of men, but which might one day become reunited, an end which it was the duty of every Christian to promote by every means in his power, to labour and to pray for.

Entertaining such views, and feeling, no doubt, that the generations of direct and bitter antagonism between the Anglican and Roman Churches rendered any *rapprochement* between them for the time difficult, if not impossible, Mr. Palmer went to pay a visit to the Eastern Church in Russia to study its characteristics on the spot, and see how far, upon near acquaintance, they would support his theory. He took with him a copy of the XXXIX. Articles in Latin, together with an introductory Dissertation upon them of his own in the same language. "Of this Latin work," says Cardinal Newman, "very few copies remain. . . . It is remarkable that though the spirit and drift of Mr. Palmer's work is the same as that of No. 90 of *Tracts for the Times*, he wrote his essay a year before that tract, and I never

even heard of the existence of his essay till his papers came into my hands in 1879 after his death." This testimony is important in connection with what is to follow as showing the view of the Articles taken by Mr. Palmer, and incidentally also as showing how another mind, before the publication of *Tract 90*, had independently arrived at, or been driven to, the same method of dealing with them.

Thus furnished then, and duly supplied with necessary introductions, Mr. Palmer went to St. Petersburg, and in accordance with his theory as a High Churchman, in the modern sense, on presenting himself to the authorities of the Russian Church, requested to be admitted to communion. Not, that is, to be reconciled or admitted as a convert from without, but as, so to speak, belonging of right to the Russian Church by virtue of his membership of the Anglican, on the ground that those two Churches were equally branches of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. The following extracts will show how these proposals were met, and in what light the Anglican claims appeared in the eyes of the chiefs of the Russian Church.

One of his principal interlocutors is M. Mouravieff, the Under-Procurer of the Holy Synod (the governing body since Peter the Great's time) of the Russian Church, who, though a layman, was an ecclesiastical official and a well-known author on Russian ecclesiastical history. In one of their numerous conferences the following occurs: "On my urging on him a special prayer for the Anglican Church, he said, 'We know you only as heretics. You separated from the Latin Church 300 years ago, as the Latins had before that fallen away from the Greek. We think even the Latin Church heretical, but you are an apostasy from an apostasy, a progression from bad to worse.'"

Again M. Mouravieff says: "You were a portion of the Pope's Patriarchate, and you rebelled against him." Upon Mr. Palmer objecting, he said, "Did he not send Augustine to convert you? Anyhow, the Pope had acquired, and the Church had confirmed to him, very great power. And did not one of your kings even make England a fief of the Pope?" Once more: "If we had any communication with your Church it must be through the Pope and the Church of Rome, nor can we recognise you otherwise. Reconcile yourself to your own Patriarch first, and then come and talk to us, if you think you have anything to say to us."

It need hardly be stated that in such passages as the above M. Mouravieff is speaking of official communication between Churches, with a view to establishing communion between them. The inevitable reply of all the authorities to Mr. Palmer was that individuals could not be recognised, and could do nothing towards establishing such communion. They would, of course have been willing enough to admit Mr. Palmer as a convert, as they did the German Emperor who

married the Czarevitch, on the terms of abjuring his former communion, and conforming in all things to theirs.

On another occasion he says: "With you everything needs explanations and apologies. One of you sees a thing in one light, another in another. There are your XXXIX. Articles which any one may subscribe and be a thorough-going Protestant. You in your Dissertation allow some things to us, and do not allow others; you amalgamate and reconcile and eclecticise that Protestants you may not be. But if you were to dare to preach or avow openly your anonymous Dissertation they would call you a Papist, or a Greek, or I know not what"

Again he says: "You manifestly fell away from them (the Roman Church), and it is of no avail now to try to explain things away, and to change all our convictions as to your past history."

A priest named Raichoffsky, with whom Mr. Palmer conversed, and who had read the Articles and the Dissertation thereon, announced the result of his studies as follows "I see in your Dissertation there is very little disagreement (i. e., with the Eastern doctrine) to be discovered on any of these points (viz. sacrifice of the Mass, images, relics, invocations, &c.); but the Articles themselves seem to reject and condemn them all without any reserve or limitation, and even add abusive language."

Finally, the Metropolitan of Moscow, the highest dignitary of the Russian Church, and by all account worthy of the general reverence with which he was regarded, asked Mr. Palmer how he liked the Liturgies—viz., of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom, and remarked: "Your Church could not adopt one of them consistently with their Thirty-Nine Articles;" and again: "I have read your Latin Dissertation, and think it much more orthodox and more conformable to the doctrine and spirit of the Eastern Church than are the Articles themselves of which it treats. There are in them many erroneous propositions, such as could not be allowed with us."

Such observations as these should surely carry great weight. They were made more than forty years ago, when the Oxford movement had been started but a few years, and though it had developed rapidly at home, it was but imperfectly known even in England, and scarcely at all abroad, and they were made by the most intelligent and instructed men to be found in the Eastern Church, as a result of a study of the Anglo-Catholic theory presented to them by an able and learned and enthusiastic advocate, to which they came with no prejudiced minds; yet the conclusions at which these men, at once the most impartial and most capable judges whom it would be possible to have, arrived, coincides exactly with those at which Roman Catholics and Protestants looking at those matters from opposite points of view had both also arrived—viz., that the theory is irreconcilable with the

English Articles, and will only serve to exhibit the Anglican Church as an utterly indefensible apostasy from Rome.

The situation which this narrative presents to us is this. For 300 years the Anglican Church had been separate from Rome. Rome had rejected and anathematised it, just as she did every other Protestant sect, as heretical, schismatic, and altogether out of the pale of salvation. During the same period Anglicans, even on certain occasions the most reactionary amongst them—Andrews and Cosin, for instance—had invariably looked upon themselves as Protestants. And though, with that peculiar arrogance which belongs to them, perhaps more as Englishmen than as English Churchmen, they had always carried about with them a sort of assumption that their Protestantism was a good deal better than other people's, they had constantly in all sorts of documents, public and private, referred to the continental Protestants as of the same religion as themselves, and to Romanism as an anti-Christian apostasy. Suddenly there springs up in the Oxford movement of 1833 a party which proposes to change all this, and not only to claim for the Anglican Church that it is the legitimate representative of Primitive Christianity, of which Romanism is but the corruption or the caricature (for this most other Protestant sects claim in their turn), but to repudiate the name of Protestant altogether, and assert themselves to be the true Catholic Church, not on the ground of Scriptural truth, but on that of ecclesiastical tradition. Then a distinguished member of this party goes off to the Eastern Church, sets his view before the best-informed and highest in authority among her clergy—men to whom the Western Reformation must have appeared little more than an intestine quarrel in the ranks of their hereditary enemies. They study his views, with his able advocacy in their favour, and with the other side, so to speak, unrepresented; but they study also the authoritative documents of the Anglican Church, and they reply, as we have seen in the above extracts, much to this effect: "Your views are all very well, and differ little from our own, but they are altogether inconsistent with the declarations of the Anglican Church, which we do not like at all."

On a mere balance of probabilities, which is more likely to be true—the view of the English Church, held by friend and foe alike for the first three centuries of its separate existence, and now, as we have seen, emphatically confirmed on appeal, so to speak, to those who are neither friends nor foes; or a new view, developed if not absolutely invented at the end of that period, and requiring for its support all those "explanations and apologies," all that "amalgamation" and "reconciling and eclecticising," which M. Mouravieff so forcibly describes, and which, in any other matter, would be characterised as essentially un-English?

GILBERT W. CHILD.

THE SINE QUÂ NON OF HOME RULE

THE November Cabinets are about to begin. Before the current month ends Ministers will have come to decisions which for good or for ill will give the present Administration its place in history.

The Cabinet will be busied for the most part in deciding the principles of the great measure for next Session.

The main business of the November Cabinets will be Irish and not English, and the chief question that they will have to face is not Local Government Reform for English counties, but Home Rule for the Irish nation.

Of course it is well understood that no decision which the Cabinet may arrive at will secure that when the time of the shooting of grouse arrives next autumn, Her Majesty will be in a position to pronounce the mystic formula which will add the Home Rule Bill to the Statute Book.

No Bill conceding Home Rule to Ireland will ever be accepted by the peers from a Liberal Administration, unless that Administration is supported by an intimidatory agitation in England which Mr. Gladstone, unfortunately for his Ministry, has not at his command. We need therefore confine our consideration to the question as to how best to get a Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons. This is by no means so easy as it might appear to those sanguine optimists who have convinced themselves that a majority of thirty-eight—for Cirencester has already cut into the original forty—is amply sufficient to enable a Government in earnest to carry Home Rule up to the door of the House of Lords. It is possible, on one condition. It is impossible if that condition is neglected or ignored.

The *conditio sine qua non* of the present position is, that when Mr. Gladstone brings in his Bill establishing a subordinate statutory Parliament at Dublin, he shall not complicate the consideration of the central principle of the measure by any proposal to deal

simultaneously with the constitution of the Imperial Parliament. That question can safely be relegated to more mature consideration in some future Session. It is a sufficiently great and arduous task to bring into being a Parliament on College Green, without aggravating every difficulty and increasing every obstacle by proposing at the same time to tamper with the composition of the Parliament at Westminster.

One thing at a time. To try to do two will result in hopeless failure. Mr. Gladstone, in dealing with Home Rule, will have to fall back upon excellent precedents of his own making. When he enfranchised the county householder he refused to deal simultaneously with the Franchise and the Redistribution of Seats. He and the whole Liberal Party then said Franchise First! If he is as much in earnest about Home Rule as he was about Reform he will have to say Home Rule First! The Parliament on College Green must first be established, the question of the future composition of the House of Commons can be safely relegated to some future Session, to be dealt with after some progress has been made with English and Scotch and Welsh Reforms. The case in favour of dealing simultaneously with Redistribution of Seats, which the Tory party brought forward in opposition to Franchise first, was very much stronger than that in favour of uniting the consideration of Home Rule and the clipping or the lopping or the reconstruction of the House of Commons.

Fortunately the facts in this case lie within a very brief compass. In the House of Commons there stand arrayed in opposition to each other two parties, one of which is composite, the other homogeneous; the composite party outnumbering the other by a majority of thirty-eight in a House of 670 members. The Ministerialists, however divided upon other questions, are united as one man upon one point, viz., that there shall be an Irish Parliament established at Dublin. If, therefore, that question, and that alone, is dealt with in the Home Rule Bill, that Bill can be carried triumphantly through all its stages in the Commons by the existing majority. That in itself will be a work quite gigantic enough to absorb the energies and consume the time of the House of Commons next Session. But gigantic and far-reaching as this would be, it is within the range of the practicable, because the object aimed at is one upon which there is absolute and assured unanimity in the Ministerial ranks.

Now let us advance to consider the second question, which wisely or unwisely was fatally bound up with the previous proposition in the Home Rule Bill of 1886. That question is whether or not, when we are establishing a subordinate and statutory Parliament in Dublin, we should lop, clip, or in any way reconstruct the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The moment that question is raised unanimity disappears from the Ministerial ranks. In place of one party, with a solid majority for Home Rule, there appear three parties, not one

of which can command a majority in the House. These three parties may be described as the Right, the Centre, and the Left. The Right is composed of the stalwarts of the old Bill, who hold that when Home Rule is carried, the Irish members should disappear altogether from Westminster. Their leader is Mr. Morley, who has a mixed and motley following, partly of Englishmen, who detest the Irish and wish to get rid of them, and partly of Irish, who are eager to destroy once for all the last semblance of authority of the Imperial Parliament over their country. The Centre is composed of the main ruck of biddable members who will vote as they are told, but who like to console themselves that they are supporting, if not a plausible, at least an arguable compromise. Their natural chief is Mr. Gladstone, and it is understood that they are to vote in favour of reducing the sitting strength of the Irish members at Westminster from 105 to 30. The Left, a smaller but more dangerous party than either of the others, has not at present any recognised leader. They object *in toto* to any reduction whatever of the present Irish contingent as a consequence of the concession of Home Rule. The members of the Left are drawn from all three countries, although each contingent acts from its own separate standpoint. The English object to any measure which diminishes by a single unit the moral authority of the Imperial Parliament over all parts of the United Kingdom. The Scotch object to establish a precedent which would handicap Scottish Home Rule with a reduction of Scotch strength at the Imperial centre. And the Irish, foreseeing that, at its best, any Home Rule established by a British Government will certainly fall short of the full demands of the Nationalist party, object to weaken by a single vote the strength of the lever upon which they must rely to secure the completion of their national autonomy.

Any one of the three, Right, Centre, or Left, can, when it pleases, throw out the Government, by accepting the always proffered assistance of Mr. Balfour and his men. None of the three can force its own views as to the right way of dealing with the question of lopping, clipping, or reconstructing the House of Commons upon the House, because it is itself in a minority of the House. What then is more simple, more obvious, more natural, more necessary, than that Mr. Gladstone should confine his attempt to legislate to matters on which he has a majority, and leave over the question on which he has no majority till a more convenient season?

Lord Melbourne's question, "Why can't you leave it alone?" naturally rises to the mind when Ministers discuss the difficulties that arise when they attempt to deal with the question of the Irish members at St. Stephen's. What necessity is there for dealing with this question *pari passu* with the other enormous question, which in itself is sufficient to occupy the legislative capacity of the present Parliament? It might no doubt appear to involve the triumph of

the Left over its numerically stronger allies of the Centre and the Right. But that would only be a seeming triumph which could be robbed of all its sting by a declaration, or, if necessary, even by a clause, setting forth that the year after the close of the first Session of the first Irish Parliament, the whole question of the future representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament shall come up for consideration, *re intactâ*.

By this means the way would be cleared for Home Rule First, and the subject on which the party is unhappily divided could be hung up for consideration until it had ripened, without being prejudiced by temporary postponement until it had come within the range of pressing practical politics.

In passing, it may be noted that such a course would minimise the objection which some advanced Liberals have taken to the shunting of all British reforms until the claims of Ireland have been met. If the immediate objective of Mr. Gladstone is limited to the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin, the time saved, which would otherwise have been wasted upon a more or less abstract discussion of the future relations of Irish members to the Imperial Parliament, would be ample for dealing with several important measures of domestic reform, which will do much more to decide next General Election than the most brilliant success that can be hoped for in passing the Home Rule Bill. In order to obtain time to carry those measures, without which next General Election will be lost by the Liberals before the polls are opened, it is absolutely necessary to abandon any attempt to crowd into next Session the discussion of a vast and complicated problem, which, so far from being essential to the establishment of Home Rule, constitutes one great obstacle to its enactment.

The chief objection to this will come from those amiable enthusiasts who imagine that the Home Rule Bill which is to emanate from the November Cabinets is to be a final and complete settlement of the whole vast question of the relations between Britain and Ireland. There are such men, but it may be accepted as absolutely certain that if the angel Gabriel were instructed to produce an ideally perfect Home Rule Bill next January, the natural growth and consequent friction between the two countries would inevitably require a series of amending Bills in the years which are to come. As practical men we must be prepared to brush away as mere cobwebs all proposals or objections based upon the assumption that Mr. Gladstone is going to produce a final settlement. He is going to do no such thing. He is going to make a bold and heroic attempt to establish in Ireland a system of government by the will of the local majority, such as prevails in every other English-speaking community in the world. But the only chance he has of attaining even a measure of success in securing consideration for a tentative proposal

is to recognise that it is tentative, to refuse to deal with more than one problem at a time, and to postpone till to-morrow that which you have not got a majority to settle to-day.

The Liberal Left, who wish to see the Irish Members left as they are, will of course not quarrel with a decision which gives them all they want for the moment, even although it should be labelled "Temporary." It is not yet generally recognised that this policy of Home Rule first has very strong recommendations to the favour of the stalwarts of Mr. Morley's type. That such is the case will, however, at once become apparent to those who take the trouble to remember the pledges under which this Parliament was elected. As things stand, if any attempt is made to deal with these two utterly dissimilar and not at all necessarily related things in the same Bill, nothing is more certain than that the Party of Total Exclusion will go to the wall. The late General Election settled two things, and two things only. The first was that a subordinate Parliament should be established at Dublin; the second that this should not be accompanied by the exclusion of the Irish members from the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, as far back as 1887, was reluctantly driven to abandon the proposal which wrecked the Bill of 1886. But his pledges on the subject of the retention of the Irish members during the election campaign were so explicit and so emphatic that for him to be a party to their exclusion would be a perfidious betrayal of a public trust which it would be difficult to parallel even in the infamous annals of our Irish administration. Mr. Morley although avowing his unabated devotion to the abandoned clause, honestly declared that public opinion had decided against it, and that the retention of the Irish members must form a feature of the new Home Rule scheme. The Right therefore can only carry its scheme in this Parliament by an alliance with the Opposition which would be fatal to Home Rule. But if Home Rule is once established, they will be able to count upon the whole strength of the Tory party in the following Parliament in securing the application of Morley's purge to the House of Commons. Therefore we may expect a ready acquiescence of the Right in the proposal temporarily to adopt the policy of the Left, and to prolong the existing *status quo* until next Parliament, when the acceptance of Tory support will not endanger Home Rule.

It is necessary always to bear in mind that the present Government holds office by virtue of the support of the Irish members. They hold the fate of the Administration in their hands. It is idle discussing as feasible any proposal to which they are irreconcilably opposed. But the Irish members, to whichever section they belong, have never made either their retention or their exclusion an indispensable condition of Home Rule. Mr. Parnell, who is believed to have acquiesced at Hawarden in the compromise of a reduction of the Irish representation, always treated the matter as

one of comparative indifference. He used to say in 1886, that he would take it either way, retention or exclusion, but if they remained they must remain in undiminished strength. He is also reported to have said that he did not care very much how they limited Home Rule so long as they left him his Irish lever at Westminster. Whatever may be made of these expressions of opinion, conflicting as they do with his alleged compromise at Hawarden, they at least prove that Mr. Parnell would not have offered any irreconcilable opposition to a proposal to leave Irish representation intact when Home Rule first goes into operation. From an Irish point of view the arguments in favour of Home Rule First are very strong. The postponement of the vexed question of Irish representation would remove the greatest difficulty in the way of establishing a Parliament in Dublin. What position would the Irish Home Rulers find themselves in if the Home Rule Bill were wrecked in the House of Commons? Yet that is a far from improbable contingency if Mr. Gladstone insists upon binding together two questions so entirely diverse and distinct as the creation of a new Parliament and the taking to pieces of an old one. What the Irish members want is to have the widest possible freedom to manage their own affairs compatible with the retention of the privilege of borrowing money on British credit. They are much more likely to get this if they retain their Prætorian guard in full strength in the House of Commons, than if they consent to have their numbers cut down to a third, or if they are excluded altogether. They know, no one better, that in order to get the Home Rule Bill through, concessions will have to be made to British prejudice which will render it practically unworkable, unless it can from time to time be amended so as to bring it into accord with the necessities of the Irish situation. If, to put it bluntly, they had the least chance of getting Mr. Parnell's own scheme in its entirety at once, they might, perhaps, be justified then in consenting to their exclusion, total or partial; but as they will only, at the best, get an instalment of that scheme, it would be sheer madness to consent to the weakening of the lever by which the scheme was originally brought within the range of practical politics. The Irish members, therefore, we may depend upon it, will raise no serious objection to the temporary maintenance of the *status quo* at Westminster.

Up to this point there can be little difference of opinion. But here comes the crux of the question. To perpetuate the present *status quo*, temporarily or otherwise, it will be said is to perpetuate as long as it lasts Irish domination in British politics. We only assented to Home Rule, say these objectors, because we groan under the Irish yoke. If your proposal is adopted, Home Rule is to bring us no relief. The Irish are henceforth to be free to continue to govern us,

but we are no longer to be allowed to govern them. We must not interfere in their affairs, while our affairs are to be absolutely at the mercy of the Irish brigade.

Even if that be so, unless these Home Rulers are willing to acquiesce for a time in the *status quo*, they have not even a probability of getting Home Rule carried through the House of Commons. But it is not so. They have to choose, not between the Irish members holding the balance of power and no Irish members at Westminster, but between Irish members coming to Westminster as enemies or as friends. If Home Rule conceded with a generous hand enables the Irish to govern Ireland to their own satisfaction, the Irish members will be no more of a nuisance at Westminster than the Scotch members are to-day. The Irish member, as an Irishman, is not by any means an undesirable addition to the House of Commons. It is only the Irish member as the sworn irreconcilable enemy of the Government which is "oppressing" Ireland that is matter in the wrong place. Remove the cause of their hostility, by enabling them to "oppress" Ireland on their own account, and the bond which links them together in opposition to the Imperial Government will disappear.

But leaving that on one side, why should we regard the burden of managing the local affairs of Ireland as such a privilege that we cannot consent to place it upon the shoulders of the Irish without at the same time insisting upon ejecting them from Westminster, even before we have considered how it is to be done or the consequences of doing it? All the popular arguments on this head are vitiated by the assumption that it is a valuable luxury to be allowed to devote hours to the discussion of the drainage of the River Suck or the supply of potatoes to the hungry islanders of Achill. In reality it would be an almost inconceivable relief to be rid of all that parochial business, and to hand over the repair of the Irish parish pump to the care of the Irish parish beadle. To deprive ourselves of that boon, as to the advantage of which we are all agreed because we cannot immediately couple it with another upon the utility of which we differ, is not a mode of procedure that commends itself to practical common sense.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and we had better take a preliminary dividend of 10s. in the pound and wait for the balance, than refuse to touch a penny unless we are paid twenty shillings in the pound.

The chief argument in favour of temporary postponement of the question until Home Rule is in working order is, however, based upon the fact that nothing could so effectively destroy the favourite Unionist assertion that Home Rule means separation and that the establishment of a subordinate statutory Parliament at Dublin interferes with or impairs the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament at,

Westminster. If the *status quo* is left intact, no question as to the subordinate nature of the assembly can possibly arise. The Imperial Parliament remains morally as well as legally and constitutionally supreme. "There is no change, there is only one subordinate Parliament the more." would be a sufficient answer to all those who raise alarms concerning possible conflict of jurisdictions, weakening of the Imperial tie, or lessening of the taxable area of the Empire. The presence of eighty or eighty-five Home Rule members in the House would be an ample guarantee against any capricious or wanton intervention by the Imperial Parliament in Irish affairs. But the fact that the Imperial Parliament remained intact without any modification of its constituent elements, or any sacrifice of its prerogatives and powers, would, more than anything else, reassure the timid, and encourage the framer of the Home Rule charter to be generous and bold in conceding the demands of the Irish people.

This postponement of the consideration of the question is not equivalent to a decision that the subject shall never be raised. It merely asserts that during the initial stages of a most difficult and delicate experiment in Constitution building, the supreme power which creates should be at hand to control, to amend, to extend, and if need be to curtail the action of the new creation. If it passes the wit of man to devise a scheme for the retention of Irish members, it is still more impossible to conceive the drafting of any Bill which will not for many years to come require to be overhauled and amended by the Imperial Parliament. The moment one single Irish representative is removed from the House of Commons, excepting on principles of redistribution applied impartially to the three kingdoms, the moral authority of Parliament is *pro tanto* weakened whenever a decision has to be pronounced in Irish affairs. If Home Rule works admirably, the Imperial Parliament will interfere only "to make the bounds of freedom broader yet." If it works badly, it will be convenient to have ready to hand for its improvement or its repeal the same supreme power which called it into being.

All these considerations point to one and the same conclusion. If the whole question of the future position of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament be not relegated to the future, there is little chance of getting the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the November Cabinets will take as their starting-point--Home Rule First. If they insist upon binding up the creation of the new Parliament in Dublin indissolubly with the mutilation of the old Parliament in Westminster, they will practically have decided that we shall not get Home Rule at all. The separation of these two questions is the *sine qua non* of success.

TENNYSON.

THE death of Tennyson was worthy of his life. He died with the simplicity which marked his life, and yet with a certain conscious stateliness which was his own, and these two, simplicity and stateliness, were also vital in the texture of his poetic work. But his dying hour, though it has left a noble picture on the mind of England, is not the important thing. His life and poetry are the real matter of use and interest, and his death gains its best import from its being a beautiful and fitting end of all that had gone before it. It became an artist, it became a Christian, it became a man. On these three points I propose to speak concerning him: on his relation to Beauty, on his relation to the Christian Faith, and on his relation to the movement of Humanity. These three subjects leave out any examination of his poems, of his work on Nature, and his work on human life; but they have been largely treated of for the last forty years, and will be better considered elsewhere and at another time.

The first characteristic of Tennyson's art—that is, of his shaping of the beauty which he saw in Nature and Humanity—was simplicity, and this came directly out of his character. The way in which he worked, his choice of subjects, his style, were all the revelation of a character drawn on very large and simple lines; and in this sense, in the complete sincerity to his inner being of all he did and the manner of its doing, he was simple, in the truest sense of the word. Nothing was ever done for effect alone; no subject in which he was not wholly involved was taken up. Nothing was even tried, save a few metrical exercises, for experiment's sake alone, much less to

please the popular moment. The thing shaped was always the legitimate child of natural thought and natural feeling. Vital sincerity, living correspondence between idea and form, that absolute necessity for all fine art as for all noble life, was his, and it is contained in what I have called his simplicity.

Contained in it also is his clearness—clearness in thought, in expression, and in representation of the outward world, one of the first and greatest things an artist can strive for and attain. It is true that he never went down into the obscure and deeper centres of metaphysics and theology; it is true that he did not attempt to express the more dreadful and involved passions of mankind, such as Shakespeare in his *Tragic* worked upon, nor the subtle and remote analogies and phases of human nature in which Browning had his pleasure. It was easy, then, it may be said, for him to be clear. But I think it was not from inability to try these subjects that he did not write about them, but from deliberate choice not to write about that which he could not express with lucidity of thought and form. He determined to be clear. He chose plain and easy lines of thought in philosophy and theology, but he expressed them with art—that is, in beautiful form proceeding outwards from impassioned feeling; and a poem like the “Two Voices,” or “Out of the Deep,” is an instance of the way this was done. The same choice of the clear, the easy to be understood, presided over his human subjects. For the most part he wrote of the every-day loves and duties and passions of men and women; of the primal pains and joys of humanity; of the aspirations and trials which are common to all ages and all classes, and independent even of the disease of civilisation; but he made them new and surprising by the art which he added to them—by beauty of thought, tenderness of feeling, and exquisiteness of shaping. The main lines of the subjects, even of the classical subjects, are few, are simple, are clear.

And I think all the more that this choice of clearness (of clearness as a part of simplicity) was deliberate, because of his representation of Nature. It is plain that he might have entered into infinite and subtle detail of description; that he could, if he pleased, have expressed the stranger and remoter aspects of Nature, for he had an eye to see everything from small to large. The evidence of that power is overwhelming. But he selected the clear, the main lines of a landscape, and rejected the involved detail or the obscurer relations between the parts of that which he described. What was done was done in the fewest words possible, and with the briefest lucidity and fitness of phrase.

English literature owes him gratitude for this clearness. At a time when we run close to the edge of all the errors of the later Elizabethans, Tennyson never allowed himself to drift into obscurity of thought or

obscurity of expression, and showed (as those did not who restored clearness to English song in the time of Dryden) that simplicity of words, as well as jewelled brightness of thought and description, might be also compact of imagination. The lamp of language which he held burnt with a clear, keen, and glowing flame. The debt we owe Tennyson for this is not owed by English literature alone; it is personal also. Every writer should acknowledge the debt and follow the example. Clearness in thought and words ought to be part of a writer's religion; it is certainly a necessary part of his morality. Nay, to follow clearness like a star, clearness of thought, clearness of phrase, in every kind of life, is the duty of us all. But of all men the poets are bound to feel and fulfil that duty, and it is not one of the least which belong to their art.

One other thing I may briefly add to these judgments concerning his simplicity. It is that (after his very earliest work) his stuff is of almost an equal quality throughout. I do not mean that all the poems are equally good, but that the web on which their pattern was woven kept, with but a few exceptions, the same closeness and fineness throughout. The invention, the pictures, the arrangement, and the colouring of the things wrought on the web were variable in excellence, but the stuff was uniform. And so was the work. Most of the poems of 1833 are as good in texture, in finish, and in skill as those of 1842, or as "Maud" or the "Idylls of the King." This is an excessively rare excellence in a poet, and it continued to the close. Age did not, any more than youth, make his work of an unequal quality. The workmanship is wonderfully level; and that kind of simplicity has also its root in character.

Mingled with this simplicity, which was due to the unconscious entrance of his character into his art, there was also in all his poetry, as I have said with regard to his death, a certain stateliness entirely conscious of itself, and arising out of a reverence for his own individuality. The personality of Tennyson, vividly conscious of itself, and respecting itself, pervades his poetry, is part of his art, and gives it part of its power. I have called it self-respecting to distinguish it from the personality of those poets who, like Byron, spread out their personality before us, but whom we cannot suspect of reverencing themselves. "Reverencing themselves" seems an invidious term, but in the case of poets like Tennyson, and there is a distinct class of such poets, it means that they look upon themselves as prophets, as endowed with power to proclaim truth and beauty, as spirits consecrated to do work which will delight, console, and exalt mankind. It is, then, rather their high vocation which they reverence than anything in themselves; and this bestows on all their work that self-conscious stateliness which they rightly exercise and claim. They are never seen in undress, never without their singing and

prophetic robes, never unattended by one or other of the stately Muses.

We have had two great examples of this type of poet in the past. Milton was one, Wordsworth was another. Milton never moved his verse unconscious of Urania by his side. Wordsworth never lost the sense that he was a consecrated spirit. And Tennyson never forgot that the poet's work was to convince the world of love and and beauty; that he was born to do that work, and to do it nobly. This is the Egotism (if we choose to give it that term) which is charged with power and with fire. Any individuality, conscious of itself, respecting itself, because of its faith in a sacred mission (entrusted to it, and beneath which it may not fall without dishonour), lifts and kindles other individualities, and exalts all our views of human life. It does this work with tenfold greater force when it is in a poet—that is, in one who adds to its moral force the all-subduing power of beauty.

This conviction, which cannot belong to a weak poet, but does (when it is consistent throughout life) belong to poets whose nature is hewn out of the living rock, enters as stateliness into all their verse, gives it a moral virtue, a spiritual strength, and emerges in a certain grandeur or splendour of style, more or less fine as the character is more or less nobly mixed. This sense of the relation the poet bears to man, this sense he has of his office, and of the duty it imposes on him, was profoundly felt by Tennyson, became a part of him, as an artist, and was an element in every line he wrote. Personal it was, but it was personal for the sake of humanity; and dignity, stateliness in subjects, in thoughts, and in style, issued naturally from that conviction.

These are things which belong to his art, but by themselves they would not, of course, make him an artist. The essential difference of an artist is love of beauty and the power of shaping it. The greatness of an artist is proportionate to the depth and truth of his love of beauty; to his faithfulness to it alone, and to his unremitting effort to train his natural gift of shaping into fuller ease, power, and permanence. As to beauty itself, men talk of natural beauty, of physical, moral and spiritual beauty, and these term-divisions have their use; but at root all beauty is one, and these divided forms of it are modes only of one energy, conditioned by the elements through which it passes. They can all pass into one another, and they can all be expressed in terms of one another.

To define what beauty is in itself is beyond our power, but we can approach a definition of it by marking out clearly its results on us. What is always true of beauty is this, that wherever it appears it awakens love of it which has no return on self, but which bears us out of ourselves; it stirs either joy or reverence in the heart without bringing with it any self-admiration or vanity,

and it kindles the desire of reproducing it, not that we may exult in our own skill in forming it, but that our reproduction of it may awaken the same emotions in the hearts of all who see it as the original sight of beauty did in our own heart—that is, it more or less forces the seer of it into creation. This creation, this representation of the beautiful is art; and the most skilful representation of the ugly—that is, of anything which awakens either repulsion or base pleasure, or horror which does not set free and purify the soul, or scorn instead of reverence, or which does not kindle in us the desire of reproduction of it, that we may stir in others similar emotions to our own—is not art at all. It is clever imitation, it is skill, it is artifice, it is not art. It is characteristic of an age which is writhing under the despotism of positive science that the accurate and skilful representation of things and facts which are not beautiful is called art, and it belongs to all persons who care for the growth of humanity, not to denounce this error, for denunciation and criticism are barren of results, but to live and to work for the opposite truth. Far more rests on that effort than we imagine. A third at least of the future betterment of mankind to which we now look forward with more hope than we have done for years depends on this effort, on all that it involves, on all that it will create in the imaginative and spiritual life of the human race.

With a few exceptions, into which this tendency to scientific representation carried him—poems of dissection and denunciation, things like “Despair,” and worse still, “The Promise of May,” Tennyson was faithful through his whole life to beauty, writing always of what was worthy of love, of joy, of solemn or happy reverence; and by this, and in this sphere, was always the artist. The manifestation of these things, his creation of them, for the love and pleasure and veneration of himself and men, was his unbroken delight.

How much we owe to him for this, especially at this time, only the future will fully know. It is true, this faithfulness to beauty is the foremost characteristic of all great artists, the very quintessence of their genius, that which makes them permanent; but he deserves perhaps more praise for it than many others, for he was tempted by the tendency of his time to swerve from it, as Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Keats was not tempted. Once or twice he yielded, as I said, but these instances only show how much he resisted, and how faithfully. This, then, it was which kept him always fresh, even to advanced age. He whose eyes are steadily fixed on the beautiful, always loves, and is always young.

Moreover, the true artist has written on his heart, “Love not the world, nor the things of the world,” and this, in spite of many foolish things said of him, was true of Tennyson. If what I have said of his love of beauty be true, he could not have bent his art to the world, and he never did. For the artist knows that absolute beauty is

a perfection which he never can fully grasp, which always becomes before him a greater ocean, which therefore invites and kindles an incessant pursuit. He can never rest his wing in this pursuit; he can never turn aside, while he is full of its ardour, to any lower or meaner love, to any selfish strife. The passion it makes glow is one which devours all other passions. The desire to reveal beauty, to make it clear, so far as he has seen it, is a desire which makes all personal desires common and unclean.

Whatever vulgar folk have said of Tennyson, his whole work breathes with that desire. I do not believe, and I cannot trace in one line of his poetry, that he ever wrote for the sake of money, or place, or to catch the popular ear, or to win a transient praise. He wrote only that of which he loved to write, that which moved him to joy or reverence, that which he thought of good report for its loveliness. Even the things he did as Poet Laureate, where, if ever, he might have been untrue to this, have no tinge of the world about them. They speak to royalties of the things of eternal beauty, of the natural sorrows and joys of faithful motherhood and wifehood, of duties and sacrifice performed in high places—the same duties and sacrifice which might be done by the labourer and the slave—of love and honour, and faith, of those ideals of humanity which are as capable of being pursued and fulfilled in the cottage as in the palace. The Laureate Odes are more lessons to the great than celebrations of them.

He was, then, faithful to loveliness. It is not too much to say that he saw all the universe of man and Nature and of God in their relation to ineffable beauty, and that the getting of this pervading essence out of all things, the shaping of it, and the crying of—"Look there; love and worship, rejoice and reverence," was the one supreme thing in this life for which he cared. This may be said of all true poets, and it is here said of him. It is the mightiest debt we owe to the faithful artists, and we feel it all the more deeply at a time when art yields more than it ought to the temptations of the world.

But the power of seeing beauty and the love of beauty are not all that makes the great artist. He must also have the power of shaping the beauty which he sees, and in a way peculiarly his own. There must be in the work the personal touch, the individual surprise, the unique way, the unimitated shaping which provokes imitation. We ought to feel in every artist's work the immediate pressure of an original, personal creator, who has his own special manner with things and words. This is one of the main tests of genius. Of every great poet it is true, and it is plainly true of Tennyson. Every line is alive with his own distinction.

On his natural gift of creating, and on his careful training of it, I need not dwell, nor yet on his practice and love of the skilfulnesses of his art, of the careful study of words and their powers in verse,

of his mingled strength and daintiness and weakness, of all that belongs to Form. These things and their like in him have been for years the food of critics. No one disputes that he touched excellence in them, or that he had the power of creation. But I maintain that all his technique was not for its own sake, but was first urged by his love of beauty. It was necessary, for the sake of his faithfulness to her, that the shape he gave to what he loved should be as perfect, as strong, as gracious, and as full of delightful surprises as he could make it; and not one of our poets has striven with a more unfailing intensity to do this honour to all the beauty he saw in Nature and in man; as eager in this at eighty as at thirty years. It is a great lesson to all artists; it is a lesson to us all.

Power then to see beauty, power to shape it, these were his. How far he saw it, with what degrees of excellence he shaped it, how great an artist he was—is not now the question. The question is, Did he always see it with love and joy; did he always shape it with faithfulness? And I answer that his fidelity to beauty, whenever he saw it, was unbroken.

II.

When Tennyson passed from school to the university, religious life in England had very much decayed. The Spirit which animated Wesley, and which had fallen like the prophet's mantle on the earlier Evangelicals, had now become cold. English religion, in and out of the Church, was like the valley Ezekiel described, full of bones, and the bones were very dry. And in the midst of the valley one figure, now old, and who had seen the fire of religious sacrifice rise high to God in the past, had welcomed it, and directed it into new channels, but who had outlived his enthusiasms, went to and fro, chilled at heart, and wailing for what had been. It was the soul of Coleridge, and if the voice of the Spirit asked him: "Son of Man, can these bones live?" he answered, but not in hope, "O Lord God, thou knowest"; and he died before he saw the resurrection which Tennyson saw, the blowing of the wind of God, and the bones coming together, and the slain breathed upon, so that they lived and stood on their feet, an exceeding great army. Nevertheless, the old prophet did his work, and his power moved in the two men, though in a very different fashion, who, in the same years which saw a political and poetic resurrection, awakened into a new spring, with all the promise of summer, the religious life of England. The true beginning of Tennyson's as of Browning's poetical life was coincident with the birth of the movements afterwards called the High Church and the Broad Church movement, and with the birth of a new political and social era. "Never alone come the immortals."

This religious awakening was felt and seized by two distinct types of character, or, shall I say, of human tendency, and crystallised by two representative men, by J. H. Newman and Frederick Maurice; and it is curious for those who care for analogies to the evolution of species to trace how the one was the child of the University of Oxford and the other of the University of Cambridge. The main difference—as it seems to me—which lay between their method of presenting the faith was a time-difference, if I may be allowed to invent that term. In the matter of religion the past was the foremost thing to Newman, to Maurice the present. Newman looked back to the past (the nearer to the Apostles the nearer to truth) for the highest point to which religion had attained, and his immense reverence for the past became part of the mind of Tennyson. But it was balanced in Tennyson by even a greater reverence for the present as containing in it an immediate inspiration and revelation from God. This new foundation for poetic thought and emotion was given to him by the religious work of Maurice. The deepest thought in the mind of Maurice was that as fully as God had moved in the past, He was moving in the present, and the incessant representation of this, in every form of it, was his great contribution to Theology. Of course, others before him had said similar things, but he said this in a new way, and under new conditions. He could not, however, quite escape from the web of the past, and his struggles to combine the past and the present entangled him, entangled his mind, and entangled his followers. When he clung, as he did, to the ancient intellectual formulas as laid down in the Creeds and Services of the Church, and tried to weave them into harmony with his main faith, he damaged his position, and, up to a certain point, his work.

Tennyson, as a poet, did not fall into this ill-fortuned position. What his personal views were concerning the creed of Christendom is not the question here. It would be an impertinence to discuss them. That is a private matter, and we shall hear what his family choose to disclose to us at the fitting time. But his poetry is a public possession, and in that poetry there is naturally no doctrinal confession, no intellectual propositions which define his faith. I say naturally, because art has to do with the illimitable, with that which is for ever incapable of definition, with the things that belong to love and beauty, and joy and hope, and veneration—the shapes, degrees, powers and glory of which are for ever re-shaping themselves in each man's soul and in the soul of the whole world. Art not only rejects, it abhors all attempts to bind down into unchanging forms the thoughts and emotions which play like lightning round the infinite horizons towards which the imagination sails onward, piloted by love, and hope, and faith. It has no creeds, no articles of faith, no schemes of salvation, no confessions; it cannot have

them, by its very nature. The unknowable—but the believable—is its country, its native land, its home.

Whatever then, in this matter of religion, the man as thinker may confess, the man as poet keeps in the realm of 'the undefined' beyond analysis, beyond reasoning. When he does not, when he is tempted into analytic discussion, into doctrinal definition, he ceases to be a poet for the time and the mess into which he gets is pitiable. When Milton argues like a school divine, when Wordsworth draws out a plan of education, when Byron explains his view of original sin, how sad it is, how the Muses cover their faces, how angrily Apollo frowns! Even Dante, who was obliged to do something of this kind of work, does it only as a means by which he may launch himself forward into the infinite. And Tennyson rarely so lost his position as an artist. There is no creed in his work, the best proof of which is that Theists, Unitarians, Evangelicals, High Churchmen, even some Agnostics (folk fond of opinions intellectually formulated) have all, at one time or another, claimed him as their own. They, differing so widely, cannot all be right in this claim. The fact is they are all wrong.

But the main faiths of Maurice, which were assertions of what he conceived to be "eternal verities" concerning the relations of God to man and to the universe, and concerning the end to which God was leading them—assertions backed up by no proof, for the matters insisted on, could neither be proved nor disproved—were naturally in the realm of the imagination, of faith and hope, in the infinite realm of love, and were brought to receive acceptance or dismissal before the tribunal of human emotion, not before the tribunal of the understanding. As such they were proper subjects of poetry; and the ever-working immanence of God in man and in the universe, as Will and Love, as King and Father; the necessary brotherhood of man and the necessary practice of love one to another, because all were in God; the necessary evolution (owing to this vital union between God and man) of the human race into perfect love and righteousness; the necessary continuance of each man's personal consciousness in a life to be; the necessary vitality of the present—(that deep need for all high poetic work, man alive and Nature alive, and alive with the life of God)—these faiths (I will not call them doctrines, for their definition changes incessantly with the progress of human thought and feeling) lay at the root of the religion we find in the poetry of Tennyson, and influenced that poetry from 1830 to 1892. They were part of the elements of the soil out of which his poetry grew, and by them, and by the way in which he held them (carefully keeping them apart from all intellectual definition and in the realm of faith alone)

he is separated on the one side from all those poets who either ignore these things like Keats, or profess disbelief in them like Shelley, and on the other side from all those poets who like Milton or Byron or Browning have a definite theology in their poetry.

These things, then, may justly be said with regard to the religious elements in the poetry of Tennyson, and they are all contained in "In Memoriam"; nay more, they are the very basis of that poem. But the assertion of them does not answer the question: "What relation does Tennyson's poetry bear to Christianity?" For all these beliefs might be held by a Theist—even by one who ignored or depreciated the teaching of Jesus. If Tennyson is then to be claimed as a Christian poet it must be shown that he considered Jesus to be the great proclaimer of these truths, the re-founder of them on a better basis, the one who concentrated into Himself the religious truths which before Him had been in man, re-formed them in his own thought, and issued them with new power and charged with new love, to claim the belief of men. This certainly was Tennyson's position.* So far as that goes, Tennyson was distinctly Christian, and this is the position of a great number of persons at the present day. But if that be all, then a greater number of persons will deny him the right to call himself a Christian. In their mind a Christian man must have a distinct faith in Jesus as God, as a Saviour of man and as a revealer of God in a way different in kind from that in which we can call any other person a saviour or revealer. Is that view contained in Tennyson's poetry? We cannot take the phrases concerning Christ used in the "Idylls of the King," or such phrases as "Him who died for me" in the "May Queen," as any proof of his views, for these might be said to be only local colour; but when we come to "In Memoriam" we have before us a poem exceedingly personal and distinctly theological; and Christ is called there "the Life indeed"; His power to raise the dead is confessed; He is the Receiver of the souls of the dead into the World beyond this world; He is the Word of God that breathed human breath and wrought out the faith with human deeds. This is not enough to make Tennyson as poet an orthodox Christian in the doctrinal sense, but it is enough to place him among those who confess Jesus as the Light of the world, as their spiritual Master, their Life, and that with a distinctness which does not belong to any other of the great poets of this century, so far as their poetry is concerned. This position becomes a certainty if the introduction to "In Memoriam"—beginning "Strong Son of God, immortal Love"—be an address to Christ. I think it is, and that this is the most natural explanation; but nevertheless it is left vague. On the whole, there is no clear doctrinal definition of the person or the

* "In Memoriam," xxxvi.

work of Christ. What is not left vague, what is quite clear, is that he is more Christian than Theist; that no mere Theist could have said the things that he has said in "In Memoriam."

This absence of definite doctrine, which is the reason many persons say that Tennyson was not a Christian (holding the amusing theory that the Nicene Creed rather than the words of Jesus is the test of Christianity) is, first of all, necessitated by his art; secondly, it is in itself Christian. Definite doctrinal statements are, as I said, abhorrent to poetry. They belong to the world of the understanding, to the world of analysis—a world in which the artist cannot breathe at ease, and in which, if he continue, his art decays and dies. They take him out of the illimitable sky in which the imagination flies onward towards the unknown, the yet unconceived, and the ever-varying unchangeable. Had Tennyson defined his view of Jesus, he would never have said "Ring in the Christ which is to be." In that line the idea of Christ and His Gospel in mankind is given an infinite extension. We may give the phrase fifty meanings, and we shall not exhaust it; and a hundred years hence it will have totally different meanings allotted to it by the gentlemen who wish to define.

Secondly, this absence of propositions invented by the intellect, in which ideas like the immanence of God in man are limited to one meaning, in which the Fatherhood of God or the brotherhood of man is rendered particular instead of being left universal, is in harmony with Christ. He proclaimed truths which He believed to be universal—God's Fatherhood, man's brotherhood, love as the absolute life of God and of man, personal immortality in God, the forgiveness of sin—but He never put these into any fixed intellectual form; He never attempted to prove them by argument; He never limited them by a prosaic statement of their import; He never took them out of the realm of Love and Faith; He never gave them a special shape or organised them into a body of belief. He left them free, left them as spirit and life; and as to their form, every nation and kindred and tongue, every kind of society, nay, every person, could give them whatever intellectual shape they pleased. Provided they were loved and felt, and the love at the root of them expressed in the action of a life, I do not believe that Jesus cared at all what form they took in the understanding, or how they were organised into ritual and creed—if only the form or the organisation did not contradict the universality of the love of God, or the universality of the love between man and man which was contained in them. Theological creeds were nothing to Jesus, but their limitations which produced hatreds and cruelties and quarrels, these, to this hour, He looks upon with the pity and the indignation of pure love. The absence then of definite opinions about infinite truths, which is the

necessary position of the poet, which was the position of Tennyson in his poetry, is the position of Christ himself.

Again—and this is a subject which suffers from only being sketched—Christianity does not take the same ground as ethics, nor was Christ, primarily, a moral teacher. “This do and thou shalt live,” the moralist says, and it is a good thing to say. “When you have done all,” says Jesus, carrying the whole matter of life into boundless aspiration, “say, We are unprofitable servants, we have done only what it was our duty to do.” “Lord, how oft shall I forgive my brother? Unto seven times? Surely there must be some definition.” “Unto seven times?” answered Christ, in astonishment at any limit to forgiveness—“nay, any number of times—to seventy times seven!” “All these things,” cried the young moralist, “all these duties, I have kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?” That was the cry of the ideal in him: the inward longing for something more than conduct—for the unknown perfection. “Ah,” said Jesus, “if you want the ideal, if you aspire to the unreachd summits of love, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor.” “Whom shall I love,” they asked; “my relations, my friends, my own nation, the members of my Church? Where is the limit?” “There is no limit,” said Jesus; “the infinitude of God’s love is your true aim. Love your enemies—do good to them that hate you—so will you be like your Father in Heaven, whose sun shines on the evil and good alike.” “Shall I be content with the duties which I can do—with the love I can certainly give to my fellow-men—with the plain things which lie before me in this world—with the possible in conduct?” No, thought Jesus, that is not my teaching, nor the ground I take. You must aspire to the impossible—strive to be equal to the infinite love—love far beyond anything you can understand. It is not the possible, but the perfect, you must live for. “Be ye perfect in love, even as your Father is perfect in love.” Union with the infinite Love by loving—that is the aim of man.

At every point it is the position of the artist; or, rather, an analogous position to that he takes up with regard to Beauty, which Christ takes up. Love, not duty, is the first thing; the teaching of loving, not the teaching of morality. If love be secured, morality is secured. If a man love God—that is, love the living source of love and righteousness, of justice and truth—he is absolutely certain to secure noble conduct. Morality then is not neglected, it is taken in the stride of love. And that is the root of Jesus. Love fulfils the law; and all the poets, and every artist (whether nominally a Christian or not) takes a similar position. Love, in its infinite outgoings towards the unconceived beauty of life, is their root; and whatever morality they teach is the secondary matter,

comes as a necessary result of love having its perfect work—love which, when we have reached the farthest horizon we first saw of it, opens out another equally far, and when we have attained that, another, and again another, always and for ever.

This is the Christian position, and it is the position Tennyson preserves all through his poetry. There is no one, it is true, from whose work better lessons can be drawn for the conduct of life, for morals in their highest ranges, than can be drawn from Tennyson. But below all conduct, as its foundation impulse, lies in this poet's work the love of the infinite love—the desire of the unreachable perfection, the passion of unending effort for it, and the conviction of an eternity of life in which to follow it. This eternal continuance in us of the conscious life of love, in unending effort for more of love, for greater nearness, that is, to God, is the position of Christ; and it is the position of one who believes in a personal immortality. One of the foundation faiths of Christ was that every man and woman was as unbrokenly connected with the Eternal God, as a child is with a father. God was our nearest relation; the relationship was a personal one, and could never be untied. In that our immortal continuance, our immortal personality, was necessarily contained. The declaration of immortality was not new, but the ground of it—the fatherhood of God and the childhood to Him of every man so that each soul was felt by God, in Himself, as a special person to whom He was in a special relation—that, at least in its universality of application, was new.

This was always Tennyson's position. It might be proved, up to the hilt, from his poetry, and it makes him clearly Christian. Owing to the circumstances of his time, it was especially around this question of immortality that Tennyson, in his relation to Christianity, concentrated himself. Its truth held in it for him the Fatherhood of God, the salvation of man, the brotherhood of man, the worth of human life. If it were not true, Christianity in his eyes was not true—there was no God in the universe for man; there was no true union possible between man and man; there was no religion—nothing to bind men together; there was no explanation of the pain of earth, and the whole history of man was a dreadful tragedy. That was his view, and he maintained it with all a poet's fervour.

But it would not be true to say that he who kept it had not to fight for it against thoughts within which endeavoured to betray it, and against doubts which besieged it from without. Tennyson did not repose in it; he had to fight for it sword in hand, and many a troublous wound he took. He was a poet, sensitive to all the movements of the world around him, and it fell to his lot to live in a time when the faith in immortality has had to run the gauntlet between foes or seeming friends, of a greater variety and of a greater skill than ever before.

in the history of man. He felt every form of the attack in himself; he battled with himself as he felt them, and he battled with them outside himself, and he won his personal victory, having sympathised thus, throughout the course of sixty years, with those who have had to fight the same battle. Of what worth his contribution is to the problem is not the question here. I only state the fact, and the manner in which it was done. It was done in the manner of a poet—never by argument as such, rarely from the intellectual point of view—by an appeal to the emotions, by an appeal to the necessities of love. Had he done otherwise, he would have, at that point, ceased to be the poet, ceased to rest the truth of immortality on faith in that unprovable conviction that there was a God, and that He was indissolubly bound up with the personality of all of His children.

The trouble began early with him. The religious change I have noted in the thirties disturbed, no doubt, his early faith, and the result is written for us in the "Confessions of a Sensitive Spirit." Vacillation of faith is the basis of that poem; and no answer is given to the questions proposed therein. Again, the whole question—on the basis of "Is life worth living? Is it not better not to be?"—is taken up in the "Two Voices," and the several forms of the problem met. The answer is—"Life is not worth living, if it does not continue, if love is not immortal in God and in us." Then "The Vision of Sin" asks the same question in another form. Sensual pleasure in youth has ended in cynicism in age. What hope? There is an answer, he says, but it is in a tongue no man can understand; nevertheless it comes out of a horizon where God shows like a rose of dawn.

The same question forms the basis of "In Memoriam." What is the proper answer to the problem of sorrow, of the loss of those we love—to the cry of the breaking heart all over the world? Immortal life in God, who is immortal love and therefore immortal life, is the answer; immortal development—immortal union with all we love; the never-ending evolution of all into more and more of perfection.

"One God—one law—one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

A hundred questions arising out of the matter are proposed, a hundred speculations are made, and the answers and suggestions are all made, as a poet makes them, by an appeal to love in us, and to the love which, if God be at all, must be at the very root of His being.

Lastly, it is plain that Tennyson had, when he finished "In Memoriam," settled down into quiet on this matter. He had fought his doubts and laid them low. But the time in which he lived did not let him rest. He had again to become the fighter. The argument of Darwin that our conscience and

our emotions came by direct descent from the brutes was used as an argument against immortality. The great development of physiological science tended to increase among persons of a certain set of mind a naked materialism, more or less cynical; and especially went against all beliefs, like that of immortality, which could not be tested by experiment. Then, all the outward authority on which the Christian faith had long reposed, the grey-haired authority of the Church, the younger authority of the infallibility of the Bible, was shaken to its foundations by the application of the science of historical criticism to the New Testament stories and to the history of the Early Church, so that the outward authority for immortality passed away from the minds of multitudes, and with it that which is bound up with it—the belief in a Divine Father of mankind.

And, now, among those—the greater number, it is true—who still clung to these faiths, there was no longer peace. Doubts, incessant questions troubled them; faith veiled her face for long periods. Men and women then and now fight for the truths dearest to them as Arthur fought in that dim, weird battle of the West, in a chill and blinding vapour, and looking up to heaven only see the mist.

Then it was that Tennyson, shaken out of his certainty in "In Memoriam," feeling all the new trouble of the world, took up again the sword against his own questionings and against the scepticism of the world in which he lived. The mystery of the pains of life, side by side with a God of love, deepened around him. No creed, no faith, seemed to completely answer it. But all the more, he felt that the only chance of an answer was in clinging to the conviction of a life to come in which all shall be wrought into union with God. Once or twice he was carried beyond tolerance into hot indignation with those who took away what he believed to be the only reply to the problem of pain and evil.

In his poem of "Despair" he denounced the "know-nothings," as he called them, as well as the liars who held eternal punishment, and with equal wrath and vigour. In the "Promise of May" he painted, and most unfairly, the materialist as almost necessarily immoral. He need not have been so angry, and he did no good by either of those poems. Had he believed more at the time he wrote them he would not have been so violent. He would have felt that, if these were God's children, it mattered little whether they denied immortality or not. They would find out the truth in the end, and their attack on it could do no final harm. However, as his life went on, this anger seemed to pass away. He resumed his old method of warfare—the method of the artist, the appeal to love, the appeal to the heart of man, the appeal to the incredibility of all the glory and all the growth of man; of all the dreadfulness of his fate, being alike closed in universal death. Many are the poems in his later

volumes, poems like "Vastness," for example, which take up this artist-position. At last, as it seems, all his distress ceased in quiet, in a faith even more settled than that of "In Memoriam." Some trouble still lives in the last volume published while he was yet alive. "Vastness" still strikes a wavering note. He says in another poem that, "In spite of every creed and faith, Life is the Mystery." In the poem, "By an Evolutionist," the end seems a matter of hope rather than of certainty. The last poem in the book, "The Crossing of the Bar," is the first clear cry of happy faith—all doubt and trouble past; and it is a quiet faith which persists through the volume which contains his last words to the people of England. "The Making of Man," while it accepts evolution, carries it onward to the perfect accomplishment of all humanity in God :

"Hallelujah to the Maker. It is finished. Man is made."

"The Dreamer" has no uncertainty. "Doubt and Prayer" and "Faith," the one following the other, assert that "Love is his Father, Brother, and his God," and that Death flings open the gates of all that we desire in the heart. "God and the Universe," written on the threshold of death, reveals that all fear of dissolution has gone for ever. "The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life—his truer name is 'Onward,'" so the poet speaks to the mourners at the last.

This faithful fighter, who stood, like Horatius, for sixty years defending the strait path of faith in immortal life, defending it against his own doubts and those of his time, laid down his arms at last, conscious of his victory. Time will tell whether it is a victory also for us. For my part, I have no shadow of doubt as to the conclusion the world will finally come to on this matter; and when that conclusion is reached, the long battle of Tennyson for the Christian faith, for God as the Father of all, and for the necessary inference of immortality from that primary declaration of Christ Jesus, will be acknowledged by the eternal gratitude of mankind.

III.

As in Nature, so in literature, there is continuity of development, and the germs, then, of the subjects which the new poetry of any generation develops into full-foliaged trees are to be found in the poetry which preceded that new poetry. The poetry of Nature, as fully written by Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, had, as it were, a child-life before their time. The theological poetry of Browning, of Tennyson, of a host of minor poets, arose out of certain tendencies of thought and emotion which were dimly expressed by Byron and Coleridge and Shelley. The various forms of the poetry of human life, and especially of the poetry of human progress, which the poets expressed from the year 1830 to the year 1870, were outlined, as it

were, in the poetry of the first thirty years of this century. In what manner Tennyson developed the poetry of Nature is a fascinating subject, but must be here omitted. What he did with regard to the theological shapes which emerged in his time has already received full notice. What did he say of the subjects which belong to the growth of humanity towards a better society? What relation did he bear to social politics, if I may use that term?

With the impulse given by Reform in 1832, a number of questions belonging to social progress were reawakened into a fuller life, and took new forms. Was the power of government best placed in the hands of the whole people, or in the hands of great men? It is plain that Tennyson answered with Carlyle that great men (provided they had, like Wellington, a supreme sense of duty, a proviso Carlyle did not always insert) were those in whose hands power should dwell. Freedom, in his conception of it, was safer with them. The voice of the people, he thought, was a babbling voice, for the people were led by mere orators. Tennyson was never democratic at heart. He never understood what democracy in its reality meant, much less did he ever conceive its ideal. He was always an aristocrat, though he would have said, with justice, that it was a government of the best men that he desired, and not a government of rank and birth alone. Rank and birth, when they were unworthy of their privileged position, he despised and denounced, because they were inhuman. But I do not think that he ever wished that rank should be dissolved, or privileges overthrown, or that he even conceived the idea that the people of themselves were to choose the best men. He saw (from his poetic point of view) that all men were equal in their relations to the common feelings and duties of the race; that in suffering, in love, in the desire of right and justice, in the visions and longings of youth and age, there was an eternal equality; and, like all the great poets, his work in this realm of thought has drawn men and women of all ranks and classes into a closer sympathy with one another and placed them hand in hand on a common ground of humanity; but when it came to extending that community of human relationship into the political or the social sphere, he not only drew back, he did not understand what this meant. The Republicanism with which Wordsworth and Coleridge were at first enchanted, and from which they afterwards retreated; the revolutionary spirit of Byron and his crusade against respectability; the more deliberate wrath of Shelley with the whole of the aims and idols and oppression of a society founded as he believed on caste and force and not on equality and love, were one and all wholly unrepresented by Tennyson, nay, they were implicitly attacked by him. His whole conception of law and government, and of freedom, excluded them, repelled them from its circle. Not in his hands, then, lay the development of the seeds which Shelley

had scattered in his manhood. No, nor even those which Wordsworth had sown in his youth. He was much more, on this side, the true successor of Keats, to whom all these political and social questions were, because of their apparent ugliness, repulsive, and who took refuge from them in the stories of the Greeks and of the Renaissance out of which time had withdrawn the coarse and left the beautiful. But Keats lived at a time when there was no national emotion, when men were really weary of the ideas of the revolution as they were then presented, and he represents that weariness. Tennyson, on the contrary, did live in a time of national emotion, and though he partly followed Keats in a retreat to the past, yet he could not altogether, even had he desired it, loosen himself from the excitement which encompassed him. His age was too much for him, and he wrote of patriotism, of the proper conception of freedom, of the sad condition of the poor, of the woman's place in the onward movement of the world, of the place of commerce and science in that movement, of war as the remedy for the selfishness and evils of commerce, and of the future of the race. These are the main things he touched, and of them all it is true that they were questions which had been outlined in the previous poetic period, and outlined in the new forms they took after 1832.

The first of these is Patriotism.

I have said that he felt strongly the vitality of the present in which he lived. But he also brought into the present an immense reverence for the past, and that is one of the strongest foundations of his patriotism.

"Love thou thy land, with love far brought
From out the storied Past,"

is but one of a hundred utterances, the note of which remained the same clear sound from the beginning to the end. It was a pity that the emotion was chiefly given to the warlike glories of England by land and sea, and but little bestowed on the long and more glorious though fameless struggle of people and towns for civic liberty; but we may well excuse the poet's preference for valour and faith and death for the honour of the land in the striking circumstance of war. This is more vivid for verse, and the "Fight of the Revenge," and the "Relief of Lucknow," and the "Charge of the Light Brigade," will always stir English hearts.

Moreover, no one has better dwelt on the nobler elements of English character and their long descent to us from the past, and the sacred reverence that we owe to them, than Tennyson. He has strengthened, by the expression of this reverence, love of country among this people, and the strength he has thus added to it will endure as a power in England. It will be more than a power. It will be a voice to recall us to reverence when, in the push onwards to

future liberty, and in the heated atmosphere of that strife, we tend to forget how much we owe to the ancient forms and to the bygone men whose work we may put aside as unfitted for the present time. For if in our excitement for the future we lose reverence for the past, the loss of reverence will so injure the soul of the nation that when we gain our objects in the time to come, we shall not be able to keep them nobly or to use them rightly. No splendid future, splendid in that just feeling for righteousness and love which hinders the despotism which so often succeeds a wholly irreverent revolution, can be won by a nation which has forgotten veneration for its magnanimous past. The work of Tennyson, in this point of patriotism, is altogether fine and true.

Nevertheless, it had its extreme. It ran sometimes into what has been called spread-eagleism, into what the French call *Charricism*, and in this extreme he became, with a curious reversion to the type of the Englishman of Nelson's time, the natural opponent, even the mocker of France and the French character. The words which, at the end of "The Princess," he puts into the mouth of the Tory member's son, represent, not unfairly, his own point of view. Phrases like

"The red fool fury of the Seine,"

show how he looked on the passionate forms which political ideas took in France, and the one-sided view he took of our neighbour's character. He saw only the evil of these things, just because he was so exclusively of the solid English type. Now and again the natural variety of a poet made him attempt to see the other side, as in the answer to the Tory member's son. But it was against the grain. He saw but little of what France has done for us; he had no gratitude to her for her audacity, her swiftness, her logical expansion, into form of the thoughts of progress; he did not see or feel that much of the freedom we have lately won was owing to our calm contemplation, with a certain amount of pleasurable but base contempt, of the mistakes which France alone had the boldness and the self-sacrifice to make for the world. He did not see our cool acceptance of the results for liberty which emerged after her mistakes had run their course. She bore the consequences of her mistakes, but in exhausting the mistakes, she set the true form of certain ideas of liberty clear. We take the ideas she has set free, but we forget that she revealed them. There has been no ingratitude so great in the history of humanity as the ingratitude of Europe to France, and Tennyson represented with great vividness this ingratitude in England.

Hence, or rather along with this, he did not, except now and then in vague suggestions, carry the love of country forward into the love of mankind. He had but little sympathy in his

poetry with other nations. The only struggles for freedom with which he openly sympathises were those of Poland in his youth, and of Montenegro in his age. The battle of Italy for liberty is scarcely mentioned. The struggle of the North against slavery is never touched. Nor could he write, and this illustrates still further his insulation, as Browning wrote of Spain, of all times of Italy, of modern Greece, of men and women's lives away from England. He never became international. The higher conception to which love of our own nation is to lead—the love of all nations as contained in one nation, the nation of Man—did not shine in the mind of Tennyson. It arose into clear form with the French Revolution; it has taken a new and a better form in modern times, but none of its developments were sympathised with, were even conceived by Tennyson. He was at this point over-English. He is, at this point, out of sympathy with the progress of Man. He is not, at this point, our poet or the poet of the future.

Again, take the idea of human freedom; which, thrown as it was by Shelley into the arena where the young emotions of the present contend with grey-haired theories of the past, became a much more actual consideration in all national life after 1832. That idea is not only freedom to speak the thing we will, or freedom of act or contract, or such national liberty only as all Englishmen enjoy—but the setting free of all members of the State by the State from all that hinders the full development of every citizen. That is what it has now become within the last thirty years. But it was nothing like that in 1832. There was reaction. The riots and excesses which arose round the Reform Bill, and which were caused by the misery of the poor labourer, forced men of a quiet type, like Tennyson, to consider carefully the idea of freedom; and the reaction from revolutionary action on the one side, and from Utopias as they were called, like Shelley's, was extreme. One would have thought that a poet, touched by the reality of misery and its exceedingly bitter cry, would have held the balance equally poised at least, and not yielded too far to the reaction; that he would have felt indignation at the state of society, and been inwardly urged to give, in the manner of a prophet, some prediction of a hope near at hand for the woes and weakness of the oppressed.

But though there are many passages where he does try to hold an equal balance and to excuse, or even to advocate, the impassioned rising of the oppressed in speech or act against their fate, these passages are short, are tentative; he is, as it were, forced into them, and the main line he takes is the line of careful protection of the old against the onset of the new, of steady but very prudent advance through obedience to existing law, of protest against that which he calls *raw haste*, of discouraging of indignant speech and act on the part of the people, of.

distrust, even of contempt, for what seemed to him the mob and for their "lawless din"; and, in consequence of all this, of the putting off of the regeneration of society to a period so far off that it may be counted by thousands and thousands of years. It is with almost a scientific analysis of the whole question of the future society, and with arguments drawn from geology, that he predicts the enormous time in which its betterment or its perfection will be wrought. He had really little or no faith in man as man, but he had faith in man as conducted, in reasonable obedience, to the final restitution by an entity which he called law, and which was, in reality, his own conception of the Constitution of England; built up into power, not by the people, but by a few great men and the bulk of the educated and landed classes who alone were fit to direct the blind forces of the people. I do not say that he did not slide out of this position here and there in his poetry. He could scarcely help it as a poet, but nevertheless this was, I think, his main position in his poetry, and on the whole he kept to it all his life. It was not altogether his standing-place when he was young. A different spirit inflames the lines which begin :

"And Freedom reared in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
And rites and forms before her burning eyes
Melted like snow."

That, and the rest of them, smell from far of the poet. But this vague fire did not last. A batch of poems: "You ask me why though ill at ease"—"Of old sat Freedom on the heights"—"Love thou thy land"—mark his new position—that of a man who, like the constitution of a land

"Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

"regards gradation, lest the soul of discord race the rising wind," and sits (distrusting all that is not accurately balanced, all that shares in political emotion whether of wrath or eager love) apart from those stormier miseries of man which seem to double whenever men eagerly desire for their lives a greater freedom of development. I do not presume to blame him for this. On the contrary, this position towards the progress of man in freedom, this "nor swift, nor slow to change, but firm"; this quiet maturing, in self-control, of liberty, this close respect for law, is a standing-place necessary to be supported; and is, in fact, that of the sturdy good sense of England, led to its conclusion by careful reasoning on the past, and by an intellectual analysis of the course of its history. I should be very sorry to lose the ballast of the boat.

But when it is the only position taken up by the army of freedom, it ends in the overwhelming of freedom for a time. It becomes blind and deaf to the woes of man. And it is always a position in

which it is surprising to find a poet. One would think that he would naturally be in the other great division of the army of freedom—on the side of the inarticulate emotions of the people—supporting that struggle for freedom of growth which is inspired by indignation against oppression, or by impulsive pity which rushes into act; which is driven on by faiths which do not argue; by hopes which have little ground in experience; by aspirations towards all that at present seems impossible; by the fire of the greater passions whose speech and deeds seem madness to the steady world. This is the side which the poet, when he thinks of freedom for man, naturally takes. Wordsworth took it, Coleridge took it, Byron took it, Shelley took it, Browning took it, but—Tennyson did not! His was the view of the common-sense, well-ordered Englishman—of Whiggism in her carriage with a very gracious smile and salute for Conservatism in hers—and he tried, unhappily as I think, to get this view into poetry.

Through the whole of Tennyson's poetry about the problem of man's progress, this view of his does damage to the poetry; lowers the note of beauty, of aspiration, of fire, of passion; and lessens the use of his poetry to the cause of freedom. If the poet take the unpoetic side of any question, he gives no help to mankind, *so far* as the question concerns mankind. The same things said in prose are very good sense, and in harmony with their vehicle. But, said in poetry, they sound all wrong; they seem unnatural; and they harm the cause they intend to support. It had been far, far more right and natural, had Tennyson taken up the other side—a side just as necessary, even more necessary, for the advance of human freedom than the side of cautious and lawful development of liberty—the side of the rushers, of the passionate seekers, of the wild warriors, of the sacrificers whom the world calls insane, of the indignant men whose speech and action Tennyson thought were “the blind hysterics of the Celt.” That way poetry lies: and that way lies the permanent influence of a poet on humanity, so far as this question is concerned.

This unfortunate position—not in itself, for I have maintained it as quite a true position for one-half of the army of freedom to support, but unfortunate for a poet—threw his poetry on matters related to the full and free development of mankind out of gear. He sometimes got curiously in the wrong, as on the subject of war. He became curiously and unpoetically hopeless with regard to the future, wavering to and fro without any fixed or luminous faith in progress; having a distant and half *laissez-faire* sympathy with the sorrows of the people, and seeing, and this is the strangest of all, a remedy for their sorrows in the greater growth of commerce as it exists at present, and in the further development of practical science hand in hand with commerce. When we read these things in poetry we say: “Why, this is wondrous strange!”

When he does express indignation against the miseries of the poor, and their cause, the unbridled competition of commerce—he puts that indignation into the mouth of the half-hysterical and morbid lover of “Maud,” or into the mouth of the lover in “Locksley Hall,” when he has grown old. Moreover, he does not speak from himself, but in the voice of the characters he draws, men wanting in “self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.” A false light is thus thrown on these sorrows of the poor. It is as if half of them existed only in the morbid fancies of men. At least, there is no vital passionate sympathy expressed for them; and, indeed, Tennyson lived apart from this suffering world and knew nothing about it. He vaguely sees that ruthless competition is at the bottom of these evils, but he looks for the extension of that system of commerce which is based on and makes competition, as one of the main elements in the fully developed happiness of mankind. He vaguely sees that mechanical science has been made the slave of competition, and has increased, through this unhappy union, the troubles at the bottom of society, but he looks for the fuller development of the present system by science as one of the means of redeeming these evils. He sees plainly that the world is wrong, but he seems to think that it is to be cured by the slow and steady improvement of the present social and commercial system, tempered, when it gets too bad, by wars. He sees, or Maud’s lover sees, that this system leads to organised selfishness; that men become, under it, materialised; that the higher qualities of the heart and soul are crushed by it—and this is the subject of the beginning of “Maud,” and of a few other poems. What is his remedy? Not the abandonment of the system, not a crusade against the causes of these evils, not even any legislative attempt to lessen them, but a war, in which “commerce should not be all in all, and noble thought be freer under the sun,” in which men should “feel with their native land, and be one with their kind,” in which the desire of self-sacrifice should again awake in the country. Of all means of cure, that is the most foolish, and it doubles the misfortunes of the poor. Those who are sacrificed the most in battle, and tortured to death by thousands, and who get none of the personal glory, are the poor. The taxes are doubled, and the doubling falls heaviest on the poor. The competition and the cheating of those capitalists who happen to desire to increase their store at any cost are increased in war-time. The selfish are made more selfish; the troubles of the poor workmen are trebled; the army suffers and starves, and dies of cold and misery—as we found out, only too well, in the Crimean war. A costly medicine it was!

This is not the way to remedy the ills of the people, nor is it the best way to develop self-sacrifice, noble thought, civic honour or justice in a people. There is another way in which the call for civic

self-sacrifice enters into the daily and hourly life of every citizen, but that way, which forms now the basis of all action and prophecy towards a nobler society, did not enter into the poetry of Tennyson at all, and its absence left him no expedient for curing a selfish society but the clumsy expedient of war.

I make no complaint against Tennyson for all this. I only state the case. If he was of this temper, it was because it was mainly the temper of the time in which he grew to his maturity, the thirty years from his first volume to the end of the sixties. He represented the political and social opinions of that time very fairly, but not as a poet who had much prophetic fire and pity in him would be expected to write. Nor did he make any impetuous casts into the future, when he wrote of these things, save once in "Locksley Hall." In these matters, he was not before his age, nor when the age changed did he change with it. He remained for another thirty years in precisely the same position while all the world changed round him. His poetry on other matters continued to exalt and console the world, to illuminate it with beauty and grace and tender thought. He has been a blessing to us all in a thousand ways in these last thirty years. But on the matters of which I treat of here, he was either silent or in opposition to the ideas of a higher liberty. Collectivism, for example, which began to grow up about 1866 (which, while it was in opposition to the individualism which so rapidly developed after 1832, yet holds in it a much greater opportunity for complete individuality than we have even conceived as yet) does not seem to have even dawned on the mind of Tennyson. He is behind the whole of this movement—the master movement of our time. In matters then of this kind he is not our poet. He is our poet in the things which he treated poetically; and in those which have to do with Nature and God, and the sweet and honest and tender life of men and women, he will remain our poet as long as the language lasts, but in these social matters not. One only subject of this kind he treated well and as a poet, and that was the question of woman and her relation to modern life; a question which was started by Shelley, and which occupied a great place in poetry after 1832. As far as he saw into that matter, he saw it with freedom and clearness and love, and "The Princess" is a real contribution to that subject. But that stands alone. In all other matters belonging to the progress of society, he does not belong to the last thirty years, to our time, our hopes, or our faith; nor does he think and feel in them as a poet.

Look, in conclusion, at the faith he had concerning the future of mankind, at the hopes he entertained for it. Was he swept away, as the poets are, into high prediction? Did he realise by faith that a better time might be near at hand? No, embayed in these con-

servative doctrines, unable to loosen himself from them, he had enough of the logic of a poet to see that, supposing they were all true, the progress of society towards a better and a perfect life must be of almost an infinite slowness; so very slow, so very far away. that man in the present is left all but hopeless. There is nothing in Tennyson on this matter of the rush or the faith of the prophet. The impulse he gives here is faint, and a hope which is only too like despair. The young man of "Locksley Hall" repents when he is old of almost all the enthusiasms of his youth :

"Forward far and far from here is all the hope of eighty years."

In the very last book, the "Ghost of the Brute" in us men may be laid, but only in a hundred thousand years, or in a million summers away. Before the crowning age arrive in the making of man, æon after æon shall pass. "We are far from the noon of man. there is time for the race to grow."

Time! when half the world and more are in torture! It ought not to be in a poet to take things so easily. It is true that Tennyson looks beyond this world, and sees the sorrowful made blessed there. and, indeed, I hold that to be the truest of consolations. But if it is to make us take evils easily here—we especially who are comfortable—I hold that it is not unwise to put it out of our minds for a time, and it may be that the general disbelief in immortality has its deepest ground in that feeling, and perhaps its reason. For my part, I do not think we have any right to think of a Heaven for others, much less for a Heaven for ourselves, in the world to come, until we are wholly determined to make this world a Heaven for our fellow-men, and are hoping, believing, loving, and working for that, and for its realisation not in a thousand or a million years, but in a nearer and a nearer future. That is what a poet should feel and write for nowadays. That should be the passion in his heart and the fire in his verse.

STOFFORD A. BROOKE.

THE UGANDA PROBLEM.

IT may be taken for granted, I think, that the acute stage of the Uganda crisis is past. It is felt on all hands that retreat with honour is impossible, that Uganda must be retained, and that we cannot afford to add another blunder to the long list of those which have marked our dealings with Africa. The question is no longer a party one—it has become national. Many who would have deprecated any present advance to that remote region admit that, now we are there, there we must remain. The outcry for its retention is a many-voiced one. It comes from the merchant, who seeks new or cheaper tropical products, as well as new markets for his goods; the philanthropist, aflame with compassion for his suffering fellow-men, determined to end this martyrdom of man, of which Africa is such a theatre and slavery such an instrument; the missionary, eager to carry the glad tidings of light to the heathen; the patriot, jealous of his country's honour; the politician and the student, who see into the future and look to the necessities of the coming generation. Here, indeed, is no still small voice, but a great outcry from the heart of the nation—from all that is best and of good report in our life, all that has made us something more than a selfish community of shopkeepers—all that rings with the best traditions of our race, and that will continue to ring down through the ages. To such a voice no Government, however strong, can afford to be deaf, least of all a Government that professes to champion the cause of the poor and lowly, and of those who are oppressed. The heart of a great continent lies torn and bleeding, and seeks a physician. Its agonised palpitations throb through the air and haunt us with its insistent beats. We can neither shut our eyes, nor close our ears, nor try to shirk responsibility. For we have become our brother's keeper, and to desert him means massacre,

means broken pledges, means dishonour. Happily, that coward's course is not likely to be ours—that coward's question, Are we our brother's keeper? is drowned in a mingled cry of indignation, shame, surprise, and vehement protest, and Uganda is saved.

Though Uganda may be thus saved, much still remains to be considered. What are likely to be the results of our occupation, commercially and otherwise? How is it to be administered? These and kindred topics demand our attention, and may yet be profitably discussed. As one who pioneered and explored the present road to Uganda, who has travelled in every quarter of Africa, but who at the same time has always deprecated hasty industrial or commercial undertakings in Equatorial Africa, I may be permitted a few words on the general aspects of the question at issue.

Looking into the matter historically, it seems very clear to me that the British East Africa Company have themselves to blame for the somewhat awkward position they now hold. Five years ago a marvellous opportunity was afforded them to put themselves in a truly imperial position in the heart of Africa, an opportunity which, if it had been seen and seized on, would have carried them on to fortune. I refer to the relief of Emin Pasha. In the blindest fashion they ignored their own interests, and gave themselves completely away. The direct common-sense route lay through their territories. Emin Pasha begged to have a road opened up to him through Masailand—begged for assistance to remain where he was, and preserve the infant civilisation he had reared. By that route all that he asked for could have been accomplished. He could have been at once relieved and kept there, and all that he represented of good preserved, Mahdiism stemmed back, ivory poured down to pay for the administration pending the development of the country's other resources, the seeds of strife already planted in Uganda would have been blighted, if not killed, and the Company placed in such a position as it is never likely to attain again. The whole recent history of the Upper Nile Basin would have had a totally different aspect. With a self-sacrifice, for which it may be hoped they will have their reward in heaven, since they cruelly suffer here, they let their opportunity slip, and hence the ruin of Emin Pasha's province, and the triumph of some of the worst features of Islam; hence these religious massacres in Uganda, these bloody slave raids from the Congo through the forest to Albert Nyanza, the horrors of that extraordinary march, the terrible scandals connected with the rear-guard, and the crippling of the beneficent usefulness of a great commercial and philanthropic organisation.

The error once committed, the mischief resulting became irreparable. Something, however, could be done to retrieve their disasters, and with this praiseworthy object, the Company sent off an expedition to

Uganda. But, meanwhile, the evil seeds which had been sown had produced a crop of Upas trees; religion had taken the form of a fiend and demanded its myriad victims; fanaticism, slavery, and war in congenial company were rampant in the land. To separate contending parties and bring in the reign of law more blood had to be shed before a new and happier order of things prevailed. Acting with the delegated authority of Government, the Company's agent took the distracted country under the protection of the British flag and gave pledges to persecuted tribes. It seemed at last as if a brighter era was in store for the land—that from Uganda, enthroned in the centre of the continent, would radiate a beneficent influence which would steadily grow in strength and extend itself in length till far down the Nile Valley it would be felt, and through the dark Western Forest it would penetrate, and over the Great Lakes wing its way, and throb joyously through the heart of Africa, giving peace for war, liberty for slavery. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the work accomplished by Captain Lugard or the results that will ensue, not only for Uganda, but for all the fertile lands that circle it, if it be but continued. No sooner, however, did everything look bright with the promise of present and future good than all grew dark—the Company proclaimed the work beyond their powers, and retreat their only course, unless the Government came to their assistance. We found that we had been mesmerised and in our sleep had dreamed. The awakening to the stern realities has been rude. We are told to look forward and with sad eyes see the coming havoc. Religion—how prostituted!—putting on the bloody garb of war, slavery with its clanging chains looming up behind, a slaughtered people, a land scorched with fire and running blood. Surely, this only is the dream—a horrid nightmare, all else realities. A storm has threatened to burst, but a favourable breeze is carrying it past, and there is an arc in the heavens.

Drawing new breath, and putting aside dreams and nightmares, let us consider what it all means—this retention or abandonment of Uganda. We may profitably commence by asking, What is the commercial value of Uganda to us?

It is, of course, very easy to juggle with statistics, and by them demonstrate that Uganda is to be the most profitable possession under the British flag. Equally easy is it to draw upon the imagination, and see in it the garden of Britain—if not of Eden—the happy hunting-ground of future colonists, and the reviver of our manufactures. Both exercises are, no doubt, pleasant, and may be trustworthy; but I gladly leave them to experts in their use.

Looking at the question as honestly and prosaically as is possible, I must confess, however reluctant, that, from a purely commercial

point of view, Uganda is but of small value to us *in the present*. As matters stand, we know of only two things which would pay to bring down to the coast—rubber and ivory. There may be other things—possibly plenty of other things; but they have to be found yet, and are, therefore, out of court.

Unless, then, some important discovery of new valuable products is made, the commerce of Uganda must in the present entirely depend upon the two articles mentioned—rubber and ivory. These, however, it seems to me, may prove sufficiently remunerative to tide over the early years pending the development and thorough exploration of the country. Indeed, as an ivory centre, I know of none so admirably situated, of none where so many trade lines may be made to converge, of none so surrounded with virgin forests where the elephant is practically unmolested. By judicious enterprise, I see the possibilities of a big trade for some years to come. Unfortunately, there is absolutely no future for the ivory trade. The African elephant is certainly doomed to extinction from a commercial point of view. To preserve him for his ivory is hopeless; only as a scientific curiosity will he be found in the next century. For the present the ivory of Central Africa takes the place in a small way of the gold of the South, pending the development of the vegetable wealth.

For rubber Uganda is an equally magnificent centre. Thousands upon thousands of miles of virgin forest spread around ready to yield a rich harvest, a harvest too that will not be so evanescent nor so easily destroyed as that in ivory, but one which must augment in volume year by year. In its people too, in view of the development of the rubber trade, Uganda has an enormous advantage. In all Africa there are no more intelligent or industrious natives, or natives with a greater aptitude for civilisation; none also so easily taught. These facts mean that the Waganda will rapidly increase their wants under the tutelage of their white rulers and the temptations of European traders; new wants must lead to greater industry and greater industry to larger trade, and thus the forest wealth will be exploited. But while I see much that is hopeful in the commercial prospects of the present or immediate future, it is to *the* future that we must look, and in that I do most earnestly believe. We have here an intelligent people, seemingly capable of being moulded to anything, not a lazy or an apathetic people, but uniting in their persons all the best and most hopeful characteristics of the negro race. In Uganda and surrounding regions we have a land of rare fertility, capable of growing almost every tropical product, a land of sufficient elevation to modify the tropic heats and make them bearable, a climate too that must be considered healthy for Africa, where no European who knows how to take care of himself, and avoids excess in all things, need fear to spend

many years at a time. Captain Lugard has a theory which, if true, would make Uganda colonisable. Whenever Captain Lugard theorises we may be sure he does not do so morely as a mental exercise, and therefore he deserves our earnest attention. I myself doubt the theory, though I am prepared to believe that medical science has discoveries in store which will make things possible, that are the contrary now—discoveries that will rob Africa of half its terrors. Meanwhile, however, we must consider Uganda not a place where homes can be formed and families reared. It certainly can, however, be ruled by Europeans, and can be commercially exploited by our traders. It offers no terrors to the planter, and martyrdom only to such missionaries as seek it. In all these facts we have much of the highest promise, and sufficient certainly to make us look forward with the greatest hopefulness to the future.

Meanwhile, whatever be the commercial value of Uganda at present, I do hold most strenuously that it is a national duty to see that as many as possible of the waste places of the earth should be secured for the coming generations. With other nations taking up the Imperial policy which has made us largely what we are, and shutting us out from virgin countries wherever they are to be found, we cannot afford to stand idly looking on, or still more to retrograde. We must look ahead and invest in land for posterity, even though there should be no dividends for the present generations.

Having thus looked the commercial aspect of the Uganda question fairly in the face, let us turn to a higher and more unselfish point of view, namely, the moral one. This practically resolves itself into the consideration of the effect which the retention of Uganda will have upon the slave trade. Here assuredly I can speak in a more whole-hearted way, and with a less uncertain sound. We have happily no need to look into the future to seek results, for the effects will be immediate and immense. It will be a giant's step in our anti-slave trade policy, with the most glowing promise that, as the early years of this century saw the commencement of this great moral crusade, so will its close be signalled by the death-blows which will practically end the foul thing. From all sides of the continent the forces of civilisation are closing in around the last black haunts of the hunters of men. Before the close of another year, Nyassaland will be swept clear of the trade. A little later, and Tanganyika will be purified and consecrated to legitimate uses. Slowly the Belgians are feeling their way up the Congo, and before many years are over the last great fight in the slavers' chiefest stronghold will take place, and there can be no manner of doubt what the result will be.

I have said the last great fight—yes, but only if Uganda is retained. If we retire from Uganda, a further lease of life will be given to the

slave trade. The dregs of Arab Africa, driven forth elsewhere, will gather there. From Nyassa, from Tanganyika, from the Congo, from all the wide area of East Central Africa they will troop thither like hyænas to the slaughter. Nor will they stop there; but, pressing further north, they will spread themselves over the beautiful countries that are watered by the Upper Nile and its tributaries, over what was Emin Pasha's province. Here they will join hands with their co-religionists from the north, and thus united they will set up their throne—the devil's throne—and hold high festival in the sphere of influence which our bungling has given to them. We let the Mahdi have Khartoum and the Egyptian Soudan. Then we deliberately brought away Emin Pasha and added the Upper Nile to his empire, and now we propose to evacuate Uganda and deliberately hand it and the surrounding lands over to the slavers, to complete the frightful story.

How different will be that tale if we remain there! We shall hold the key of the situation, and may do much to retrieve our errors. It will be a tale of life to thousands, of freedom to myriads. But there is no time to think and brood. We cannot put off our decision till the next year or the next again, and escape the consequences. Now only is the time for action—now or never. If the decision is not taken ere these words see the light, a cablegram of momentous import will have flashed over land and sea to Mombasa. From there, borne by swift-footed messengers, the fateful message will speed towards its destination, and once there nothing can stop the dire work of destruction. Outposts of British beneficent influence, veritable cities of refuge for whole peoples and tribes, begin to be evacuated, and centres of light and leading blotted out, while simultaneously the pent-up passions of savagery burst forth with volcanic destructiveness. Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, Mohammedanism, each seeks to annihilate the other and extend its cure of souls. Kabaregga and his hordes, triumphant slavers and their cannibal crews, rush in to add to the horrors of intestine war. Narrower grows the region of peace and liberty, wider the area of war and slavery. The English flag recrosses the Nile, light is extinguished, the curtain falls. The management appears in front and makes a statement. The sacred lamp of civilisation could not be kept alight in the Uganda theatre because the oil was too dear. The old glorious traditions could not be followed from want of support. Therefore all engagements had to be cancelled. Business is business, you know. The dollar after all is almighty, therefore let sentiment, and morals, and posterity go hang. The band strikes up "God Save the Queen," and to its strains the stupefied audience retires to consider what steps to take next.

Of course it is almost impossible to believe that this can possibly happen. Yet that, or something like it, has been threatened, and we wait expectantly for the fateful word which will remove our fears or make them realities.

In view of the expected retention, it may not be altogether unprofitable to consider how Uganda may best be held and administered. Should the Government rule the country directly, or give such assistance to the Chartered Company as will enable them to continue the beneficent work they have begun? There is much to be said on both sides of this important question, and there are many conflicting elements. My answer, nevertheless, is decidedly in favour of the Chartered Company. There is an adaptability, an elasticity and simplicity, as well as a cheapness, about the methods of chartered companies thoroughly suited to the work of pioneering commerce, and laying the foundations of good government in waste lands and among savage peoples beside which the methods of Downing Street cannot possibly stand comparison. I have seen the Royal Niger Company at work in their particular sphere, and have been struck with admiration at the result of their labours, and the splendid adaptation of means to ends which they illustrate. On the same coast I have seen the miserable results of Government administration. In the South the British South Africa Company have written in the history of Africa one of its most brilliant chapters, besides which glorious achievements all Government work seems simply a series of bungles and errors. The Western Chartered Company saved the Niger Basin for Britain, the Southern one secured Mashonaland, and painted red on our maps the beautiful and fertile plateau-land between the Zambesi and Tanganyika. The Eastern one also may claim credit for having made certain that the best of East Central Africa did not fall into the hands of the Germans.

Undoubtedly the East Africa Company have blundered; but they have also suffered and gained experience. It might be urged that to subsidise them would be to establish a dangerous precedent on which the other chartered companies might take hold. But that, I think, is an unwarranted fear. Their cases are quite different. The Niger Company have grown from small commercial beginnings, by slow degrees, to the splendid position they now hold. They have been able to make things pay as they extended their influence, and they have not been asked to undertake a great moral mission, costing much and yielding nothing in gold. They have not been asked to make a huge stride far away from their base of operation, and occupy a great country whose commerce is still in the future.

The British South Africa Company, again, occupy also a totally different and an infinitely more favourable position. So far are they

from being likely to ask pecuniary assistance from Government that they *actually assist* the Home Government to the extent of £10,000 a year devoted to the administration of Nyassaland. In these latter days our Government seemingly requires bribes to make it keep up to its imperial responsibilities.

Seeing, then, what has been done in the past, and what is being done in the present, by chartered companies, considering also the sacrifices already made by the East African one, and the high aims and patriotic spirit they have exhibited, there remains but little doubt in my mind but that the best course for all concerned lies in enabling them to continue their beneficent work.

The Company can combine commerce with administration, and so make the cost of the latter vastly less. Their organisation is in every respect simpler, more effective, and better adapted to the work of ruling and influencing the natives for good than any Government methods can be. They can afford to lay aside expensive dignity, and attain their ends in ways not known to officialism. All that is needed, in addition to the officers of the Company, is an agent or commissioner who will watch the administration for the Government, and see that it is effective and that no abuses grow round it.

As for the cost, if the work is thus arranged, surely that will be a small matter. Naturally, the Company would have to bear some of the cost, since it would have some advantages. If we assume that expenses which are purely due to administration amount to £30,000, then it would seem to me to be an equitable arrangement if that amount were divided between the Home Government, the Company, and the country itself; £10,000 on each would not be a heavy charge, more especially as that arrangement would be only necessary for a few years. The country would gradually pay more and more; the Company would be increasing in commercial prosperity, and therefore also able to pay in proportion; and thus the Government subsidy would become beautifully less, till in no very distant future we should have every reason to hope that it would be reduced to zero.

After all, too, need our country really have a new burden added to it in giving £10,000 or even double that sum? I think not. The holding of Uganda means the slave trade attacked at its roots, and therefore largely crippled. That being the case with a lessening slave trade, there would be a lessening of the cost of watching it at sea. What was saved in this fashion might be applied to the new inland anti-slave trade policy and the work of administering Uganda, and so the British ratepayer would be no further out of pocket than he was before with the prospect of being greatly the gainer before many years were over, and the agreeable consciousness of a great

progressive work accomplished, and of being in at the closing scenes of that, great nineteenth-century anti-slavery crusade—a glorious crusade which he inaugurated, which he carried on unaided till these latter years, and which he cannot afford to drop now when the end is at hand.

Intimately connected with these important questions of commerce, philanthropy, and government is that of 'the projected railway from Mombasa to Victoria Nyanza.' With a few remarks on that topic I shall close this expression of my views. Of its vast importance in view of our holding Uganda there can be absolutely no question. The cost of administration will be enormously cheapened, and at the same time made infinitely more effective. Next to holding Uganda itself, its construction will be the most killing blow to the slave trade which the end of the century will be able to show—not directly, of course, for there is no slave trade through the region proposed to be traversed, but indirectly—in doing away with the need of porters, and, as I have already said, by making the administration so much more effective. Its importance in developing the resources of the country no one can possibly deny. There can be no disputing all these arguments in its favour.

It is different, however, when we consider whether it will pay or not, considering the matter from a purely commercial point of view. To that, it seems to me, there can be but one answer, as far as the present or the immediate future is concerned. It will certainly not pay, and I can offer no calculation as to when a more desirable state of things will set in. The times are full of surprises. Astonishingly rapid developments, gigantic enterprises, are the order of the day. Consider this very question before us. It is but nine years since I was exploring Masailand—the first white man to lay bare its secrets. To-day it is not only lined with trading posts, and Uganda beyond occupied by a British Company, but this railway is being talked about, and actually a preliminary survey has been made. If any one had predicted those facts—especially the latter—nine years ago, I should have laughed and exclaimed, How utterly absurd! how impossible! Yet the impossible has come about. The survey is an accomplished fact; and the scheme has come within the range of practical discussion. Facts like these, then, teach us caution in speaking of the possibilities of the future. We have some right to speak of the present, and a somewhat vague immediate future. Beyond all is dark. The incredible may happen. All things are possible.

Restricting myself then within these limits, I have to confess, however reluctantly, that for such a railway as is projected, there can be but the most trifling traffic, utterly out of proportion to the expense of construction, of upkeep, and of working. As yet we know only of

two articles which would pay to bring down from Uganda, and one of these, ivory, has got no future. No doubt there are plenty of other things which could be brought down; but it would be at a heavy loss, with no hope of competing with a score of other places where the same things are produced. We have still to draw on our hopes of the future—that future which will be brought so much nearer by the construction of the railway—that future which will see the beautiful and fertile plateaux of Masailand yielding up their riches to the planter, and Uganda and neighbouring regions laying their forest wealth, their coffee and other tropical produce, at the feet of the trader. Meanwhile there is the present fact, which we cannot be blind to, that four or five trains in the year would probably suffice to bring down all the trade of which we can be absolutely certain, while a train per month, or shall we say per week, would probably meet all the requirements of the traffic to Uganda.

But, again, let me say that that is taking the very worst view of the railway's prospects, and it would not surprise me to find that what seems now the wildest optimistic dream proves to be the reality. Meanwhile the investor, unless the Government guarantees the interest, must be prepared to receive only moral dividends. He will lay up treasure for himself in heaven, while here below the missionary, the philanthropist, the patriot, the planter, and the negro of the next generation, if not of this, each and all will rise up and call him blessed. Nor need he be precluded from the not altogether displeasing hope that he may live to see his moral dividends transmuted by the good, if fickle, fairy Fortune into the concrete form of hard cash. No doubt, however, if the work has to be done at all, the Government will have to guarantee the interest, and surely if three millions only are required, that will not be a heavy burden. It will be money well laid out when we consider the enormous influence for good the railway would have in the opening up of Central Africa.

As to the matter of construction I do not pretend to be able to speak as an authority, beyond the fact that it has but one serious physical difficulty to encounter—the deep trough which cuts the plateau in two; and two minor economic ones—the comparative absence of labour and food along the route proposed. These obstacles will add very considerably to the cost of construction. For the rest all is easy.

A line of communication by way of Nyassa and Tanganyika has been proposed, but cannot pretend to compete, in my opinion, with the railway scheme. It has its advantages, and it will have its uses by-and-by, when trade is better organised and developed along the lakes named; more, I think, cannot be said for it at the present stage.

In thus urging the importance of our retention of Uganda I do not pretend to have exhausted all that is to be said in its favour. I have strictly confined myself to such arguments as I could advance from personal knowledge and observation. To others better equipped I leave political and other considerations. Believing also that in the long run the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is the best, I have not hesitated to state that truth as it has appeared to me, however much it might seem to weigh against my own dearest hopes, that Uganda be retained for Britain and civilisation.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE fourth of the great International Monetary Conferences is now sitting at Brussels. It is summoned in circumstances of an exceptionally critical character, and will have to advise upon, if not to determine, the future monetary policy of the world in matters which intimately concern the prosperity and trade of England and her dependencies. It seems worth while, then, to call attention to the issues which will be under discussion, and to the line of action which English interests seem to require that our delegates should adopt. To do full justice to so difficult and delicate a subject within the limits of a single article is obviously impossible. The design of this paper is a more modest one. It aims at furnishing the reader with such an introduction to the question as may enable him to form a general opinion upon the conflicting policies put forward, and in particular to understand the position assumed by the bi-metallists. The subject will be treated as simply as possible. It will sometimes be necessary to advance statements without explaining the statistical detail, or the nice points of theory, upon which they rest; and the expert will notice that many disputed matters are purposely avoided. These limitations, which may perhaps stimulate the reader to further study on his own account, seem requisite in a paper mainly historical, and intended to fix attention upon essentials. If they expose it to criticism and misconception, this, after all, is a matter of small importance, and perhaps inevitable in any case.

To understand the present monetary situation we must go back to the time of the first International Conference of 1867. It has been described as a time of monetary peace. There were then, as throughout the whole period known to history, two monetary metals—gold and silver—each used as legal tender money. England, it is true,

had since 1816 recognised gold only as a legal tender ; while Germany and other important countries, to say nothing of the East, used silver only for this purpose. But between the two single standard groups stood France and the nations of the Latin Union, where legal tender might be made in either metal at a fixed ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and either metal might be received at this ratio at the Mint, in unlimited quantities. Somewhat aloof from this European system, and not greatly affecting it, except in a negative way, was the United States, whose mints were also open to both metals, at the ratio of 16 to 1. The general effect of this combination was that silver and gold were always convertible at or near the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, as they had been, with slight variations, for two centuries. Thus, for all practical purposes, we had an international money. There were two metals in use, but their parity or equivalence was so nearly fixed that the duality of the world's money was scarcely noticed. It seemed as natural to the Indian Government to count in tens of rupees as in pounds sterling ; and the business world had never heard of a silver question. For all practical purposes, we had one international money, and yet we were able to rest our trade on the broad basis of both the precious metals.

It seems almost incredible that this fortunate and historical advantage should have been deliberately sacrificed. But so it was. The monetary par had been so perfectly maintained during the previous fifty years, in spite of the great disturbances caused by the Australian and Californian gold discoveries, that men were as unconscious of its importance as they were of the pressure of the atmosphere ; and they had time to devote to the consideration of objects which seem to us, after twenty years' loss of the gold and silver par, comparatively trivial. The principal motive of the monetary reformers of the period was the desire to secure a simpler equivalence between the monetary unit coins of different nations : between the sovereign, the dollar, the franc. The Latin Union, formed in 1865, had assimilated the coins of the double tender countries, under the leadership of France ; and the Conference of 1867 was intended to carry this movement further, by the general introduction of the gold standard, and of a common international gold unit coin. It seems to us an obvious objection to such a course that it would demonetise a large quantity of silver and degrade a still larger quantity to the condition of mere token money, useless to form bank reserves ; while at the same time it would cause a greatly increased strain upon gold. But at that time the gold discoveries had greatly impressed many persons ; and there was just the same exaggeration of the probable supply of that metal, and the same unreasonable fear of its depreciation that we are now so familiar with in the case of silver. This was enough to blind the men of 1867 to the real facts of the situation ; so, for the sake of obtaining

the minor convenience of international coins, the Conference of 1867 started a wild crusade against silver, which, while it entirely failed to secure the object aimed at, ended in 1873 in our losing an international money.

Singularly ill-advised and short-sighted as this movement was, which, in the words of the distinguished American economist, General Walker, "did a mischief whose consequences are even yet only half unfolded," only two men were wise and alert enough to protest against it at the time, Wolowski and Ernest Seyd, soon afterwards joined by De Laveleye and M. Cernuschi; and their warnings fell on deaf ears. But so rapid and conclusive was the logic of events, that when the next Conference met in 1878 the wisdom of their protest was thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Goschen only gave expression to the general feeling when he stated his desire "to combat the theory of the economists who demand the universal adoption of the single gold standard—a measure which in my view might be the cause of the greatest disasters." The prolonged depression of trade, and the entire confusion of the relations between gold and silver using countries which followed this abortive Conference, have amply justified the fears Mr. Goschen expressed.

The cause of this change of opinion is to be found in the currency changes of the years 1871–76. Within this short period a monetary revolution had taken place to which I know of no parallel in previous history. It practically commenced with what is known as the German Monetary Reform, which followed on the termination of the disastrous war of 1870–71. This was a double-barrelled measure: a real reform, so far as it consolidated the intricate and confusing currencies of the various German States; a blunder, by admission of Prince Bismarck himself,* so far as it changed the monetary standard of the Empire. But the situation seemed to suggest the change. Germany found herself after the war, in consequence of the payment of the French indemnity, in a position to command the gold market; and, following the policy of the Conference of 1867, she resolved to adopt the gold standard, and demonetise the silver which had previously formed her legal tender money. Into the details of the measures passed for this purpose between December 4, 1871, and July 9, 1873, it is unnecessary to enter. Enough to say that though the operation proved more difficult than had been expected, and is even now incomplete, it sufficed to bring about a series of monetary catastrophes.

The immediate consequence of the German change of standard was

* "Speaking, in 1879, to Mr. Kelly, an American Congressman, of the German Monetary Reform of 1873, Prince Bismarck said, 'We listened in this matter to an eminent economist, and we now see that we have only put plain water into our soup boiler.' Recently [1881] in the Reichstag he thus summed up his opinion: 'Gold has become like too scanty a blanket, which every one struggles for and which makes people squabble.'" (Emile de Laveleye, "International Bimetallism," 1881, p. 87).

that a new demand for gold was set up to the amount of something like £80,000,000; while some £54,000,000 worth of silver coin became available for sale, of which more than £28,000,000 had been sold before June 1879. In itself, and so long as the French mints remained open to both metals, this disturbance, though serious, need not have been more difficult to deal with than the greater disturbance caused by the gold discoveries of 1850. But the French mint authorities, for reasons which can easily be understood, felt under no obligation to facilitate at their own expense a change in itself undesirable, merely in order to oblige Germany. Accordingly, in September 1873, France began a series of restrictions on the mintage of silver, which ultimately led to the suspension of free mintage in 1874. Thus for the first time in modern history the bi-metallic link was broken, the par between silver and gold destroyed; and it became evident that the policy of Europe in relation to the use of silver as money had undergone a radical change.

The United States had previously taken action in a similar direction, though in such a singular manner, that the alteration almost escaped notice. By a few clauses interpolated in a Mint Regulation Act of April 1, 1873, at a time when the actual currency consisted of greenbacks, the old silver dollar was abolished, and a change made to the single gold standard. The effect of this measure, during the subsequent passage to cash payments, was to cause a demand for gold which Mr. Goschen has estimated at over £80,000,000, while it still further limited the monetary use of silver. Since these critical events the demonetisation of the white metal has made steady progress. Italy has resumed cash payments on a gold basis; and Austria-Hungary has formally adopted a gold standard. France and the United States, it is true, still contrive to find a limited use for silver as legal tender. But the expedients to which they have been compelled to resort are not scientifically defensible; and they are so obviously mere transitional makeshifts, that they only add to the general uncertainty as to the future of the monetary metals, without seriously contributing to reverse the policy of 1867. Thus the whole course of events since 1871 has tended to narrow the monetary demand for silver, at the same time that it has greatly increased the monetary demand for gold, and this at a time when the world's production of silver has increased, while the production of gold has fallen off.

It is easy to see the necessary results of this unfortunate policy. It could indeed only have produced the effects which we have actually seen to follow it. Since 1873 gold has greatly appreciated in value, some 35 per cent.; silver, remaining steadier, has nevertheless depreciated in value some 10 per cent.;* and the relation between the two

* It is not the case, as is so often said by those who ought to know better, that gold has been the more stable metal, silver the more unstable. Silver remained almost perfectly steady in its purchasing power from 1873 to 1885. Since that year it has depre-

metals, which for two centuries had oscillated pretty closely about the ratio of 15½ to 1, or 10 rupees to the £1, has shown the most violent and serious fluctuations, standing as low as 24 to 1. These are mere matters of fact, which cannot be denied by those who understand the terms in which they are expressed. But it is the fashion with a small but active set of writers in London, who unfortunately control the access to the most important section of the daily press, to assert that these facts are not of sufficient importance to public interests to warrant us in seriously reconsidering the policy to which they are due. Let us inquire then what the appreciation of gold, and the rupture of the par between gold and silver, really mean.

The increase in the value of gold, known technically as its appreciation, is usually measured by reference to the average price of wholesale commodities; and when our object is to ascertain the retarding or stimulating effect of currency changes on trade, this method, however inadequate for other objects, is the only proper one. When we say that gold has appreciated 35 per cent., then, it is only another way of saying that wholesale prices have fallen in a corresponding degree. As business men will easily understand, such a change is, when serious and long continued, profoundly depressing to trade. It operates like a friction brake upon the wheels of industry and commerce. All property and stocks are depreciated; hence the numerous failures of building societies, and ruinous foreclosures of mortgages. The burden of fixed charges is increased, and the producer finds the margin of profit disappear; and thus employment becomes restricted and wages fall. The weight of taxation increases automatically; and the burden of all debts, including the National Debt, in which every taxpayer is concerned, is steadily aggravated. It will be said that some one must gain—that at all events the owners of gold debts and mortgages, and England as a creditor country, must benefit by an increase in the value of the metal in which payment is due. This view seems singularly short-sighted, and is contradicted by facts. The depression caused by the fall of prices checks investment and brings down interest. The sense of injustice felt by debtors at the unfair increase of the value of their debts leads to a natural tendency to repudiate or to cut down interest, and to a weakening of the obligation of contracts, of which we have had notable examples in the case of rents and tithes. In short, creditors, like every class, find their real interest in the long run in what promotes the national prosperity.

This is equally true in the case of wages, which is so important as to require separate notice. It is sometimes said that wages fall more slowly than prices, and therefore wage-receivers benefit by a continued fall of price. The prosperity of the working class is so incomparably

ciated, but only by some 10 per cent. The real alteration has been the appreciation of gold; but as in England values are measured in gold the superficial observer is apt to mistake the facts.

the most important interest in the country, that if this were so, any other ill-effects of the appreciation of gold would, in comparison, be of no moment. But it is not so. Those who say it is assume that the demand for labour is unaffected by the change. But experience and reason alike show that a fall of prices, by destroying profits, destroys enterprise, and seriously contracts employment. Thus as in the case of every other great national loss, though the employer and the trader may serve as buffers for a time, and bear the first brunt of the shock, the burden ultimately falls on the shoulders of labour. We seem to have reached the point at which the buffers have been thoroughly squeezed, and the strain is now falling on wages. It would be easy to fill pages with the reductions in wages in the present year alone. $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. reductions have been common with miners and quarrymen. The South Wales miners have been reduced $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. under the sliding scale; and a recent notice increases this to $28\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland miners have accepted 10 per cent. reductions. 10 per cent. is a common reduction in the metal trades. Tailors in Leeds were reduced 25 per cent. in June. Agricultural labourers are suffering worst of all. In October the farmers of North-West Norfolk reduced wages to 11s. a week; and the general opinion seems to be that labourers' wages in the Eastern Counties will be generally at 10s. this winter. It is well known that a strike of huge proportions, already affecting 60,000 hands, has commenced in the textile trades. Everywhere, in short, the outlook for labour is gloomy. The direct mischief of this fall of wages is grave enough; but there is the indirect effect also to be taken into account. In these days of high tariffs, the home market is more than ever important to us, perhaps the only one on which we can certainly reckon. What will be the effect on our trade, if the wage-receivers, the great body of our home consumers, lose even 10 per cent. of their purchasing power?

The injury inflicted on British agriculture by the appreciation of gold is too obvious to require much notice here. The price of wheat stands lower this year than at any time for a century before. Rents and wages are everywhere falling, and yet unprecedented distress prevails amongst farmers. There are some, indeed, who attribute these troubles to Free Trade. But wheat prices remained at about their old level long after the abolition of the Corn Laws; and neither Free Trade nor cheap freights (which have had infinitely greater effect) will account for similar depression in the Western States of America. The agricultural depression has, on the average, followed the downward course of general prices. If farming has suffered more than other industries, the reasons are not far to seek. Its fixed charges are larger in proportion, and more difficult to adjust to the change, especially in the case of wages, where the margin for reduction is so small;

and secondly, unlike most other industries, it has a formidable rival in silver-using India, whose producers, while they have largely profited by cheaper freights, have been enjoying under a silver currency an almost perfectly steady standard of value.*

The root evil, in short, of the present monetary situation is the continued appreciation of gold, depressing, as it does, the enterprise of the industrial class, the great borrowers, without really improving the position of the comparatively inactive class, the lenders of capital. This is so constantly ignored, or slurred over by the City press, that it might be desirable to say still more on the point; but we can fortunately refer the reader to an article in the *Statist* for November 5, 1892, in which he will find the imperfections of our appreciating gold standard exposed with great vigour. The statement is, perhaps, somewhat highly coloured, owing to the writer's extreme anxiety lest our faulty gold standard should be inflicted upon India; but it is, in the main, sound, and in ludicrous contradiction to the singularly silly leader which precedes it. Only two further considerations need be added here. The first is that the fall in prices has proved a most powerful stimulus to Protection, and that of the most extravagant and unintelligent kind. Producers in all countries, alarmed by a persistent, and apparently irresistible, downward drift of prices, have clamoured for the relief of high tariffs, and the result has been a marked reaction towards Protection in its least defensible forms. This has further restricted and depressed the world's trade; but it has, of course, been powerless to deal with an evil arising from a totally different cause. The disappointed Western farmer, we are now told, is going to try what can be done by concealing and refusing statistics of production. Thus we are threatened with a revival of secrecy—a worse curse of trade than even Protection itself.

The other matter which seems worth noting is the evidence of history as to the effect of these price movements. I doubt whether it can be truly said that the world as a whole, or any country as a whole, has ever suffered from an increase in its metallic money. I say metallic money, because tamperings with the value of the coin, reckless expansions of credit, and excessive issues of badly secured paper have always been mischievous. On the other hand, widespread suffering has been caused by a contraction of the metallic medium. The prolonged depression following the Great War, which culminated here in the Chartist rising, and brought us within measurable distance of revolution, was on all sides allowed to be due in great measure to the fall of prices which characterised the whole period. At any rate it disappeared like magic on the influx of the Australian gold about 1850. There is nothing surprising or mysterious in all this. The levelling of a road won't pull a waggon, but it greatly

* See the *Statist* for November 5, 1892, on this point.

facilitates the pulling of waggons. So a good currency is no substitute for industry and prudence, the real sources of prosperity ; but it gives them free play, while an appreciating standard obstructs enterprise, exactly as a hilly road obstructs traffic. The injury it inflicts is like a fall of wages ; it is a loss by which no one gains.

It seems clear, then, that in causing a rapid rise in the value of gold, the policy of 1867 has led to evils of a very serious character. Its other consequence, the rupture of the par of exchange between silver and gold, is not less disastrous. Such violent and incalculable fluctuations have resulted in the exchange between silver- and gold-using countries that this important branch of trade has become highly uncertain and speculative. Silver-using countries, thus impeded in their trade with gold-using countries, tend more and more to confine their commercial relations within the silver-using circle. Mr. Samuel Montagu does not hesitate to say that this loss of the par between the two metals " is sufficient to kill all legitimate trading by Englishmen with silver countries." When we consider the magnitude of our dealings with such countries, in our Indian Empire, the Far East, South America, and Russia, it becomes evident that the loss arising from this cause, though naturally felt most severely by our producers for export in Lancashire and elsewhere, is really so large as to be of national concern. Nor is it merely a matter affecting traders and producers. It is also a question of investment. Capital will not flow from the gold to the silver countries ; for the gold value of silver is so uncertain that the silver countries cannot guarantee interest in gold, and the lenders in gold countries will not accept interest in silver. Thus there is a deadlock in investment business. Capitalists suffer for want of remunerative openings for capital ; while the silver countries suffer from the want of the railways and public and private works which this capital could have supplied. The whole development of the silver countries receives a check.

These difficulties would be especially felt in India, if only on account of the extent and intimacy of her economic relations with this country. But the nature of her political connection with England makes the monetary disturbance still more serious in its consequences to her. Out of a revenue, collected in rupees, the Indian Government has to make heavy payments, fixed in gold. The burden of these payments steadily increases as gold appreciates, while the fluctuations in exchange make it impossible to forecast the amount of loss thus incurred. In the very weighty letter addressed by Sir David Barbour to Sir William Houldsworth, under date Simla, July 25, 1892, the Indian Chancellor of Exchequer expresses himself very strongly on the gravity of these evils. He says that

" the effect on Indian finance of the want of a common standard with the rest of the Empire is deplorable. . . . The continuance of the present

state of things is ruinous to Indian interests; the fluctuations in exchange affect our foreign trade most injuriously. . . . I may say generally that merchants and bankers in India are very much disheartened and thoroughly dissatisfied."

The whole letter deserves the careful consideration of English public men who are interested in Indian affairs. No man living is so qualified as Sir David Barbour, by training, experience, and position, to pronounce with authority upon the questions it treats.

Such are some of the evils which have resulted from the violent disturbance in the European monetary system due to the *doctrinaires* of 1867.* Subsequent events have made the folly of their abortive pursuit of a universal gold standard evident enough to any capable observer; but it is worth noting that there were at least two distinguished men of affairs who protested against it at an early date. Baron A. de Rothschild, in his evidence on behalf of the Bank of France before the Conseil Supérieur in 1870, expressed his sense of the danger of the new policy in very memorable words: †

"Comme conséquence extrême, il faudrait alors arriver à démonétiser entièrement l'argent. Ce serait détruire une portion du capital du monde, ce serait une ruine. . . . Il ne s'agit pas de discuter sur l'avantage qu'il peut y avoir à ne posséder qu'un seul étalon. Dans mon sentiment intime, il est impossible de réaliser cette conception."

Three years later Mr. Disraeli gave another significant warning. Speaking at Glasgow, in November 1873, he observed:

"I attribute the monetary disturbance which has occurred, and is now to a certain extent acting very injuriously upon trade, I attribute it to the great changes which the Governments of Europe are making in reference to their standard of value. Our gold standard is not the cause of our commercial prosperity, but the consequence of that prosperity. It is quite evident that we must prepare ourselves for great convulsions in the money-market, not occasioned by speculation or any of the old causes which have been alleged, but by a new cause with which we are not sufficiently acquainted."

With this forecast of Mr. Disraeli may be compared the retrospective judgment of his successor in the leadership of the House. In his recent speech at Manchester Mr. Balfour observed: "We want two things of a currency. We require that it shall be a convenient

* The qualified mono-metallist Soetbeer was equally decided as to the evils of the existing situation. In his last monetary work he observes:—"The continued depreciation of silver [i.e., of its gold price], and the consequent fluctuations in its value, have, during the last twenty years, exercised a most pernicious influence on the commercial and economical interests of all civilised nations, and have produced perfectly intolerable conditions. These unfavourable conditions have grown from bad to worse, and the desire for a change for the better has, in an equal ratio, become more universal and more pressing. . . . The gravity of the situation cannot be estimated too highly as regards England,"—"Memorandum of Aug. 5, 1892," pp. 1, 8.

† "Conseil Supérieur du Commerce: Enquête sur la Question Monétaire." 1 4to. Vol. i. p. 111.

medium of exchange between different countries, and we require of it that it shall be a fair and permanent record of obligations over long periods of time; and in both of those great and fundamental requirements of a currency our existing currency totally and lamentably fails."

In this terse statement Mr. Balfour has put in a nutshell the situation with which the Brussels Conference has to deal. It remains to consider the various policies which it may be advised to adopt.

The most obvious suggestion, and the one which deserves first notice, is, that Europe should revert to its ancient policy, so unfortunately interrupted in 1873, and resume the use of silver as legal tender upon a fixed ratio with gold, opening its mints with equal freedom to the coinage of both metals. This is what is best known in this country as the bi-metallic proposal. The name bi-metallism no doubt is vague, and may have done something to obscure the essentially simple nature of the familiar policy which it denotes. But it is compact and convenient, and it may serve here to denote the monetary system under which both the precious metals may be taken in any quantity to the public mints, and there exchanged for legal tender money at a relative ratio fixed by international agreement. There can be no doubt that this system, if re-established, would completely remove such difficulties in the present situation as arise out of the loss of the par of exchange; and it would greatly lessen, if not practically do away with, the disturbances caused by the appreciation of the standard.

The limits of this article will not permit of an adequate justification of these statements, for which the reader is referred to the Report of the recent Gold and Silver Commission. The main difficulty usually felt by Englishmen in approaching the subject is in grasping the principle upon which the maintenance of a fixed ratio between the metals depends. This has been admirably explained by Mr. Balfour in his Manchester speech. The value of commodities is a question partly of supply, partly of demand. The supply of the precious metals fluctuates from time to time, from causes independent of the action of Governments. But Governments, who determine the monetary use of the metals, have an irresistibly dominant influence over the demand for them. By enacting free mintage of both metals at a fixed ratio, they set up an automatic machinery, the effect of which is that the monetary demand for the metals varies exactly with the variations in the amounts supplied to the mints; and their relative value therefore remains unaffected by these variations. This is no merely curious theory. It has been tested by an experience of two centuries; by what happened before, no less than by what has happened since 1873, when the bi-metallic link was broken. Upon this point the Gold and Silver Commission were unanimous. "So long," they say, "as that system was in force we think that, notwithstanding the changes in the production and use of the precious metals,

it kept the market price of silver approximately steady at the ratio fixed by law between them—namely, $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1.”*

It may be well to add that this substitution or automatic replacement of the metals, by which, under a bi-metallic system, their relative value is maintained unaltered, is not an affair of the general circulation, but of the reserves. It is in the cellars of the great banks, not in the pockets of the people, that the substitution would take place. Mr. J. M. Douglas† states the amount of these reserves in Europe and the United States at about 450 millions sterling; a mass which every extension of our note and cheque currency will steadily increase. We have here a reservoir of ample size to steady any fluctuations in the annual production of the metals. The idea that the system would affect the payment of ordinary debts is a complete misconception. That such debts could not be paid in a “cheaper metal,” as is so often asserted, must be obvious; for so long as bi-metallism was maintained, neither metal could be “cheaper” than its mint value, any more than 20 shillings can now be “cheaper” than a pound. Nor would there be any alteration in the medium of payment, which in England would consist, as now, mainly of cheques, with the two metals used for small change; and in the world generally, of gold and silver, notes, cheques or bills, as local habit and convenience might prescribe. In fact the change brought about by the adoption of the double legal tender would be no more felt in our ordinary monetary transactions than the earth’s motion upon its axis is felt in our ordinary life, though its consequences would be of very vital importance to our general trade.

It is not surprising that in proportion as Englishmen have overcome their first prejudices against anything that presents itself in the light of a monetary change, and have grasped the real nature of these bi-metallic proposals, public opinion has steadily become more favourable to them. The first advocacy of the resumed use of silver came, as was natural, from India and Lancashire, who were the first to suffer from its demonetisation. The agriculturists were the next powerful interest to join the movement; and it is now supported by the great bulk of our business men having dealings with silver countries, by the trade union leaders, by the majority of economists, and by not a few of our leading bankers and highest financial authorities. The opinion of the Government of India has been repeatedly expressed in its favour. In 1886 they wrote in a formal despatch, signed by Lord Dufferin and the Council: “The evils connected with the present state of affairs are so serious that the adoption, sooner or later, by international agreement, of measures which will bring about a stable

* Part I. unanimously signed (Final Report, sec. 192). *

† See his very useful pamphlet, “Gold and Silver Money” (Effingham Wilson, 1892), remarkable as a statement of the bi-metallic case which derives all its facts from mono-metallist sources.

ratio between gold and silver appears to us to be only a question of time." * And in 1892, the Financial Secretary, Sir David Barbour, is as decided as ever in his opinion of the advantage of bi-metallism : " I have no hesitation," he writes, " in saying that a common standard of value for England and India is absolutely essential for the well-being of this country ; and that by far the best and safest method of obtaining so desirable a result is, to the best of my judgment, the adoption of the system of double legal tender by international agreement." In these views the Indian Government is supported by mercantile opinion ; and an Indian Currency Association, which has held enthusiastic meetings in the principal centres of trade, petitioned the English Parliament in June either to promote the adoption of international bi-metallism or to allow India to adopt a gold standard, a request which impales the mono-metallists on the horns of a very awkward dilemma. The Government has been so impressed with these representations that it has appointed an Indian Currency Committee, under the presidency of Lord Herschell, which is expected to report at an early date.†

The opinion of Lancashire is well known. Currency reform was strongly urged on candidates at the recent General Election, and nearly all the Lancashire members are pledged to support it. After a three days' debate at the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, the largest vote ever cast in the Chamber was given in favour of international bi-metallism. This example has since been followed by other Chambers, notably by the Chamber of Edinburgh and Leith, whose resolution was unanimous, and by the East India and China Section of the London Chamber. In spite of the attempts made to persuade the working classes that their prosperity is connected with falling prices and general trade depression, their leaders have also joined in the movement for reform. At a meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, held in London, June 23, 1892, the following resolution was unanimously passed, after a prolonged discussion : " The Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress expresses its satisfaction that the currency question is about to be considered by a conference of the nations, and in the interests of the productive industries of this country—particularly with reference to the interests of the wage-earning classes—it trusts that the conference may result in a stable exchange being secured between the moneys of gold and silver producing countries." The Bi-metallic League, which has twice sent deputations to the late Government representing almost every important national interest, numbers among its vice-presidents about one hundred members of the House of

* Correspondence between the British and Indian Governments upon the Silver Question. Parliamentary Paper, C. 4868, 1886, p. 10.

† The committee resolved on November 19 to adjourn *sine die*, pending the sittings of the International Monetary Conference.

Commons; and its membership is increasing rapidly every day, as further discussion and the pressure of facts serve to make the meaning and necessity of its policy more clear.

In short the opposition to the bi-metallic proposals in this country, so far as it is really active, is confined to a very small area. It is common to say that the City is dead against any scheme for remonetising silver. But the rancorous and unintelligent hostility which claims to represent City opinion appears really to represent only the views of a small group of City editors. Their opinion is of great weight with the general public, to whom it comes with all the authority of the great journals to which they contribute; and it is the more effective, because, with a few rare exceptions, these journals are closed to answers from writers on the other side, even when these writers occupy the highest positions in the world of politics and finance. But the real opinion of the City of London has no authorised organ of expression. So far as it can be gathered from public meetings, and from responsible statements by men of high official or business standing, the expert opinion of the City seems to be at least much divided upon the question, and always inclined to treat it with a gravity and good sense for which we look in vain in the City articles of the leading papers. It is well known that some of the most experienced directors of the Bank of England are avowed bi-metallists, and that the difficult and critical character of the present monetary situation is thoroughly recognised in the Bank Parlour. Reference has already been made to the views of the India and China Section of the Chamber of Commerce. There is an active branch of the Bi-metallic League in the City, under whose auspices a bi-metallic resolution was carried in a full meeting at the Mansion House, with a mere handful of dissentients. It is still more noteworthy that the President of the Institute of Bankers, in his recent inaugural address, spoke very strongly upon the necessity of the restoration of the par of exchange between the metals.

"The silver question [he said] earnestly demanded some reasonable adjustment and settlement. The British Empire acknowledged in some parts a gold standard, and in others a silver standard, and it appeared to be almost a truism to say that these two standards, if they were both to be preserved, should be brought into harmony. The existing system, or rather want of system, was inconvenient and injurious to the merchant, to the private individual, and indeed to every class of the community, since the conflict of the standards tended to introduce risk and uncertainty that could not be estimated and calculated into the ordinary transactions of commercial and financial life, beyond the chances that were inherent to them in the ordinary course of business."

This measured and responsible language contrasts significantly with the wild aimless abuse of bi-metallists which forms the staple of the anonymous articles in such papers as the *Daily News* and the *Standard*.

The character indeed of the familiar City article, when it touches

on currency questions, always suggests a doubt whether it is intended to do more than confirm busy men in a careless prejudice. These articles cannot be addressed to experts, or even to capable readers. Full of inconsistencies, their writers tell you at one time that gold is the only possible standard, at another that it is too notoriously bad a standard to be introduced into India. The continued fall of prices is a national benefit, or a disaster to trade, according as the argument is intended for home or Indian consumption. At one time, the Indian difficulty is admitted to be serious; at another, it is merely the bogie of officials anxious to avoid a loss upon their home payments. The unanimous demand of both parties in America for bi-metallism is first asserted to be due to a handful of mine-owners, and then to an ignorant popular movement for inflation. In England, bi-metallism is at one time the mere dream of theorists, though, as they are good enough to admit,* "an admirably logical and complete" dream; at another time, the madness of very practical Manchester. Yet for two centuries before 1873, this foolish mania, this theoretical fancy, was the currency system of the civilised world! There is no agreement as to the facts, even on consecutive pages of the same organ. The editors have not yet made up their minds, whether it is gold which has appreciated, or silver which has depreciated; yet the facts have been ascertained beyond dispute by the *Economist*, Dr. Giffen, Mr. Sauerbeck, and others; and a knowledge of them is expected of even elementary students. If there is any opinion they hold in common, it is that all attempts to reduce the disturbance of prices, and make trade less speculative, are to be deprecated, and will only end in "a world as dead as the moon"—a not unnatural conclusion for men whose historical horizon seems to be bounded in both directions by the limit of the nearest fortnightly settlement! When we are told that the scientific judgment of Europe and the interests of the world's trade are to be set aside in deference to the pseudo-City opinion thus represented, plain speaking becomes necessary. It is right the public should be able to judge for themselves as to the calibre of the writers who treat with contempt the repeatedly expressed opinion of the Government of India, who sneer at the findings of a most competent Royal Commission, lecture statesmen of the position and ability of Sir David Barbour, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Balfour, and even affect to make and depose party leaders!

But the best test, alike of the value of the bi-metallic proposals and of the quality of the opposition to them, is to be found in a consideration of the alternative policies put forward; especially if we bear in mind the two great evils to be dealt with—viz., the appreciation of gold and the loss of the par of exchange. Confining ourselves to schemes which concern British interests, the most effective and im-

* *Inceator's Review*, Nov. 1892, p. 579.

portant is, undoubtedly, the proposal to introduce the gold standard into India, a proposal which, in default of bi-metallism, is the *pis-aller* policy of the Indian Government. This might be done either by permitting the free coinage of gold at the Indian mints, or by artificially appreciating the rupee to some desired equivalence with gold. In both cases the free mintage of silver must be discontinued. On the first plan India would require a large gold currency, on the second her actual currency would be the artificially limited rupee, and gold would be used merely for foreign transactions. Either plan, if it succeeded, would give a par of exchange between India and gold-using countries, while it would break her present par of exchange with silver-using countries. Both plans would increase the present appreciation of gold by causing a further demand for it. This demand would be so incalculable, if the free coinage of gold were permitted, that it is scarcely likely the Home Government could be induced to sanction such a scheme. The terror of the City editors at the proposal is the first sign they have given of a serious attitude on the monetary question. But there are grave objections to the more feasible plan. The premium on the illicit coinage of rupees would be enormous, and would increase in proportion to the loss on exchange saved by the Indian Government. Moreover, the proposal requires for its success that the Indian exchange should always be favourable to that country, otherwise the Indian Government might have to hold an enormous stock of gold to meet international requirements, and also to incur the danger of loss on the withdrawal of rupees. But it is almost certain that the change, by breaking the par between India and silver-using countries, would to some extent disturb the favourable balance of trade. The scheme, therefore, seems a doubtful one, even from an Indian point of view. From the general standpoint it would increase the appreciation of gold, as well as the depreciation of silver, and further disturb the world's par of exchange.

Then we have the proposal of Sir John Lubbock that the Indian Government should be allowed to charge a 10 per cent. seignorage on the coinage of the rupee. It is difficult to see what is the precise object of this scheme. It would give the Indian Government a profit on coining at the expense of Indian silver owners, and give a 10 per cent. solatium upon home remittances to the British Indian officials. But it would leave the exchange difficulty untouched, as the appreciated rupee would have no fixed gold value; and, so far as it went, it might further depreciate silver in the world's markets. Sir John Lubbock would be the last person to suggest that the Indian Government and its officials should be squared at the expense of British and Indian trade interests.

The favourite policy of the City editors is the policy of "drift." Here it is to be feared they have some right to be regarded as repre-

sentative. There is nothing your busy man dislikes so much as to be squarely faced by inconvenient facts, which compel him to reconsider a familiar course of action, perhaps even to grapple with an unfamiliar idea. It has been somewhat unfairly said that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman; but any one who has tried both feats will admit that this is child's play compared with the effort required to get a new idea into an Englishman. The Englishman resists ideas *à outrance*. Hence his general disposition towards *laissez-faire*; which, no doubt, has its healthy side, but is clearly out of place in the region of currency policy, where there is no possibility of escaping the intervention of the State. As Mr. Balfour insisted at Manchester, "the whole existing currency legislation of the world—be it the currency legislation of mono-metallic England, or the currency legislation of bi-metallic France, or the currency legislation of America which I cannot qualify—any one and all of these different systems of legislation do affect the demand for the precious metals."* Whether we interfere intelligently or not, we cannot help interfering in some way. Legal tender is a matter of statute law. Nor can we really maintain a monetary insularity. The stability of prices is as truly an international matter as the level of the ocean. English prices are as certainly dependent on foreign currency legislation as the level of water in the four seas is dependent on the level of the Atlantic. We may refuse to have a share in determining the world's monetary policy, but we cannot avoid being vitally affected by it.

Again, it should be clearly realised that though we may "drift," we cannot stand still. The situation is critical; we are at the parting of the ways. The Battle of the Standards, which has been raging ever since 1873, must shortly be decided one way or the other. Silver must either be fully and freely accepted as legal tender money, or it must soon cease to be money at all, except in the Far East. The present position is one of transition, not of stable equilibrium. Since 1873 events have moved very rapidly, and every year brings the ultimate demonetisation of silver a step nearer, in the absence of some general agreement to reinstate it. Austria-Hungary has recently adopted the gold standard; and though it is true that her currency reform at present exists only on paper, and that she will find it very difficult to obtain the £35,000,000 of gold required to complete it, there is no doubt that she will be a formidable competitor in the gold scramble which, in the absence of bi-metallism, will soon set in. If we persist in regarding gold as the only possible money for civilised nations, how can we isolate India by obliging her to retain the silver currency we are doing our best to discredit? Who can estimate her demand for gold if we allow her to adopt it? What

* By the curiously unfortunate omission of the clause referring to England, the vital point of this passage was completely lost as it appeared in the *Times* report.

will be the effect on the United States of a policy of drift? Are we prepared to face the consequences of the adoption of a gold standard by this vast and wealthy population?

There was not a single speaker at the Paris Monetary Congress of 1889 who was bold enough to recommend the general adoption of a gold standard.* The delegates were well aware that it would involve an appreciation of gold, not only violent at the outset, but proceeding at an increasing rate as population and wealth increased, and silver hoards were everywhere abandoned in favour of gold. They knew that this would mean an unprecedented collapse of prices and values, entire confusion in the trade with the Far East, and the unjust disturbance of all contracts, together with social and political results of perhaps greater importance still. Are our City editors prepared to face the consequences from which the Paris Delegates shrank? Would it not be wiser, in such dangerous waters as these, to give up the policy of drift, and get on a little steerage way?

This at least seems to be the conclusion to which English public opinion is steadily coming. The "case against Bi-metallism" appears to be closed. Dr. Giffen, in republishing his well-known essays, has added nothing to them, except to correct in a footnote the central doctrine of the one in which bi-metallists were most fiercely attacked. Nothing very articulate has been contributed to the discussion by the City opponents of reform. Mr. Goschen remarked in 1889 that "most of the monometallists hold their views so strongly that many of them, like the most orthodox religious people, are unable to give an account of their belief." His taunt has not stung them into a definite profession of faith. A vague feeling prevails that England's commercial supremacy is bound up with her single gold standard. It has been more reasonably attributed to the national diet of beef, beer, and port. The commercial domination of England was built up during the eighteenth century, when our currency was bi-metallic, and it has never been more seriously invaded than since 1873, when the demonetisation of silver began. Apprehensions again seem to exist in many quarters as to the possible effect of a monetary change. We are told it would cause a general rush for gold, to be followed by a wholesale "crash" and destruction of credit. This catastrophe is depicted in really

* The late Dr. Soetbeer, the great German authority upon monetary statistics, in a paper dated August 5, 1892, supports a proposal for a gold standard with a partially silver currency, originally put forward by M. Moritz Levy, in 1881. This scheme resembles bi-metallism in endeavouring to correct the divergence of gold and silver values by a partial substitution of silver for gold. But the replacement which in a bi-metallic system would be confined to the reserves, upon Dr. Soetbeer's scheme would take place in the actual circulation. Minor gold coins would be replaced by major silver coins, or notes resting on silver. The scheme requires an elaborate international agreement, and involves an interference with currency habits, such as no bi-metallist would dare to suggest; while it gives no definite par of exchange between the metals, and is less likely than bi-metallism to promote the stability of the monetary standard.

appalling colours, which far outstrip in effect the wildest flights of the bi-metallist imagination. But no one has yet shown how it can be brought about, so long as men continue to be influenced by the ordinary business motives. No change which any statesman is likely to recommend could be so disturbing to prices as the demonetisation of silver in 1873, which Europe contrived to survive; nor could there be a more fundamental alteration in legal tender than England made after 1816, France and Germany in 1873. Yet these changes took place without any appreciable disturbance, and even without the knowledge of the great mass of the people. These scares will not bear investigation; and as this becomes evident, the case for the opposition, which has largely relied upon them, is visibly weakened.

Meanwhile the advocates of international action are daily gaining ground. The *Times* of October 28 admits that "if there were a reasonable prospect of placing the relations between gold and silver on a permanent basis . . . it might be worth while even to face the risk of unsettling our existing monetary arrangements." It does not seem to occur to the *Times* that the risk of unsettlement from a policy of drift may be far more serious than any that could be incurred by co-operating in a monetary reform with the great commercial nations. But the main point, no doubt, is whether such agreement is practicable. All the bi-metallists ask is that an honest attempt shall be made to bring it about. Much, no doubt, will depend upon the choice of a ratio; but this is too technical a point for general discussion. It is a matter partly for scientific experts, partly for diplomatists. It is for experts to determine the limits within which any ratio could be maintained, basing their decision on statistical investigations and reasonable forecast. It is for diplomacy to choose that one among the possible ratios which will follow the line of least resistance indicated by the conflicting interests concerned. When the English bi-metallists desired to discuss this question of the ratio, they were told that the whole idea of fixing a ratio was absurd. Since the Gold and Silver Commission reported that a ratio might be fixed and maintained, it is impossible to persist in this objection. Public opinion has recognised that the whole authority of modern economic science is with the bi-metallists here, as Mr. Balfour pointed out at Manchester. The objectors now turn round and say, "We grant that a ratio might be fixed; but the whole question is *what* ratio." This question has been well considered by English bi-metallists, who have their own views on the matter. But it is obviously a point upon which foreign nations will have much to say; and it would be both unusual and impolitic to go into a conference publicly pledged beforehand to a particular solution of the principal matter to be discussed. There is, however, a very common confusion upon this subject which it may be well to expose, because

it makes a rational treatment of the question impossible. It is said that the ratio chosen should represent the "natural" value of silver; and the "natural" value of silver is taken to be the current value in the market, *when silver is demonetised*—say, for instance, the ratio of 24 to 1 of gold, which is about its present gold price. But is the natural value of a commodity the value it has when its main use is proscribed? What would the natural value of gold be, if silver were declared to be the only legal tender? It is as if the law were to forbid the use of tea as a drink in Europe, limiting consumers to coffee; when tea being disused, falls to 6*d.* a pound. It is then proposed to reinstate tea as a European drink. Would any one suggest that the natural price of the reinstated tea was really the 6*d.* a pound, the price it fetched when its European consumption was prohibited? Yet this is a stock argument in the parallel case of silver. On the other hand, there is, of course, no magical virtue in the old ratio of 15½ to 1. Circumstances change, and a different ratio may now be preferable. But the fact that this ratio lasted with slight variations for two centuries shows that it was wisely chosen. If we choose as wisely now, we shall do very well.

The pressing need now is that England should enter the Conference with a *bona fide* desire to do her utmost to promote an international agreement. The rest may well be left to the able delegates by whom she will be represented. It is not to be expected that an affair so weighty as the settlement on a stable basis of the world's monetary standard can be finally arranged within the time available for the meetings of a single Conference. All bi-metallists desire is that the fullest inquiry and discussion should take place, and that our representatives should be instructed to do all in their power to discover a basis of agreement upon which a future settlement may be effected. It is especially important that they should make clear the change which has taken place in English public opinion since the last Conference in 1881. Unless this is done, any real progress seems impossible. For it cannot be forgotten that the insular attitude of this country was the main cause of the failure of the Conferences of 1878 and 1881. "Everything depends, in the first instance, on the course of action England will follow. . . . It is the British Government that will have to bear the whole responsibility if no serious attempt is made to bring about a practical solution of the silver question."* France and America, with the support of Holland and other States, agreed in inviting us to join a bi-metallic union. If we had consented it hardly admits of doubt that Germany would have followed our example, and France would have brought with her the nations of the Latin Union. But the logic of events had not then sufficiently brought home to Englishmen the necessity of repairing

* Soetbeer, "Memorandum of August 5, 1892," p. 7.

the mistake of 1873 ; and although it is true that we offered in 1881, in case the free mintage of both metals were adopted by the other States, to keep one-fifth of our issue reserve in silver, our *laissez-faire* tone was not calculated to induce other States to take the initiative, or even to suggest that England felt the necessity for international action, while our position in regard to the principles upon which such action must rest was one of decided reserve. Many things, however, have happened since 1881. A Royal Commission has affirmed the theoretical principles in dispute ; and while a continued fall of prices and unprecedented disturbance of the exchanges has called attention to the effects of the policy of 1873, the study of European monetary history has put that policy in its proper light. We see now that it was a short-sighted and exceptional departure from the traditional custom of civilised nations, and we are disposed to take any reasonable steps to revert to the older system consistent with a due regard to all the various interests involved.

A repetition of the mistake made in 1881 would be fatal. It would leave Europe for an indefinite period exposed to the mischiefs of a state of monetary chaos. "England," says Soetbeer, "more than any other country is threatened with increasing difficulties in case this new Currency Conference again ends without any practical result, and if matters are allowed to slide on in the old groove." It rests with English public opinion to see that as far as English influence can prevent it such a fiasco shall be impossible.

H. S. FOXWELL.

EXULTET TERRA.

SO far away out of our ordinary modern life is all the tender poetry of pious thought and custom which prevailed in mediæval days, that we can scarcely now believe that such actually existed among a community of which we are the descendants. At no season of the year do we preserve more of the spirit of the *moyen âge* than at Christmastide; it is the sole national feast we retain which reminds us in shadow of what those of old time were, when religion was interwoven indissolubly with the daily life, and domestic observances were but the reflection of the Church's dogmas and ritual. In the following pages we would endeavour to show how the natural world was made to share in the expression of the season's joy, and especially dwell upon the presence of certain shrubs and flowers in connection with the Christmas festival, regarding them from the aspect which originated their use and with the eyes that suggested their meaning.

To make some sort of conception of what the great feasts of the Church were in the days long gone we should have been able to experience and mark the life at those times in quiet portions of Europe, such as the Tirol, Provence, and more eastern States, and thereby revivify the relics of the ancient habits which linger still in various parts of this land. Otherwise we have now scarcely the power to conceive what, before the break up of the sixteenth century, such occasions were to a people at unity in faith. The whole of Christendom for the three weeks preceding Christmas was keeping the strict Advent fast, no flesh meat was eaten, and that period was pervaded by a feeling of deep solemnity behind which lay a sense of joyful expectancy. Like as in a Catholic Church the whole congregation may be seen hushed in awe as the moment impends for the

priest to elevate the Sacred Host, and just as all minds and eyes are directed to one spot and no sound is heard save an occasional prayer sighed forth with deeper intensity, so Advent was a time when the thoughts of the whole people were centred on the Holy Night, anticipating the great mystery which it saw enacted. The days of preparation went by with a silence broken but by the caroller's song and the pipes of the waits upon the three Thursdays before Christmas Day. "Stand still and you shall see the wonders of the Lord" was the note of the time as it was one of the antiphons, and men awaited in spirit by the side of the Mother Mary in grateful awe at the coming to earth of their Creator and Redeemer. As typical of their subjection to the Babe of Bethlehem the members of each monastic house chose a Boy-Bishop to rule them, that it might be true that "a little child should lead them," and from the 17th of the month began to be sung those "great O" antiphons which give voice to the yearning of the Church for its Saviour, and which are still recalled in our calendars by the initial word of the first "O Sapientia." Men loved to see in Nature a sense corresponding to their own feeling; they took the classic Halcyon days and their story and drew from the calming of the warring seas a simile acceptable to their thought of the fitness of things, finding in the habit of the halcyon or kingfisher, which was said to make its nesting-time between the feasts of the Immaculate Conception and the Nativity, a reason to christen it the "Madonna's fowl," which heralded the coming of the Prince of Peace. As the Holy Night drew near, they deemed that all things must feel with them its power. St. Paul had said that all creation had "travailed and groaned together waiting for the Redemption," and as each yearly memorial of it came round they recalled that weary waiting and renewed their gratitude for its completion.

"All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down"—SCOTT.

The stable and its stall were radiant to the Christian peasant with memories of Bethlehem; the ox mindful of his owner and the ass of his master's crib, taught by an unfathomable instinct, were thought to make their obeisance at the hour of the Nativity, while the humble shepherd on the hills united with himself his folded sheep in adoring Him of whose Advent they were the first to be told. The waits which once went from shrine to shrine were but the successors of those Judean pastors who kept watch over their flocks that night in the Hagia Pimena, or Holy Pasturage, and the carollers only repeated the *Gloria in excelsis* of the angels. In Italy, the *Pifferari* of the Abruzzi mountains were wont to leave their homes and visit Rome

and neighbouring towns; stopping at each *pietà*, and playing their rustic pipes for no object of gain, but as a tribute of love and devotion, and though the same "Song of the Shepherds" may no longer be heard in Rome, it is still the habit elsewhere. In Spain, to the present day, every herdsman's dog is called *Melampo*, and if you ask why they will tell you that that was the name of the faithful companion which accompanied the first shepherds to the Saviour's bedside. The husbandman said that at the hour which marked the holy birth, the bees awoke from their winter's sleep, and might be heard to utter marvellous canticles in their own method of song, while a language was put to the sounds of the birds and animals, and to listening ears the cock crowed *Christus natus est* (Christ is born); the raven croaked *Quando?* (when); the crow cawed *Hoc nocte* (This night); the ox asked *Ubi?* (where); the sheep responded *Bethlehem*, and the ass cried *Eamus* (Let us go). The wren was sought for that it might receive the priest's blessing on its race from having had its nest in the grotto stable, and it is sad to think how in many places still he is pursued on St. Stephen's Day, the old tradition having been forgotten, but to indulge a reckless cruelty and wickedness. Once to men's eyes this pretty bird was "God's little fowl" or "Our Lady's hen," and like robin and crossbill, swallow and kingfisher, its life was made more sacred by the memories around it, but there came those who called all such thoughts "superstition," and under the blast of their breath reverence was blighted and poetic feeling has been destroyed in the hearts of our people.

"Malisons, malisons, mair than ten,
That harry the Lady of Heaven's hen."

But not only were things animate enlisted in Nature's testimony to Christmas night; in the eyes of the men of old the very phenomena of light and darkness and the glory of the stars of Heaven were made partakers in the great song of praise. Advent reminded them of the long ages permeated but by one ray of hope—that of the promised Redeemer. "O key of David and sceptre of the House of Israel . . . come and lead him that is bound from the prison-house, him that sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death" was the great antiphon of the 20th; "O Orient, splendour of the Eternal Light, Thou Son of Righteousness, come and illuminate us that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," was that of the 21st; and it is beautifully interesting to trace throughout the offices how hopeful anticipation is interwoven with such cries as "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." The darkness of Egypt and the release of its bondsmen was a favourite type, and one of the introits of the feast was that verse from Wisdom which seems written for the Midnight Mass: "While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the

midst of her course, Thy almighty Word leapt down from Heaven from Thy royal throne as a great conqueror into the world of destruction." From the hour of the Nativity all is bright, and Christmas brand and blazing tree were expressive of this truth. "The true light that lighteth every man" was the gospel of the third mass, "Light hath shined upon us to-day" the introit of the second, while the collect of the first was "God, Thou who hast made most holy this night by the shining of the true light." Going forth from their churches, they felt the force of the words, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and in the constellations they saw *Præsepe*, the Bethlehem crib, and in Orion's band the three Magian sages hastening to adore its Occupant.

"Hunc astra, tellus, æquora
Tunc omne, quod cœlo subest,
Salutis auctorem nova,
Novo salutat cantico." (*Hymn First Vespers Christmas*)

It is to trees and flowers, however, that man naturally seems to turn in order to give expression to the image of his emotions, since they lend themselves so sympathetically for that purpose. It is very certain that we find a greater number of associations gathered around them than about any other branch of natural history. The men of old regarded the world as a beautiful work of God, which they believed to share with them in praising its Creator; they were wont to trace mysterious relations between it and the world to come, between that of time and eternity, of sense and of faith, and they reasoned that as through man all Nature shared in the effects of the Fall, so in the Redemption it likewise participated. Man only gave tongue in his way to the *Benedicite* which arose in other ways, not only from animate but also inanimate things: he was but the leader of this wondrous choir, which raised one vast chorus in its Maker's praise. The sacred eloquence of Nature in flowers and trees, birds and beasts, landscape and cloud, and all physical phenomena, was to be heard by those with ears to hear and hearts to perceive. To such men all earth was holy ground, an endless pleasure-garden, a Carmel—God's vineyard, a paradise of delights, through which the Lord was still to be heard walking as in that of old, still near to the Vision of Peace, amid whose green the Brook of Kedron, the stream of the Passion, was for ever flowing. All through the Advent offices we may note a calling upon Nature to unite with man in his highest aspirations, and earth and sky are invoked to join in doing their share to hasten the coming of the Saviour. "Rorate cœli desuper et nubes pluant Justum; aperiatur terra, et germinet Salvatorem," begins the season; such prophecies continually recur as that of the Psalmist: "The mountains and hills shall sing lauds before their God, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands," while at the Midnight Mass itself they bade "the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad, the fields

be joyful and all things that are therein, let the trees of the wood exult before the face of the Lord, for He cometh." To those men of great faith it seemed no unreasonable thing to account for the action of those trees and plants which then put forth their buds and blossoms as doing so mindfully of their Lord. They argued that the God of Nature, the Maker and Designer of it all, was coming to this earth which He had made, and throughout all life must there not have been a thrill of responding love expressed in its own way to its Creator? His the hand that created each form of bud and leaf, and painted each colour; His the touch which gave the crown and lacing to the pink, the pencil and blotch to the pansy, the feather and flame to the tulip, the flake of the carnation, the edging of the picotee, or the rough dowl to the chestnut. All their beauty, all their joy, was of Him, and here He comes to tread the meadows of earth, and at such anticipation would they not gladlier grow, and could not He who could wither a fig-tree at a word permit the sap of spring to return to the dry stocks in winter's cold? Every land loved to find amongst its vegetation instances which confirmed this tender sympathy. The legend of how the vines of Engaddi burst into leaf and flower at the moment when He who was the True Vine was born, was a favourite illustration, and it is this, too, which was probably recalled in Germany by that species of Red Traminer which they name *Christ-kindelstraube*, or the Christ-child's Grape Vine. In the pear called *Piru di Natali*, in Sicily, and in our own West Country *Christ-ling* we see the desire to make the ripening of those fruits honour the little Saviour. The budding upon Christmas Day of the Cadenham Oak in the New Forest, or of the Rose of Mariastern in Alsatia, and St. Patrick's Bush at Tours, led to their being revered; and our own Glastonbury Thorn still is Nature's calendar, which no "change of style" has affected. This last is our most notable example in England, and the legend about it is probably known. It is said that St. Joseph of Arimathea travelled across Europe preaching to all peoples and bearing witness to the truths of Christianity. He came at length to Avalon, where, sinking exhausted upon "Weary-all Hill," he struck his staff into the soil to mark the limit of his earthly pilgrimage. It became in time a tree—the *Cratægus oxyacantha præcox*—a hawthorn, and every Old Christmas Day it flowered. The Reformers, who knew no difference between reverence and idolatry, cut it down; but many a slip from the original was preserved in various places, and we may hope that once again some local authority will plant a cutting from that offshoot of the venerable parent which has grown so well in the abbey's former hostelry, and thus continue the pleasant tradition. There are very many records of its Noel flowering, and one who writes to *Notes and Queries* remarks that in his "neighbourhood (near Bridgewater) the Christmas Thorn blossoms on the 6th

of January (Twelfth Day), and on this day only. The villagers in whose gardens it grows, and indeed many others, verily believe that this fact pronounces the truth of this being the day of Christ's birth." We shall see later on how prominent a type of the Incarnation was the Burning Bush to mediæval minds, and how that it was identified with a thorn-tree, and how the very name is borne by another species of *Cratægus*, that known as the *C. pyracanthus*, *Pers.*

The Christmas roses were also very popular exemplifications of the earth's homage to the festival, and most lands have the name, although in none is it used to a flower such as we understand as a rose. The Advent antiphons foretold how by Christ's coming "the desert and the byeways shall rejoice and the solitude be glad and blossom as a lily (rose in some translations). Budding it shall burgeon and exult praising with exceeding joy: for the glory of Libanus is given to Him, the beauty of Carmel and Sharon shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God." In Italy and Sicily the Iris lily (*Gladiolus communis*) is called the Rosa di Noel, and in France and England the same title is attached to the pretty winter aconite, with its yellow blossom amid a whorl of shining green. But the name is more universally allied to the rose of Jericho and the hellebore, the latter being that we still know best in this land. We will take these two separately. The identification of the former is the source of some doubt, for the *Anastatica Hierocuntica*, to which the name is attached, does not seem to possess the qualities entitling it to fulfil the position which Holy Scripture gives to Jericho's rose; neither is it to be found at that place, although it grows on Syria's sandy soil as also in Arabia. However, it has the hygrometric sensitiveness of the original, and is held in great reverence by all Easterns, Christian and Moslem, and to it have been conveyed all the traditions which entwined themselves in mediæval times round the true plant. It is usually seen as a 'dried-up-looking bundle of twigs, for when its leaves wither and fall off the branching stems curl inwards and form a round ball: the roots loose their hold and the winds roll the ball-like plant across the sandy wastes until, coming to moist places, it is affected by the damp, when it unfolds and sheds its seeds where they may germinate. 'This reviving power which it shows made it called *Anastatica*, the Resurrection flower, and any one might well ask, "Can these bones live?" looking at it as we usually see it, for nothing can appear more sere and lifeless; but place the root in moist sand, and in time it will expand and show the truth of the simile given by its name. Again, they drew from it another image, and this time it was a type of her who bore the title of "Rose of Jericho," she who was the "root out of the thirsty land," who, when the dew of the Holy Spirit fell upon her, gave forth her Divine Son to a parched-up earth, and many an imaginary power was conferred upon "Mary's Rose" from

the sacredness of the symbolism which they saw in it. They liked to think that it opened at all her feasts save that of the Immaculate Conception, and that on Christmas night it expanded at the moment of the Nativity, and won its name of "the Holy Night Rose." It was deemed to be welcome to all women in their hour of travail, as fixing their thoughts on Bethlehem's scene, and it is still known as "Mary's Hand" (*Kaf Miriam*) by Eastern peoples, and was placed in water by the bedside of the matron with the belief that when it had fully expanded its fibres she would "remember no more her anguish for joy that a man is born into the world."

But, after all, the *Anastasia* is more a curiosity than a flower—a venerable one, it is true, for every pilgrim to Holy Land sought to bring one back with him, and visitors do so still, though mostly ignorant of the antiquity and the reason of the custom. In the hellebore, however, we have a Christmas rose, not only decorative, but also appropriated to the season by very delightful association. All know the waxy white flower of the *Helleborus niger*, but few cultivate the lovely red or crimson species, *H. colchicus*. The names of Holy Night Rose, Rose of Noel, or Christ's Flower or Bloom are given them throughout all Northern Europe, and the origin of the names is worthy of telling. In the mystery plays of the Nativity a maiden named Madelon was represented as coming with the shepherds to Bethlehem to see the great thing which had come to pass, and of which the angels had sung. She was very poor, and her woman's heart was so touched by the manger scene that she burst into tears at having nothing to offer to comfort the Blessed Mother and to show her love and sympathy for the little Child. The shepherds played a lullaby upon their rustic pipes, and, perchance, brought a fleece to warm the cave which made the bed of Mary, but Madelon had nought to offer but her tears and prayers. God, seeing her, sent Gabriel to her, who said: "Madelon, what makes you weep while you pray?" And she answered: "My lord, because I have nothing to offer to the infant Jesus; if I had but some flowers to give Him I should be happy, but it is winter, and the frost is in the ground, and spring is far away: good Angel, I am most distraught!" But the Herald of the Annunciation took her by the hand and led her forth into the dark night, and as they went the cold seemed gone and a golden blaze of sunlight enveloped them, and they walked in places she knew not of. He paused and touched the rigid earth with his staff, and lo! rich blossoms sprang up all around, and Madelon, rushing from his side, quickly gathered an armful of Noel Roses, to deck the first Christmas night. And hence it is that in the old mystery plays and in paintings Madelon is often represented as bearing garlands of these flowers or wreathing them around the crib or the neck of a lamb.

There were two types of the Incarnation so prominently used in

the art and divine offices of mediæval times that we should be surprised to find them absent from the very section in natural history to which they belonged, and these were the Radix Jesse, or Jesse-tree, and the Burning Bush; the one showing the true manhood of our Lord in descent from the patriarchs, and the other being a symbol of the virginity of His blessed mother. The prophecy of the dying Jacob which had sustained the hope of the long ages was now fulfilled, the leader who was the "Expectation of the Gentiles" had now appeared from the sceptred house of Judah. Again and again through the Advent services is the promise re-echoed, "*Egredietur Virga de Radice Jesse, et replebitur omnis terra gloria Domini*"; the wail of one of the "great O" antiphons takes it up, "*O Radix Jesse, qui stas in signum populorum: veni liberandum nos, jam noli tardare,*" until the announcement comes "*Germinavit Radix Jesse, orta est stella ex Jacob, Virgo peperit Salvatorem.*" The part which Mary took in the fulfilment of the prediction is never lost sight of, Mother and Son are never separated, nor are they ever placed out of their relative positions in the work of man's Redemption. It is -

" Mary the root, but Christ the mystic vine;
 Mary the grape, but Christ the sacred wine;
 Mary the cornsheaf, Christ the living bread;
 Mary the rose-tree, Christ the rose blood-red."

In the similarity between *Virga* and *Virgo* the early symbolic writers found a fruitful source of speculation. A bishop of Chartres in 1007 composed an introit for her birthday, which shows how they loved to play with the words,

" *Stirps Jesse virgam produxit, virgoque Florem
 Et super hunc Florem requiescit spiritus almus,
 Virgo Dei genitrix Virga est; flos, Filius ejus.*"

It was but the versifying of the chapter at Nones on her Annunciation Day, which is taken from the prophecy of *Isaiah*. With these thoughts in memory, artists made the designs of those "Jesse-trees" which are to be found in many an old church in this land, sculptured in stone, as in the reredos of Christ Church, Hampshire, beautifully trained about a window as at Dorchester, Oxon, or brilliant with rich colouring in glass, fresco, or embroidery. Usually it is a vine springing from the loins of the sleeping Jacob, giving forth its branches which bear the figures of the chief characters in the genealogical tree, until at the-summit in the chalice of a flower is Mary and her Child; or it is a rose-tree, rising from the heart of the patriarch, seated in a chair, and terminating in a five-petalled flower, in whose centre nestles the Holy Dove. The emblem was not confined to decoration, but was also employed for those many-branched brass candelabra which were formerly so common in churches and houses, and which still abound in Germany and Belgium, surmounted invariably by the Madonna and her Son. An old abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, brought one of them back for the choir of

his church in 1097: "Candelabrum magnum in choro æreum quod Jesse vocatur," and which he had purchased "in partibus transmarinis." (Thorn, *Dec. Script.* col. 1796.)

Such, then, being the familiarity of the illustration, we can more readily understand how it was recalled to their minds by certain shrubs and flowers in their daily life. In Spain they have the name *Vara di Jesé*, or Rod of Jesse, for the tuberose (*Polianthes tuberosa*), whose flower-spikes grow thickly studded with the buds and blossoms of this deliciously scented dweller in the sunny south, and the same land carried the name to the *Dracena terminalis*, which they found in the Philippine Islands, and which is now a graceful addition to our own conservatories and winter gardens. They also call our Holy Hocke—the Son of Jesse's Tree, its flowering stem with its rich double bloom being allied to the stages of a pedigree table, and the French name of *Bâton de Jacob*, and possibly our own Holy Hocke, may have originated in a similar connection. But we believe that it is in the mistletoe that this "Virga de Radice Jesse" was seen, and which accounts for its presence at Christ's Mass. It is the custom, we believe, of late years to exclude it from church decorations; but it certainly was not the habit of mediæval days to have in the houses anything which would not be permitted in the churches: the home was but the reflex of the Church, the ante-chamber to the throne-room of the Saviour, not removed as now from beneath the same roof; and you could not be pagan in one and Christian in the other. The old Druid reverence would strengthen the interest which Christians perceived in the weird parasite, for they would feel that other forms of imperfect faith had seen something remarkable in the emblem, and very probably find in that fact a token of the strivings of their forefathers through natural religion to attain to truths which revelation had made certain to them; moreover, as far as our imperfect knowledge will allow us to judge, the Druid reverence for the mistletoe bough was prompted by the same mystery which led to its Christian interpretation.

The Saturday office of the Blessed Virgin throughout the year, as well as those of Christmas, vividly impressed upon the minds of the faithful the mystery of God springing from a human stock, perfect God and perfect man. In the mistletoe they saw the illustration which Nature gave them at the Church's season; here was the Rod springing from Jesse's root, an ordinary tree producing that which was unlike all its kind and yet of it; a golden branch differing from everything the old stock had ever seen or known before, an innovation of natural law, and though taking fibre and substance from the womb of the parent tree possessing a nature and essence different. The words of the Church's services seem to be brought home by this figure before one's eyes: "Mirabile mysterium declaratur hodie:

innovantur natura, Deus homo factus est: id quod fuit permansit, et quod non erat assumpsit, non commixtionem passus, neque divisionem." "O admirabile commercium! Creator generis humani animatum corpus sumens de Virgine nasci dignatus est: et procedens homo sine semine." "Magnum hereditatis mysterium: templum Dei factus est uterus nescientis virum: non est pollutus ex ea carnem assumens: omnes gentes venient, dicentes: Gloria Tibi Domine." No one wandering through the woods at winter when all the trees are leafless, and seeing a branch of mistletoe shooting forth from lichen-covered stem, but would recognise the beautiful emblem it was of the Rod of Jesse arising in vigour amid a world of death from a source which looked like unto its fellows.

There was a legend attached to the mistletoe by Christian peoples which seems suitable to recall at the Advent of the second Adam. It was said that it was once a noble tree in Eden's garden—none other than that of good and evil, and by affording the fruit which brought ruin on the human race involved itself as well as all trees in a less degree. We can still see, they said, some traces of this ancient beauty in the delicate colouring of its foliage and its pearly berries arranged in triple clusters, while in its frequency upon the apple an additional confirmation was found of its origin. Even as the banished outcast of the forest trees it retains great virtues, and not only was it found to be potent against all witchcraft, phantoms, and evil spirits, but it occupied a very real place in the pharmacy of early days as sovran in epilepsy, and it is through its use in this last that we seem to see the chief thought which now has become connected with it. Epilepsy in many places, as in Wales, was called the "Rod of Christ," from the use of the Rod of Jesse in its cure, but it was also known as St. Valentine's Sickness, and that saint's memory seems inextricably interwoven in English thought with lovers and their pastimes. But the connection with the saint and the illness arose in days when faith was strong and medical science weak, when it was the habit to have some saint allied with each complaint, to whom the poor sufferers might go as their daysman with the Great Physician, and thus St. Valentine was sought in cases of epilepsy, and the disease became known as *Mal di S. Valentine*, *Veltenstanz*, or *Danse de St. Guy*. This last title perhaps shows us how the saint obtained his second name, which answers to the French word for mistletoe. But we are not concerned with endeavouring to trace its modern amatory use, else we should have to consider whether Scandinavian mythology had not something to do with it; our object is only to tell what the shrubs and trees appeared to the eyes of our forefathers as they passed by forest and garden.

We have already remarked that the excluding of the mistletoe from the Church has no foundation in antiquity. Stukeley in his "*Medallic*

History of Carausius" (ii. 164) speaks of a custom which had existed "lately in York" and in the north of England of carrying a bough of it to the high altar, and pronouncing a "universal liberty, pardon, and freedom" to all men towards the four quarters of heaven. This reads very like the custom still observed at Notre-Dame, Paris, on New Year's Day, when the Archbishop pronounces the "Amende honorable" as a token of the "peace on earth to men of good will," which came with the "Offspring of Jesse." Gay, in his "Trivia" (ii. 137) tells us:

"Now with bright Holly all the temples strow,
With Laurel green and sacred Mistletoe,"

testifying that in his day its banishment was not needful, and certainly if we would regard it with something of the sacredness with which our forefathers invested it we should think less of the identification which at present is most prominent.

It is, however, in the "Christmas Tree" that we see the pretty illustration of the Jesse-tree introduced among us as a domestic feature. Human nature has so often found the same methods of expressing the mysteries of faiths which differ in themselves that men of our time seize upon the coincidence as if it proved that they are all but variations or developments of the same idea; we are repeatedly told that the Christmas-tree custom is but the Assyrian "Tree of the Great Light," or some Aryan equivalent; other writers seem quite determined that it must be the continuation of the Pagan Yggdrasil of Scandinavian mythology; it is useless to deny that any such connection is known in northern lands, and that the custom has not ever been there observed; C. Molbeck, in his "Dansk Ordbog" (1859), under "Christmas Tree," says it is "a new custom and a new word," whereas in Germany, where it prevails, they connect its introduction with the early apostolic labours of St. Maternus among them.* Its intention is very apparent to those who have seen it in the land of its birth; it is there a part of the homely rites of the poorest at the Noel season, and the idea which prompted its use is found repeated with every variety which genius can conceive in the ecclesiastical art of the land. Among all the German-speaking peoples no Christmas tree is complete without the Mother and her Son affixed to the topmost spire, while it is very frequent to find that around the base a stable or farmyard is arranged. Before the Hanoverian house came to the English throne, the pretty custom was not popular among our Christmas rites; although, as we have said, the subject of the Jesse-tree in art was very frequent in ancient times: in a pageant at this season in the sixteenth century, we find a tree was introduced, according to the Loseley MSS., but in "high

* Casse!, "Weihnachten," pp. 145-148.

and base Almaine," from the Emperors to their peasants, it is universally welcomed; bright with candles and decked with ornaments, it makes a delightfully festive addition to the expressions of rejoicing, and tells to all who have learnt its meaning that in David's royal city, born of David's line, He was born who was *Lumen de Lumine*. It would seem possible that in this lighting up of the Jesse-tree we have not simply a method of honouring the emblem, but also a combining in the same figure that of the Burning Bush of which we shall speak next.

A young fir-tree is usually employed for this Christmas tree, probably as affording greater strength and uniformity than others, but we may bear in mind that "benigne Braunchlet of the Pine Tree" is a title of the Blessed Virgin, which we find in Chaucer's "Ballad of Commendation of Our Lady," and that Le Bois de Croix, Die Kreuztanne, Arvulu Cruci, Palm-tree, are all names to be found for it in France, Germany, Sicily, and Ireland, while the tree which yields the modern Balm of Gilead is of the same family.

The second most prominent type used has reference to the virginity of the Blessed Virgin, and is that of the Burning Bush:

"O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O Bush unburnt burning in Moses' sight!"

Such is Chaucer's invocation ("Prioress's Tale"), and it was a favourite device of artists to depict the Mother and her Son enthroned within a tree of flame. In the "Biblia Pauperum" we have the Old Testament type of Moses before that on Sinai, with the corresponding New Testament antitype of the Nativity, and in the ancient glass left to us in Canterbury Cathedral, "Moses cum Rubo" has as its complement, "Angelus cum Maria," while beneath is the ejaculation, "Rubus non consumitur, tua nec comburitur in carne virginitas." In the divine offices the same typical reference is made: in the "great O" antiphon in the week preceding Christmas Day, there is, "O Adonai, et dux domus Israel, qui Moysi in igne flammæ Rubi apparuisti, et ei in Sina legem dedisti, Veni," &c., to which a further explanation is given at the Circumcision, "Rubum quem viderat Moyses incombustum conservatam agnovimus tuam laudibilem virginitatem Dei genitrix."

The Egyptian thorn (*Crataegus Pyracantha*, *Pers.*), with its reddish-yellow flower and haws of brilliant scarlet, is said to have its leaves ever green and to bear its fruit at the Incarnation-tyde as a privilege for being the tree of Sinai, and in France it is known as *L'arbre de Moïse* and *Buisson ardent*. In Provence they choose the wild myrtle, or Butcher's Broom, as their illustration, and call it *Calendau* or Christmas; not only does it bear large ruddy berries, but it exhales an essential oil so freely that the air around becomes inflammable, and

thus it affords a very remarkable simile. It is always present in the Christmas decorations in southern lands, and in the Balearic Isles they name its fruit *Cicerotas del Bon Pastor*, a title which may have allusion to Christmas thoughts. In England there is a favourite plant worthy of the place it once held in every garden, and for which the old folk-name was "the Burning Bush." 'This is the white dittany (*Dictamnus fraxinella*, L.), which, when its flowers fade, gives off an etheric vapour like the wild myrtle, and if a light be brought near will burst into flame. The especial tree, however, which we in these northern latitudes have chosen as our emblem is the Holly, or Holly-tree, our "Christmas," in which our forefathers saw types of the Mother and the Son. It is certainly the most pictorially effective ornament which winter spares to us, delighting the eye as it gracefully rises with its white wood from the virgin snow, its deep green, glossy leaves bent into varying planes producing that play of light and shade which gives such life to the tree; its blaze of fiery fruit, set in thick clusters, distinguishes it amidst the bare bushes around, and naturally attracted eyes, to which nature was a beautiful parable, to see in it a dogma of the faith and a sermon to every heart. Hawker, in his delightful "Cornish Ballads," tells us that in the west country they gave to the Holly the endearing title of "Modryb Marya," or "Aunt Mary's tree," since "the household names, Uncle and Aunt, were uttered and used as they are to this day in many countries in the East, not only as phrases of kindred but as words of kindly greeting and tender respect. It was in the spirit, therefore, of this touching and graphic usage that they were wont on the Tamar side to call the Mother of God, in their loyal language, 'Modryb Marya,' or 'Aunt Mary.'" There are many carols written in praise of the holly-tree; its symbolism, its affording food and shelter for the birds, made it loved by the poets as the "Bush with the Bleeding Breast," and the affection for it found vent in such old sayings as :

"Whosoever against Holly do crye,
In a lepe shall he hang full hie,
Whosoever agaynst Holly do sing,
He may wepe and his hands wring."

If the emblem of the Burning Bush were recalled by the tree itself, the sharp crisping of its leaves made men see in it also a memorial of the spiny crown which awaited the Virgin's Son; and in France, Germany, and Scandinavia, this association is made very prominent. Nemnich, in his "Nomenclator," says: "Christdorn, &c., soll sie heissen, weil die Dornenkrone des Heilandes daraus bestanden haben soll auch hat man sie für den Dornbusch, aus welchem Gott mit Moses sprach, halten wollen. Die Naturgeschichte gewinnt und verliert nichts bei dergleichen curiösen Streitfragen." As in the Mistletoe we have the emblem of the Son, so in the Holly

we have that of the Mother, and they to whom the old types were familiar by examples in painting of window or wall or missal page, and to whom the round of the Church's services, and the carols and the mystery plays, were matters of daily life, were a people very ready to recognise in the ruddy blaze of the holly bush a lovely effort of Nature to offer at the shrine of the Nativity its tribute of homage to her who, while becoming the mother of the Creator, continued immaculate.

Christmas Tree and Mistletoe and Holly were doctrinal emblems, and as such stand pre-eminent among all the decorations of the season, but there are some points of interest with respect to the other evergreens which then find a place in chapel and hall. The ivy, which our teachers would usually have us consider as an emblem of Bacchus, most certainly did not win its place for any such reason as that; but we think we can trace its presence to a very different source, and one which also would account for its leaf being regarded as the badge of friendship. In France we still find it known as "*L'herbe de St. Jean*"—the "disciple whom Jesus loved," and his feast day follows the Nativity so closely that there might be that very natural reason for employing the ivy among the season's decorations: there were many things which we might imagine would lead to the dedication to the Evangelist of this shrub—its clinging closely to that to which it attaches itself, its generous support in adversity, its seeming not to "taste of death," but outlasting the old companion upon whose breast it reclines, or about which it has flung its embrace. But there is the possibility that its reference may be to St. John the Baptist, who is so continually represented in art as visiting his divine cousin, and standing by the crib in his camel-hair coat: and since the ground ivy, or alehoof (*Alechoma*), is called his leathern "girdle," it may be that the same thought was suggested by the ivy's bands.

The Laurel or Bay—the classical badge of Victory—retained its position among the early Christians, with its meaning, as usual, elevated by the new teaching, and it is constantly employed in the catacombs and in churches for the Victory which overcometh the world. In Sicily, the Feast of Laurels is that of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, and thus it gets associated with the honour of Mary, but our use of it probably arises from the name attaching to the Rose Bay—the Bay-tree of the Bible—which one finds still popular in Italy and France. In those lands they know it as "*St. Joseph's Staff*," its flowering stem reminding them of the legend of how, previous to his betrothal to Mary, his staff, with those of the other suitors for her hand, was laid up by the high-priest "before the Lord," and that upon the morrow it was found to have budded, like a second Aaron's, and thus evinced the will of God that he should be the foster-father of His Son.

We have lost the use of the Rose-Mary from among our modern Yuletide greenery, and indeed we seldom find the pleasant shrub planted in our gardens, where once, when soil was dry and situation favourable, it was wont to be ever present. Up to the seventeenth century, at least, it continued popular, not only for Christmas, but for every season of domestic joy, and at funerals it was cast upon the coffin at the last farewell for token of remembrance. In Spain they attribute all its sweetness to having had hung upon it the swaddling clothes of the infant Saviour, and with their simple faith in the virtue that lay even in the hem of the garment of the Son of God, they relate that since that time it has remained not only ever fragrant but ever green, and that you may see a sign of the sympathy established between itself and its Creator, for its tiny flowers bear impressed upon them the memorials of His Passion, and every Friday a fresh bud is put forth, as if "to help to embalm the Body of the Lord." Books will only tell you now that in the days of Greece and Rome it had already gained its name of *Libanotis*, from its perfume-bearing qualities, but the ears of the men of old heard in the word but an echo of one of their Christmas antiphons, which told "Deus a Libano veniet," while *Resmarinus* only emphasised to them another, in which they prayed "Descendat super nos sicut Ros Deus noster." In the Celtic dialects it is always Ros Mhairi or Ros Mhuire, our Saxon Rose-Mary, and among the botanists of the sixteenth century it is Arbor Mariæ. To the Mother and her holy Son it has been thus dedicated in affectionate devotion for long ages, and on the Vigil of Mary, or Christmas Eve, every house was fumigated with the fragrant incense of burning Rose-Mary, which brought the promise of good fortune and happiness for the coming year.

In many lands the juniper is found at Noel as plentifully distributed as holly is with us; and in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and elsewhere, with families that walk in the old ways, it is this tree's bough which is hung in every stable and cattle-shed, and by crucifix and crib. With us it is only a shrub, yet not too small to afford an important addition to those we employ, but in more genial climes it grows to a tree frequently twenty feet in height. It has won its place of honour from a legend which tells of Childermas, for at the Massacre of the Bethlehem Innocents the holy fugitives were hurrying along on their way to Egypt closely pursued by Herod's soldiery. They passed by fields of peas and flax and copses of broom, and the chick-peas and broom rustled and crackled about them, and the flax bristled up, so that to the overstrained nerves of the poor mother it seemed that the men of blood were upon them and the life of her Child was imperilled. The Madonna's Juniper Bush, as they call it in Sicily, grow by the way, and seeing the danger of the Lord of Heaven and Earth, opened its thick branches, enclosing within its

sheltering breast the Holy Family, and forming a close harbour around them until the pursuers had gone by. Its gracious service was rewarded, they say, by the precious virtues which it engenders for human ills, rendering it welcome to the druggist's store, while it was made a sanctuary in the woods for ever whereto all poor hunted things might fly for refuge from their persecutors; its woody stems, clothed with smooth, narrow, spine-tipped leaves spread their shielding strength and offer a stout resistance to all attempts to penetrate them, while its powerful odour is said to defeat even the dog's keen scent. When men at Childermas read the Gospel of the Flight from Bethlehem, and heard the offertory of the escape "from the snare of the hunter," they learnt to prize the presence about their homesteads and around their altars of the bush that had sheltered the Sacred Child.

We must here end, not that we have exhausted this pleasant lore of the Christmas flora, but the limits of a review are straitened wherein to deal fully with so wide a subject; but even thus far we may hope that we have revealed a fresh source of interest, and that to our readers and their family circles the greenery of their churches and houses this coming Christmas may bear a deeper significance than heretofore, and that Holly and Mistletoe, Christmas Tree and Holy-Night Rose may be welcomed with the meaning with which their ancestors regarded their use.

"Though thou art poor and hast no gold to bring,
Though ice-bound earth no Heaven-sent flower bestows,
Yet give thy heart this Noel to thy King.
This is the lesson of the Christmas Rose."

ALFRED E. P. RAYMUND DOWLING.

ARYAN ORIGINS.*

THE general problem of Aryan Origins is commonly treated as if it involved three other problems: the problem, namely, first, of the origin of the White Race; the problem, secondly, of the Asiatic or European locality of such origin; and the problem, thirdly, of the origin of Civilisation. Nor, so far, has the general problem been otherwise than rightly held to include these three special problems. But the object of this paper is to point out that certain new results of ethnographical research oblige us to connect the origin of the White Race, not, as hitherto usually, with the Aryan, but with a far earlier Race. Certain results also of geological research, of research as to primitive traditions, and of philological research, will be shown to lead to a view with respect to the locality, or rather localities, of the origin of the White Race and of the Aryan race which may be accepted both by those who maintain a Central Asian, and those who contend for a European, origin of the Aryans; and in leading to such a reconciliative theory these combined and mutually corroborative results will be found, if not to verify the tradition of a Mesopotamian Deluge of a quite unparalleled character, to make it, at least, not improbably verifiable. And, finally, it will be pointed out that certain new results of historical research suggest a theory of the origin of Civilisation in which that of the Aryans appears, not as commonly hitherto assumed, as a primary, but as a derivative, Civilisation. The grounds of a new Theory of History, and of a new Theory of the Unity of History, will thus be indicated. But though thirty years of research gives me some confidence in the verifiable character of the general

* This was the second of three connected Papers read in three different sections of the International Congress of Orientalists at its last meeting, the first Paper being entitled "The Determining Condition of the Origin of Civilisations," and the third, "The Derivative Origin of Greek Civilisation."

Theory suggested, the great variety, not of the facts merely, but of the classes of facts, which must be coördinated, gives anything but confidence that I have not fallen into error on many points of detail.

I.

1. The first group of facts which I have to bring under notice are those which oblige us to connect the origin of the White Variety of mankind, not with the Aryan, but with a far earlier race—the race, namely, to which the ruling classes of the Egyptians and Chaldeans belonged, and which may be called the Archaian White Race. But I must here confine myself to indicating these facts only in a very summary manner. They may be divided into three classes. First of all, there are those Portraits in wall-frescoes, in statues and statuettes, in sculptures and intaglios of kings and priests of the earliest dynasties both of Egypt and of Chaldea—portraits which are confirmed, in the case of Egypt, by an almost uninterrupted series of skulls and of mummies—-which present unmistakably, though occasionally with traces of a lower strain,* those high noses and fine profiles, and that noble cerebral development, whether dolichocephalic or brachycephalic, which, with long hair and beards, and more or less fair or light-coloured complexion, have been the distinctive characteristics of the historic conquerors and civilisers of all other races. These mummies, and statue and fresco portraits might alone suffice to prove that the Egyptians and Chaldeans belonged to a family of the White Species—yet a family which may be ethnographically clearly distinguished both from the Semitic and the Aryan families of that great civilising race. But a second set of confirmatory facts may be noted—namely, the Traditions of the Egyptians and Chaldeans; and especially those Paradise and Kinship traditions in which they distinguish themselves, with serene disdain, from the lower Coloured and Black Races, ancient skulls, skeletons, and portraits of whom have been discovered both in Egypt and Chaldea, and who are distinguished also by a different mode of sepulture in both these countries.† And there is yet a third set of confirmatory facts. Not only is it the conclusion of scientific travellers that the ancient Egyptians, even judging only from contemporary Egyptians, were naturally a White Race; but all over Northern Africa white tribes are found with features which Professor Sayce has found reproduced in the most remarkable manner among the fair-haired and blue-eyed peasantry of the West of Ireland;

* As in the case of Khufu, of the Fourth Dynasty (about 4000 B.C. See a photograph of his portrait in Petrie, "Racial Types from Egypt."

† See Petrie, "Ten Years Digging in Egypt, 1881-1891, pp. 145-6; and compare Macalister, "Some Facial Characters of the Ancient Egyptians"; and Garson, "Some Very Ancient Skeletons from Medum, Egypt," *Rep. Brit. Association*, 1892.

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and similarly all over Asia, from the Caucasus eastwards, such white tribes are found, white tribes which, when unexpectedly discovered, in the remote mountain-valleys of south-western China and eastern Tibet, forced their discoverer, the late Mr. Baber, to exclaim, "Surely these are Europeans"! Such, then, are the three classes of facts—ancient ethnographical portraits, probably still more ancient traditions, and contemporary ethnographical observations, which have compelled to the conclusion, not even yet, however, popularly recognised, that the ruling classes of the Egyptians and Chaldeans had the characteristics of a White Race.

2. But if we are thus obliged to recognise a race with all the distinctive features of the White Species, yet both older than, and ethnographically and linguistically distinguishable from, the Semitic and the Aryan White Races, then it is surely evident that we must associate the question as to the origin and cradle-land of the White Variety of mankind with the origin of this oldest of known White Races rather than with the origin either of the Semitic or the Aryan White Race. Or if, with Professor Huxley, we associate the origin of the White Species with the origin of its Aryan variety, and locate both in Northern Europe; then, we must show either that the Ruling Classes of the Egyptians and Chaldeans had not the characteristics of the White Species; or that, if they had, they could, before the very remote date of their settlement in the Nile and Euphrates valleys, have migrated thither from Northern Europe. I think, however, that it will be found impossible to maintain that the Ruling Classes of the Egyptians and Chaldeans were not a White Race; and I venture further to think that certain facts of physical geography to which Professor Huxley has himself drawn attention, as I had also previously done, make in the highest degree improbable so remote a migration from Europe to Chaldea and Egypt as the remote date of the Chaldean and Egyptian Civilisations would render it necessary to assume.

3. Yet further. If there is not only, as Pritchard pointed out sixty years ago, and as De Quatrefages has more recently insisted on, another set of White Races than those distinguished as Semites and Aryans, the races which both these naturalists termed "Allophyllian"; but if these White Races, or at least a certain section of them, are historically far older than either the Semites or the Aryans; then the probability is that neither Semites nor Aryans could have originated save where there were already those earlier White Races whom I would distinguish as Archaïans, and such conditions as would determine the origin of a new variety from this parent Archaïan stock. The problem of the origin of either Semites or Aryans thus becomes assimilated to other problems of Organic Evolution. The main condition of the origin of a new variety of dog is, of course, an older variety, and such conditions of intermixture, &c., as naturally

determine the origin of a new variety. The problem of Aryan, as also that of Semitic Origins, is thus seen to be a problem not of the origin of the White Species, but only of the origin of a certain variety of that species, and of the origin of a certain class of languages among tribes belonging to, or brought under the influence of, this new ethnographic variety. The problems of Semitic and Aryan Origins must therefore be treated as entirely subsidiary to the problems of Egyptian and Chaldean Origins, and this simply because the solutions of these subsidiary problems must start from the solutions arrived at in investigating the primary Archaian problems. Just as it was once thought necessary to bring the history of Man and of Civilisation into relation with the history of the Jews, as by Bishop Bossuet; then with the history of the Romans, as by Professor Freeman; or with the origin and development of the Aryans, as by Professor Max Müller; it may be now seen that the history of Civilisation must be brought into relation with Egyptian and Chaldean Origins. And in treating history from the new point of view given by the results of Chaldean and Egyptian research, a revolution will be accomplished not unfitly comparable to that initiated by Copernicus in astronomy, a revolution which will, I venture to think, found, for the first time, a veritable, because verifiable, Science of History.

II.

1. The first thing with which we are struck when we come to consider Archaian Origins is that we are not left utterly in the dark by the people themselves as in the case of Aryan Origins. For all scholars have, I believe, now given up the notion that, in the first Fargard of the Vendidad, we have a verifiable tradition of Aryan Origins, save, perhaps, in that narrower, though original, sense of the term in which it is synonymous with Indo-Iranian. But in the case of peoples who, thousands of years before Aryans were anything more than nomad shepherds, had written records, we naturally find traditions, or indications at least of traditions, of where they came from. I do not mean, however, here to dwell on these traditions which I have elsewhere discussed at considerable length.* And I shall here only say that these traditions appear all to point to a northern origin.

2. But was this northern origin of the Archaian White Race—the parent white stock of both Semites and Aryans—was this northern origin in Asia or in Europe? On this question I think that great light is thrown by the facts which have led to the conclusion that there formerly existed a vast sea separating Asia from Europe. This former inland sea Professor Geikie names “Russo-German,” referring more especially to its northern area. Professor Huxley, referring more espe-

* “Traditions of the Archaian White Races.” *Trans. R. Hist. Soc.* N.S. v. iv. 1889.

cially to its south-eastern portion, calls it "Ponto-Aralian." But I venture to think that it may be better designated the Eurasian Mediterranean, thus distinguishing it from the present Eurafrican Mediterranean; and I have represented it on the accompanying map, drawn from the latest accessible results of research. Consider, then, the bearing of the facts here mapped out on the problem of the Asiatic or European cradle-land of the Archaian Whites. Is it not evident that, if this Eurasian Mediterranean existed when the Archaians wandered down from the north to settle in Southern Arabia, and in the Nile and Euphrates valleys, it is more probable that they came from Central or Northern Asia than from Europe, which then lay as an island, almost as much dis severed from Asia as from Africa, and belonging, or having belonged, to the continent of America, rather than to that of Africa, or even of Asia?*

3. The main question, therefore, is, Was this great sea, which separated Asia from Europe, still in existence when the Archaian White Races migrated southwards? Now, the most authoritative Egyptian and Chaldean scholars are disposed to place the complete establishment of the Egyptian and Chaldean civilisations as far back as the sixth millennium B.C.;† and these civilisations were even then of so advanced a character that the first settlement of White Colonists in the Nile and Euphrates valleys can hardly be placed later than 8000 or 10,000 B.C. It remains, therefore, for geologists to say whether this Eurasian Mediterranean still probably existed at that time; and I believe that the opinion of the geologists most competent to pronounce on this question is in favour of the comparatively recent existence of a sea of some such extent as I have indicated, though no historical date has been as yet, so far as I am aware, assigned to the epoch of its silting-, or drying-up.

4. But I venture to think that the means may be at our disposal for approximating, at least, to such an historical date. For in the eleventh of the twelve books of the great Chaldean Epic that dates from about 2300 B.C., there is a mythical story of a Deluge. And if it can be shown to be probable that this mythical narrative originated, not in more or less ordinary experiences of destructive river-overflows, and sea-inflows, sweeping across the Mesopotamian plains, but in a tradi-

* "There seems little doubt that land connection did obtain between Greenland and Europe in Kainozoic times along the Icelandic ridge, for relics of the same tertiary flora are found in Scotland, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland." Geikie, Address as Pres. of the Geog. Sect. Brit. Assoc., 1892, reported in *Nature*, 11 Aug. 1892, p. 352. Compare Suss, "Das Antlitz der Erde."

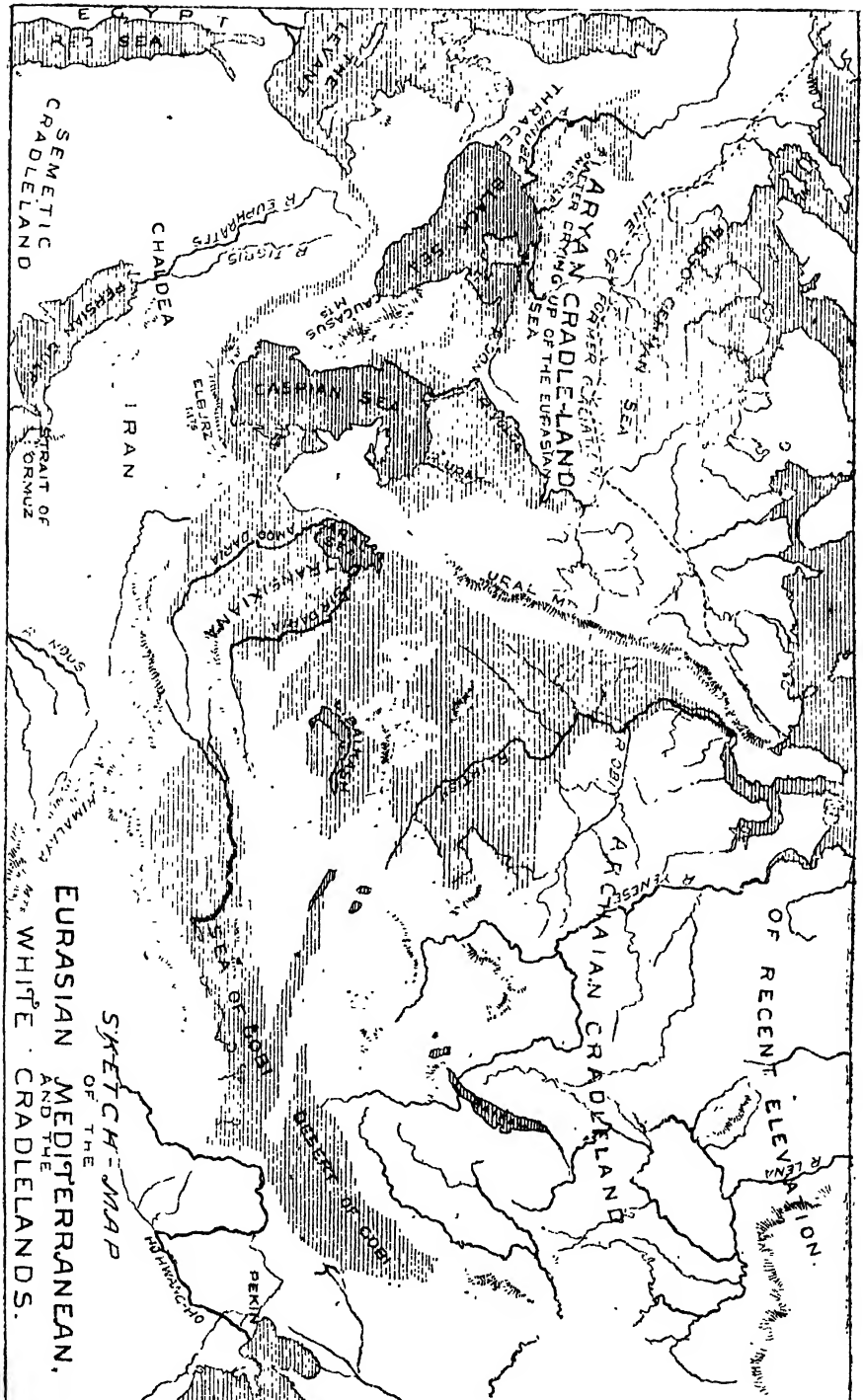
† The lists of the old Egyptian priest and historian Manetho give for the accession of Menes 5867 B.C.; while Boeck gives 5702, Unger 5613, Mariette 5004, Maspero 4500, and Brugsch 4455 B.C. According to Hommel, the Chaldean Zodiac goes back to 6000 B.C. "Die Astronomie der Alten Chaldaer" in "Das Ausland," 13, 14, 19, 20, 1891. See also as to "The Old Babylonian Characters," De Lacouperie, "Bab. and Or. Record," March 1888, and Sayce, *Ibid.*, August 1888. As to which was the older Civilisation, a remarkable Paper was read by Prof. Hommel at the last Oriental Congress on "The Babylonian Origin of Egyptian Culture."

tion of some altogether unparalleled, and unprecedentedly destructive Mesopotamian deluge; and if such a deluge can be shown to be probably connected with the drying-up of the Eurasian Mediterranean; then, evidently, the drying-up of this great inland sea, that once separated Europe from Asia, must have been posterior to the settlement in Mesopotamia of the White Race, one of whose poets has transmitted to us a poetical form of the deluge-tradition, as an episode in a great epic. For otherwise, and if the White Race had not colonised the Euphrates-valley before the deluge, supposed to be connected with the drying-up of that inland sea, we should have to assume that they borrowed the deluge-tradition from the Coloured and Black aborigines, though, according to the tradition itself, it was men of the White Race who alone were saved. And we may, therefore, consider ourselves safe in arguing that, if the Chaldean deluge-story, of which all others appear to be variants, and which has been transmitted to us by a White Race, can be shown to have had its origin in a Mesopotamian catastrophe probably connected with the drying-up of the Eurasian Mediterranean, then this White Race must probably have originated in Asia, as, during the existence of the Eurasian Mediterranean, they could not easily, if even possibly, have reached Mesopotamia from a European cradle-land.

5. First, then, I would submit that it is more probable that the Deluge-episode of the Chaldean Epic originated in an historical event quite out of the range of ordinary, or even extraordinary, yet occasional, experiences than that it originated in merely such experiences of river-overflows or sea-inflows, and is thus nothing more, in fact, than, as Professor Huxley maintains, "one of the oldest pieces of *purely fictitious* literature extant."* But I submit this question of probability to students, neither of theology nor of biology, however able, but to students of history. And I do so on these grounds. Ordinary, or even extraordinary, yet occasional, experiences do not generally, if ever, get mythicised as the Chaldean deluge-story is; nor is the tradition of such experiences transmitted in variants so numerous and widespread. "As the physical details of the Flood," says Professor Huxley, "are inseparable from theophanic accompaniments, and are guaranteed by the same authorities, I must let them go with the rest."† Such is a common-sense conclusion. But Professor Huxley would be the last to admit a merely "common-sense," as distinguished from a scientific, conclusion in biology. And I question the acceptance of his common-sense conclusion on this point of historical science by students as versed in historical, as Professor Huxley is in biological, inquiries. On the contrary, I believe that the conclusion of such students—a conclusion founded on a multitude of facts which cannot here be even indicated—will be that "theophanic accompaniments" are not to be considered as conclusive evidence

* *Nineteenth Century*, Jul., 1889.

† *Ibid.* June 1891, p. 913.



against the occurrence of the event, or existence of the person, around which, or whom, "theophanic accompaniments" have got accreted, but are to be considered rather as evidence always of the greatness, and almost always of the remoteness, of the person or event recorded with such accompaniments. This, I admit, is a large generalisation. And I regret, therefore, that I can here, in support of it, only point out that none of the innumerable destructive river-overflows—not even such as that at the bend of the Hoangho about 2200 B.C.—or sea-inflows—not even such as that at the mouth of the Ganges in 1875 B.C.—seems to have been traditionally transmitted in anything like such a mythical form as that in which we have received the Chaldean deluge-story. Mythical deluge-stories we do, indeed, find all over the world. But all of them appear to be variants, and generally greatly exaggerated variants—as the Biblical story, for instance, certainly is—of that Mesopotamian tradition of unknown antiquity which the Chaldean poet of (probably) the twenty-third century B.C. introduced into the great Chaldean Epic. And hence, though in Professor Huxley's opinion, "the details of Hasisadra's adventure are at least compatible with the physical conditions of the Euphrates valley, and involve no greater catastrophe than such as might be brought about under those conditions,"* yet I would submit to students of history that the probability rather is that it was the altogether unparalleled character of one special Mesopotamian deluge that made the tradition of it seem to the Chaldean Homer, or Homerid, adapted for introduction into an Epic of Gods and Men, and caused the story of it so to "catch on" that it spread all over the world as, if a "piece of purely fictitious literature," it would never have done.

6. Now, the whole region both north and south of the Euphrates valley is one abounding in volcanic phenomena, and is subject to frequent earthquakes. The first suggestion that presents itself is naturally, therefore, that the deluge was caused by earthquakes in the north bursting asunder the present straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles; accompanied in the south by such other seismic phenomena as the elevation, towards the strait of Ormuz, of the bed of the Persian Gulf; and accompanied also, throughout the whole length of the valley between the Armenian highlands and the mouths of the Euphrates, by torrential rainfalls. Further inquiry, however, in the attempt to verify this hypothesis, showed that the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles were, like the Vale of Tempe, more probably worn through by gradual erosion, than burst asunder by sudden cataclysm. The probability, however, still remained of such seismic disturbance in the region of the Persian Gulf as would uplift its bed, and cause a prodigious sea-inflow, made more terrible, perhaps, by a cyclone, as suggested by Süss in his monumental work; and such seismic disturbance, I would further suggest, as would temporarily close up

* *Nineteenth Century*, June 1891, p. 915.

the strait of Ormuz (if, indeed, it then existed), and hence prevent, for a time, the exit of the waters into the Indian Ocean. But the main further suggestion which I would make is this: Were there not in the ascertained elevation of the land of Northern Siberia, in the consequent change of climate, and in the probable accompaniments of such a change, not only natural conditions of immense evaporation from the Eurasian Mediterranean, but of a downfall, in the course of this process of evaporation—a downfall, quite unparalleled, both in violence and continuance, of the watery vapours arising from the vastly extended surface of that great inland sea? It is a question for meteorologists. But I would suggest that there may have naturally been such conditions of evaporation, accumulation, and translation, as would give rise to such an uninterrupted continuance for seven days and nights—and that is all that the original tradition records—of violent “cloud-bursts,” as would—if there were, from upheaval of the bed of the Gulf, at once a prodigious sea-inflow, and prevention of sea-outflow—cause a quite unparalleled deluge, destructive even of a great civilisation. Two coincidences are thus supposed; but each of them must, I think, be admitted to be highly probable: seismic disturbance of the bed of the Persian Gulf; and continuous “cloud-bursts,” the result of evaporation caused by a change of climate acting over a vastly extended water-surface. And the question for the historical student may be thus stated: Are not such coincidences more probable, indicated as both are by the earliest traditions, than that, as maintained by Professor Huxley, these traditions record no “special event whatever, and are to be regarded as but “the oldest pieces of *purely fictitious literature extant*”?

7. Thus connecting the problem of the origin of the White Species with that Archaian White Race which preceded both the Semites and the Aryans, we find that its cradle-land was probably in Asia, and at a period synchronous with, if not antecedent to, the separation of Asia from Europe by the former Eurasian Mediterranean. And if the various facts and probabilities above indicated are duly recognised, I think it will be seen that the question as to the Origin and Cradle-land of the Aryans assumes a very different aspect from that which it has hitherto presented.* The Aryan Cradle-land problem becomes now simply

* Other questions also assume very different aspects—for instance, that as to the relations of the Mongolians to the American Indians, or, as I should rather term them, Atlantians. For if the White Species originated in Central or Northern Asia, when its land-surface was so immensely reduced by the Eurasian Mediterranean, the question arises, Is it not less probable that the Mongols originated along with the Whites or Caucasians (if we may use the term in this general sense), on a land-surface so contracted, than that, considering the former closer connection of America with Asia, they originated as hybrids between Atlantians and Caucasians, and then spread over Asia on the migration southward and eastward of the Archaian Caucasians? And again, considering the immense antiquity of man in America, and the former connection between America and Europe, may not part of the very diverse palæolithic population of Europe have probably come from America and part from Africa? Both questions may be answered in the negative. But it may nevertheless be worth while to suggest them.

the problem of the development of a definite new race of the White Species, and of a definite new variety of the languages of that species. And thus stating the problem of Aryan Origins, surely such a method of procedure as that of, for instance, Herr Penka and Professor Huxley, will appear more than questionable. It will appear more than probable that, in starting from an altogether hypothetical cradle-land either in Northern Germany like the one, or in Northern Russia like the other, and dating from an age so remote as the end of the Glacial Epoch, these savants have begun at the wrong end. It will seem almost certain that we shall follow a more reasonable course if, instead of working down from an utterly hypothetical earlier cradle-land to the place and time of the first historical appearance of the Aryans, we endeavour to work up to their probable earlier cradle-land from the place and time of their first historical appearance. Adopting, therefore, this method of procedure we shall endeavour to ascertain, first, where and when the Aryans primarily entered on the historical arena. A dozen years ago it would have been confidently affirmed, in answer to such an inquiry, that the Aryans first appeared as an historical people in Transoxiana, at a remote date about which scholars differed. But now, though Sir Henry Rawlinson finds traces of Aryans in Kharism, the modern Khiva, about the fourteenth century B.C., Professor Sayce doubts the existence of Aryans in Asia prior to the ninth century B.C. There appears, however, now to be very much less doubt about the place and time of the first historical appearance of Aryans in Europe. I believe we may say that it was in Thrace about 1500 B.C., or at furthest 2000 B.C., that men first appeared with the speech and the features of Aryans—tall, high-nosed, blue-eyed, fair-haired, war-like men, speaking an inflected language from which Holic Greek was probably derived. And whether or not Aryans appeared about the same date in Transoxiana as in Thrace, we at least start from a probable hypothesis in supposing that their original cradle-land, or Primary Centre of Dispersion, was at about an equal distance from each of these Secondary Centres of Dispersion.

8. Such a Primary Centre of Dispersion is found in that great region of many-rivered plains north of the Caucasus, and now forming the steppes of Southern Russia. And here, on the combined silting-up and drying-up of the great Sea that formerly either covered these plains, or separated them from Asia, there must certainly have arisen the conditions of the formation of a new Race of the White Species, with a new family of its languages. For the main condition of such origins is evidently the existence of earlier races and earlier languages of the given Species in a locality where there exist also conditions both of racial and of linguistic change. And is it not in the highest degree probable that, on the drying-up of the bed of the

Eurasian Mediterranean, tribes both Caucasian and Mongolian would rush into the newly created pastoral plains from all directions, or at least from the east, north, and south? These tribes, already more or less racially differentiated, were probably also more or less differentiated in point of culture. For Lenormant thought it probable that the Moschi of the Caucasus had penetrated northward into Russia, and that from thence the old name of Muscovy was derived. And M. Jules Oppert has shown that Chaldean, or at least Babylonian, trade-routes to the north existed in the third millennium B.C. But linguistic change having been thus initiated in the cradle-land itself, it would certainly be continued and extended during the migration of the Aryans to the south-west and to the south-east. For in these migrations they certainly encountered not only savage tribes, but more or less civilised communities. And the influence of the former would tend to change the primitive Aryan speech by their misapprehensions and mispronunciations; while the influence of the latter would tend to changes more of the nature of true development by the communication of new ideas.

9. But there would still remain a number of words common to all the dialects of Aryan speech thus arising. From these words we ought to be able to gain some knowledge not only of the character and customs, but of the country originally inhabited by speakers of Aryan languages. And we turn, therefore, to Aryan philology for a verification of the above stated hypothesis, suggested by a quite different class of facts, as to the primitive Aryan Home. Now, the results of philological research do appear to verify this hypothesis. For the conclusion of Dr. O. Schrader's philological inquiries,* places "the Original Home" in a South Russian region very little different from that which quite a different set of considerations have led us to define. A still further proof of the main thesis of this paper—that the Aryans were a late-formed race derived, in its chief element, from the same Archaian White Family as that to which the ruling classes of the Egyptians and Chaldeans belonged—would be found in evidence that Aryan speech was but a development of a language, or languages, identical with, or similar to, the languages, or some original element of the languages, of the Chaldeans, and perhaps also of the Egyptians. Now, attempts are actually being made to show such relations not only between Aryan and Chaldean, or Accadian, by connecting each with the so-called Turanian languages, but also even between Aryan and Egyptian, by proving an identity or similarity of roots.† Without, however, expressing any opinion on the latter of

* In his "Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte," translated under the title of "Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples," Part iv. ch. xiv.

† I allude to Dr. Carl Abel's "Einleitung in ein Ägyptisch-Semitisch-Indoeuropäisches Wurzelwörterbuch," and connected works and writings.

these attempts, which is, indeed, questioned in its very basis,* it must here suffice thus briefly to note that attempts are being made to prove such linguistic relations between Aryans and Chaldeans as one would expect, and such linguistic relations even between Aryans and Egyptians as one would not be altogether surprised, to find corroborating those racial relations which I have been endeavouring to indicate.

III.

1. We come now to the third of the special problems involved in the general problem of Aryan Origins—the problem, namely, of the origin of Aryan Civilisation. There can, however, be no clear discussion of this question unless we first define the sense in which the term “civilisation” is used. Civilisation I would define as *Enforced Social Organisation, with Written Records, and hence Intellectual Development and Social Progress*; and it will, I think, be admitted that, whenever the term is used with any definite meaning at all, these three things are implied: (1) not only Organisation, but *enforced* organisation, and such means as (2) Written Records, and these alone, afford for (3) Development and Progress. Thus defining the term, the Aryans were not a civilised people when they wandered as nomad shepherds in the South Russian steppes between the Ural and Dniester; nor even when they were both invited and compelled to become more or less settled farmers by the physical conditions in which they found themselves on migrating into the region between the Dniester and the Carpathians—ahead of them mountains and virgin forests, and around them rich alluvial plains which a plough made from the crooked branch of a tree was sufficient to prepare for a fruitful grain crop; nor even when, on passing into Thrace, they came in contact with the fringes of the Pelasgian civilisation. And the barbarian condition not only of the undivided Aryans in their original cradle-land, but probably also of the western division of them when they entered Thrace, as probably likewise of the eastern division when they entered Transoxiana, and later, Iran, is illustrated by those results of later research which have dissolved the Paradisaical picture with which Pictet, Justi, and Max Müller charmed the youth of men now in middle life. The horse was probably eaten, but was not domesticated; nor was the ass, the pig, the goose, the duck, or other poultry. Cattle, sheep, and goats were possessed, and dogs, the watchers of the herds. Holes dug in the ground, and roofed with turf or cowdung, served for dwellings in winter, and in summer either circular huts, made of poles with interwoven twigs, or waggons with axle and wheels, chipped and charred from a single tree-trunk. They had no

* Dr. Abel's theory has, however, been endorsed by Maspero. See *Athenæum*, Sept. 26, 1891.

towns, and πόλις was originally used only in the sense of ἀκρόπολις, or stronghold on high ground, strengthened by earthworks and ditches. Their garments were of skins in the more primitive period ; but, after the separation, the European branch at least had probably advanced from the plaiting of fibres to the weaving of wool and of flax, and men and women wore single garments of one piece of stuff, thrown round the shoulders from the left, and then pinned with *fibule*, or thorns, but open down the right side, after the fashion of their old garments of skins, though perhaps confined at the waist by a girdle. They made a rude pottery, and with fire and stone axes they managed to construct waggons and dig out canoes, but they were unacquainted with metals, save native copper. "Years" counted as "winters," and were divided by "moons," not named "months." As to morals, marriage was polygamous, and the husband was allowed unrestricted concubinage ; custom ordained that the wife should die with her husband ; and the aged and infirm were put to death. And as to religion, it is now found that "scarcely one of the mythological equations hitherto put forward, and the largest part of them supported by Professor Max Müller, is without its difficulties, phonetic or otherwise ;" though it may, perhaps, be admitted that the Dawn, the Sun, the shining Sky, Fire, the Storm, and the Thunder were "the subjects of predicates expressing the divine." But Dr. Schrader is "at a loss to understand how it is to be made probable" that a belief in "the continued existence of the departed, and the necessity of worshipping them, existed from primeval times"—as postulated by Mr. Spencer in his Ghost-theory.

2. Such was probably the intellectual and social condition of the Western Aryans on their entrance into Thrace, and of the Eastern Aryans on their entrance into Iran. And the question now arises as to the manner and means of the passage both of the Western and the Eastern Aryans from this pre-historic stage of Barbarism into the historic stage of Civilisation in which, at a later period, we find them on both the eastern and the western shores of the *Ægean*, and in the plains on both the Indian and the Persian sides of the *Himalayas*. So far as I am aware, no answer, at once definite and verifiable, has as yet been given to this question. Current theories of the origin of Civilisation generally, and so, of the origin of the Aryan Civilisations, imply either a spontaneous evolution of Civilisation from Savagery by virtue of some inherent necessity ; or, if the influence of the environment is referred to, it is but in such a vague and general way as that in which it was referred to in theories of Organic Evolution before a precise and verifiable character was given to such references by the theory of the Struggle for Existence. But the Struggle for Existence eliminates rather than generates. It

is with the causes of Variation, therefore, rather than with the conditions of Elimination, that we must connect the facts adequate to giving rise to so immense a change in the history of mankind as the origin of Civilisation. And hence it is with the ultimate causes of Organic Variation that we must connect that Conflict of racially or culturally Higher and Lower Races which will be found, as I think, the main determining condition of Social Evolution. This Conflict is found in three forms. First, in the Conflict of racially, rather than merely culturally, Higher and Lower Races; and such appears to have been the determining condition of the origin of the Primary Civilisations of Egypt and Chaldea. Possibly the White Colonists of the Nile and Euphrates valleys may have already made a considerable advance in the arts; but if, with or without any such advance, they were able, as white men with higher intellectual and social capacities, to make the lower coloured and black races work for them, the natural conditions would at once arise both of intellectual development and social progress. For then, even as now, the result of the exploitation of lower races would be wealth, and hence leisure for the ruling race; while the perilous position of the ruling race amid the far outnumbering hordes of the lower races* would be stimulus enough to use this leisure in scientific research and social organisation. Such is the primary form of the Conflict of Races, and the way in which it would work in the origin of the Primary Civilisations. But in two other forms this Conflict is found historically. It is found in the Conflict with lower races of emigrants from one of the greater established civilisations, and possessed more or less completely of the arts and traditions of that civilisation. Such seems to have been the origin, about 2300 B.C., of the Chinese Civilisation.† And again, this Conflict is found in the reaction of a conquered but culturally higher race on barbarians who have succeeded in substituting themselves for the former rulers. And such seems to have been the origin, at a still earlier date, of the Semitic Civilisation of Assyria.‡

3. Now, it is to this third class of origins that I believe it will be found that the origin of the Aryan Civilisations belongs. And this at least may be affirmed, that almost every week adds to the number of facts by which such a theory may be verified—that is to say, proved or disproved. It was from Elam, the western portion of Iran or Persia, that the “hundred families” emigrated who founded the Chinese Civilisation on the Hoangho. If these emigrating Bak tribes carried with them, as the facts accumulated by Professor de Lacouperie

* Nor is this a mere supposition. It is the tradition recorded by the great Chaldean Magus and Historian Berossus in the fourth century B.C. *Ἐν δὲ τῇ Βαβυλῶνι πολὺ πλῆθος ἀνθρώπων γενέσθαι ἁλλοειδῶν κατοικησάντων τὴν Χαλδαίαν*, and living, as he further says, *ἀτάκτως, καὶ ὥσπερ τὰ θηρία*. *Χαλδαϊκά*, Edit. Lenormant, p. 6.

† See De Lacouperie, “Babylonian and Oriental Record” from its commencement.

‡ See Sayce, “Ancient Babylonian Religion.”

appear to show, a measure of Chaldean arts and traditions, the immigrating Aryan tribes, on entering these Bactrian provinces, would naturally become acquainted with the same arts and traditions transmitted from Chaldea. Thus raised a stage beyond the barbarism above characterised in detail, the Aryans, on descending into India, appear to have found an already established civilisation, and the institution particularly, not originally Aryan as it would now seem, but non-Aryan and pre-Aryan, of the Village Community.* And evidence abounds that, as time went on, Aryan customs, traditions, and myths became more and more modified, or even displaced, by those of the non-Aryan, and particularly the Dravidian inhabitants. At present, however, the facts proving that the Aryan Civilisations were derivative *i.e.* Civilisations, the origin of which was due first to the influence of non-Aryan civilisations, and then to the conquest of these civilisations, and the inheritance of their arts, traditions, and myths the facts proving such an origin of the Aryan Civilisations appear to be at present more clearly ascertainable and complete in the case of the West than of the East Aryan Civilisations. By some scholars, indeed, the question as to whether the race to whom we owe the monuments of Tiryns and Mykenai was Aryan or non-Aryan, Hellenic or non-Hellenic, is treated as of no consequence. I submit, however, that it is a question of the utmost consequence, in any scientific, as distinguished from a merely literary, treatment of Greek origins. And I venture to think, not only that the gap between Mykenæan and Hellenic art forbids us to consider the former as due to Greeks, but that it would be impossible scientifically to explain how Aryans, still, at so late a period, barbarians, suddenly and apparently spontaneously developed so great a civilisation as that of Tiryns and Mykenai. If, however, Tiryns and Mykenai are the monuments of a pre-Aryan and non-Aryan Civilisation derived from the far older non-Aryan Civilisation of Asia, we may see in them monuments which explain the origin of Hellenic Civilisation in testifying to the civilisation from which it was derived. And in working out such a theory of the derivation of Greek Civilisation, we are led, as I think, to the solution of the remarkable problem pressed on us by the fact that the civilisation pictured in the earlier Homeric, is higher than that presented in the later Hesiodic poems.†

Such is the general theory of Aryan Origins suggested by a due consideration of the later results of research in the various directions above indicated. On every one of innumerable points bearing on the theory more light is required, but more light is constantly streaming in from the splendid results of modern scientific method. How revo-

* See Hewitt, "Notes on the Early History of Northern India" in "Trans. R. Asiatic Soc." † See Gladstone, "The Olympian Religion," *North American Rev.*

lutionary these views of Aryan Origins are with reference to theories, such as Professor Huxley's, which identify the White Species with the Aryan Race, localise the birthland of both in Northern Europe, and affirm the indigenous character of European civilisation; with reference to theories, such as Dr. Tylor's, of the spontaneous and independent origin of Civilisations from homogeneous savage communities; and with reference to theories, such as Professor Max Müller's, regarding the Vedic Aryans, need not be pointed out. It is true, indeed, as the latter scholar finely said at the late Oriental Congress, that "the ancient history of the world may be said to have assumed, under the hands of Oriental scholars, the character of a magnificent dramatic trilogy."* But every Egyptologist and Assyriologist will, I believe, protest against the great Aryanist's assertion that "the first drama tells us of the fates of the Aryan and Semitic races as compact confederacies before their separation into various languages and historical nationalities." The first drama tells us of events which long antedate Aryan, and even Semitic, "confederacies"; tells us of a White Race more ancient than either of these varieties of the White Stock of Mankind; and tells us not only of the initiation, by this Archaian White Race, of a new kind of evolution—that which we call Social Progress, or Civilisation—but also of the history of the civilisations established by this earlier White Race, and maintained by them for millenniums, before either Semites or Aryans entered the historical arena as conquerors and inheritors successively of these Archaian civilisations. And in the foregoing pages I have endeavoured to indicate the bearing of this new point of view—the bearing of this new conception of the first Drama of the divine Trilogy of History—on our views of Aryan Origins.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

Address," p. 57.

THE MORALITY OF VIVISECTION.

TWO REPLIES.

THE well-written article on the "Morality of Vivisection," contributed by Dr. Ruffer to the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*, is probably as good an exposition of the subject from the physiologist's point of view as we are likely ever to get, and it demands the serious attention of the anti-vivisectionists. It is an able, and on the whole, a very fair defence of the practice, though in a few passages the author has condescended to arguments of the *ad captandum* sort, which are unworthy of the subject and himself: as, for instance, when he urges that "There is not a mother who would not kill with her own hands a score of animals, rather than that her child should perish." The question is not of killing, but of torturing, but were it otherwise the behaviour of mothers under trying circumstances could hardly be accepted as a rule of conduct for physiologists.

Again, when Dr. Ruffer speaks of his opponents as "those who object to science," he is doing them an injustice, and unfairly stealing an argument. In like manner, he is not wholly ingenuous in his final sentence, when, in speaking of medicine, he says: "If it is ever to take its place among the exact sciences it can be advanced only by reasoning based upon observation and experiment, and constantly controlled by both, especially the latter." This is doubtless true, but it is no proof that experiment on *living animals* is necessary or desirable. Of all exact sciences, astronomy is probably the most exact, and the reason is not far to seek. The stars are so happily situated that they can be approached only by the mind, and their movements investigated only by minds of ability. Were it possible to apply pulleys, levers, and ladders, there is no doubt they would soon be hauled from their positions, and while little minds, unable to grasp principles, were revelling in minute details, the science and the

universe would be reduced to the chaos in which physiology at present is, and seems likely to remain, as long as every youthful investigator is at liberty to start his own theory, based on abnormal and misleading conditions.

Before considering the main argument of Dr. Ruffer's essay, it will be well first to get rid of the side issues, which, while adding much to the interest of the article and containing fair argument, still confuse the main train of thought. First, with regard to Bishop Moorhouse's rule of life, namely—"The service of love to God and man and all creatures," and the physiologist's rule—namely, "The search for truth for truth's sake," I cannot agree with Dr. Ruffer that the latter includes the former. In fact, he inadvertently himself admits that it is not so, when he says that "the searching for truth is likely to enable us to render efficiently those services to men and animals." The tributaries which enable the river to carry the vessel to the ocean are not greater than the river itself. The search for truth for truth's sake, as a rule of life, is good or bad, according to the nature of the truth sought. I am told that Zola's novels present a very truthful picture of one sort of life, but we should not search them for guidance in life with so much chance of an edifying result as the works of Herbert Spencer or John Ruskin, who are equally seekers after truth. The occupation of the physiologists seems, in some cases, to be of the Zola type, and even though it may be well to seek for truth in the entrails of beasts and the functions of animal life, it is not wise to make the pursuit of such truth the law of one's life, especially if in doing so one loses sight of the higher truths implied in the pursuit of mercy and justice.

The vegetarian question is another side issue of interest. Whether it is inconsistent for a person to object to physiological cruelty and still to eat meat is a matter which I cannot decide; but, granting for argument's sake, that it is so, the fact does not prove that vivisection is right. A physiologist also is inconsistent when, while complaining that he is called abusive names, he retaliates in similar style. Inconsistency is, indeed, a normal attribute of the human mind, and it has been said that if we were all consistent with our best moments, there would be little ill will or evil conduct left in the world. I think there would be little cruelty, except possibly in the laboratory, where the occasional torture of an innocent animal seems essential to the attainment of the highest morality recognised by the physiologist. At any rate, an argument, to be sound and conclusive, must commend itself to all who are capable of understanding it, and to me, and of course to all other abstainers from meat; the vegetarian argument has no point. Even Dr. Ruffer will admit that the moral right and wrong of vivisection must not be made to depend on the diet of the Bishop of Manchester. The other argument, based on the cruelty

of warfare, falls equally flat to a member of the Peace Association. In fact, while we cannot be too grateful to all physiologists who draw attention to other forms of cruelty, which must in the long run tend to bring their own into disrepute, it is obvious that all arguments founded on other cruelties are from their nature a little weak. I am aware that, in this, I have Sir James Paget, Sir Andrew Clark, Dr. Samuel Wilks, and others against me, and I have no doubt that if the proposition were put to a meeting of the British Medical Association, the whole profession would dutifully vote that two blacks *do* make a white on this particular occasion. But yet, most thinking people will still agree with me that they do not.

Three important admissions, bearing directly on the matter, must also be noted, before we consider the main argument.

1. That animals are capable of suffering intense pain, amounting to torture, for Dr. Ruffer tells us of "the horses which remained in a mangled condition on the battle-field, and which suffered torture for weeks." This is important, not as adding to our knowledge, but because an attempt is often made by physiologists to make us believe that "pain is far less appreciated by animals than by man."

2. That vivisection is not always done under anaesthetics, and when that is the case, is not, as the Parliamentary Return (1892, p. 3) says, "practically always of the nature of hypodermic injection or simple inoculation." For if it were so, how could Dr. Ruffer so "much deplore the necessity of inflicting pain" in his experiments, and be at such pains himself, to show that the end justifies the means?

3. That "if experiments were absolutely useless, then they would certainly be immoral." To this pregnant sentence I hope to return presently.

Having now cleared the ground, let us consider the main argument, which seems, when reduced to a syllogism, to be as follows:

(a) "It is not possible to disconnect the morality of this subject from its utility."

(b) Vivisection is useful, because, as Sir J. Paget says, "the opinion of the members of the medical profession and of other scientific men is, on this question, as nearly unanimous as is any opinion held on any subject by any large number of men."

(c) Therefore vivisection is right.

The major premise here, unfortunately, is not axiomatic, and many people will dispute it. Why should the morality in cruelty be inseparable from the utility any more than in (say) theft? To feed the hungry is as much a Christian duty as to tend the sick; and to accomplish this feeding efficiently it would be "necessary" to appropriate the possessions of the rich, but we could not as a nation for

one moment entertain the idea of setting aside a class of gentlemen specially licensed to appropriate other peoples' goods for the benefit of widows and orphans.

The failure of the major premise is enough to invalidate the conclusion, but still I should like also to draw attention to the fact that the minor premise also rests only on assertion, and is denied by some persons competent to judge.

The physiologists will never be able to build up a consistent theory until they have revised their premises, and this leads us to the consideration of the words above quoted, to the effect that experiments would certainly be immoral if they were useless. Perhaps Dr. Ruffer has never paused to consider why that should be the case. The experiments, we may assume, would not be immoral *because* they were useless, and the only other grounds on which they could be pronounced so are either (*a*) because they demoralise the practiser, or (*b*) because they give pain to unoffending animals. Though Dr. Ruffer might admit the former alternative if we were treating of other cruelties, he strenuously denies it with regard to vivisection; and we are consequently driven to the latter—viz., that they are immoral *because they give pain to unoffending animals*. This is practically an admission that animals have some sort of rights, for otherwise the view of a well-known German professor is the only logical one—that if you buy an animal it becomes your property, and you are at liberty to do what you please with it. As a nation we have long passed this elementary stage of morality, and by legislation have practically admitted that animals are something more than animated chattels. The exact limit of an animal's rights may not be easily fixed; but it is certain that they cannot be made to depend on the question whether the animal is on the one side or the other of the wall of a laboratory, or whether or not the man who is accused of infringing those rights is certified as competent to do so by others engaged in the same pursuit. The present law, being founded on no definite moral principle, is unsatisfactory. It makes no attempt to place any limit either to the duration or intensity of the pain which a man may inflict on an animal when once he has a certificate, albeit the Report of the Royal Commission admitted that “it is not to be doubted that inhumanity may be found in persons of very high position as physiologists.”

The anti-vivisectionists are not so unreasonable as their opponents would have people believe. They do not wish to stand in the way of the advance of science by scientific means, or to frustrate legitimate experiment, but they do claim that vivisection as a legalised method shall be totally abolished—first because no means have been or ever can be devised by which the abuse of it can be provided against, and secondly because any arguments which may be urged in defence of it apply equally well to experimentation on the inferior members of

the human race, and there is not wanting evidence that hospital patients have been unjustifiably utilised for experiment. Vivisection is the only form of cruelty which is specially protected by law, and we claim that, like theft or any other crime, it shall be made a penal offence. Though as in one case, so in the other, instances may occur of so trivial a nature as to be unworthy of recognition by law, that cannot alter the principle. The law must forbid absolutely, and the interpretation of the law be left to the common sense of the community.

The paper by Professor Horsley is of different calibre. It hardly touches the question under discussion, and is indeed, to use his coadjutor's words, an essay on the "Immorality of Antivivisectionists." A reply to it as such could have little interest to readers of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, though possibly in a society journal it might be appreciated. There are, however, two points of interest in it, one medical and one otherwise. In speaking of rabies, the writer says, "M. Pasteur . . . discovered the means of saving fourteen out of fifteen persons doomed to die of the disease." This statement is on a par with that extraordinary one of Sir Joseph Lister, that Pasteur has saved 12,000 lives, or with Professor Horsley's own statement on a previous occasion before the Lords' Committee on Rabies, that the death-rate from hydrophobia in Scandinavia in one year reached one hundred and eighty-one, when, on inquiry being made, it was found that there was no evidence of its having ever reached eighteen even. Professor Horsley, as an advocate for "truth for truth's sake," should not have allowed his partisanship to run him into such extravagances. The manner in which both he and Sir Joseph arrive at their figures is apparently by assuming that all the patients who have flocked to Paris, whether bitten, licked, or only frightened, were "doomed to die of the disease." But I find that Pasteur in his statistics divides his cases into three classes, in which the dogs were—(A) shown to have been mad by experiment, (B) by veterinary examination, and (C) only suspected of having been mad. In making up his results, however, we find that he adds up all, and apparently, like Professor Horsley, assumes that all were "doomed to die" but for him. Such slipshod statistics were probably never presented to the world before by a scientific man. Their value was well shown by the Report of the Local Government Board Committee appointed to inquire into Pasteur's treatment, of which Professor Horsley cannot be ignorant, as he was himself the secretary. The Committee took for investigation ninety cases, selected as being within reach of Paris. Of these, from one cause or another, they threw out sixty-six, leaving twenty-four, in which they say the dogs were "undoubtedly rabid."

Of these twenty-four cases the Committee "believed" that not

less than eight would have died if they had not been inoculated. The grounds for this belief are not given, and a percentage of thirty-three is a very large one. The Committee, indeed, themselves admit a little higher up that "the percentage of deaths among persons who have been bitten by dogs believed to have been rabid has been in some cases estimated at the rate of only five per cent." If the lower percentage is the correct one, there is nothing surprising in the fact that no case of hydrophobia should occur among those twenty-four taken at hazard, even if they were all genuine. Moreover, two deaths did actually occur in Paris during the period covered by the investigation, and it is very remarkable that the Committee passed over them in silence. Had they been included with the twenty-four the argument would have been spoilt.

So that, instead of showing that Pasteur had saved fourteen lives out of fifteen, the Committee left it doubtful whether he had really saved any at all. On the other hand, the Report admitted that "deaths have occurred under conditions which have suggested that they were due to the inoculations rather than to the infection from the rabid animal;" and they also said that, to stamp out hydrophobia, "police regulations would suffice, if they could be rigidly enforced." Can Mr. Horsley explain his apparent contradictions?

The other point of interest is Mr. Horsley's manner of meeting our not unreasonable demand for some definite instance of the benefit derived by medicine from vivisection. "We are," he characteristically tells us, "uninstructed, and almost mercenary, questioners." "The miserable spirit of *uti bono*? finds its highest development within our shores." The application to surgery by Sir J. Lister of Pasteur's experiments and discoveries with regard to fermentation (made without vivisection) ought to be, we are told, "a perennial example of the fatuity of the eternal demand for so-called practical results."

Dr. Ruffer says that vivisection would certainly be immoral if it were useless; and, when we ask for evidence of its utility, Professor Horsley replies that we are "an evil and adulterous generation that seeketh after a sign." Will no sign then ever be given? There has, apparently, been none vouchsafed as yet.

ERNEST BELL.

THE IDEALISTIC REMEDY FOR RELIGIOUS DOUBT:

CHRISTIANITY considered as a life was never less criticised than at the present moment; Christianity considered as a supernatural means of generating and sustaining the Christian life was never more keenly and variously criticised. The doubt for which remedies are sought, to one of which I propose to call attention relates almost exclusively to Christianity in the latter sense; what may also be called objective or historical Christianity. For the sake of making quite clear at the outset what I understand by objective Christianity I will here name its essential features. These are: the incarnation of the Logos or Word who was with God and was God; His sinless life; His infallible teachings concerning God and man; His death on the cross for the forgiveness of sins; His resurrection from the dead, and his ascension to the Father. I do not mean that this is the whole of Christianity. Were I concerned with the whole of Christianity I must needs include at least the continuous, ever-varying action of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; in a certain sense also, the Scriptures, so far as they are the primary means by which objective Christianity is brought to bear on the intelligence, heart, and will of man. Christianity, as just defined, is regarded by the Christian Church as constituting a real part of human history. The incarnation, for example, taken in what is known as the orthodox sense, really occurred at a certain moment under the circumstances narrated by the Evangelists. It is not merely a belief but a fact believed. The belief relates to an event which forms no less really a part of history than the judicial murder of Socrates or the birth of Mohammed.

Criticism of objective or historical Christianity takes at present four chief forms. One ground of objection to it is its historical

character. It is said. No one can reasonably question that these events, as the Christian Church calls them, supposing them to have actually occurred, must have had a great influence on the course of human development; yea, a greater influence than any other known events. Even to the mere belief in them an enormous influence must be attributed. We nowadays are living so to speak under their shadow; they largely control our lives whether we recognise them or no, whether we choose or no. But to maintain that the spiritual state and destiny of men are to depend on the attitude they consciously take up relatively to them; to say that men are to be saved or lost according as they hold them to be true or doubt their truth, and treat them as true or doubtful—that is utterly unreasonable. It would be unreasonable, if they were ever so certain; but when it is borne in mind—and this is another objection that is advanced—that, at the best, they are only *probably true*! that absolute certainty regarding them is altogether out of the question; a claim such as orthodoxy sets up is not only unreasonable, but monstrous. It is all very well to talk about “probability being the guide of life,” it is right enough for a man to let himself be influenced by probability in seeking out or going to persons or things which are fitted to serve or benefit him, either as to body or mind; but to leave him nothing but the probability that they either exist or *can* help him is really a very unsatisfactory business. From a third side we hear that the very *externality*, contingency, and isolatedness of the chief factors of objective Christianity is enough to discredit them. The human mind demands to be able to fully assimilate, to find its way into, to find itself in, that by which it is meant to live. Just as nothing is food for the body till it is fully digested and appropriated by the body, and as long as it remains outside is of no use; so spiritually an external isolated event, especially if it be of the nature of an irruption from a supernatural sphere and therefore constitute more or less of a breach in the rational and intelligible order of things, never can become bone of our spiritual bone and flesh of our spiritual flesh. Intellectually considered, it is a thing of authority, and by things of authority the real man never did, never can live. And last, perhaps not least, at all events as far as popular effectiveness and widespread influence are concerned, comes natural science with its veto on the credibility or even possibility of any person or event—of anything at all, whether done, or spoken, or manifested, that claims to be supernatural and deserves the name.

It is not my intention to try to controvert either all or any one of these classes of objections—that would be the affair of a volume rather than of a paper—my aim is the more modest one of giving some idea of the chief remedy which certain of our contemporaries propose for what they style the “present distress”—the method by

which it is thought possible to preserve not merely religion in general but even Christianity as a life, even though the various difficulties referred to be one and all allowed to be invincible.

The more thoroughgoing of the critics of Christianity take their stand, either alternately or at one and the same time, on all the forms of objection which I have just adduced. If one be rebutted, or be shown to lack force, they at once advance another; so that the task of convincing them is by not a few given up as hopeless. The old appeal to probability which Bishop Butler made so skilfully in his classical work on "*The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*," with the varied acute and witty applications given to the principle in our own day by men such as that doughty apologist, Henry Rogers, is now simply laughed to scorn.

A certain amount of respect, akin to what is known as Platonic love, is paid to the old-fashioned notion of a present infallible guarantee of the things which men are required to believe unto salvation, even in the form of a divinely inspired book, much more in that of a divinely inspired Church, by not a few sceptics.

Those who are thoroughly convinced that the Bible, which makes the Christian way of salvation known to them, was written by men whom the Spirit of God so controlled, guided, and enlightened, that they put down the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; that every word is not only as accurate as omniscience can make it, but instinct with divine life and power—*they*, with their shield of faith, can repel all the fiery darts of the evil one. And there are still some who are able to take their stand on this apparently solid and impregnable rock. But there are many who cannot; who think that, apart from difficulties of detail, no one could be absolutely sure of possessing and profiting by an infallible Bible without the aid of infallible witnesses, and without personal infallibility to guarantee against mistakes at some point or other.

It is just here that the Romish Church seems to have an advantage over Protestants; and well do its instructed advocates know how to use the advantage in dealing with uninstructed, non-self-reliant doubters. So far, too, as she can offer a living personal authority instead of a relatively dead literature, she is able to offer just what the human soul chiefly needs; especially as she distinctly teaches that what is primarily necessary to salvation is not to understand, but to submit, to follow, to obey. Nothing in Romish teaching is more profoundly true to human nature—ay, and to the truth—than this; and were the Romish Church really infallible, nothing would more clearly manifest her wisdom and love than this extraordinary claim.

But the serious thinker asks himself—How am I to know that the Church is infallible, and has a right to demand submission? I dare

not surrender to a simple demand; and I seem to myself to need infallibility of my own, if I am to settle with absolute certainty that she is an infallible authority.

What wonder, then, that in these circumstances the age as a whole should be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," in relation to what I have called objective Christianity! To me one of the most interesting and significant indications of this state of mind is the fondness and frequency with which Cardinal Newman's verses are sung in all sorts of Churches:

"Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on:"

and deeply as they touch me, too, I cannot help thinking that an earlier generation would have eschewed them as breathing a spirit of unevangelical doubt.

Various remedies are tried and proposed, with knowledge and without knowledge, remedies practical, remedies theoretical, which it would be profitable to pass in review; but at present my business is with that which in the title of this paper I have called "Idealistic."

What, then, is the nature of this remedy for the present distress? It assumes a variety of forms, some undeveloped and naive, others conscious and worked out; but that which is common to them all is the *distinction between letter and spirit, form and substance, historical shell and spiritual essence*. Critical results affecting books, their authors, and their dates; changes in the view taken of inspiration; the resolution of the supernatural generally and miracles in particular either into myth or misunderstanding, or the action of occult powers; the conversion of the resurrection into personal survival after death, and so on;—what do they all matter, these idealists exclaim, as long as we preserve the underlying spiritual truths, which shine in their own light, and which will do their saving work all the more effectually when freed from the ceremonies of mysterious, contingent, long-departed events? This is the principle or method, as indicated by the language employed in books, in sermons, in newspapers, in lectures, and in conversation. It is, as one may say, *the thing*: to take up this position is a condition of being counted "advanced" or "broad."

But whilst there is great agreement as to the general principle, there is little agreement as to the exact nature of the spiritual truths which form the kernel of the historical facts—real or supposed.

It will be instructive, perhaps also interesting, to cast a glance or two backwards before dealing with our own day. One thing at all

events will plainly appear, namely, that what is sometimes propounded as a new discovery, like a good many other spiritual novelties, is not new.

The idea I have mentioned dominated in a crude form a great part of the eighteenth century. Were it necessary I could quote language from the writings of the period almost identical with that which I just now used to describe our own day. It held the place of a sort of fundamental principle with the Rationalists of Germany, the Deists of England, and the Encyclopedists of France. No one however formulated the current feeling more pointedly and accurately than the celebrated Lessing—poet, æsthetic and literary critic and theologian—whose aphorisms on the “Education of the Human Race,” produced such a sensation when translated and published many years ago in the volume entitled “Essays and Reviews.” His words are still quoted as classical in their succinctness and aptness. Characteristically enough, he deals with the subject quite concretely, and therefore in expounding the principle adduces illustrations of its application.

What he says is substantially this: It may be quite true, though it cannot be demonstrated, that Christ worked miracles; that he rose again from the dead; that he announced himself Son of God, and that he was believed to be such by his disciples. These truths are all of one class, and follow the one from the other; but to expect me therefore to accommodate to them my metaphysical and moral conceptions on which everything really depends; to change my ideas of God, because I cannot disprove the resurrection, is a *μυτάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος*. Miracles and the like helped men to see truths more readily and quickly than would otherwise have been possible; and, in fact, if miracles went on happening nowadays I too could believe them; but the truths introduced to the human mind by means of miracles and similar events are as independent now as mathematical truths are independent of the mathematician who discovered them. It is a matter of indifference whether the miracles happened or not. Various truths may be said to have been taught or revealed by Christ which now no longer need him or the belief in his resurrection. So for example, that of the “immortality of the soul,” and of the “unity of God.” “Original sin,” too, in the sense that man at the lowest stage is not sufficiently master of his acts to be able to obey the moral law, is another. Still another is the “atonement.” Even the “Trinity,” in the sense that God cannot be one as finite things are one, that He is a transcendental unity, which includes plurality, may be regarded as a truth of reason. All these were mysteries before they were revealed, *now* they are truths of reason, and it is of no consequence whether the historical events with which they are associated really happened or not. In no case would they add support to them, for “contingent historical facts can never be a proof of necessary truths

of reason." * The main feature of Lessing's position is clearly, that certain truths, which the intellect may now see to be true in their own light, constitute the real kernel or essence of Christianity, and that it consequently concerns us little whether historical Christianity be true or not. This is his contention, whether we agree with him as to the particular truths thus brought to light or not.

Still more trenchant expression is given to the principle by one of the most subtle thinkers and most active patriots Germany has ever had, I mean J. G. Fichte, who says, "It is the metaphysical eternal truth alone that gives blessedness. History consists of mere facts, each of which is an isolated and independent whole, and as such, is to some extent one-sided and partial; the individual facts or persons in and by which the truth is revealed and embodied are but transition points, and the eternal Word has to be born afresh in every new fact or person."

The aim of Christianity, according to him, was to substitute free insight on the part of every individual mind into the moral order of the world, as the impelling principle of life, for the subjection to authority and nature which previously characterised mankind. The distinguishing feature of Christ was that he saw by direct and immediate intuition what is true of man as man, and that He realised it in His own being and life—namely, that man lives and has his being in God; this was the very essence of his work. Out of this insight, which He expressed in word and work, the kingdom of reason is to grow; a kingdom in which all men shall be free and equal in the presence of God. But it is not true in itself—though it may have seemed true to the Apostles of Christ, and even to Christ Himself; nay more, may have been a necessary assumption in view of the work that had to be accomplished in the world—that God as God was incarnate in the individual Jesus of Nazareth. What is really true is the metaphysical truth of the eternal and essential identity of deity and humanity. Such, according to Fichte, is the essence of Christianity; such the true idealistic remedy for doubt.

The form which this view chiefly takes at the present day among ourselves has really most affinity with that which it assumed in the eighteenth century. It is essentially empirical, and has its chief British representatives among the Unitarians, whose general point of view and atmosphere of thought, I may say in passing, seems to me essentially that of a hundred years ago. More than any other section of Protestantism are they still dominated by the categories and ideas of that most unideal period, notwithstanding their claim to be the most intellectual and advanced thinkers of the present day.

But before I refer to this popular form of the principle, I must draw attention to the very interesting, subtle, and seductive exposition given of it by one of the ablest and most spiritual-minded philosophic thinkers of the day, the late Mr. T. H. Green, of Oxford, whose

* Werke, "Beweis des Geistes," &c., vol. x. 39 f.

views are exercising a singularly deep influence on many of our contemporaries.

As, however, he was a disciple of Hegel, and in point of fact presented Hegelian principles in a dress due to his own strongly practical, nobly moral, and intensely religious tendency of mind, it will serve my purpose very briefly to lay in a background from his master before sketching his own view, especially as he himself left no articulate statement of his philosophical system. Indeed, this course will help us to understand Green himself.

According to Hegel, God in His very essence is thought. The fundamental function of thought is to mediate between, to bring together, to unite things that are distinct from each other, to bring to light the inner unity of things that are separated from and opposed to each other. Now, inasmuch as God is essentially thought, there must be distinctions in Him, there must be that in Him which is, as it were, other than He; else His thought will lack an object on which to work; that is, He will lack movement, life: He will not be thought. Hence the first act of God, as spirit, is to posit distinctions in Himself. In their first form these distinctions are purely ideal; their objectivity is solely ideal; they are, therefore, at once re-absorbed into the original unity; or rather, being purely ideal, they lack the full nature of what they seem to be. God, therefore, goes on to give to the ideal distinctions the completest possible objective reality. This realisation of the ideal distinction of God from Himself is the world with its two constituent factors of Nature and mind. The world is the result of God's going forth from Himself; or, rather, it is itself that going forth: the world's history is the process by which God returns to Himself. God, prior to the creation of the world, was the *Father*; God, as His own object in the world, is the *Son*; God, returning to Himself in finite spirit, is the *Spirit*. This is the Trinity. The history of the doctrine of the Trinity is the history of the steps by which finite spirit arrives at the full, reflective consciousness of its oneness with God; or, otherwise expressed, it is the history of the process by which the Father returns out of His self-objectification to full unity with Himself, and thus becomes *realised*, as contrasted with *potential*, absolute Spirit or mind. In Himself, indeed, as to His idea, He was, of course, from eternity, one with Himself, just as we are in idea one with ourselves, even at the commencement of the process by which we arrive at the consciousness of ourselves—by which that part of our being, which is at first so completely objective to us as to be thoroughly opaque, becomes transparent, that is, is taken up into the self-consciousness of the Ego. Between us and God, however, there is this very important difference, that, whereas what may be called the opaque element in *our* being is passive, and has to be permeated and possessed by consciousness, God's objectification of Himself, being mind as well as Nature, or Nature evolved

into mind, has glimmerings of its true relationship, and endeavours of itself to arrive at the reunion which is its proper, eternal destination. God has, it is true, finified Himself in the world, His Son; but still, even in His finite form, He remains God. In one aspect He is eternally absolute Spirit; in another aspect, He constitutes Himself the Absolute Spirit by the process of history.

The place of the incarnation and atonement in this theory is the following. As was said, the object-God is the world; and the world is not solely spirit, but also nature: nay more—the spirit in the world in its primary, immediate form finite spirit. Now, so long as naturality or finitude cleaves to spirit, spirit feels that its actual existence and its ideal reality—that is, its ultimate destiny—are disparate from each other; it feels that it is not what it ought to be. This feeling is the consciousness of evil. In other words, man, in his present state, looks upon God as distant from and hostile to him, and yet yearns to be reconciled. How shall the reconciliation be accomplished? Man must be brought to see that the antagonism has no reality in itself; that the world of which he forms a part, whilst distinct from is also one with God. A twofold instrumentality brought home this conviction to the human mind. First, God appeared in Christ; or rather, the veil that hung between the finite spirit and the infinite was rent by Christ; in gazing on Christ men see what God is essentially to them, and what they are to Him—namely, that both are essentially one; that God is eternally man; and for that reason can, and does, become man in every man. Secondly, to prevent men cleaving to the outward husk and regarding Christ as an unattainable exception, rather than as a general type, He died. The history of the doctrine of the atonement is the history of the steps by which humanity arrives at the consciousness of its unity with God and at peace: otherwise expressed, it is one aspect of the great process by which God is, as it were, reconciled with himself.

To Hegel and his more consistent followers the historical is of only transitory significance. No fact whatever, indeed no person whatever, is of essential importance. Historical personages are all mere names, save so far as what each thought or did was a thought rooted in the very essence of spirit, a factor of the continuous process in the course of which spirit struggles with itself, in order to vanquish the antagonisms, which impose ever-new limitations on its self-consciousness. Ideas are the thing of importance. It was the appearance of the idea, not a person, not an event, that constituted the true beginning of Christianity, of the history of the Church.*

* The above very brief account of the Hegelian position is partly taken from an article of mine on "Ferdinand Christian von Baur" of Tübingen, which appeared in the now alas! defunct "British Quarterly Review" for April 1867. See also Baur's "Geschichte der Lehre v. d. Trinität," vol. iii.; "Geschichte der Lehre v. d. Versöhnung;" and "Die christliche Gnosis."

Passing now to Mr. Green, I may remark first of all, that he seldom misses an opportunity of letting us see that, in his view, the historical has no real value of its own, that what value it has is purely educational.

"The glory of Christianity [he says, for example] is not that it excludes, but that it comprehends; not that it came of a sudden into the world, or that it is given complete in a particular institution, or can be stated complete in a particular form of words; but that it is the expression of a common spirit, which is gathering together all things in one. We cannot say of it, 'lo, here it is; or lo, there; it is now, but was not then.' We go backward, but we cannot reach its source; we look forward, but we cannot foresee its final power. We do it wrong in making it depend on a past event, and in identifying it with the creed of a certain age, or with a visible society established at a certain time."*

He speaks also of Christ being gradually externalised and mystified by the great body of Christians; of the miraculous gradually overpowering the moral and spiritual, as much as in the view of Paul the moral and spiritual overpowered the miraculous. In this way, while the Christian religion gained in immediate power over the world, and adapted itself to men, whose apprehensions were too gross for the Pauline intuition, its finer essence which could draw to itself all knowledge and all goodness was overlaid with signs and wonders and mysteries to which, in the long run, both knowledge and goodness must find themselves alien. Then, fortunately, though probably more than two generations after Paul had gone to his rest, there arose a disciple, whose very name we know not, but whom the Church calls St. John, who gave that final spiritual interpretation to the person of Christ, an interpretation which has for ever *taken it out of the region of history*, and of the doubts that surround all past events, to fix it in the purified conscience as the immanent God.† Not that Mr. Green would have those who regard the matter thus to "tamper rashly" with the belief of others—*i.e.*, of the weaker brethren. So long as they hold that a revelation which is not through signs and wonders is no revelation at all, and depend thereon, they will need evidence of God's operation in past or present miracle, in an inspired book or in sacraments.‡ And the more enlightened should manifest the spirit expressed in Tennyson's words :

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days,"

and seek to make their own calling and election sure.‡

Again approaching the subject more closely and speaking further of the orthodox view, he says : §

* "Works of T. H. Green," &c. Edited by J. H. Nettlehip, vol. iii. p. 240.
† *Ibid.* p. 241. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 244. § *Ibid.* p. 259.

"We are called upon to regard faith as the condition of our attaining the highest spiritual life, as that which makes the difference between the man who is as God would have him to be and the man who is not. . . . Now the object of faith is declared to be the work of Christ, consisting especially in the incarnation by which he took upon him our nature, in the death by which he purchased the forgiveness of sins, and the resurrection by which he opened to us the gate of everlasting life. These were events, continuous no doubt in their effects, but which took place in an historical past. . . . Saving faith is doubtless held to imply much more than acceptance of certain propositions. . . . But a belief not different in kind from the belief that Cæsar was murdered on the Ides of March must be an integral part of it, if its object is the work of Christ in the sense explained. Such faith or belief is clearly dependent on historical evidence, whereas the faith or belief which is the essence of all real religion is absolutely independent of anything that can be thus described. It neither requires nor admits of any external proof."*

Nay more, as if to clench the matter, he says :

"There is an inner contradiction in that conception of faith which makes it a state of mind involving peace with God and love towards all men, and at the same time makes its object that historical work of Christ, of which our knowledge depends on evidence of uncertain origin and value."†

What then, in the view of Mr. Green, is the essential truth—the spiritual or "metaphysical" or "mystical" substance of Christianity which, though we owe it in a sense to definite past events and actions and personal influences,‡ yet has roots as old as mankind; which was really only manifested or brought to light through Christianity, and is not now dependent on history at all? His answer—an answer constantly reiterated, sometimes in one form, sometimes in another—is substantially as follows :

"The death and rising of Christ were two sides of the same act—an act which relatively to sin, to the flesh, to the old man, to all which separates from God, is death : but which, just for that reason, is the birth of a new life relatively to God. This act again, though St. Paul doubtless identified it upon its several sides with the crucifixion of Jesus on Mount Calvary and his resurrection on the third day, was not to him an historical event, in the past now, as it had been beforehand in the future."§

"A death unto life, a life out of death, must be in some way the essence of the Divine nature; must be an act, which though exhibited once for all in the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, was yet eternal—the act of God himself. For that very reason, however, it was one perpetually re-enacted and to be re-enacted by man." In this sense "Christ lives and dies in us, and becomes a wisdom of God which is righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Or, what in Mr. Green's view is the same thing, "he constitutes in us a new intellectual consciousness," and this intellectual consciousness transforms the will, and is the source of a new moral life. § "In the conception of the moral life as the process in which Christ's death unto

* *Ibid.* p. 98.

† *Ibid.* p. 260.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 241.

§ *Ibid.* p. 233.

the flesh that He might live unto God is evermore repeated, we have a new key to unlock the secrets of true wisdom"—a key both theoretical and practical. For in answer to the objection that this idea is a mere bit of doubtful metaphysics, which can produce little practical effect, he reminds us that all moral action begins with ideas; and whilst conceding that ideas may be either in word or in power, he assumes that this idea must be in power, because it is of God and eternal.*

This, then, is the idealistic remedy for doubt and perplexity, intellectual, moral and religious, which is commended to us by one who would seem to have been regarded, when alive, as almost a new Messiah—he was the inspirer of "Robert Elsmere"—and which many earnest minds are welcoming and rejoicing in.

But now, looked at straight in the face, what does it amount to? Put into a nutshell it is a *philosophical dogma, wrapped up in Pauline language, to which the power of transforming weak and selfish human nature is ascribed*. The idea is at the bottom Hegelian; though neither Hegel nor his chief disciples took pains to give it the practical character which it assumes in Mr. Green's hands: their concern with it was exclusively philosophical. But Mr. Green, being a passionately practical man, did his utmost with an earnestness and convincedness that one cannot but admire, even in the midst of serious dissent, to import into it a vitality and energy which he himself had certainly drawn from a different source.

How far can this idea be regarded as a remedy for doubt? That it gets rid of the difficulties which encompass historical Christianity is obvious; but it does so by transforming Christianity, which is surely a very drastic and heroic method. If Mr. Green's conception of Christianity be correct, St. Paul, St. John—yea, Christ Himself—and nearly the whole body of Christian believers down to the present moment, have been mistaken. He tries, indeed, to make out that theology has been really bent on doing what he and others have now succeeded in accomplishing; but there is this serious difference, that theology recognised the history as real history before trying to explain it, and never dreamt of tampering with its historical substance. Any opinion, or dogma, or system that eliminated the actuality to be explained, under the pretence of explanation—*i.e., explained away* what was to be explained, has been mercilessly and justly branded as heresy. In fact, Mr. Green needs the warning he himself gives to theologians not to "confound the formula with the reality."† There is much in his presentation which is admirable; some aspects of Pauline Christianity are set in a new light; and, unless one constantly keeps in mind his Hegelian starting-point, what he calls the vital truth of Hegelianism—namely, that "all that is real is but the

* *Ibid.* p. 236.

† *Ibid.* p. 238.

activity or expression of one self-conscious spiritual being;" and that our consciousness is but an inchoate part of the self-consciousness through which that being at once constitutes and distinguishes itself from the world *—one may be easily drawn into accepting his warm, confident, and sincere assurances for logically justifiable truth.

It is not a part of my purpose to discuss the validity of his philosophy considered in itself. All I have to do with is its relation to Christianity and the doubts about its truth. Is the idealistic interpretation of Christianity an interpretation or a transmutation? In other words, is the Christianity which is left us the true, genuine Christianity? If it be, then historical doubts need trouble us no longer; if it be not, we are still where we were. Whether the idealistic substitute is better than the traditional thing whose place it is to take is another question. What seems to me perfectly clear is that the one is not the other. Christ, the Church has believed, by His incarnation, life, death, and resurrection in Judea, as veritably accomplished the work on which the salvation of mankind from sin and death depended, as the Pilgrim Fathers laid the foundation of the United States when they emigrated to America. We have to do in Christianity with a force, which, like the beings and the sphere it was meant to affect, is at once physical and spiritual—somatico-pneumatic, I might call it. Whatever may be the essential nature of God, as He is in Himself, and of the sphere in which He more immediately dwells—the "light unapproachable"—the cosmos created by Him and all its inhabitants, from the highest archangel down to the meanest human mortal, have this double element. Not everywhere and always, indeed, as far as the material element is concerned, in the form which it has taken for man at the present stage of his development; but yet in some form or other. To quarrel with the external and the historical, therefore, with that which is subject to time and space—is to quarrel with the necessary mode of existence of every being except God himself. These "eternal truths," which are, as it were, buried in, or degraded by, contact with time and space, are, in reality, a revival of the Platonic ideas; and the disdain or suspicion of concrete, historical actualities that characterises a good deal of modern advanced thought is nothing more nor less than a backsliding into the error that underlay certain phases of Gnosticism: it looks very superfine, but it is very unreal.

In this day of general revolt against Christian dogmas, it is somewhat curious also to find those who claim to be the most advanced thinkers substituting in their place ethical and philosophical principles which, after all, only lack general and formal recognition by societies to convert them into dogmas of the most approved type. Formally considered, there is no tangible difference between the

* "Works of T. H. Green," vol. iii. p. lxxxv.

dogmas of the Church and the so-called spiritual truths which constitute, we are told, the essence of Christianity. The former were the result of an endeavour to reduce concrete, historical facts to logical rational form, without emasculating them as facts; the latter are the same thing with the difference that the facts are treated as either indifferent or untrue.

Most indeed of those who talk of spiritual truths, in this sense, go to work, as I have previously remarked, quite empirically. They are guided by what in German phrase may be termed, their Christian consciousness. Certain things "find" them, commend themselves to their conscience, or heart, or what not? Reasoned convictions are out of the question; for they make no pretence to a reasoned system of the world, not even to a philosophy of history. Or if they have one, it is such that logically they have no right either to the spiritual truth in which they rest or to the "advanced" views of which they boast. There is some satisfaction in dealing with a man like Mr. Green, for he could give a reason for what he set forth, he knew what he was about, he had a place for everything and everything in its place; but the men of sentiment are as hard to refute as a woman. One may say of them as Wordsworth says of the little maid whose brother and sister were dead:

"'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven.'"

A good many who use the phraseology of idealism too are not idealists in the true sense—not at all events in that of Hegelianism. Some, also, halt at halfway houses, but, as it seems to me, all who stumble at the supernatural conception and birth of Christ, at his miracles, at the causal connection between his death and the forgiveness of sins, and at His resurrection as supernatural; or who profess that the acceptance of these things is not necessary to Christian faith, have logically broken with Christianity and either empirically or scientifically have taken up with an idealistic substitute. An idealistic Christianity may suit the ideal world; but the actual world needs the objective Christianity of history.

A few words before closing with regard to the direction in which relief should be sought in the present distress. Not in piling up arguments for the credibility of Christianity, be they ever so cogent; not in theories of inspiration, however scientifically framed; not in the authority of a Church, whether infallible or otherwise; not in theological systems, be they ever so compact and convincing; least of all, in idealisings of the substance of Christianity; but first and foremost, in direct intercourse with Him, who is the beginning, middle, and end of Christianity—with the Christ who lived before He undertook His earthly mission; who has been living and working ever

since; who lives and is working now. Personal experience that He is actually doing to-day what He professed, when in Judea, to have come to do; what His first disciples found that He actually accomplished for them; what the Jews and Gentiles, to whom they brought the message of salvation, also experienced; and what Christ has gone on doing in response to the cry of need and faith all through the Christian ages—such experience will link to-day with two thousand years ago. To the man whom Christ is enlightening, purifying, invigorating, renovating, pacifying, blessing, beautifying *now*, the past is present, the present is the past;—there is neither past nor present; or, rather, all is in the best sense an eternal now. Probability in such case takes its proper place; it is no longer the melancholy substitute for personal certainty, but the preliminary reason for approach to, and personal contact with, Him who is now actually the way, the truth, the life: a function which it always has discharged, and which it must continue to discharge with regard to every form of concrete reality. Probabilities are quite sufficient warrant for men seeking God, for men seeking Christ; but if God is real, if Christ is real, certainty can only be given by God Himself, by Christ Himself. This is according to the law of our constitution. Certainty as to reals can only be found in the reals themselves. And finally, the man who thus enters into direct living relation to the ever-living, ever-present, though invisible, Lord of life and glory will, or, at all events, if he have the necessary gift and if he choose to put forth the effort, may, initiate that intellectual assimilation of what is called the contingent, the historical, the supernatural, in Christianity, without which his intellectual nature can never be at rest; the need of which is the secret of much of the unrest that weakens Christendom; and the vision of which has in all ages given rise to philosophical systems.

These ever-repeated attempts to eliminate the historical element from Christianity and to persuade the world that it is essentially a body of ideas, I may remark in concluding, are largely traceable to the various forms of orthodoxy which have prevailed in the Church. Christian teachers have in all ages fallen into the temptation of substituting individual doctrines or systems of doctrine for the living Christ and his actual work on behalf of men. Not that they have meant to do so: but they have so taught and preached as to produce the impression that Christianity was primarily a body of truth, and that the salvation of mankind depended on the acceptance of what they called "saving truths," "cardinal doctrines," and the like. No man can be saved by abstractions, by *rationales*, by dogmatic formulæ. We are real beings, who need real things; spiritually we need the real God, and His forgiving, saving, loving hand and voice; we need the real, living Christ, with His preventing, defending, guarding grace; we need the real, living Spirit, with His indwelling,

controlling, sanctifying energy. And because the Church has presented men with religious abstractions and doctrines instead of these reals, many have turned away from us. If we would establish the throne of Christ in the intellect and heart of men; and if we would re-habilitate theology, we must begin with reals—begin for ourselves, begin for others; we must cleave close to the reals—cleave for ourselves, cleave for others. Let men investigate as critically as they like; think as hard as they like; speculate as boldly as they like—the more boldly the better, so long as they remember that, if what they are dealing with is anything objective at all and not an illusion, it is a living Lord, Redeemer, Friend, whose nature and words they are trying to understand. Thinking and speculating will then only quicken spiritual life. But if He be forgotten, thinking and speculation, even though their issue should be a theology or a philosophy absolutely without flaw, will convert us into hard, bigoted, self-conceited, blind leaders of the blind.

D. W. SIMON.

WINE-MONTH AND WIND-MONTH.

FOR at least one week in the year—the week in which it sheds its fruit---I know nothing in our English world of nature to exceed in beauty and interest the beech-tree. This year in mid-October there was a break of incomparable weather, of mellowed sunshine, and I found myself where beeches grow, and, loitering beneath them, took note at my leisure of the visitors in fur and feather that were so happily busy among the glittering leaves, gathering the lavish harvest of the fruitage of the trees.

I remember how, when I was a boy at Marlborough, I used to sit hidden among the ferns in Savernake Forest, and watch the wood-pigeons feeding upon the beech-mast. The silent downward flight of these beautiful birds is very different from the noisy wing-clapping of their uprising, and they used to come sliding down through the air without any sound of feathers, and appear quite spectrally in their places. They would begin to feed at once for the nuts of the beech are a very favourite dainty with the culvers, as indeed with all the woodland folk—and, picking up the mast, would give it a tap on the ground to split it, and swallow the rich kernel whole. After a few days of this feeding, they grew so full-fed and so lazy that if I stood up they did not fly, but waddled away, like gouty partridges, into the covert of the yellow bracken, with a wide-legged gait that was vastly funny. Sometimes, by sudden rushes, I came near catching them with my hands, as they blundered about among the ferns, embarrassed by the close-growing stems and the over-lapping fronds.

And here to-day I have been sitting just in the same way among bracken watching the wood-pigeons feeding under the beeches. They might be the very same birds, for every gesture is the same, but I

myself am not the same somehow. The wood-pigeons know I am here. Perhaps they smell my pipe, and it may be they see the smoke; and as for making such sudden rushes as shall surprise the wary creatures before they can leave the ground, even though heavy with bursting crops, that agility is no longer mine. So the birds have their will of the beech-mast undisturbed. With what a pretty daintiness they go about their quest, and how exquisite the contrast of their plumage against the fierce burnished copper of the fallen leaves upon which they step with such a delicate deliberation. Tired of eating they sit down and stretch out their wings to their utmost length, and fan out their tails, so as to let the sunlight strain through every fibre of every feather. Perfectly happy. And not the culvers alone.

As I look, a little movement here, another there, draws my eye, first in one direction and then in another, until I discover that underneath the beautiful carpet of red leaves numbers of field-mice are busy. They are hardly noticeable in their russet coats as they come up to the surface now and again, sit on the leaves to lunch and wash their faces, or dash about in short zigzags, as if they were clockwork mice and the clockwork had gone wrong. There is something else at work under the leaves, far more stealthy and infinitely more potent.

This is the common earthworm, the most terrific living agent that Nature employs, the gravedigger of cities and the fashioner of the face of the earth. If the rock-roots of mountains did not strike deeper into the ground than the worms go they would bury the mountains. If it were not for earthquakes and volcanoes the worms would level the surface of the world. They are busy now in every inch of ground beneath this wonderful sheet of fallen foliage, sucking down the leaves by their pointed ends into their tunnels. In a few days all the leaves will be gone, drawn in by the worms, and bunched together, the stalk ends uppermost, in their tiny burrows. No one knows why they do this. Is it simply their awful lust after levelling? If they can help it there shall be nothing left above ground in the whole round world, and the globe shall be universally slab and smooth, so that earthworms may go everywhere at their ease upon the face of it.

And the leaves come floating down; the air is never for a single instant empty; and there is a wondrous whispering as they slip through the twigs and settle upon the ground. Just as unceasing is the constant patter of the dropping mast; and, if you shut your eyes and listen, you will hear the rain mimicked as you never heard it before; for, besides the steady pattering of the drops near you, you can hear—it is really only the multitudinous whispering of the leaves—that other larger voice of the rain, when it falls, not upon your own roof and dripping from your own eaves, but upon the wide world

“out-of-doors.” The simulation is beyond belief, and you can only believe it to be simulation by opening your eyes upon the sunshine and the clear sky.

Look up into the tree's leafy dome. When did you ever see so many birds of so many kinds together? At first you may not notice them. The falling leaves distract your eye with their motion, and the pattering of the nuts suffices to conceal all other sounds. But you catch sight of one bird, and then of half a dozen, and then a score, until the truth dawns upon you that the tree is full of them, restlessly moving from twig to twig, excited by the constant shower and the distraction of such plenty. Great-tits and blue-tits, marsh-tits and cole-tits are hard at work flitting from place to place with nuts in their beaks; the greenfinch, and chaffinch, and bullfinch are all there feasting beyond their hearts' content, with the nuthatch and the hawfinch. But it requires some sudden surprise to reveal the actual numbers of the little workers, and, if you will only wait, the surprise is sure to come, and with startling unexpectedness. Probably the mischief-maker will be a squirrel. For, of course, he is here, the President of every woodland ceremony. He is somewhere up the tree, indistinguishable among the red leaves, and his usually noisy progress quite concealed by the sounds of leaf and nut. He will come creeping down the trunk, disregarded by the birds, and some few feet from the ground he will stop, and flattening himself against the grey bole, will stick there, head downwards, perfectly motionless, surveying the peaceful scene, and looking more like a squirrel skin stretched upon the bark to dry than a live animal. But have patience and wait, and you will see the small rascal suddenly spring off the tree, come down with a loud souse among the dead leaves, scamper as if his life depended upon his speed, and with all the noise possible, to the next tree, upon which he will jump, and, once more a flat, motionless skin, will calmly look on at the uproar he has aroused. The suddenness of his descent startles the wood-pigeons, who rise all together with loud-clapping wings, and the tumult of their uprising frightens every bird in the trees. And now you can see how many there were. They will be back in their places soon. You will not see them come, for they will slip in by one and one; but they will be there all the same, and just as busy as before at their interrupted feast of beech-mast.

This is the latest nut-feast in the year's calendar of bird-banquets. The hawthorn-berries have still to be eaten, and the rose-berries; but the hips and haws are winter provisions, eaten when there is nothing else. They cannot be much relished by the birds, or they would not leave them untouched on the bushes till they were starving. I have often wondered at this, and the noble foresight of Nature in making these large crops unappetising, and so securing their reservation for

the pinching days of greatest want. The birds themselves are improvident. They will allow yew-berries to waste in myriads, while they prematurely feast on the holly. In early November the holly has not yet deepened into its real Christmas red, but the birds have been feasting on them for weeks. The yew-berries, meanwhile, are dropping over-ripe off the trees in countless numbers and going to waste. If the hips and haws, which so tempt the village urchins, were equally tempting to the birds, there would be no store of berries left for winter. How greedily each of the other wild vintages of hedge and copse is eaten up even before it fairly ripens.

First the mountain ash, so profuse in fruitage and, where it abounds, the chief of the trees of the wild things' orchards. Its berries, before they turn scarlet, take a beautiful shade of bronze, and in this stage the missel-thrush, blackbird, and thrush devour them eagerly; and then comes the honeysuckle, a favourite dainty of every fruit-eating finch. Next the bilberries, a local crop, and then the vew's delicious fruit, and the prolific elder. What prettier sight is there than the birds on an October morning among the yew-berries? The thrush assumes the habits of the honey-suckers and the humming-birds, hovering on fast-beating wings in front of the berry before it darts at it; and the blackbird mimics the oriole's beautiful gymnastics in its attempts to reach the lovely fruits strung upon stems that are too slender for any foothold but the tiny golden-crested wrens'. And next the hawthorns rodden: their bronzed foliage falls, leaving their berried branches conspicuously bright, but the birds pass them by. Beneath them in vivid tints of orange the rose-berries glow upon the long leafless briars, but except the hawfinch picking and choosing as it goes fastidiously along the spinney-side, none touches them. The blackberries are now full ripe; oh! joy for all the birds, and how busy they are. The children with their faces all streaked and smudged with purple juice may plunder as they please; but there is enough and to spare, for the birds get all those that are "on the top" and "the other side." The sloes are purpling, but these the birds leave till they wrinkle, and the frost has mellowed them for the red-wings and the field-fares. And next the holly, a capricious harvest, but this year splendidly bountiful. The birds will scarcely let them ripen, so fond are they of this acrid fruit. Last of all, the privet and the ivy. The privet is liked by all, but the ivy, "harsh and crude," is left by the birds to the very last, and in some years is not touched at all, its black bunches still hanging on the strands after the young leaves are sprouting. What instinct teaches the birds to avoid the delicious-looking nightshade? No berry looks more exquisitely fit for food, more lusciously tempting, yet hungry as they may be the birds do not eat them. Nor the pretty

fruit of the briony. Yet I have given both to a chicken, and the fowl is alive to this day, a healthy hen and the grandmother of many chickens.

In the procession of their departure, the foliage of the different trees follows punctiliously the order of precedence of their arrival, and the last to strike in Spring, the note of green that completes the vernal chord, is the last in Autumn to fulfil the diapason of scarlet and gold when the trees unite to celebrate their *Nunc dimittis* in canticles of colour.

When all round it was shady with young leaves, the dainty acacia held up bare boughs, a most delicate tracery of grey twigs, adorned with branches of frail fairy flowers as finely veined "as the lids of Juno's eyes," and faintly-sweet as "Cytherea's breath," but scarcely any trace of green. And now, in November, that all round it the trees are leafless, except the oak sturdily tenacious of its squirrel-tinted foliage, the acacia waves green fronds, faintly tinged with primrose.

Earliest the horse-chestnut. One by one it lets drop its beautiful palmed leaves, a bright canary yellow, covering up the nuts that still lie glittering on the path. The mountain-ash precipitately sheds its foliage: though it is only straw-coloured yet, the tree strips itself as if it were in a hurry to get rid of its summer bravery. More deliberately the lime-tree follows, letting its leaves deepen into brilliant chrome before it parts with them, but once the leaves begin to fall the branches are soon bared, and except the horse-chestnut, I know no tree that spreads so pretty a carpet as the lime. Its leaves, weighted perhaps by the long stalks they take with them, seem to fall compactly all together, round about the tree, showing more continuous gold than other trees, and of a deeper warmth of tone. Meanwhile the walnut has been taking strange tints of brown and bronze, and the wind finds the heavy leaves easy victims, and sends them whirling down with the pattering sound of heavy rain, to reveal on the topmost boughs the black-shelled nuts that have escaped the October pelting of the nut-gatherers. All the other trees are sere. Unobserved the willow has let slip its narrow leaves, the beech is orange, and the elm is lemon yellow. The Spanish chestnut is very sudden in its change of colour, but reluctant to disrobe itself of its splendid apparel, and many glossy leaves, in every lovely shade of brown and copper, hang on the tree till after the elm boughs are empty, and even the oak begins to resign its pomp. The larch in its October tint of old gold is singularly beautiful, and even now in November may be seen with every twig fully plumed of a wonderfully uniform soft dead yellow, looking in the sunset like a golden haze among the leafless trees. The birches, curiously capricious, are some

of them quite green, others bare, and so too the sycamores, their foliage leoparded with black spots.

As a rule, the trees of all kinds that have fruited lose their leaves first, and of two trees that are growing in a copse, those on the side facing the west retain their foliage longest. Young trees are later in shedding their leaves than their elders.

The plane does not wait to turn yellow but drops its leaves half green, as too does the ash, under which at the first touch of frost is found one morning all its foliage in a heap, as vivid as in the heyday of August. The poplar, except for its topmost twigs, shakes itself clear before the elm and its stout leaves take as a rule a very beautiful shade of clear yellow. And then the elm, scattering from its heights showers of golden leaflets, proclaims the end of the Fall, and long after the gardeners have carried away into uttermost corners the painted spoils of lime, and walnut, and plane, goes on sprinkling the turf with scraps of colour. Last of all the oak, sullenly retentive of its foliage, yields to the storms its crisp, dried leaves, so brown and dry that you wonder how they clung so long to the branch. But the oak is the oak, and unless the cold actually rots its leaves off or the wind tears them off, it will carry its Autumn into the Spring, and only confesses to the necessity of surrender when it feels the new buds breaking and knows that surrender is only an exchange.

In the hedgerows the bright patches of colour are the hazel and the spindle-tree. The hawthorn takes various tints, very beautiful indeed, and the guelder-rose bronzes into a deep golden green. The wild rose is still green, when everything else is sere, and the brambles, refusing to fall, are painted like the underwings of butterflies.

Some fruit trees are singularly beautiful in the Fall. The pear-tree, for instance, spreads round it a matchless carpet so intricately coloured and so harmonious that the finest Cashmere web is coarse and crude by comparison. The cherry is sometimes wonderful in the combination of vivid scarlet and clearest yellow, and what scent can be more exquisite than the perfume of dying cherry leaves? Sunning itself one day in the orchard I saw a tortoise-shell cat, its bed a drift of cherry leaves, and the cat was almost invisible, so happily did it blend with the foliage. A pheasant is almost lost to sight as soon as it steps upon fallen beech-leaves.

We speak always of the fall of the leaf as melancholy, and, no doubt, it is a generation passing away; and man himself is "but grass." But if we remembered that the leaves of trees fall off only because the buds of next year have pushed them off, much of the melancholy disappears from the process. It is the new leaves coming that makes the old leaves fall, and the yellows and reds of autumn are the first sure signs and promises of a leafy Spring. The foliage of the year has

done its work. It has seen blossom and berry come and go, "and all's well." The time has come for relieving guard. For the swallows have gone south and the redwing is afield; and the old leaves wait till they feel the thrill all through them to the tips of the tiniest twigs of the coming of reliefs, and then they know that they may go, and down their line the signal runs, "dismiss," and then at their leisure, with all the blazonry of autumnal honours and the brilliant consequence of soldiers retiring with the honours of war, they leave their posts.

How beautifully tranquil has been the change this year from the wine-month to the wind-month. October has become November, and the trees do not know it, nor the birds. There was just one touch of frost, hardening the black cases of the walnuts and killing the dahlias in a night. But, thereafter, came mellow sunshine and rain without stint, and in the hedgerows in November you can find the flowers of July in bloom.

How sharp the line is that the frost draws, how military its discipline. "Lights out!" October had swept the trees with her golden fingers, but the dahlias were still in bloom, and to them came the red-admiral and the bumble-bee. On a sudden, a night of frost, and where are the gay dahlias? Where the marigold and the phloxes, and the snapdragons? Where the bee and the butterfly? Nor afterwards was it ever the same. The sun shone and the warm rain fell, but the dahlias were gone and the insects with them. And so October wore away and November came, with mild soft moons and cloudy skies and floods. "An untoward season," said a farmer to me. It has been so no doubt for farmers, a season of trouble upon trouble, but not for the rest of the world. With November more than half spent, the days were so warm that the squirrel and the hedgehog and the mice, had not thought of going to sleep, and it was a pleasure to sit on the garden-seat, and bask in the sunshine. With leafless trees all about, it was warm enough for lunch in the open air, and the old adage held good that "all the moneths of the year, hate a fair Februerer." February you will remember was exactly such another month as November has been, and an "untoward."

"There's nothing left in the garden," they said when November came. And the gardener goes by with his wheelbarrow loaded up with pansies and phlox, to add to the great heap which he is making in some waste corner, for burning by-and-by. They look too pretty to be wheeled away so unceremoniously, with weeds and dead stuff, for they are still in straggling bloom, but the gardener wants to see his beds tidy, and so the phloxes—pink and crimson, rose and purple, or freaked with colours like their companions in woe, the pansies—have to go. Their room is needed for bulbs of hyacinth and anemones, and

jonquils, for daffodils and crocus, squills and snowdrops. But they go away and lie on the heap, still flowering, and the pansies wear the same merry little faces that they held up to the sun in June, the same heart's-case—"frolick virgins once these were." And gardeners are inexorable. For them the month is the month that it is, let its weather be what it may.

That is why the marigolds and gaillardias are lying in sheaves upon the path: why each bed upon the turf has by its side its little heap of up-rooted flowers; why the asters and calceolarias are gone from their places, and the balsams and the pink and scarlet begonias; why the flowers that are allowed to remain have been trimmed round and tied up into neat consequential patches and clumps, no longer able to reach over and exchange flowers with each other, but standing clearly apart with smooth open spaces of brown mould round them. They, too, when their seed has ripened, or the last flowers die, will be cut down, and the large beds and the little beds will all be alike, smooth brown mould and nothing more upon the surface, but underneath it full of patient roots and bulbs, waiting in confidence for the coming of another year.

This is in the garden near the house, the parterres on which the gardener expends the best of his cunning, and for the glory of which he brings out from glass-houses and under frames and all manner of odd corners, after the manner of gardeners and conjurers, pots and boxes full of seedlings. It is for these beds he kept his double zinnias of queerest terra cotta, his long-spurred columbines of orange and yellow with snow-white frills, his choicest gentians, verbenas, campanulas, and violas. For these beds lie along the terrace walk and overlook the lawn, and are the cynosure of all eyes. Strangers call it "the garden," as if there were no other. But there is. An October garden. Twice in the year, it is trimmed: clumps grown too large are broken up; those grown too thin are reinforced. The pansy edging is replenished with cuttings, the rampant musk raked out, and the invading shrubbery cut well back. And then the garden is left to itself. For all the flowers in it are perennial. Some years ago, there was only lawn and shrubbery, but the laurels and rhododendrons were transplanted, and cut back to make room for a broad flower-border, and the result is this October splendour. Opposite the perennial border grow some trees, and their almost day-long shade makes this border later in flowering than the sunnier beds. Yet it, too, has had its earlier glory. To wit, when the sweet-williams and snapdragons made solid masses of colour, and columbine and potentilla and geum filled up the intervals: when the pansies, all down to line, made a riband of gorgeous hues, and behind, the monkshoods in wondrous shades of blue held up great spikes of

flower. Every few feet, a cluster of Canterbury-bells struck a strong note of colour, and poppies of strangest kinds, like chrysanthemums, or yellow and buff and orange, were everywhere, thrusting up beautiful heads through the green around them. Later, the tiger-lilies came out to relieve the monkshood, and where the spiræas had sent up their feathers, pink and white, to meet the clematis, the clematis now trailed strands of large purple stars down to the spiræas. But taken all the year round, it can surely never seem more lovely than now. The border is filled with foliage of many shades, and curiously contrasting patterns, and upon this foundation is traced out a magnificent scheme of colour. Behind, against the deep green of the laurels, rhododendrons and box, are sunflowers, six feet high, lit up each of them with a score of blooms, and hollyhocks, taller still, are rosetted with deep claret flowers and mulberry and strange old pink. Between them, bushes of cactus dahlias literally ablaze with scarlet. In front are standard roses, only crimson and damask, and now in October bright with their second bloom. Sliding their barren stems, compact and solid, an exquisite combination of green and purples, are perennial asters—a single spike of them with its hundreds of little stars makes a noble decoration in a room—and humbler, if more vivid companies of tritonia. Here and again, are old clumps of phlox, of fervent carmine or white starred with pink, and, to my mind, of a singular beauty, the rudbeckias in brilliant clusters of chrome-yellow.

Three times in the long border, Japanese anemones, mixed white and terra-cotta, mark noble periods in the great curve of colour; and at corresponding intervals, as you walk round, your eye catches the beautiful response, set further forward, of clumps of chrysanthemum, lemon-yellow and Indian red—tiny flowers, no doubt, “for chrysanthemums,” but sweetly pretty in their profusion and artless growth. Is that enough? Well, then, for more. There are the snap-dragons in every shade of snap-dragon colour and geums now making second displays of flower, and pentstemons; and salvias, shaded in butterfly-blue, and Iceland poppies, and the round lavender balls—like the spiked horrors which genial Crusaders wore at the end of chains, for the thumping of Saracens and similar heathen—which the Blessed Thistle bears. Can you see this October garden at all? And remember there is musk running riot amongst everything, and the pansies and violas; now in full October bloom. The gardener does not wheel them away in his barrow from here. They may flower if they please—and they will—till the frost comes, and until the hungry hares come limping up from the spinney behind the orchard to nibble down all they can find that is green. The gardener will not trouble to trim them. They belong only to the perennial garden,

and he calls them cottagers' stuff. The glass-houses and the frames secrete no surprises for the October garden ; but it would, I think, break the good gardener's heart if he only overheard what is often said, that "the old border is worth all the rest of the garden put together." Of course it is not, but in October one forgets June, and while all the other beds are getting ready for winter, this one alone is in full autumnal flower.

PHIL ROBINSON.

HANS DENCK THE ANABAPTIST.

IN former papers I have referred to the aims of the great Anabaptist movement in the sixteenth century, and have traced its influence in our own country. In the present article I hope to throw more light on the nature of its religious teaching by a sketch of the career and the doctrine of one of its chief apostles.

The materials for this have been provided by the labours of Dr. Keller, Archivist at Münster, who has given the world a biography of Hans Denck, with summaries of his various writings, under the title of "An Apostle of the Anabaptists."

In the career of Hans Denck we see the sufferings of a man who was affected by the whole life of his day, sympathising at the same time with both the religious and the social movements. Moreover Denck was a representative man, for, without in any way seeking the position, he came at a peculiar time to the foremost place among those who were on the crest of the ever-advancing wave of Reformation. Between the defeat and death of Thomas Münzer and the rise of John of Leyden and the Münster outbreak, Hans Denck was the leading mind in the Anabaptist party. Singularly unlike either his predecessor or his successor, he was a type of the gentler, more spiritually-minded Anabaptists. In the moment of dire defeat he upheld the trampled banner of ideal purity in the Church, his disciples perishing by hundreds at the hands of the executioner, while he himself wandered a homeless fugitive.

Since the defeat and ruin of sixteenth-century Anabaptism there never has been a time in which Hans Denck's life and principles were so likely to meet with sympathetic appreciation as in the present day. For he was an intensely-convinced believer, who freely thought out every portion of his creed regardless of consequences. If ever

a man was faithful to his view of truth it was Denck, and yet at the same time he conducted his polemics in a manner hardly known in theological controversy until this present age—surely a remarkable fact, considering that his lot was cast on a time when it was the fashion to support religious argument by savage denunciation and personal abuse. That Denck's words, written and spoken, did not, however, lack fire is evident by the amount of persecution they brought upon him, and by the fact that they were the means of arousing and maintaining in the hearts of thousands high thoughts and a steadfast faith which enabled them to bear with courage torture and death.

Nevertheless, as far as popular history is concerned, Hans Denck is no more than a name, and few, as they meet with it, have any idea that very close upon the greatest crisis of the eventful period of the Reformation Hans Denck was one of the most influential thinkers in Germany, and had, in the south and west, a far greater following than Luther.

His strength, however, unlike that of Luther and Münzer, did not lie in a powerful domineering will, but rather in a singularly just and well-balanced nature, which led him not only to see certain truths very clearly but to suffer at once rather than betray them. No doubt Luther and Münzer had the spirit of martyrdom in as high a degree as Denck, but the intense development of the ego in these two leaders so blinded them that they made sad mistakes, mistakes from which Denck was entirely free.

From the autumn of 1524 to early in the summer of 1525 the peoples of south-western Germany were in a state of commotion only to be compared to the state of France in 1788 and 1789. The peasants rose everywhere, from the Rhine provinces to the Tyrol, from Alsace and Lorraine to Bavaria, Saxony, and Thuringia, and the mass of the poorer citizens in the towns not only sympathised with them but openly joined in the general rebellion. The ruling classes, lay and ecclesiastical, sat like a nightmare on the breast of the German people. The dawn disturbed the slumbering giant; he suddenly shrieked, sprang up, and tried to throw off the oppression. Quite spontaneously a hundred different movements occurred in south-west Germany, gradually connecting themselves without pre-arrangement or organisation. In a short time a number of large masses of insurgents collected who completely dominated the country and paralysed those who had hitherto exercised authority. For six months or more the south-west of Germany was literally in flames, hundreds of châteaux and convents were burnt as well as many of the peasants' homes. In the end the land was soaked with blood, the foreign lansquenets, hired to put down the people, massacring them without remorse. Yet what the peasants asked for was the barest justice, and where their demands rose beyond they were perfectly reasonable and cal-

culated to make Germany happy and great. Crushed by dues and taxes of all sorts, the people merely existed that nobles and lawyers, princes, bishops, lord-abbots, and ecclesiastics of all sorts, might live in ease and splendour. Their first demand was always for a free Gospel and an uncorrupted ministry. With this they were always seeking the unity of Germany, desiring no other authority to exist than that which was Imperial. They asked for common laws, simple, clearly understood, a common standard of weights, measures and money, and a free passage for everybody in all parts of Germany. What else they wished only amounted to a recognition of the principle of equal justice.

Luther's sympathy with the peasants was not strong enough to stand the strain of the struggle, both he and Melancthon finally taking sides against the people of south-western Germany; Münzer on the other hand, threw himself into the movement, envenomed and fanaticised it. Denck refrained from violence in speech or action, but suffered during the short remainder of his life for his sympathies with the defeated party.

He had nothing of the magistrate or general about him, qualities so many of the reformed priests and monks developed. A man devoted to spiritual things and of a retiring, timid nature, Denck had no desire for the leadership in municipal councils or peasant armies. He looked for the realisation of his ideals to the power of a fellowship of all the good, striving to effect at one and the same time the moral purification of each individual and of society at large. Coming to the front at a period when men were greatly disheartened by the apparent failure of the Reformation to produce either of these results, the teaching of Hans Denck was widely welcomed, and aided greatly in preserving for a time the Anabaptist party from the demoralisation and ruin with which it was threatened by the complete and universal defeat of the peasant insurrection.

Denck's opponents fully recognised his influence at this time. Bucer calls him "the Pope of the Baptists;" Urbanus Rhegius, "the Abbot;" Berthold Haller, "the Anabaptist Apollo;" and Petrus Gynorais, "the Chief of the Anabaptists." With Johannes Bader, he is "the famous Hans Denck," with Joachim Vadian, a friend of Zwingle, he is "Denck, that remarkable young man," descriptions akin to those of another contemporary more friendly to the Anabaptists, though not one himself, for Sebastian Franck calls Denck also "the President and Bishop of the Anabaptists." There is, moreover, a general testimony to Denck's great talents, high character, and to the impression he made by his personal appearance; all coming, with the exception of that from Franck, from men who considered

him a teacher of false doctrine. Vadian says Denck's talents were immensely developed; Kessler that he was eloquent, modest, thoroughly learned, a Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar. Elsewhere we learn that he had a handsome and imposing appearance, was dignified in demeanour, and distinguished by moderation and reserve. His whole nature is said to have breathed truthfulness and a high-minded sense of all that was noble and good. Gentle and amiable toward everyone and faithful to his friends, he was, nevertheless, capable of the greatest energy and the most reckless intrepidity when it was a question of fighting for his ideals.

He was still a young man when he reached the zenith of his career, and, in fact, died young, though the exact age he reached is not known. For there is no record of Denck's birth or parentage; he passes over the stage of life a lonely wanderer, without father or mother, brother or sister, wife or child. Every atom of this kind of information has long perished, if ever it existed, in the universal destruction which came on the Baptists and all their works in the later part of the century.

It is thought that Denck was a native of Bavaria, and that he was probably born towards the close of the fifteenth century; it is certainly known that he studied at Basle, where, after taking the degree of Master of Arts, he was employed as a reader, first in the printing-office of Cratenden, and then in that of Curio, Basle being at that time the centre of the book trade. At Basle he became acquainted with (Ecolampadius, following his lectures, but dissenting from them, for it would appear that Denck never at any time belonged to either the Lutheran or Zwinglian school of reformers. His way of thinking was rather that of Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, and the author of "German Theology."

However, at this early stage it had not sufficiently manifested itself to prevent his being offered the position of head-master of the school of St. Sebald, in Nuremberg, whither he went in the autumn of 1523. Morals at Nuremberg were in a condition calculated to bring Denck rapidly into collision with the prevalent theology, and he soon expressed himself in a manner so unsatisfactory to the Lutheran authorities, that he was ordered to quit the city and not to come again within thirty miles of its walls.

This despotic action is not surprising, considering that it occurred at a period when all Germany was agitated with the news of the revolt of the peasants, and that it was believed, not without some foundation, that Anabaptist doctrine and opposition to the authorities went together. However, Denck positively denied the imputation, and it does not appear that he had ever given any cause for it beyond the evident Anabaptist character of his confession. This confession

contains a most singular trait, very unusual in men intensely convinced of certain religious truths, and ready to suffer for them. Having described what he conceives to be the true faith, Denck says, "I, too, would fain possess *that* faith which works salvation and leads to 'life,' but I do not find it in me. Nay, if I said to-day that I had that faith, to-morrow I should accuse myself of lying; for *an inner voice, a spark of truth*, which I partly feel in me, tells me that I have not yet in me the faith that works 'life.'"

To say this was to give the authorities new justification for the harsh measure dealt out to the St. Sebald's schoolmaster, but Denck was only acting out a principle which he confessed ought to regulate his life. "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also."

But much as he strove to love his enemies and to be in charity with those that persecuted him, he could hardly avoid being driven into closer union with all those who were similarly under their ban. The great peasant insurrection was at the time of his expulsion reaching the crisis of the struggle, and it is quite impossible that a man of Denck's views and tendencies could, under the circumstances, have remained wrapt up in his own interior life. What he was doing during the next six months, the most terrible time south-western Germany ever experienced, is not known, but at its end, in June 1525, he appears at St. Gall, very near, therefore, to the spring-head of the movement.

St. Gall was, in fact, a centre of Anabaptism. Grebel, Mantz, Blaurock, and Hubmaier, all seem to have been at St. Gall, or in its neighbourhood. In September 1524, Münster had come from Mühlhausen, and had spent eight weeks at Basle, no doubt to bring the Swiss Baptists over to his ideas. But they attached more importance to the question of baptism than he did, and did not believe, as he did, in the use of the sword. For Münster, indignant at the wrongs the people suffered, was preaching a 'social revolution, and grew every day more ferocious. The Swiss Anabaptists could not but sympathise with his aims, but conceived the right way to bring about a better state of things was to return to a pure Christianity such as the New Testament taught and an enlightened conscience could approve. The terrible end to which Münster and the outbreak quickly came must have more than ever convinced them that they were right.

It was at this juncture that Denck appeared at St. Gall, mingling with the Swiss Anabaptists. He was not yet a professed member of their religious society, which involved baptism on a profession of faith, and Denck's was a nature for whom the ceremonial side of religion had no attraction. During his stay he wrote a little book, to which he gave a quaint but characteristic title: "He who really

loves the truth can herein examine himself, so that none exalt his faith by reason of personal experience, but know from whom he should ask and receive wisdom." •

To Luther's dogma of the sole authority of Holy Scripture in matters of faith there was always the difficulty that the canon of the New Testament had been formed by the Church, and that if the Church was capable of binding men's consciences on this point, why should it not do so on others? Luther made the difficulty greater by claiming liberty of interpretation for every one. Denck did not find the solution in accepting the Roman Catholic dogma that to the Church, represented by its Councils and by the Fathers, belonged not only the power of saying what is Holy Scripture, but of interpreting it according to the mind of the Holy Spirit. He did not deny the claim set up for the Councils and the Fathers, only so far as it was exclusive, asserting that the same spirit which was in them revealed itself in every good man and armed him with its power. And it was to explain this view and to prevent its being misused and misunderstood that he wrote the little book with the title, "He who loves the truth can herein, &c." His writings brought him friends, some of whom obtained permission for him to practise as a professor at Augsburg. Before going to that city, Denck wrote a letter to the magistrates explanatory of his exile from Nuremberg, and specially to refute the charge circulated against him of holding anarchical opinions. Denck's whole career shows that he had much more faith in the moral purification of individuals and societies than in a social revolution.

He found Augsburg a second edition of Nuremberg. The Lutheran pastors and its own magistrates considered their city was fast falling into moral anarchy, and Denck very soon felt himself moved to put into action the idea he entertained in common with the Anabaptists of St. Gall, and to found a fellowship of those willing to enter into alliance with God and to struggle for the moral purification of individuals and of society. This effort, which he called "enlisting in an embassy for God," was at once supported by the Anabaptists of Augsburg, and he was further encouraged by the arrival of Balthasar Hubmaier, a man apparently made in a sterner mould, who had already played an important part in the opening act of the peasant revolt. Hubmaier had been parish priest at Wald hut, a town on the Rhine, midway between Basle and Schaffhausen. Joining in the movement for reformation, he had been led to Anabaptist principles, and had brought over not only his own flock to his views, but, to a great extent, the people of the Black Forest. The Austrian Government wishing to get him into its power, Hubmaier fled to Schaffhausen, where he was protected by the local magistrates. Foiled in its attempt, the Austrian Government was about to proceed against his

followers in Waldshut, when the first band of insurgent peasants appeared in the neighbourhood, upon which the Government changed its mind and Hubmaier was able to return to Waldshut, where he was received with the roll of drums and the joy-notes of horns and trumpets. The great conflagration over, we find him at Augsburg uniting with Denck in an attempt to form an Apostolical brotherhood, and he induced the latter to submit to the second baptism, after which Denck himself baptised Hans Hut and others.

The new community grew rapidly and soon numbered about 1100 persons, some among them being, in various ways, eminent in the city. Thus Augsburg became an Anabaptist centre, from which missionary efforts spread through Upper Germany.

This troubled the Augsburg clergy, and especially Urbanus Rhegius, a leader among them. He maintained that the piety of the Baptists was the work of the devil, and called it "a sort of carnival-play of a holy, apostolic life, calculated to make the Gospel hateful." Whatever its source, Anabaptist piety certainly contrasted with that of the rest of the Augsburg society, whether Reformed or Roman Catholic, and mediately this is attributed in a great degree to the writings of Denck, which must at this time have been widely distributed. Rhegius likened Denck to Alexander the coppersmith, and this was complimentary compared to other descriptions he gave of the man against whom he could not make any legal charge. Denck, he suggested, was a kind of soul-trapper, who, it was to be feared, had already committed the unpardonable sin; a serpent, who coiled himself up in holes and corners, that he might the more easily disseminate his venom. Denck, however, had no wish to hide his light under a bushel, for he had already accepted an offer to hold a public disputation with Rhegius. But the latter was evidently bent on using other means than argument, and in the autumn of 1526, Denck left Augsburg and went eastward to the great Anabaptist centre at Strassburg.

Here he found many of Hubmaier's friends, as well as several persons not only of consideration in the community but also in the city. One of the latter, a citizen of repute, Pilgram Marbeck, the director of the water supply and aqueduct, was a sort of bishop or overseer of the Strassburg Anabaptists.

Martin Bucer and Wolfgang Capito, who had been mainly instrumental in bringing Strassburg over to the new faith, were in doubt as to whether the new Church should be Lutheran or Zwinglian. Finally they decided for the Zwinglian, affected probably by the hope of securing the support of the Swiss Cantons, it being a fixed idea with Bucer that it was all important to have the support of the secular authorities. His colleague, Capito, less affected by such considerations, was, through the influence of his friend, Cellarius,•

somewhat inclined to Anabaptist ideas, and held conferences with Denck. Meanwhile, Zwingli took a very decided course against Anabaptism. He not only induced the magistrates of Zurich to make it a penal offence, but supported the drowning of Mantz on the 5th of January, 1527, for refusing allegiance to the Zwinglian State Church.

Although Capito, like his colleague, Mathias Zell, disapproved of such cruel methods of crushing error, he still tried to keep on good terms with Zwingli, and even sought to remove his prejudices with regard to Denck. However, Capito's good intentions were overridden by Bucer, who, seeing Denck was the most capable man in the Anabaptist party, determined to drive him out of Strassburg. He invited him to a discussion in December 1526, at which the magistrates were not, as usual, present, but were allowed to believe that Denck was opposed to any kind of government whatever. The day after the disputation Denck was accordingly exiled from Strassburg, and on December 24 he went forth again, a wanderer and an outcast. Not content with their victory, Bucer and the Strassburg preachers published a book against Denck, in which they not only accused him of being a disciple of Münzer, but affirmed that he had not disapproved of the Anabaptist of St. Gall who fanatically cut off his brother's head. "There are," said Denck, "wrongs which might well make the gentlest heart indignant."

His outlook on Christmas Eve, 1526, was most gloomy. He had been expelled from three great German towns; whither was he to go? As he wandered in midwinter from place to place he learnt that some of his friends were suffering still worse things than had befallen him. He tramped through Lower Alsace and the Palatinate a homeless and a houseless exile, and his misery evidently brought on nervous excitement and depression.

At Bergzabern. Sigelsbach, the reformed minister of the place, states that Denck held a disputation with the Jews about the law, and brought out much that was good to listen to; and he also notes that Denck soon got very hot if any one opposed him, and that he suffered from melancholy. Sigelsbach was afraid to let him speak to his own people, lest he should attack the Strassburg ministers, upon which Denck plainly told him that it was for himself rather than the truth that he was alarmed. However, they parted good friends, and Sigelsbach says: "When he went, Denck gave me an earnest exhortation to live a pure life in the service of the Gospel, for which I am extraordinarily thankful; about his other notions, on the contrary, I am in the greatest doubt."

A short time after this he appears at Worms, where there was a great gathering of Anabaptists, so numerous, in fact, that the magistrates, who were preparing to fulminate decrees, thought it prudent

to be quiet. Learning, however, that the Elector Palatine was about to interfere, the magistrates, fearing for their privileges, began to move, upon which the Anabaptists withdrew from the city.

This non-resistant mode of action seems to mark the influence of Denck, who, it will be seen, acted consistently on this principle at every stage in his career. No doubt the Anabaptists of the Münster way of thinking must have considered it disastrous, especially as this yielding of the ground at Worms was followed by a severe persecution through the Palatinate, in which 350 Anabaptists suffered death.

Denck's history now reads like that of the Wandering Jew. A glimpse of the travel-stained, footsore, weary-hearted wanderer is got from time to time. He is known to have passed through Zurich, visiting Anabaptists; he has been at Schaffhausen and Constance; he is on the road to Augsburg, and is next seen approaching Nuremberg. Certain it is that during the autumn of 1527 Denck presided at a kind of Anabaptist Synod at Augsburg. A great number of the leading Anabaptists were there, among whom, after Denck, Hans Hut was the most prominent. He had been baptised by Denck himself, and this fact, with their being found together at this Conference at Augsburg, leads to the inference that they were in close sympathy.

This is probable, although the directions in which the two men were going appear to have been different. Hut at this time tending to become an apostle of revolution, Denck to a more and more unworldly ideal of evangelical morality and spiritual worship. It is very likely that he only partially knew and realised the position; but as far as he did so he would have had reason to fear that the Christian fellowship he had so ardently sought to form for the highest ends was turning into a confederacy to obtain social justice, and that the rite which in his eyes was "the bond of a good conscience towards God," was becoming the symbol of a conspiracy, the members of which bound themselves under a secret oath to rise in insurrection at the call of their leaders.

It is thought that the party disposed to take this line were, numerically at least, in the minority at this Synod, for it was resolved that Christians nowhere ought to obtain power by unlawful means. Moreover, it was decided to send apostles into various parts in a sense and for a purpose which Denck approved, for he became one, he himself going with two others to Switzerland.

On their road they attempted to stop at Ulm, but were soon driven away by the authorities. Worn out by his restless life and perplexing sorrows, Denck arrived at Basle. Feeling, possibly, monitions of his approaching end, he determined to ask Ecolampadius, who was all powerful in this city, to use his influence to obtain permission for him

to rest there for a time. Ecolampadius visited him in person, and seeing, perhaps, that the permission asked could not be for long, and hoping, possibly, that he might convert Denck from the error of his ways, the good Professor consented.

Thus Denck's last days passed, as so much of his life had done, in argumentation. Ecolampadius came constantly to argue with him. But, much as Denck desired to soften their differences, he made no change whatever, except on the point of second baptism, with which he evidently regretted having had anything to do. Denck's nature was non-ritualistic; he was in feeling as well as ideas a precursor of the Society of Friends.

The final statement of his views, made shortly before his death and given to Ecolampadius, has the title: "Protestation and avowal about several points, in which Hans Denck makes himself more and more clear and explains himself." This document was called by his opponents a recantation, but it was nothing of the sort, being rather a re-affirmation of all he had asserted during his life. Ecolampadius admitted that Denck had no such idea as recantation in writing this paper.

Of the day of his death, as of his birth, nobody kept any account, and no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day.

During the next hundred years everything was done to destroy even the vestige of that which alone preserves the name of Hans Denck from being written in water. Denck's writings contain his real biography, and show the source of the influence which, in so troubled a time, could make him the foremost man of his party. These books reveal the secret of the inspiration which enabled thousands to brave every form of torture and death.

Denck's original works consist of sundry Confessions, and of books on "The Sources and Foundation of Religious Knowledge," on "The Divine Constitution of the Universe," on "Free Will," on "Justification," and on "True Love." These are the subjects of Denck's writings but not their titles, which in some cases are quaint enough.

To understand the scope and tendency of Denck's teaching it is necessary to take into account that of Luther, then the most powerful in Germany; to trace the source and full meaning of Denck's ideas one ought to be acquainted with the teaching of Erckart, Thomas à Kempis and Tauler. It is also necessary to keep in view the low condition into which morality had at this time fallen in Germany. Lutheran divines testified to this being the case in their own localities, and Luther himself recognised the fact, putting forth his Shorter Catechism to stay the evil.*

According to Luther men were utterly depraved, quite incapable of

* See first paragraph in the preface to the Shorter Catechism.

doing right, their wills being in bondage to the devil. If their inclinations were vicious they did bad deeds, if virtuous, they did good ones; but bad or good, all human acts sprang from a corrupt nature and were sinful. In His inscrutable wisdom God gave to some the grace of faith in Jesus Christ, who, as God manifest in the flesh, fulfilled the law, impossible to man, and suffered death upon the cross for the sins of the world. Believing in Jesus Christ, a man became so one with Christ that Christ dwelt in him and he in Christ, all that was Christ's became his, and all that was his became Christ's. Christ took upon Himself all his sins and gave him all His righteousness. Henceforth such a man was bound to no law, Christ in him being his law as well as his righteousness.

This grand and profound theology was, in consequence of Luther's undertaking to establish a new Church and to give Germany a moral law, strangely obscured and contradicted. Sacramental theories by which these stupendous privileges belonged to all who received Lutheran baptism, believed the creeds, and partook of the Holy Communion, led to such a condition of public morality that Luther was driven to build again the things he had destroyed. In the Shorter Catechism he gave a moral law to the new Church. Beginning with the Ten Commandments he ends with Fifteen Duties, the space between being filled by the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sacraments, which in such a connection, and under such circumstances, assume the character of binding laws. And yet the people, on whom he laid a yoke and a burden he had often declared intolerable and that no man could bear, were all, according to his teaching, one with Christ, members of His mystical body, no longer under Law but under Grace. And stranger still, he did this in the face of the fact that there was another yoke that *was* easy, another burden that *was* light, another moral law, made expressly for such people by One who Luther declared was the only God he knew.

This appalling contradiction in Luther's teaching did not manifest itself so strikingly in Denck's lifetime, for the Shorter Catechism was not published until after he had left this world. Nevertheless, he saw its practical results. Dr. Keller has collected a number of testimonies as to the state of morality in Augsburg about the time Denck was living in that city. The Lutheran minister, Huberinus, wrote in the year 1531: "Decency and honour seem no longer observed in Augsburg. All kinds of unchasteness and licentiousness have gained the upper hand." The Zwinglian minister, Musculus, said: "Those in our time who confess the truth of the Gospel treat it with even less regard, and with more contempt, than the misguided Papists did the silly stories of their monastics and the decrees of their false bishops; in fact, they have become more worldly-minded,

dissolute, and libertine, than even the children of this world." And the preacher, Dr. Nachtigall, said from the pulpit in the year 1526: "If things go on like this, it would be better to fight one another to the death; I have got my little knife with me." And that these were not mere querulous, irritable utterances is shown by the fact that in this same year the municipality issued a mandate in which they reproached the Augsburgers for their immorality, and expressed a fear that if this state of things continued some very severe punishment would fall upon the city.

Denck was just the man to be deeply affected by such circumstances, and they doubtless strengthened him in his attack on all the Lutheran positions. He could not admit that men were by nature utterly depraved, since he believed that every man had within him a spark of the Divine Life, a ray of the Divine Light. Man's will was free, for he could stifle this Life, could hide his eyes from this Light; while, on the other hand, he could, if he would, recognise it, believe in it, be obedient to it. To do so effectively needed the help of God, which, however, he declared was at all times willingly granted to those who were seeking to do right and to be right. For the essence of faith was in the desire to follow this Light, and be obedient to it. In this obedience to the will of God revealed by the Inner Word in the conscience, and by the outer word in the Scriptures of truth, men could be gradually delivered from the power of sin, and enter into the spirit of Jesus Christ, and, suffering with Him, keeping the law with Him, they would at last reign with Him, and enter into His freedom. Law was necessary as long as a man was not perfect in love, but when that came to pass he was free from all law, and lived according to the Spirit.

Stated in other terms, and with a little more fulness, Denck taught that the source and foundation of faith is the voice of conscience and religious feeling, and that this voice of conscience is a spark of the Divine Spirit itself, which he considered immanent in every man. This inward teacher is, pre-eminently, the Word of God. "The voice," or the "word," that preaches in the hearts of all men, and warns them from evil, is a manifestation of that immortal spirit that from eternity has mediated and eternally will mediate between men and the Divine Will, which in its nature is like God, and therefore is itself Divine, that spirit of love which became man in Jesus of Nazareth, and suffered for us. "Christ, Christ," says Denck, "the Lamb of God, has from the beginning been a mediator between God and man, and remains so to the end."

From this view of Christ, as the Eternal Word of God incarnate in humanity, flows Denck's teaching—Justification by Faith. He saw the question in a very different light to Luther. The spirit of love, the mediator from all eternity, once incarnate in Christ, is now

incarnate in all those who believe in and follow Christ. They form the body of which He is the head. The law which the head accepts and fulfils each of the members must accept and fulfil; it is a sign of their being truly a part of the body. For if they are not willing, in obedience to their head, to fulfil the law He is fulfilling, where, he asked, is the proof that they are really one with Him, and if not in unity with Him, how can they consider themselves justified—that is, righteous—in God's sight? Identifying the spirit of love with the Christ conceived of as the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, mediating between Divine justice and the sinner, suffering for the sin of the world, and ever seeking to win the wanderer back to the true paths of righteousness and peace, he was ready to see a man justified in Christ wherever he met a man animated by the spirit of love. "All," he said, "who are in truth inspired with this spirit of love are one with Christ in God." On the other hand, he found men who did not even try to fulfil the law of Christ, and who yet considered that because they believed the creeds they were justified. This he considered darkness and delusion.

Human nature could not, he said, be wholly depraved, since in every man there was a spark of the Divine nature, which urged him to resist evil, and impelled him to seek to live a better life. Seeing all depends on obeying or disobeying this inward monitor, it must be possible to do so, and thus the human will is by nature free, and right-acting is not useless, because it manifests the attitude of the will towards good, and the desire of the heart to obey God, and this effort to obey the Divine will was, according to Denck, of the very essence of faith. In fact, according to Denck, this *was* the faith which justifies, this faith which implied a constant and unfailing obedience to the Word of God primarily revealed in each man's conscience.

Denck did not stop here, but applied his doctrine to every Lutheran position. Holy Scripture he would not allow to be the sole source and foundation of faith. If so, he asked, how could there have been men of faith before Holy Scripture existed. The spring of faith was in man himself. Man must first of all believe in God or he will not believe in Holy Scripture, and man first meets God in his own conscience. When he has become obedient to this interior revelation he will believe the revelation made outside him and apart from him. Then he will find that these two revelations, made independently, harmonise and render the same witness for God. Thus Holy Scripture comes to be part of the foundation of faith, but its distinctive and peculiar office is that it gives a form to faith. The conscience, or rather the interior word which speaks to the conscience, is the spring of faith, Holy Scripture the instructor of faith, and faith rests on both.

Denck further denied that the Bible was a book easily understood: he considered it quite the contrary. The proof being in the disagreement of the learned as to its interpretation, and in the number of passages which could easily be collected teaching apparently contrary doctrines. No one, Denck contended, could understand Holy Scripture who was not living in obedience to the Divine will, and even such could not understand it if they were not reasonable enough to recognise that there were greater and lesser truths, and that statements about lesser truths must always be interpreted in subordination to more important truths.

How great a student Denck was himself of the Bible, and how much he desired that it should be as accessible to the people as to the learned, is proved by the fact that he was among the very first to make translations from it into the common tongue. In conjunction with Ludwig Hetzer, another Anabaptist, he translated the Prophets into German, a work the value of which both Luther and Zwingli recognised by making it the foundation of their own translations.

There was nothing, Denck conceived, real or permanent in the world but God. Sin and all evil not sent upon us by God for our good are emptiness and vanity, and must vanish into nothingness. Goodness is the normal state of man, sin being like disease and death. In accordance with the essential nothingness of everything opposed to God, Denck did not believe in a personal devil, but regarded all who were not obedient to the Divine will as possessed by a spirit of evil.

The practical outcome was a doctrine of self-renunciation by which the Word of God, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the Spirit of Divine love, had free course in the hearts of men and was glorified in their lives. It was only when this took place that men could be said to be dead to the law. As long as they lived in any degree to themselves, they were necessarily subject to a moral law. What that law was the Scriptures had gradually revealed. Beginning with Moses and the Decalogue it ended with Christ and the Sermon on the Mount.

Such was the life and doctrine of this Apostle of Anabaptism, and as such he came to be under a general sentence of outlawry. He was excommunicated by both Lutherans and Roman Catholics. A sort of curse of Kehama rested on him, and under its weight he quickly sank and died.

In the sixteenth century Germany tried to get rid of a civil and religious tyranny similar to that against which France struggled in the eighteenth. A new doctrine was preached and everywhere accepted, but the old spirit and the old beliefs everywhere remained. Even men who held the most exalted doctrines of liberty and brotherly love fell back in practice into the old way of forcing

their own creed on the recalcitrant by violence and the magistrate's sword. Denck was one of the very few who absolutely refused this method of propagating truth. He submitted rather to a constant succession of defeats, and to arriving gradually at a position from which there was no solution but the stake or the gallows. But his frail body wore out before that time arrived, and he obtained deliverance in an easier fashion.

RICHARD HEATH.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION AND VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

ANOTHER paper on this well-worn subject? Yes: even so. These incessant speeches, addresses, letters, sermons, articles, pamphlets, which are poured out upon us every day on the subject of Elementary Education, are not wasted. They form, in the aggregate, the process by which that curious entity, the British people, arrive at a conclusion. Individually, we think rapidly; collectively, we think very slowly. Ten years, twenty years, may pass in the mental history of the "colossal man," the English people, and see but a slow ripening and maturing of his judgment. He must sleep upon it; he will tell you in a week or so; but his days are years, or even decades of years. An unconscious cerebration goes on; he has his business to do; and business is anxious work just now; and a thousand other affairs are in his mind; but meantime he is maturing. He is a Great Silent Creature. The men who pamphleteer, and speak, and preach, and write letters and articles are not he; even Parliament is not he. He is not Church, he is not Nonconformist; still less is he Secularist; nothing that you can name is he.

Each year sees some fresh experience, drives home some fresh facts, presents a new aspect of some question, or an old aspect in a clearer light; and the result is some modification of his judgment. And if we look back twenty years, or even ten, it may be possible to define some of these modifications, and indicate the direction which the thoughts of the Great Silent Creature are taking.

He is resolved not to take any irrevocable steps; not to pledge himself to adopt any one principle, however logically complete it may appear; there is less danger than ever of doctrinaires, like those of the Birmingham school of twenty years ago. No one, I think, can doubt this. He sees that it is a very intricate matter, and

distrusts any one who has an off-hand and neat solution of it. And I think no one can doubt that the value he sets upon religious education, both in Board and Voluntary schools, is higher than it was. The people of England are not going to de-Christianise England, or to put it on the level of India, in which the Empress, quite rightly, in face of native religions, declares an entire impartiality and absence of prejudice. The Great Silent Creature has a strong prejudice, in Great Britain, in favour of Christianity. Some doctrinaires in England, as in France, who had got rid of this prejudice themselves, thought that the Great Creature agreed with them. He has slept on it; and it is clear that he does not agree with them. So, to speak more briefly, a good many theories are practically abandoned. It is only a few survivals who argue, as they did twenty years ago, that it is unjust that any rates or taxes should be applied to religious education because Secularists were forced to pay rates and taxes. I remember a conversation I had at that date with a leader of the Birmingham school, in which he pleaded with absolute conviction and demonstrated that the Bible could not possibly be taught in Board schools, to which the Secularists contributed. It would be a violation of conscience. To plead that the Quaker paid war taxes was useless. That phase, however, is over. Our conception of justice has grown.

The theory that morality could be taught out of a neat little textbook "written for the use of schools" is abandoned. Gone, too, is the belief that religious teaching can be given by volunteers from our churches and chapels in school hours or extra school hours. Gone, too, is the belief that Sunday-schools will make up for the loss of religious education in the day-schools. The Great Creature has come to the conclusion that religion can be taught and must be taught on the old lines from the Bible by the teachers in Board and Voluntary schools. He is not quite so unobservant of other nations as not to perceive that the Voluntary schools are an extremely valuable possession of the nation, for religion, for economy, and for variety; and with all their faults he loves them still.

All this change is the result of the tenacity with which the Voluntary schools have held on and met the increasing demands; and of the good sense of the people, who "slept on it" and gave the old system time to adjust itself, and gave the Voluntary schools fair terms, by way of compromise, to enable them to hold on.

And now there are two ideals before the nation: some of us are chiefly intent on securing one, and others chiefly intent on securing the other, and a great many of the speakers and writers are assuring us that we cannot have both. But the Great Silent Creature is not so sure. He means to have both. He will sleep on it, and, somehow, both we shall have, even if it involves a little new legislation.

These two ideals are as follows. First, we must have an intelligent and universal education in elementary schools, free to all who desire to have it free; continued by evening schools, and leading up to organised secondary and technical instruction, and with links and ladders enough that shall give every boy, and every girl also, a chance to find the spheres in life corresponding to their talents. He is quite definitely resolved that no sectarian jealousies or obstructions shall stand in the way of this supreme national aim.

And, second, he is convinced much more than he was fifteen years ago, that good as such an education is, it is imperfect without good Christian teaching. He will not force it on a Secularist, but he knows that Secularism, as a principle, is a mere bubble and babble in the country: it is no force. He wants the children to grow up reverent, honest, God-fearing; he would like them to grow up in old-fashioned love of the old Bible, to be church and chapel goers. He believes that schools do a great deal for character, and that religious teaching is one of the means by which schools and individual teachers touch the character of children. He is quite sure that personal influence, the affectionate and pastoral relation of teacher to child is valuable, and quite convinced also that the religion of a child may some day be very much the same in all denominations, and that, if we are still squabbling over it, it is because we have not yet had time to look into the question, or that we have been led off the right lines on some false issue, and that some solution will be found if he is patient.

So our two ideals are: a first-rate and universal national system, and a thoroughly Christian education, with the personal influence of kindly teachers.

Where do these ideals conflict or diverge?

Absolutely nowhere. I say that *as ideals* they nowhere conflict or even diverge; in the working for them there are practical difficulties, mainly of the nature of mole-hills which have been magnified into mountains, not by those who heartily desire both these ideals, but by those somewhat obtrusive and clamorous persons who desire their conception of one, and only affect to care about the other, or who use education controversies, consciously or unconsciously, as a weapon in party warfare to attain other ends.

I know something of public schools, and I can speak with intimate knowledge of two—Rugby School and Clifton College. Both the ideals are tenaciously held by their present head-masters, and by most of their predecessors. It is their combination in actual working that makes a public school good and great. If a man comes to a public school who cares unwisely for the second without the first, or cares feebly for the first without the second, or if one could be conceived as caring for neither, down falls the school, as we have more

than once seen, or corruption sets in. As ideals, even as working possibilities, they are perfectly compatible; and that considerable section of the public who are interested in public schools, and yet are not so aristocratic as to be indifferent to both education and religion in comparison with social advantages (though they thankfully accept education and religion when thrown in), are resolved to secure both ideals for their own children, and pretty generally succeed.

Now, why have not the parents who send their children to the elementary schools the same ideals?

I say they have—exactly the same. They have not the same facility of expression; they don't call them ideals. They say: "I want my Tom to be a good boy, or my Mary to be a good girl"; but they have not the same power of showing their wishes, even when they have distinctly formed them. This, however, depends on the accident that, as a rule, they have no choice, or very limited choice, of the school to which they will send their children. And I say further, that the thinking body of our countrymen, the formers of public opinion, and those who express it in legislation, are bound to provide in the elementary school for the poor that which they value so highly in the public school for the well-to-do. The circumstances differ of course: a boarding-school differs from a day-school, an elementary school differs from a public school; but the principle of combination of the two ideals is the same.

Let me try and formulate the respects in which it seems as if in practice at present the pursuit of the two ideals simultaneously is difficult in elementary schools. The earnest upholders of the first ideal say to the Voluntary schools: "Your buildings are old; your plant and desks not so good; expenses of teachers increase, and your subscriptions are stationary or precarious; you must economise in everything, and economy means diminished efficiency; you cannot long compete, you will be swallowed up at last."

And they add that the Voluntary schools break the symmetry of the system, and open the possibilities of clerical favouritism, and tell stories of buns being given to those day-school children who attend the country vicar's Sunday-school, and no buns, not even bread, to the others; or the possibilities of clerical fanaticism, teaching in a silly and wicked catechism that Dissenters are wicked people.

Yes; these objections are true. We have the misfortune to be the first in the field, and our schools, which once were splendid, fall below the latest and very right requirements of the Code. We cannot rebuild all our schools at once; it would tax the whole country very heavily to do so. You must give us time, and we will do it. And we have the poorest and most irregular children in many of our towns, and the scattered and backward children in rural districts,

and therefore our grants fall somewhat below the more favoured schools in towns.

And we must admit that there are among the clergy (as among other ministers) some very foolish and fanatical individuals—happily very few—whose importance is magnified out of all proportion by the publicity given to their little ways. Which of us has met them in person? I have a fairly extensive clerical acquaintance, but I have not met any one who is deliberately and conscientiously offensive to the children of Dissenters; I really cannot name any one who is offensive at all.

Both these difficulties, now they have been steadily looked at, are evaporating. It has, in fact, been proved that the duality of the system, under a uniform Government inspection, does not mar the efficiency of the elementary school system of England. And the Great Silent Creature knows that the fanatic clerical manager is nearly as extinct as the dodo of our museums, and is seldom to be found except in political speeches.

The duality of system does not, in practice, impair the attainment of the first ideal. The Education Department has welded the two systems into uniformity. The maintainers of the first ideal need not regard the maintainers of the second as irreconcilable foes.

But what have the maintainers of the Voluntary school system to say about the failure of the Board schools to attain the second ideal, that of a thorough Christian education? Well, we know the hard things that are said—that there is no security that religion will be taught at all; that so many School Boards are entirely secular; that even where religious education is given, it may be, and often is, almost valueless; that the Bible may be read without note or comment (which, as Magee said, was about as effective a way of teaching children to imbibe the spirit of the Bible as that of the Arab school-master in Timbuctoo, who made his boys write texts from the Koran on a board, and then wash them off and drink the washings); that it is teaching which is often unexamined, and gets no grant, and earns no credit for teacher or pupil; may be irreverent or curtailed without fear of exposure, and ineffective because the teachers are crippled, and in constant fear of saying something that somebody might object to. So it is said to be a residuum of all Nonconformity when everything that gives vitality to any section of Nonconformists is abstracted; to be a vague form of Protestantism or of Unitarianism—I have seen both charges made—to be a new religion, nicknamed School Board religion; in fact, we are all able to quote our Church and denominational friends who at conferences and congresses stand and rail against it in good set terms.

But the Great Silent Creature is not so sure that this religious

teaching is valueless ; and he is quite sure that it may be made, and is already in some places, under enlightened Boards, made very valuable. So he patiently waits, and watches the School Board religious ideal growing, and the Voluntary school educational ideal growing, and he sees that it is quite possible that a very close approximation between the two will result, the one with a little more of the official, and the other with a little more of the pastoral.

But there is another overwhelming argument for the hearty national support of Voluntary schools. It is that the very creed of Liberalism demands it, as well as the feeling and the prejudice, if you please, of Conservatism. I have been a Liberal all my life, and hope to remain so : but it will be on the condition of Liberals being true to their principles. And I believe they will be, give them time enough. They have been misled ; many of them now recognise the fact. They have been fascinated. Side issues have replaced broad principles ; what is small and near has hidden what is far off and great. The essence of all true Liberalism is the proclamation of the right of all to share in the whole range of the heritage of man ; that no man shall by the accident of birth in a cottage be shut off from sharing, according to his power, in the whole rights and glory of manhood. And the noblest of all our heritages of the past is the heritage of Christianity. True Liberalism will claim for the elementary school what it claims for the public school and university, that every child shall have the opportunity of having this in all its fulness put before him, and taught with all possible earnestness and reality. Therefore in the name of Liberalism, as in the name of Christianity, I claim that our School Board teachers ought to have every possible encouragement and facility both to be taught and to teach religion as freely, as earnestly, as intelligently, as is possible. Their teaching should be wisely tested - inspected rather than examined ; what I have called the pastoral personal influence in Board schools should be fostered, and they should in this respect be assimilated to the best Voluntary schools.

But, it will be asked, will you have a religious test before you appoint a schoolmaster ? Yes ; up to this point : that he is willing to teach Scripture. But what if he is a non-religious or an unconverted man, as some would say ? Yes ; even then. And I will say why. The experience of public schools is conclusive on this point : that the ordinary honour man, or pass man, with neither more nor less religion than the ordinary undergraduate, when set, as a form master usually is, to teach Scripture to his boys, does it at first with diffidence but reverence, and afterwards with ever growing sympathy and intelligence, and at no stage with any disposition to bring the difficulties of his maturer mind into his dealings with his boys. This is a fact so universally accepted that it ceases to attract notice. I

have examined such teaching scores of times, and know how sound and valuable it is; and know, too, how invaluable is the relation between pupil and teacher, from the fact that these highest subjects are not tabooed.

As a Liberal, I claim for all children, poor as well as rich, the right to share in the heritage of Christianity; and as a teacher, I claim for my fellow-teachers, in the humbler ranks of the elementary schools, the liberty to teach freely, to explain, to enforce, to influence; and I am certain that this liberty will very rarely be abused. It will do much to bring out the highest qualities of the teachers; and it will ennoble their profession, which is in danger of sinking to a mechanical art from the hurry and pressure of examinations, and the want of humane subjects for teaching. "School Board religion," as it is contemptuously nicknamed, may grow, and has grown, as the confidence of School Boards increases, into a very sound teaching of our common Christianity. I am not the least afraid of its being called dogmatic Christianity. Of course it is dogmatic; there are dogmas and dogmas, and none but the hopelessly ignorant could speak of an undogmatic Christianity. The teachers will teach, according to their power, all that they themselves are ever learning to know and feel of Christian truth.

"But there will be proselytising. We shall have Sacerdotalism taught in one school, and Election and Predestination in another, Adult Baptism in a third, and Unitarianism or even Biblical Criticism in a fourth."

Yes, just as much as you have in the successive forms of a public school, which is *not at all*. In presence of children, teaching of such views and theories becomes an absurdity; and what is further, if the teacher descend to it, the children stare, and it makes no impression. The exceptionally fanatic teacher might throw what he thought his pearls of pet views before his chickens; but they will leave the pearls untouched, and swallow the barley that he can scarcely fail to scatter with them. You may trust the children at any rate. But you may trust the teachers too. I do not speak without knowing many of the elementary teachers in Bristol and Rochdale, and I hold them to be among the most high-minded and honourable people in England. I wish to see them ranked as they should be ranked, ranked as what they are, among the great religious influences of England. Any individual unworthinesses among them would be rarer than they are among clergy, for their schools are not freeholds, and the total influence they exercise, very great as it is, would be increased, and the attractions of their profession to the higher class of mind and spirit would be increased, by greater liberty and heartier recognition of the value of their religious teaching and influence.

Is it necessary to quote authorities to support my contention? I

remember that Mr. John Morley, whose entire sincerity I never doubt, has said somewhere, that while he holds the strongest conviction that the faculty of using the instruments of knowledge is capable of producing a very marked and distinct effect on character, yet he thinks that "either in the diminution of crime or its effect on minor morals the influence of education is slight, indirect, and distant." "The nation," he once said, "will have to do a great many other things for itself as well as provide good schools before any great general advance is made in these respects." Mr. John Morley is obviously pressing the first ideal; but he sees its imperfections, and he proclaims the necessity of the second.

I cannot interrupt my argument with the digression to show that you cannot separate morality from religion in teaching the young. Only from its connection with a Supreme Authority, with the faith in a living God, does the teaching of duty come with any imperative. Without this it rests either on a variable balance of subjective feelings, or on disputable convention or coercion among associates or confederates.

Nor can I interrupt my argument to show that the teaching of religion must, in the present state of human nature, have in it an element of what is subjective, and, therefore, disputable; the element which some people will nickname sectarian or denominational. By no conceivable device can effectual and earnest religious teaching confine itself to phrases and statements and dogmas or negations, about which all men agree. But every one knows that, in practice, it is the conviction and personality and conscientiousness of the teacher, born of that reverent freedom which is at once the aim of Liberalism and the spirit of Christianity, that tells on the school, and is the atmosphere in which character, and virtue, and religious feeling grow up; and every one knows that the special views of teachers scarcely affect their teaching at all, for good or evil, except to make themselves and their pupils sincere.

I hope I have made it clear that those who hold primarily the first ideal—a national system of education—may combine with it the hearty pursuit of the second. Their paths do not diverge. I am sure that we all ought to make our Board school religious teaching better, and utterly disregard the bogie that it will become dogmatic or denominational; trust the teachers and trust the children; trust the children's taste and the teacher's good sense.

But there is still somewhat to be said from the other point of view. How can those who hold strongly, as I am obliged to do, from my constant experience, the value of the pastoral, personal influence exercised in Voluntary and denominational schools, and feel that these schools maintain the second ideal, just as Board schools maintain the first—how can they practically incorporate and secure the first ideal

with the second, as I have shown that the Board schools can incorporate the second with the first?

This also depends on what is, to my mind, one of the broad principles of Liberalism which has been 'obscured by side issues and must be recognised. It is that all ratepayers ought to be able to have a share in the educational rate they are obliged to pay, without sacrificing their religious convictions or preferences in the education of their children. *There must be no disability for conscience's sake.*

Let us take the case of the Roman Catholics in any English town where there is a School Board. They pay the rate like other people, but they get no share in it. Why? Because they say it is contrary to their principles to send their children to a school in which definite religious instruction in the special articles of their faith is withheld. They, therefore, pay the rates in silence, and subscribe for their own schools, and educate in those schools some of the most backward and irregular of our population in part at their own expense. They help by their rates to educate our Protestant children in the Board schools, and we do not help to educate theirs. Why? Because they are Roman Catholics. But is it not contrary to the principles of Liberalism to refuse to a section of ratepayers a share of their own money because they are Roman Catholics if they accept all other conditions? I shall have to go to school again and learn my A B C of Liberalism if this is Liberalism. We all respect the Roman Catholics for the sacrifices they make to retain their schools here and in the colonies; and, be it well observed, that in the United States and the colonies the Roman Catholic schools are growing fast. They are unjustly treated by us, and we are all beginning to feel ashamed of it. They are held to be disqualified from receiving any grant from the educational rate to which they subscribe simply because they are Roman Catholics. This is contrary, in my judgment, to the first principles of Liberalism and of fair-play as interpreted by all parties.

But what is true of Roman Catholicism is just as true of the Church of England or Wesleyanism. Where, in a town, side by side with Board schools, there are elementary schools connected with any church, under Government inspection, recognised as supplying the educational needs of the place, and receiving a grant, I cannot see under what principle of justice or Liberalism they are excluded from a share of the rates because they teach, and the parents of their children desire, denominational education. Why should the Wesleyan or the Church of England artisan pay his rates, and yet have to subscribe, as he and his friends must in most cases subscribe, to support his denominational school unless he consents to sacrifice his religious preferences and give up the denominational education which is, in his judgment, the really desirable education for his children? It is a religious disability.

It is indefensible in principle. And I feel very sure that when the whole nation has time to think it quietly over it will come to the conclusion that a new *modus vivendi* or compromise will have to be formulated, which will include the substance of the proposal in Forster's first Educational Bill, that grants from the rates may be made upon certain conditions to the Voluntary schools. But then, it is said, they will cease to be voluntary. That depends upon the conditions. Let us see what the Voluntary schools subscribe now. The Blue Book tells us that the Voluntary schools cost to build an average of about £5 7s. per child, and that the annual Voluntary subscriptions amount to about 6s. 10d. per head. Taking interest on the £5 7s. at 5 per cent. and adding this to the latter amount, the average Voluntary subscription is 12s. per head for the children educated in their schools.

Now, it is fair for School Boards to say to the managers of Denominational Schools: you wish to have the management of your schools in your own hands, to appoint your own teachers, to give your own religious instruction; you will be under the Education Department for the secular instruction, and cannot move hand or foot, and your grant from the taxes will pay most of the cost of secular instruction, and in some cases all. But you want in some cases a grant from the rates. You shall not be disqualified for this because you give denominational instruction in accordance with the wishes of the parents, but you must pay somewhat for your liberty to appoint and dismiss teachers, and you must not receive or expend money received from the rates without a complete control exercised by the ratepayers. You must make your school buildings quite satisfactory to the Education Department, and this must be done entirely at your expense. The buildings are yours. We are bound to see to this. New schools cost now from £10 to £12 per head to build, but some of the older schools which cost less are quite satisfactory, others will need additions. Your contributions to education in the form of rent will therefore vary from about 5s. or even less to about 10s. per head. Your schools may need no grant from us, nor can we give any grant unless we are satisfied that due economy is exercised. On every board of managers of a Voluntary school within a School Board district there must therefore be a representative of the School Board, who must satisfy himself on this point, and that should any money be given from the rates it is well expended. He must have the absolute veto, subject to an appeal to the whole School Board, on any capital or other expenditure which could affect the rates. But, subject to these conditions, he may recommend, and the School Board may pay, a sum equal to the voluntary contributions to any school from sources other than the rates.

Where there is only one school, as in country districts, the compromise must be of a different kind. But I see no reason why the

managers of a denominational school should not, under any and all circumstances, be universally required to place on their Board an elected representative of the ratepayers, or of the school attendance committee, who should exercise similar functions to the representative of the School Board, with an appeal to the Education Department or to the County Council if he was outvoted on any question which involved what seemed to him an injustice to any religious denomination, and a veto, with similar appeal, on any expenditure which involved a rate.

That such a general scheme would enable those who hold the second ideal strongly to combine with it a complete attainment of the first (with a certain sacrifice of their preferences) I do not doubt. And I think that some such compromise is what we are practically tending to, and that it will bring peace to all but a few very logical doctrinaires and extremists.

It will satisfy the Roman Catholic, for he may still refuse aid from the rates on those terms; it may frighten some timid Churchmen, and it will not satisfy the men who would gladly see elementary education wholly secular. Nor will it satisfy a somewhat more important class, who still not only have hope that religion may be thoroughly well taught in elementary schools on undenominational lines, but persuade themselves that the people of England are prepared to believe this.

I should like to point out very briefly to this class of persons the very important lessons to be drawn from the United States. There is nothing of which Americans are prouder than their common schools, a universal system of secular and well graded education. But in the Extra Census Bulletin of Oct. 7, 1891, it appears that there are no less than 1,034,382 children in private and parochial elementary schools, which get no public money at all, to 12,405,528 in public elementary schools; and it is still more noteworthy that if we take the most important and cultivated division of the States—the North Atlantic division, containing nine States (including the New England States and New York and Pennsylvania)—the percentage of children attending the public schools has fallen in ten years from 20·22 to 17·57. The average percentage of children in public elementary schools in the whole country has indeed gone up from 19·84 in 1880 to 20·22 in 1890; but this is due to States like Dakota, in which there has been a very great increased proportional enrolment of children in the public schools, something over 700 per cent. The superintendent of the census remarks: “Training in religion is a strong demand among some of the most earnest supporters of the public school system.” He tells us that “supplementary schools are established to meet the demand, specially among the Jews, the Roman Catholics, and the Lutherans, *but are not included in this census.*”

And he tells us further that the very compromise I am advocating has been already found satisfactory and economical. "In several States it is quite common to give what public money there may be to teachers or institutions drawing much of their support from private or denominational resources."*

He speaks elsewhere of this "combined public and denominational education." We do well to watch and interpret these signs of the times.

And if such a compromise is just and workable, it is also singularly economical. The School Board, the Blue Book tells us, can build a new school at an average cost, including site, of £12 15s. 9d. per child, and an average additional annual charge on the ratepayers of 18s. 11d., or a total, including interest on outlay at 5 per cent., of 31s. 8d. per child. But by subsidising the denominational schools it can insist on the excellence of their buildings being secured from voluntary sources; and, at a cost which, at present, could not exceed 3s. 5d.—the half of the average subscription in denominational schools—would be saved all necessity of building.

Take the case of Preston. There is no School Board in Preston, and the Denominational Schools are not, as a rule, up to the mark. There are some 15,000 children to be provided for. It is a heavy demand on the Church people and the Roman Catholics to say, "You must rebuild on a large scale, and then bear, by voluntary contributions, which thousands will refuse, the increased expense." But where is the injustice, and how great the economy, in saying, "We will have a School Board, and a rate, and we will subsidise any of your schools that are made quite satisfactory, and build only where you cannot afford to do so. If you threw all the children on our hands the expense would be enormous. But we shall educate the children in this way at one-tenth of the public cost, and educate them quite as well, and satisfy the conscience and needs of all. It will cost you a great deal, but you will see the end of the expense, and you will feel justly treated."

To resume then. I earnestly call the attention of my fellow Liberals to this claim of all denominations for justice in the distribution of the school rate, and to the economy of the distribution I propose; and not least to the certainty that such a compromise will tend to make the two systems approximate to one another, and give us at last a still more complete national system. The Board school will feel the personal influence of the teacher, it will be so far more denominational and more religious; the denominational school will have on its management a representative of the national system, and will become more national. The ideals will both become completely realisable together.

And I earnestly appeal to all those religious Nonconformists, who have felt the iron of injustice in the past enter into their own soul, not to refuse to see that the injustice is now inflicted on Roman Catholics and on the Church of England. I know that the Nonconformists have some injustices to complain of even in the present. But the noble course, and in the long run the wise course, and beyond all question the Christian course, is not to return railing for railing and requite injustice by injustice. "Be just and fear not," I would say to them, in the words inscribed on the pedestal of that truest of Liberals, whose statue adorns the Town Hall Square of Rochdale. Be just to us, and you need not fear. And I would even more earnestly press this on my fellow Churchmen. It is a hateful injustice in any clergyman to make favourites or distinctions in his public elementary school; it is a wrong and an insult, which no argument can justify, to force on the children of Nonconformists any teaching which shall reflect discredit on their parents. Be just to them, and fear not for your own children.

This then is my position. I believe that the Great Silent Creature, the British public, is maturing his judgment, among many distractions, on this great and vital question, a question far-reaching, affecting ourselves and our colonies for many generations to come. And he is coming to the conclusion that he must and will secure both a national system and a religious (and for the present that means a partly denominational) education. He will do this by assimilating the Board schools to the denominational schools, by setting the teachers very much freer, and valuing more evidently and more highly their religious teaching and influence; and by assimilating the Denominational schools to the Board schools, by insisting on better buildings and plant, by having School Board representatives on their boards of management, and by giving them a little help out of the rates when required.

Have I rightly read the thoughts of the Great Silent Creature? Who will say? He has no spokesman except the slow results of time.

So my advice to Board school managers is: "Keep your eyes on the second ideal, and make your education deeply and truly religious." And my advice to Church school managers is: "Keep your eyes on the first ideal, welcome a representative of the School Board, whether he has rates for you in his pocket or no; jealously guard the rights and feelings of Nonconformists; and hold on, at any sacrifice, to your schools. The time may come—I hope it will come—when the Church, in its wider sense, shall have so leavened the people, and the people shall have so just, so earnest, so universal a Christian faith that the people as a State may take entirely into their own hands the religious teaching of the young, as they have taken the care and sustenance

of the destitute. But that time is not yet. We have still to look forward to the time when "all our sons and our daughters shall prophesy." Till that time there is work for us to do.

I was preaching a few days ago in the church of a parish in Manchester, in which the results of a house-to-house visitation showed that, out of 1233 families, 903 do not profess to attend any place of worship. If the great majority of children there are not to grow up practically pagans they must be got hold of and influenced *in the day schools*. This is the sort of fact which may be held to excuse the clergy of great towns for laying some stress on the second ideal. The Great Silent Creature is not insensitive to facts like these, and he is thinking about them.

JAMES M. WILSON.

